

a pledge; and strange that the antidote should not be allowed, where it is possible, as soon as the bane.

2. They are incapable of acting for themselves, and, in so solemn a matter; they should wait until they come to maturity.

Ans. A child promises that he will not lie, or swear, or steal. Is he too young to do this? Why may he not promise not to do that which may lead to all these things?

3. If their parents are faithful, they can grow up temperate without signing the pledge.

Ans. So they can with signing, and a great deal easier; for none will then ask them to drink.

4. Signing the pledge is acknowledging that they have been drunkards, which is absurd.

Ans. It is no such thing; only declaring that they never mean to be.

5. They may afterwards repent of it, and wish they had done no such thing.

Ans. The same may be said of making a profession of religion, or promising that they will keep their word, and do no wrong.

6. It is foolish ostentation.

Ans. The same might be said of Hannibal's swearing eternal enmity to Rome when ten years old; but what were the consequences?

7. It sets children against parents, and makes division in families.

Ans. So does Rum. But temperance turns the hearts of children to parents, and the heart of parents to their children.

8. Combinations under pledges are dangerous.

Ans. A fire company, for example, who agree to work together to put out a fire. A crew at sea, who agree to bring a ship into port.

9. It is giving up their liberty.

Ans. Liberty to get drunk, to be nuisances in society, and bring their parents' gray hairs with sorrow to the grave—curious liberty! In whose chains is the drunkard or the moderate drinker?

Let the little boys all sign, and girls too.

A HERO—The following interesting fact was stated a few evenings since at a public meeting, by the Rev. Mr. Douglass.

Mr. D. was professionally called to attend the dying bed of a lad about nine years of age. He was a Sabbath School scholar. His teacher had taken great pains to show him the horrors of drunkenness, and impress the principles of total abstinence upon his mind. During his sickness his physician ordered that certain medicines should be given to him in wine. The dose was prepared and brought to him, but he refused it saying, "my dear sabbath school teacher has told me that I must not drink intoxicating liquors of any kind. My father," he continued, "is a drunkard and my teacher has told me that if it had not been for his drunkenness, we might always have been comfortable, well clothed and plenty to eat and drink, and that he could have done much good in the world. And," he added, with much feeling, "*I am determined never to be like my father.*" Medicines of any kind I am willing to take if not mingled with intoxicating liquor." A greater than Hannibal is here! A resolution worthier far, of eternal remembrance, than that of the celebrated warrior. His was a resolution, made and maintained amid the racking, torturing pains of disease and death.

THE YOUTHFUL MIND.—A straw will make an impression on the virgin snow; let it remain but a short time and the horse's hoof can scarcely penetrate it. So it is with the youthful mind. A trifling word may make an impression on it, but after a few years, the most powerful appeals may cease to influence it. Think of this, ye who have the training of the infant mind, and leave such impressions thereon as will be safe for it to carry amid the follies and temptations of the world.

MILK! MILK! MILK!—Do, Mr. Editor, keep it before the readers of the *Recorder*, that a draught of sweet milk is the best antidote to the tormenting and insupportable thirst caused by intoxication. Impress the grateful truth in this way, especially upon the minds of Washingtonians, both male and female. It may aid in reclaiming thousands whose appetites may otherwise prove their ruin.

Poetry.

When in Dublin a short time ago, some kind friends presented me with a variety of tracts, pamphlets, ballads, &c., which had been called forth by the Temperance Reformation; some of which will, I think, be acceptable to the readers of the *Advocate*:

J. D.

FATHER MATHEW

AND THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

From Mayo to the Hill of Howth,
From Antrim to Cape Clare,
Come round me, all true Irishmen,
Come lend a willing ear;
And all your hearts with joy will swell,
To hear the news that I will tell.

Long life to Father Mathew,
That noble priest of Cork;
May God preserve him stout and strong,
And speed his glorious work!
For Ireland, old Ireland, this is a happy day,
Huzza for Father Mathew now—Huzza! my boys; huzza.

Let Bonaparte and Captain Rock
Their deeds of blood display;
But Father Mathew's victories
Are nobler far than they,
He glories not in dead men's bones,
In orphan's sighs, or widow's groans.

But Temperance spreading far and near
Throughout his native Isle;
'Tis this that glads his patriot heart,
This makes the angels smile,
And all the saints in heaven above
Pour blessings on his work of love.

The New Police may go to sleep—
Poor fellows! what a pity!
They'll be a set of gentlemen
Parading through the City;
For not a drunken fight or row
Will keep their fingers busy now.

The Peelers they may shut up shop;
Our faction fights are o'er,
All Irishmen are brothers now—
We'll squabble never more.
The lawyers may hang up their wigs,
Their practice won't be worth two figs.

The surgeons, and the doctors too,
Are tender-hearted men,
But now that Father Mathew's come,
We'll have no work for them;
For broken skulls and whiskey fever
We banish from the land for ever.

The publican may close his trap,
For Whiskey there's no sale;
No more our brains and honest gains
We spend on beer and ale;
No more our cash like fools not prize—
To buy more land from Franky Wise.

Bill Power kept a public house,
He had a nice young daughter;
She dealt the glass with such a grace,
A new pian, he bought her;
And muffs, and frills, and boas too,
Made her look bright while we looked blue.

It was the money that we spent
That bought the new pian;
But muffs and frills we'll buy no more
For nice Miss Mary Ann;
Nor waste our health on Ireland's curse,
Nor keep our bank in Power's purse.