

grined and discouraged though we may be with the wear and tear of business, we *will not* give it up.

"What a pity," suggests a jovial friend at our elbow, "that you could not take a glass of grog to enliven your ideas and give you a start." "Thank you for the hint" thought we, "and so as you are going to bed we will let you go in peace and then draw your likeness."

My friend has lived thirty-five years. In the first twenty years of his life he attained six feet in height,—and during the last fifteen he has by the use of the most fattening edibles and the most generous liquids, gradually rounded out that six feet of humanity until every angle has gone—and his whole face and figure have attained a pleasing rotundity. His countenance also has assumed a genial glow, gradually deepening towards the more salient points, and which to the philosophic eye would appear from its position to proceed rather from warmth communicated by some external luminary, than from the internal fires of a vigorous system. Our friend, therefore, you would instantly recognize to be a very good looking man. Of this he is quite as sensible as you or I can be; and as you might have seen him half-an-hour ago, you would have said a very happy one also. We will not at present, however, question the general evenness of our friend's temper. We will suppose that he rises to-morrow morning with a clear head and free from bodily pain or mental irritation,—that he is not pestered with a liquor bill, nor haunted and interrupted in his business by idle companions; but we will simply enquire into his usefulness. We will only ask what business he has in this world, and who will miss him when he goes out of it.

Our friend had talents—but he has been fond of pleasure, and therefore he has not cultivated them. He may recommend us to take a glass to enliven our ideas, but unfortunately it has never had that effect upon his own to any useful purpose. He thinks he is a wit because others laugh at his jokes, but unfortunately he does not begin to make them until he has drunk a bottle, and his companions don't begin to laugh at them until they have each finished at least two. Therefore, the world has gained but little by his wit. As for his industry it has all been exercised for himself, and what little he once had has been gradually diminishing.

He has, it is true, been very active in seducing several of his old friends into drunken habits, and sometimes he expatiates pathetically upon the social excellencies of some dozen or two poor fellows, who some how or other have got under the sod. His energies, perhaps, have often been expended in disturbing the peace of families, and in various other ways tending but little to promote the morality of society; but he has never written a line in a newspaper, never made a speech at a meeting, never given a dollar for missions, never engaged heartily in any public undertaking, except a horse race, a regatta, or a ball. He has always lived for pleasure—for the gratification of his own appetites. He loves music and cards, wine and woman, a good dinner and a good cigar, and a lounge after it, and with all this love of the good things of this life he has never taken to himself a wife to share his pleasures. In fact, he has become too selfish. He fears he will not have enough to spend on his own body if he shares his gratifications with another; and as for his soul, making provision for its wants is the last thing he thinks of. Going to church once on Sunday and sleeping while there, is the whole

extent of this portion of his labours. In short, our friend although a gentleman, is a sensualist.

But unfortunately he is not alone. We have described him not for his own sake, but as the type of a class—and by no means a small class—in this good city of Halifax. We can count by dozens the men who drink there two and three bottles a day and have done so for ten, twenty, or even forty years,—and yet have always described themselves as too poor to get married, until at last they have become too loathsome with drunkenness and other vices to dream of a virtuous connexion. We can count score after score of these men, or rather wrecks of beings which might have been men—these corrupted, depraved and degraded specimens of humanity—caricatures of our common nature, having the external form of man but without a vigorous mind or a healthy body, and without a soul elevated by a single ennobling thought or a generous aspiration. They are the survivors of a far more numerous host. For every score of them a hundred have perished in the vain attempt to attain to that enviable pitch of sensuality and selfishness—of utter hardness of heart and insensibility to all that is good—that marks our genuine Halifax voluptuary. Every few days we hear of some poor wretch writhing in the agonies of consumption, raving in the wild terrors of delirium tremens, or perishing from suicide, or fire, or some other of the hideous forms of the drunkard's death. And yet a crowd is still pressing madly on in a career which is beset with such fearful dangers in order to gain so terrible a distinction—the distinction of being the very lowest in the scale of moral elevation of all God's creatures. They say there is honor among thieves,—generosity among pirates,—kindness and gratitude among the most degraded of the female sex. But in the heart of a sensualist, after he passes into middle age, we believe there is not a generous impulse remaining—nothing but hard and narrow and sordid love of self—and that self worthy but of the most extreme contempt and abhorrence.

We need scarcely ask what makes these men so degraded. It is well known that intoxicating drink stimulate all that is sensual and selfish in man,—and beyond all doubt the large number of voluptuaries in this city owe their present condition to the early and continued use of intoxicating drinks. We hear daily of the number who perish from their use, but we cannot help thinking those who die before they have got thoroughly hardened and debased, are more fortunate than the few who survive to attain to the honor of being successful drinkers.—*Athenæum*.

How a Soaker was Done

From one of the neighboring towns, three or four days since, there came a regular soaker in full bloom. His errand was a very pressing one, but being evidently uninitiated in the mysteries of the city, his anxious perambulations after the "critter" were unrewarded. Becoming nearly exhausted in the search, he at length blundered into the dry goods palace of Messrs. Rockwell & Co., and edging his way with a mysterious air towards one of the clerks, he cautiously, but beseechingly asked for a pint of gin. The person thus importuned, being on hand for a joke, informed the applicant that they were not in the habit of selling the article to everybody; but his customer plead lustily, and, upon his promise to keep *um*, was finally invited down cellar, where a