

drunkards are becoming sober men, and now if the little Teetallers will spring to the work and gain all the children, that not a drop of alcohol shall be drunk by the rising generation, we may soon dismiss all our forces and return once more to the arts of peace. Come then, one and all. Come up, hand and heart. Halt not till you have to the pledge every boy and girl in your school, town or city.

Raise your banner high in air,  
Write cold water,—write it there.  
Let its folds be wide unfurled,  
Let it float o'er all the world.  
Temperance banner—raise it high  
Let its folds gleam in the sky.

March, ye children, march ye on.  
Soon the battle will be won;  
Soon the last poor staggering soul,  
Will have turned—or found his goal  
Press ye children, press ye on,  
Cease not, till the battle's won.

*Youth's Tem. Ad.*

#### HORACE SANDS.

Horace Sands was an only son. His parents did not intend to love him more than either of his five sisters, but it became apparent early, that he was the pet of the family, and was in fact humored, indulged, caressed, and loved more than all of them. He ate more sugar, had more sugar-plums and toys than all the rest. In fact, Horace must have had what he wanted, let the thing belong to which ever sister it might, or purchased at whatever expense.

He was a handsome boy. His form was slender—his cheeks red—hair curled—laughing, . . . eyes—full of fun and frolic. His disposition was naturally good, but he became impatient, petulant and unkind.

His father was kind generous and indulgent. He was the son of one of the earliest settlers of a country town, had inherited a portion of a very large real estate, and was now a rich, enterprising farmer. He filled sundry offices in the town—was a public magistrate and a virtuous citizen. His mother was as pleasant and happy as a summer's day—was always busily engaged in her household affairs, and in the strict training of her daughters. She had early given up Horace to his idolizing father, with her blessing, to be sure, but with the significant and very common remark, "if you will take care of your son, I will see to my daughters." She kept her part of the family covenant, and trained her daughters to industry, and virtue, while she was compelled, by the tumult and tyranny of Horace, to purchase peace with, "here Horace, take this cake and go off to play."

Mr Sands kept a country tavern. Our readers will hardly appreciate the character and influence of a country tavern upon a youth like Horace, without a slight digression from our history.

A traveller in the country forty years ago, was obliged to travel on horseback. His changes of apparel must find room within the narrow limits of his saddle bags; his great coat and umbrella were lashed on behind his saddle, and his road lay all over the hills in the direction of his journey. In the early history of the country there were no taverns. Every traveller was greeted as a friend. Every door was thrown wide open to him, and the best hot bread and butter, veal, and lamb, were heaped on the table for his comfort. When fatigue or night approached, he was sure to look out for the best looking and most spacious farm house and he was as sure of cordial welcome. He was not shut up in a parlor alone, or left to doze away a dull evening in a bar room. He was a visitor to a bearer of news from "down town," and contributed for the night to the instruction and amusement of the whole family, and perhaps the nearest neighbors. As population extended backward into the forests of New-Hampshire, and became yearly more dense these best houses and largest farming establishments became taverns. The reception and entertainment of the traveller was by no means changed by the erection of the sign post, and assessment of a small fee bill for "entertainment for man and beast." He still ate and drank at the same table with the family—drank from the same mug of cider—sat at the same fire, and rehearsed the current news and changes in politics, religion or witchcraft.

Mr Sands' house was small, but his barns and out buildings

were large, and well stocked and stored. He kept plenty of oats and grog, and like most taverners of that day, could recommend his liquor by drinking, as well as by praising it. Horace got his early training, or rather license to do as he pleased, in the midst of the numerous duties of his father as host, farmer, magistrate and town officer. Every body seemed to have business at the tavern, all drank and all played with the Squire's only son.

Mr. Sands was by no means an intemperate man, but his small draughts, recommendations of his liquors, the constant exhibition of drinking customers, and the universal sipping of Horace, formed in him the fatal appetite while yet a boy. He must always go to the store with his father, and was indulged in the then common habit of treating the company. He went to all the raisings, merrys, shows, huskings, &c. &c. He was allowed to ramble and to revel at pleasure. He gave no account of his absence, and his presence gave no pleasure to his mother and sister.

We became acquainted with Horace when he was about fourteen, by a residence of a few months in the family. His ruin was accomplished, and the only grief or anxiety in the whole family circle grew out of his disobedience, moroseness and vicious habits. His absence from school and from meals, and from home at night, spread the only cloud of distress ever allowed to obscure the fair hopes or present pleasures of that family. Horace would start with his sisters for school, and stop first at one and then at another, house, till the whole day was spent in play or vice, as his companions for the day might happen to be inclined. He would guzzle down cider like an old toper, and beg rum of boy or man, as opportunity might offer.

The habits of Horace wholly unfitted him for the discipline of school. He had no love for it beyond its opportunities for play and excuse to leave home every morning. He was a great truant. This led to habitual falsehood both to teacher and parents. He "was sick," or "did not know the time," or such a man "wanted him to help him," or he "lost his book and had been hunting after it," &c. &c. His sisters answered the common question, "where is Horace?" with the common answer, he stopped at Mr. ———'s and we have not seen him since. He was not at school. Thus moral obligation was early lost.

When we first knew him, Horace wanted nothing but money. He did not want beauty; for he was very handsome, and notwithstanding his habits, was a great pet among many of his young acquaintances. He did not want a pleasant home. His sisters were also beautiful, and were the charm of the little social circle, and his father and mother were disposed to gratify their children in every youthful indulgence. He did not want nice clothing. The pride of the family kept his wardrobe equal to the best. But he did want money. His father was obliged to withhold all contributions to his purse. Money was sure to aggravate the evil and bring heavier sorrows. Money he must have and did have, and became wholly unscrupulous how he obtained it. He first coaxed a little from his mother or little sisters, borrowed of his acquaintances, next of travellers. He next took eggs, and corn, and whatever little things about his father's possessions he could find, and covertly conveyed them to the store, and lastly stole from his father whatever he could.

In these various ways he supplied himself with the means of feeding his appetite. He kept his bottle of rum and molasses in the barn during our abode in the family. When other opportunities of indulgence failed, he resorted to this bottle. He was not at this period often drunk, and seldom absent more than for a single night. But his intemperate habits grew rapidly upon him, and in a few years he had cast off all fear, all restraint, all pride of character, all respect and love of family, and all apparent expectation or hope of amendment. He rambled hither and thither, without object or care, save to indulge a devouring appetite. He would borrow, beg or steal. He was a loafer and a vagabond, returning to his grieved, despairing parents, only when his rags and hunger drove him there. His father sought for him till he was exhausted, and paid bills for board and entertainment, till hope utterly failed. He gave him a home whenever he turned to enjoy it or would submit to endurable restraint. But when he sought the life of his father, that the inheritance might be his, he was driven from home and disinherited.

We know not whether a stone marks the place where his poor body was laid when his immortal, rum-murdered spirit left it. In