

drank his glass of ale every day for dinner, and his glass of ale every night for supper. When I was a boy, once in a great while, I remember, very seldom, he would take a glass of hot spirits and water before he went to bed; but he never was intoxicated in his life. My father was a moderate drinking Christian, and if there is a heaven for Christians he is in it. There are some men who can drink moderately and some men cannot. My father drank moderately, and he could drink moderately. His son could no more drink moderately than you could blow up a powder magazine moderately, or fire a gun off with a puff. Then you will say, "You are a weak-minded man." Well, let it go at that if you like. If I am so weak-minded that I cannot drink moderately, then I am strong enough to let it alone altogether. The great fault of these ministers (and I am sure I am not the one to criticise the ministry) is in insisting that they are setting a good example. I deny it. They are not setting a good example to me. Will these men undertake to argue this question and maintain this position: "What is safe for one man is safe for another?" When I went to see that beautiful church they built in Oswego I admired the beauty of the immense spire. I saw a plank suspended on two ropes, making a little platform and then perceived a man getting out of the window of the spire, step on the platform and stand up. There was a man below who hallooed to him. He put his hands to his knees and hallooed back. Could you do that? How many of you could do it? If I set my foot out of that window, the very moment I touched my foot on the platform I would go off. No logic, no argument, no will, no intellect, could help it. You say, "You are a weak-minded man." I will keep off the plank; that is all I say to the moderate drinker. You do not set a good example; you set an example that some men cannot follow, and that is not a good example. You say that these young men can follow your example. How do you know? Suppose there is a bridge over a gulf which would hold a weight of one hundred and eighty pounds, but you are one hundred and fifty pounds. Here is a man who weighs two hundred pounds, and you say; "Follow my example, young man." "I don't like the looks of that bridge." "I have walked it forty years; it is perfectly safe." "Yes, but they say—" "Don't mind what they say; now, follow my example, prudently and in moderation; don't get excited; don't go with a rush; now, steady, with self-control, self-government, and discrimination; there you are; beautiful; you are doing it finely—" but by-and-by, his foot touches the centre, and with a crash and a shriek he goes to destruction. Did you set him a good example? No; you did not take into consideration the difference in the temperament, constitution, and nervous susceptibility of that man. It will take you a lifetime to study him before you can safely say, "I set you a good example." There are some men who can be moderate drinkers, and some who cannot. I knew a man who joined the church on profession of faith. I asked him if he would sign the pledge, and he refused. He said: "The grace of God is able to keep me; I have come out from my young companions; I want them to understand the grace of God is able to keep me." Very good idea, very pretty, very beautiful. The grace of God has no power to prevent drink from effecting a man's brain and nervous system if he drinks, any more than it has to prevent laudanum if he takes it. You can poison a Christian to death just as quickly as you can a Hottentot. Give a man brimming over with the grace of God and a man who does not believe in the grace of God prussic acid, and they will go down together. Have there been no men fallen to drunkenness who had grace in the heart? Have you never had church members disciplined for drunkenness? They have repented and confessed, and were disciplined again and again. Are they all self-deceived, or hypocrites, or what? There was a poor wretch staggering through the streets of Albany uttering Greek and Latin quotations. They put him in the station-house. Dr. Sprague, of Albany, went to see him, and recognized him as a minister of the Gospel who occupied one of the highest positions in the city of Glasgow, in Scotland, as the successor of Rev. Dr. Chalmers in the parish church of St. John's. I suppose he had no grace in his heart, I spoke in this city in the year 1848, near Madison Square, in the pulpit of an eloquent man, of whom Dr. Eddy said that in some respects he was one of the most eloquent men he ever heard, who was so drunk that he could hardly get through the prayer. Dr. Skinner, of the Presbyterian Church, asked me if I would testify in the case as they were dealing with this man, saying, "You saw the state he was in." I did; but I did not appear as a witness. That poor man before he died visited the lowest grog-shops in the city. I sat at the table of a doctor of divinity in New England, knelt at his family altar, and heard him pray in 1851, and 1852, but to-day he is a drunken hostler

in a stable at Boston. Let these men take care how they tell their brethren about example.

FUMING THE PROMENADE.

We are not exactly disciples of the Traskian school, although our practice guarantees us against the necessity for any of the late anti-tobacco reformer's pungent tracts. Still, in behalf of many suffering and indignant lady friends and subscribers, as well as in our own behalf, we protest against the presence of cigars in the crowded promenade. We may not be disposed to ride a *reformade* against smokers, nevertheless—as the amiable Susan Nipper would have said—neither are we inclined to be "a Fox's Martyr." And it comes very near to a martyrdom that we are exposed to every pleasant day as we walk to and from our office. We are not exactly the victims of Smithfield fires, but we are sometimes exceedingly victimized by Chestnut street smoke! Imagine yourself, fair reader, or pipe-abhorring reader, caught in a "jam" on the promenade, wedged tightly into the surging crowd. Just before you are a colored messenger-boy, a brace of State-house loafers, and a gentlemanly-looking trio in shining silk hats and kid gloves. Every one of them has a cigar in his mouth, several of them abominably mean ones at that. The smoke rolls back into your face. Eyes, nostrils, mouth, lungs are full of it. You cough, wheeze, turn to the right, to the left, but the fuming Nemesis pursues you. The "jam" breaks; the crowd moves on. Now you will escape? Ah, no! The colored messenger lad has indeed dodged through the crowd, and taken himself off with his penny wage. But there is a fuming quartette still swinging leisurely along just in front of you? There is no escape for a block at least, unless, indeed, you retreat into a shop-doorway, to let the smokers pass on; and then you are liable to fall upon quite as bad, or even worse a fate. Will "gentlemen" smoke cigars in a crowded street? Or perhaps we had better alter the phrasing, and ask, *Ought* "gentlemen" to smoke in a crowd? We know some gentlemen, at least, who are wedded to their post-prandial cigars, who would judge that they had committed an unpardonable offence against the plainest laws of good breeding should they carry their fumes into the public and crowded streets, and puff them into the faces of ladies. Really, the evil is a serious one. Among other centennial reforms, let us also have a promenade where citizens and strangers, ladies and gentlemen, can get a breath of clean air. If the smokers must burn their tobacco on Chestnut street, let them keep to the north side, and blow their fumes into each other's faces.—*Presbyterian*

A WAY TO SOFTEN HARD TIMES.

A correspondent of an Eastern paper says of the Woman's Temperance Union in Chicago. Their object is to promote the interests of temperance by every possible means. Just now they are making an effort by circular to have the pay-days of employees changed from Saturdays to Mondays. The ladies are now presenting it to employers in our large business firms. The arguments presented for this plan are, that a large amount of suffering exists among the laboring classes from the want of necessary food and clothing, and that one of the prime causes of this lack of the necessaries of life is the waste of money in saloons, groceries and places of public resort where intoxicating liquors are sold. It is believed that at least \$10,000,000 are annually wasted in this way in Chicago, of which it is estimated one-half is spent on Saturday nights and Sundays; and thus, by the improvident and reckless habits of many workmen, the proceeds of labor which should go to support their families during the following week are often wholly spent at these times in rioting and drunkenness. The amount of money thus wasted far exceeds annually the entire amount of money contributed by the whole world to relieve the necessities of Chicago from the great fire of 1871.

Again, if the capital thus consumed were invested in useful articles needed by the families of employees, the demand for such articles would increase, the manufactories employed in making useful things would become more prosperous, a larger amount of capital could be profitably used in the various branches of industry, and a greater number of laborers employed—thus reviving the general business, and increasing health and prosperity in our midst. It is hardly necessary to add that the labor of an employee who commences his Monday's work, fresh from healthful rest, is worth more than that of the man who comes jaded with debaucheries and the criminal indulgences of Sabbath-breaking, far more tiresome than a whole week of labor. Several years ago Oakes Ames kept an account of the comparative value of the labor of his workmen during the enforcements of the law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors, and at those times when not enforced in the town where his workmen resided; and found their labor was worth fourteen per cent. more during the enforcement period.

In the present condition of financial and industrial pursuits, and the prostration of business depending thereon, any measure which tends to preserve the capital and wealth of the country should be favorably regarded by all business men. Money drunk up produces nothing of value, and is lost forever; while, if consumed in producing food, clothing, tools, machinery, or other articles of use and value, it is saved by reproduction, and added to the general stock of wealth in the world, and so benefits humanity.

LA TOUR D'AUVERGNE.

"THE BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE."

Until the year 1814 there was a touching and beautiful custom to be witnessed in a certain regiment of French Grenadiers, and which was meant to commemorate the heroism of a departed comrade. When the companies assembled for parade, and the rolls were called, there was one name to which its owner could not answer. It was that of La Tour d'Auvergne. When it was called, the oldest sergeant stepped a pace forward, and, raising his hand to his cap, said proudly, "Died on the field of honor." For fourteen years this custom was continued, and only ceased when the restored Bourbons, to please their foreign masters, forbade everything that was calculated to preserve the spirit of the soldiers of France.

La Tour d'Auvergne was not unworthy in life the honor thus paid him after his death. He was educated for the army, entered in 1758, and in 1781 served under the Duke de Crillon at the siege of Port Mahon. He served always with distinction, but constantly refused promotion, saying that he was only fit for the command of a company of grenadiers; but finally, the various grenadier companies being united, he found himself in command of a body of 8,000 men, while retaining only the rank of captain. But it is of one particular exploit of his that I wish to write, more than of his career in general.

When he was over forty years he went on a visit to a friend not far from a section of country that was soon to become the scene of a bloody campaign. While there, he was busy acquainting himself with the features of the country, thinking it not unlikely that this knowledge might be of use to him some day; and while there the brave grenadier was astonished to learn that the war had been rapidly shifted to this quarter, and that a regiment of Austrians were pushing on to occupy a narrow pass about ten miles from where he was staying, and the possession of which would give them an opportunity to prevent an important movement of the French which was then on foot. They hoped to surprise this post, and were moving so rapidly upon it that they were not more than two hours distant from the place where he was staying, and which they would have to pass in their march.

It matters not how he heard the news. It is sufficient to say that he determined at once to act upon it. He had no idea of being captured by the enemy in their advance, and he at once set off for the pass. He knew that the pass was defended by a stout tower and a garrison of thirty men, and he hoped to be able to warn the men of their danger. He hastened on, and, arriving there, found the tower in perfect condition. It had just been vacated by the garrison, who heard of the approach of the Austrians, and had been seized by panic thereat, and had fled, leaving even their arms, consisting of thirty excellent muskets.

La Tour d'Auvergne gnashed his teeth with rage as he discovered this. Searching in the building, he found several boxes of ammunition which the cowards had not destroyed. For a moment he was in despair, and then, with a grim smile, he began to fasten the main door, and pile against it such articles as he could find. When he had done this he loaded all the guns he could find, and placed them, together with a good supply of ammunition, near the loopholes that commanded the road by which the enemy must advance. Then he ate heartily of the provisions he had brought with him, and sat down to wait. He had absolutely formed the heroic resolution to defend the tower alone against the enemy.

There were some things in his favor in such an undertaking. The pass was steep and narrow, and the enemy's troops could enter it only in double files, and in doing this would be fully exposed to the fire from the tower. The original garrison of thirty men could easily have held it against a division, and now one man was about to attempt to hold it against a regiment.

It was dark when La Tour d'Auvergne reached the tower, and he had to wait some time for the enemy. They were longer in coming than he had expected, and for a while he was tempted to believe that they had abandoned the expedition. About midnight, however, his practised ear caught the distant tramp of feet. Every moment the sound came nearer, and at last he heard them entering the defile. Immediately he discharged a couple of muskets into the darkness to let them know

that he knew of their presence and intentions, and he heard the quick short commands of the officers, and from the sounds, he supposed the troops were retiring from the pass. Until the morning he was undisturbed. The Austrian commander, feeling sure that the garrison had been informed of his movements, and was prepared to receive him, saw that he could not surprise the post, as he had hoped to do, and deemed it prudent to wait until daylight before making the attack.

At sunrise he summoned the garrison to surrender. A grenadier answered the summons.

"Say to your commander," he said in reply to the messenger, "that the garrison will defend this post to the last extremity."

The officer who had borne the flag of truce retired, and in about ten minutes, a piece of artillery was brought into the pass, and opened on the tower. But to effect this, the piece had to be placed directly in front of the tower, and in easy musket range of it. They had scarcely gotten the gun in position, when a rapid fire was opened on it from the tower, and continued with such marked effect that the piece was withdrawn, after the second discharge, with a loss of five men.

This was a bad beginning; so, half an hour after the gun was withdrawn, the Austrian colonel ordered an assault. As the troops entered the defile they were received with a rapid and accurate fire, so that when they had passed over half the distance they had to traverse, they had lost fifteen men. Disheartened by this, they returned to the mouth of the defile.

Three more assaults were repulsed in this manner, and the enemy by sunset had lost forty-five men, of whom ten were killed.

The firing from the tower had been rapid and accurate, but the Austrian commander had noticed this peculiarity about it—every shot seemed to come from the same place. For a while this perplexed him; but at last he came to the conclusion that there were a number of loopholes close together in the tower, so constructed as to command the ravine perfectly.

At sunset the last assault was made and repulsed, and at dark the Austrian commander sent a second summons to the garrison. This time the answer was favorable. The garrison offered to surrender at sunrise the next morning if allowed to march out with their arms, and return to the army unmolested. After some hesitation, the terms were accepted.

Meanwhile La Tour d'Auvergne had passed an anxious day in the tower. He had opened the fight with an armament of thirty loaded muskets, but had not been able to discharge them all. He had fired with amazing rapidity, and with surprising accuracy; for it was well known in the army that he never threw away a shot. He had determined to stand to his post, until he had accomplished his end, which was to hold the place twenty-four hours, in order to give the French army time to complete its manoeuvre. After that he knew the pass would be of no consequence to the enemy. When the demand for a surrender came to him after the last assault, he consented to it upon the conditions I have named.

The next day, at sunrise, the Austrian troops lined the pass in two files, extending from the mouth to the tower, leaving a place between them for the garrison to pass out.

The heavy door of the tower opened slowly, and in a few minutes a bronzed and scarred grenadier, literally loaded down with muskets, came out and passed down the lines of troops. He walked with difficulty under his heavy load, but there was a proud and satisfied look on his face.

To the surprise of the Austrians no one followed him from the tower. In astonishment, the Austrian colonel rode up to him and asked in French why the garrison did not come.

"I am the garrison, colonel," said the soldier, proudly.

"What!" exclaimed the colonel, "do you mean to tell me that you alone have held that tower against me?"

"I have had that honor, colonel," was the reply.

"What possessed you to make such an attempt, grenadier?"

"The honor of France was at stake."

The colonel gazed at him for a moment with undisguised admiration. Then raising his cap, he said, warmly—

"Grenadier, I salute you. You have proved yourself to-day the bravest of the brave."

The officer caused all the arms which La Tour d'Auvergne could not carry to be collected, and sent them all with the grenadier into the French lines, together with a note relating the whole affair. When the knowledge of it came to the ears of Napoleon, he offered to promote La Tour d'Auvergne; but the latter declined to accept the promotion, saying that he preferred to remain where he was.

The brave soldier met his death in an action at Ouerhausen, in Bavaria, in June, 1800, and the simple but expressive scene at roll call in his regiment was commenced and continued by the express command of the Emperor himself.