

debts, "rouls and rounds of fashion," are at once launched into; and the young couple live on, so long as petty shifts, contrivances, and deceptions, will sustain them, and then sink into hopeless misery, from which, perchance, they never recover. "Daughters tenderly reared, and who have brought handsome fortunes to their husbands, are often obliged to return home to their aged parents, who have to maintain them, their husbands and their children—a deplorable fate for old age. Fathers have the unspeakable misery of beholding their sons, in whom the hopes of after years were centred, broken down, indolent, reckless, dissipated—hanging on society as pests and nuisances, instead of becoming ornaments and examples of it."

PRIZE ESSAY ON ARDENT SPIRITS.

(Continued from page 38.)

Most appalling evidence is afforded by the history of the cholera, of the pernicious influence of intoxicating liquors in preparing the human constitution for its attack. In India, Ramohun Fingee, a native physician, declares that 'people who do not take spirits or opium do not catch the disorder, even when they are with those who have it.' In the army, under the command of the Marquis of Hastings, in India, consisting of *eighteen thousand men* more than half of the men died in the first *twelve days*; the free use of intoxicating liquors in a hot climate will assist in explaining this extraordinary mortality.

In China, according to Dr. Reiche, 'the disease selected its victims from among such of the people as live in filth and intemperance.'

Mr. Huber, who saw 2160 perish in twenty-five days in one town in Russia, says, 'It is a most remarkable circumstance, that persons given to drinking have been swept away like flies. In Tiflis, containing 20,000 inhabitants, *every drunkard has fallen! all are dead—not one remains.*'

A physician of Warsaw says, 'that the disease spared all those who led regular lives, and resided in healthy situations; whereas, they whose constitutions had been broken down by excess and dissipation, were invariably attacked. Out of one hundred individuals destroyed by cholera, it was proved that ninety had been addicted to the free use of ardent spirits.'

In Paris, of the 30,000 persons destroyed by cholera, it is said that a great proportion were intemperate or profligate.

It has been computed that 'five sixths of all who have fallen by this disease in England, were taken from the ranks of the intemperate and dissolute.

Dr. Rhineland, who visited Montreal during the prevalence of cholera there in the summer of 1832, says, 'that the victims of the disease are the *intemperate*—it invariably cuts them off.' In that city, after there had been *twelve hundred* cases of the malady, a Montreal journal states, that 'not a drunkard who has been attacked has recovered, and almost all the victims have been at least moderate drinkers.'

Dr. Sewall of Washington city, while on a visit to the cholera hospitals in the city of New York, the same season, writes to a friend, that 'of 204 cases of cholera in the Park Hospital, there were only six temperate persons, and that those had recovered, while 122 of the others, when he wrote, had died;' and that the facts were 'similar in all the other hospitals.'

In Albany, the same season, cholera prevailed for several weeks, attended with a severe mortality; and it is a remarkable fact, that during its whole period it is not known that more than two individuals, out of the five thousand members of Temperance Societies in that city, became its victims.

Water is the natural and proper drink of man. Indeed it is the grand beverage of organized nature. It enters largely into the composition of the blood, and juices of animals and plants, forms an important ingredient in their organized structures, and bears a fixed and unalterable relation to their whole vital economy. It was the only beverage of the human family in their primeval state.

In that garden, where grew 'every tree pleasant to the sight and good for food,' producing all the richness and variety of 'fruit and flower,' which an omnipotent and all-bountiful Creator could adapt to the relish of his senses, and the exigencies of his entire organization, it cannot for a moment be doubted that man was in a condition the best suited to secure to him the uninterrupted, as well as the highest and best exercise and enjoyment, of his physical, mental, and moral powers. His drink was water. A river flowed from Paradise. From the moment that river began to 'water the garden,' till the present, no human invention has equalled this simple beverage; and all the attempts to improve it by the admixture of other substances, whether alcoholic, narcotic, or aromatic have not only failed, but have served to deteriorate or poison it, and render it less healthful and safe.

Water is as well adapted to man's natural appetite, as to the physical wants of his organs. A natural thirst, and the pleasure derived from its gratification, were given us to secure to the vital machinery the supply of liquid necessary to its healthy movements. When this natural thirst occurs, no drink tastes so good, and in truth none is so good as water; none possesses adaptations so exact to the vital necessities of the organs. So long as a fresh supply of liquid is not needed, so long there is not the least relish for water; it offers no temptation, while its addition to the circulating fluids would be useless, or hurtful.

This topic has been most ably discussed by Dr. Oliver, as follows:—'The waste of the fluid parts of our bodies requires the use of drink to repair it, and we derive a sensible gratification from quenching our thirst. What use do we make of this fact? Why, to try if we cannot find something that we shall take pleasure in drinking, whether we are thirsty or not; and in this search mankind have been remarkably successful. To such a degree, indeed, have we succeeded in varying and increasing a pleasure which was designed by nature merely as an incentive to quench our thirst, that to quench thirst is become one of the last things that people drink for. It is seldom indeed that people in health have any natural thirst, except perhaps after exercise, or labour in a hot day. Under all other circumstances, we anticipate the sensation by drinking before it comes on, so as but seldom to enjoy the natural and healthful gratification of drinking because we are thirsty. Who has not observed the extreme satisfaction which children derive from quenching their thirst with pure water, and who that has perverted his appetite for drink, by stimulating his palate with bitter beer, sour cider, rum and water, and other brewages of human invention, but would be a gainer even on the score of mere animal gratification, without any reference to health, if he could bring back his vitiated taste to the simple relish of nature. Children drink because they are dry. Grown people drink, whether dry or not, because they have discovered a way of making drinking pleasant. Children drink water because this is a beverage of nature's own brewing, which she has made for the purpose of quenching a natural thirst. Grown people drink any thing but water, because this fluid is intended to quench only a natural thirst, and natural thirst is a thing which they seldom feel.

'One of the evils, though not the only or the greatest one, of perverting the natural appetite of thirst, is, that it leaves us without a guide to direct us when we need drink, and when we do not. There is no danger, it is true, that this want will mislead us into drinking too little; the danger is, that we shall be betrayed into drinking too much, *i. e.* when nature does not require it; and such no doubt is frequently the case. If a man is fond of some particular drink (and most people, I believe, have their favourite liquor,) he will be tempted to take it when he does not really need it. This consideration points out the wisdom of nature in providing for us a beverage which has nothing to tempt us to drink, except when we are really thirsty. At all other times, water is either perfectly indifferent, or it is disagreeable to us; but when we labour under thirst, *i. e.* when nature requires drink, nothing is so delicious to a pure, unadulterated taste. While we adhere to this simple beverage we shall be sure to have an unerring prompter to remind us when we really require drink; and we shall be in no danger of being tempted to drink when nature requires it not. But the moment we depart from pure water, we lose this inestimable guide, and are left, not to the real instincts of nature, but to an artificial taste in deciding on actions intimately connected with health and long life. What is more common than for a man to take a glass of beer, or cider, or wine, or rum and water, not because he is thirsty, and really needs drink, but because opportunity makes it convenient, and he thinks it will taste well. And this is true, not only of fermented or distilled liquors, which are directly injurious in other modes, but in a less degree of any addition made to pure water to make it more palatable. Let me not be misunderstood. I am far from insinuating that lemonade, soda water, and milk and water, are hurtful drinks. Far from it. But I say, that in using even these mild and healthful beverages we lose one important advantage we should derive from the use of pure water alone. If they are more palatable to us than water (and otherwise we should have no motive to use them,) we shall be tempted to take them oftener, and in greater quantities than is required by nature, and may thus unconsciously do ourselves an injury.

(To be continued.)

Extracts from a work just published in Canada, entitled

THE CANADIAN BROTHERS,

OR THE PROPHECY FULFILLED.

(The opening chapter gives the following description of Amherstburg.)

'At the northern extremity of the small town which bears its name, situated at the head of Lake Erie, stands, or rather stood—for the fortifications then existing were subsequently destroyed—the small fortress of Amherstburg.

'It was the summer of 1812. Intelligence had been some days received at that post, of the declaration of war by the United States, the great aim and object of which was the conquest, and incorporation with her own extensive territories, of provinces on which she had long cast an eye of political jealousy, and now assailed at a moment when England could ill spare a solitary regiment to the rescue of her threatened, and but indifferently defended transatlantic possessions.

'Few places in America, or in the world, could, at the period embraced by our narrative, have offered more delightful associations than that which we have selected for an opening scene. Amherstburg was at that time one of the loveliest spots that ever issued from the will of a beneficent and gorgeous nature, and were the world-distracted wanderer to have selected a home in which to lose all memory of artificial and conventional forms, his choice would assuredly have fallen here. And inseparably, indeed, to the beauti-

ful realities of the sweet wild solitude that reigned around; must have been that man who could have gazed unmoved, from the lofty banks of the Erie, on the placid lake beneath his feet, mirroring the bright starred heavens on its unbroken surface, or throwing into full and soft relief the snow white sail, and dark hull of some stately war-ship, becalmed in the offing, and only waiting the rising of the capricious breeze, to waft her onward on her then peaceful mission of despatch. Lost indeed to all perception of the natural must he have been, who could have listened, without a feeling of voluptuous melancholy, to the plaintive notes of the whip-poor-will, breaking on the silence of night, and harmonizing with the general stillness of the scene. How often have we ourselves, in joyous boyhood, lingered amid these beautiful haunts, drinking in the fascinating song of this strange night-bird, and revelling in a feeling we were too young to analyze, yet cherished deeply—yea, frequently, even to this hour do we in our dreams revisit scenes, no parallel to which has met our view, even in the course of a life passed in many climes; and on awaking, our first emotion is regret that the illusion is no more.

'Such was Amherstburg, and its immediate vicinity, during the early years of the present century, and up to the period at which our story commences. Not, be it understood, that even then the scenery itself had lost one particle of its loveliness, or failed in ought to awaken and fix the same tender interest. The same placidity of earth, and sky, and lake remained, but the whip-poor-will, driven from his customary abode by the noisy hum of warlike preparation, was no longer heard, and the minds of the inhabitants, hitherto disposed, by the quiet pursuits of their uneventful lives, to feel pleasure in its song, had neither eye nor ear for aught beyond what tended to the preservation of their threatened homes.'

Sir Isaac Brock, Captain Barclay and the gallant Indian Chief, Tecumseh, are thus introduced to the reader,

'The first of the advancing party was a tall, martial looking man, wearing the dress and insignia of a general officer. His rather florid countenance was eminently fine, if not handsome, offering, in its more Roman than Grecian contour, a model of quiet, manly beauty; while the eye, beaming with intelligence and candour, gave, in the occasional flashes which it emitted, indication of a mind of no common order. There was, notwithstanding, a benevolence of expression about it that blended (in a manner to excite attention) with a dignity of deportment, as much the result of habitual self command, as of the proud eminence of distinction on which he stood. The sedative character of middle age, added to long acquired military habits, had given a certain rigidity to his form, that might have made him appear to a first observer even older than he was, but the placidity of a countenance beaming with good will and affability, speedily removed the impression, and if the portly figure added to his years, the unfurrowed countenance took from them in equal proportion.

'At his side, hanging on his arm, and habited in naval uniform, appeared one who, from his familiarity of address with the General, not less than by certain appropriate badges of distinction, might be known as the commander of the little fleet then lying in the harbour. Shorter in person than his companion, his frame made up in activity what it wanted in height, and there was that easy freedom in his movements which so usually distinguishes the carriage of the sailor, and which now offered a remarkable contrast to that rigidity we have stated to have attached (quite unaffectedly) to the military commander. His eye, of a much darker hue, sparkled with a livelier intelligence, and although his complexion was also highly florid, it was softened down by the general vivacity of expression that pervaded his frank and smiling countenance. The features, regular and still youthful, wore a bland and pleasing character; while neither in look, nor bearing, nor word, could there be traced any of that haughty reserve usually ascribed to the "lords of the sea." There needed no other herald to proclaim him for one who had already seen honourable service, than the mutilated stump of what had once been an arm: yet in this there was no boasting display, as of one who deemed he had a right to tread more proudly because he had chanced to suffer, where all had been equally exposed in the performance of a common duty. The empty sleeve, unostentatiously fastened by a loop from the wrist to a button of the lappel, was suffered to fall at his side, and by no one was the deficiency less remarked than by himself.

'The greeting between Tecumseh and these officers, was such as might be expected from warriors bound to each other by mutual esteem. Each held the other in the highest honour, but it was particularly remarked that while the Indian Chieftain looked up to the General with the respect he felt to be due to him, not merely as the dignified representative of his "Great Father," but as one of a heart and actions claiming his highest personal admiration; his address to his companion, whom he now beheld for the first time, was warmer and more energetic; and as he repeatedly glanced at the armless sleeve he uttered one of those quick ejaculatory exclamations, peculiar to his race, and indicating, in this instance, the fullest extent of approbation. The secret bond of sympathy which chained his interest to the commodore, might have owed its being to another cause. In the countenance of the latter there was much of that eagerness of expression, and in the eye that vivacious fire, that flashed, even in repose, from his own swarthier and more speaking features; and this assimilation of character might have been the means of producing that preference for, and devotedness to the cause of the naval commander, that subsequently developed itself