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By R. B. Wallace
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TEMPERANCE TELEGRAPH,

DEVOTED TO THE CAUSE OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE, MORALITY, MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE, AND THE NEWS OF THE DAY.

No crime on earth destroys so many of the human race, nor alienates so much property as Drunkenness.—BACON.

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Poetry.

THE DROP TOO MUCH.

I saw the youthful, sprightly, gay,
Collect in joyous mood;
And when the wine-red glass went round,
Retired I pensive stood:
But as full often they approach'd
The poisonous cup to touch,
My friends, I cried, taste it not,
'Twill make a drop too much!

I met one of those merry blades,
When care had silver'd o'er
The thin-spread relics of that hair
So raven-hued before,
I ask'd why he, so beautiful erst,
Now trembling on his crutch?
He turn'd and said in palsied tone,
I took a drop too much!

I visited the humble cot,
Where once were health and peace,
But, ah, how chang'd! its owner lay
The image of disease,
I ask'd why he enfeebled lay
Upon that cheerless couch?
His reckless wife with anguish sigh'd,
He's got a drop too much!

How oft a drop embroils the soul
In bloodshed and dispute,
Degrades the Almighty's noblest work
Beneath the humblest brute.
Ah, view the sensual beast, for sure
Man sinks himself as such;
And ask the cause—the sad response
Is, 'tis a drop too much!

Miscellaneous.

[From the Eastport Sentinel.]

THE TEMPERANCE WEDDING.

'I wish, Clara, you would lay aside that provokingly long piece of embroidery and accompany me into the garden. See how beautifully—how gloriously the sun is sinking into rest, and these gentle winds are balmy enough to invite a more sober personage than yourself to taste their freshness. Come, come—my favorite rose-tree is budding, and this morning I espied one of the sweetest little forget-me-nots in the world, peeping timidly out from beneath a huge cluster of—, but Clara, why are you so pale, and why are you smiling upon me so sadly? Have my wild words awakened bitter memories? Oh, not for worlds would I cause your heart one pang.'

'My own sweet sister, no. Your words are ever music to my heart; but come, I will go with you, and with pleasure, as I have something which I wish to tell you—and in the garden we shall not be interrupted.'

'Do tell me! dear Clara, what is it?'

'In the first place, Ada, you must promise me not to be angry.'

'Willingly, and here I seal the promise,' and she pressed her rosy lips to the pale cheeks of her sister.

'Now for that something quickly, I am burning with impatience.'

'I almost fear to tell you, Ada; the subject on which I would speak, is a very delicate one; but I feel that my duty would be neglected, did I remain longer silent. Are you aware that Harry Wentworth uses freely the intoxicating cup?'

Instant was the change that passed over the sunny face of Ada Clements, but looking up she calmly answered—

'I do know it, Clara.'

'I rejoice to hear that it is so. You surely will not wed with one who suffers his naturally noble mind to be thus debased—who uses so carelessly, so recklessly the higher gifts which the Almighty has bestowed upon him—who, heedless of a mother's prayers, and sister's tears, is rushing madly on to destruction—who—'

'Clara, cease! I entreat you, speak not of him thus. In a few weeks I shall become his bride; and then, the deep love he bears me,

and my own fond caresses, will surely win him from the scenes of mirth and revelry.'

'Ada, if you value your future peace, trust not happiness in his keeping. It is not yet too late, and broken vows are better, far better than the life of misery which I fear will be yours.'

'It is useless, Clara, to urge me; my heart, my fate, is firmly linked with him; and I would wed him, were I assured two short years should find me that most wretched, most miserable of all beings—a drunkard's wife. But it must not be so; will you not assist me, Clara, to reform him?'

'Willingly, gladly will I do all that lies in my power, but I fear your efforts will prove unavailing.'

'No, sister, they will not: Harry is just and honorable, and if we can prevail upon him to sign the pledge, all will be right. I have a plan in my head, which I think will succeed; but come, let us go in. My rose-buds and poor little forget-me-not have been quite forgotten, but no matter, this damp air will hardly help to furnish that pale cheek with roses. My plan you shall hear in the morning.'

Clara and Ada Clements were knit together in the bonds of sisterly love; not an unkind word, or even look, had ever passed between them, and yet, beings differing more in person and disposition, can scarcely be imagined. Clara to all but her sister proud, distant and reserved—her person stately and commanding—eyes dark and flashing, while her hair, black as the raven's wing, was parted smoothly from a lofty polished brow. She was generally calm and passionless, yet at times the brilliancy of those deep orbs were dazzling—almost fearful—and words of bitterness, of scorn, of defiance and contempt. Yet it was rarely that these feelings were called forth,—never but at the mention of one name; and at the mention of that name, every evil passion that could dwell in the bosom of a lovely and accomplished woman, seemed called into being. Clara Clements had loved—had been deceived, and could not forget nor forgive. Years had passed away since the warm, fresh feelings of her heart had been crushed; and from the wild, the ardent, the blooming girl of eighteen, she had passed to the proud, the cold, the polished woman of twenty-five. Beautiful still she

remained. Such was Clara Clements, to whom but the young sister of her love,—to her she had never changed. With all a mother's care she had watched over her childhood, instructed her youth, had taught her to cherish the warm and glowing emotions which sprang in all their unsullied purity from a heart which never had suffered, neath the blighting influence of a cold and heartless world. Wild and gay as a bird was Ada. Joy ever beamed from her sunny eyes, and waved in the clustering ringlets of her auburn hair. Her voice was ever heard carolling forth some joyous strain, and the music of her ringing laugh could not fail to win a smile, even from the most desolate heart. Of a being formed for love, was Ada, and she did love—with all her heart and soul, with all the strong and undying affection of woman—Harry Wentworth.

He was, indeed, all that was noble and generous; he was worthy even of the love of the being he had won; of all the unsought honors which had been heaped upon him. He had been worthy of all these; but of late, he had indulged in a vice which seemed to cast a shadow over his bright career, and threatened to overwhelm both himself and family in sorrow and error. He was a mother's pride, a sister's joy; to him they looked for support, for counsel, for protection, and he had ever proved himself all that a mother or sister could desire. A priceless gem he had won, the heart of Ada Clements; and she, with all a woman's faith burning in her young heart, dreamed of reclaiming the erring wanderer. Let us hasten with them to the bridal day.

Beautiful, indeed, it was. The sun shined forth in all its gorgeous splendor, and the zephyrs, bearing on their wings the rich perfumes of summer's fairest flowers, wafted carelessly amid the flowing ringlets of beautiful dark-eyed daughters. To the eye, they were a happy bridal train; but there were hearts sad, anxious, beating hearts, concealed beneath those unsullied robes. Even a change had passed over the calm and passionless face of Clara. The startling brilliancy of her eyes were dimmed by tears; hot, burning tears, the first she had shed since that bitter day when all her cherished hopes were withered, blasted forever. The young bride had hardly changed save that her voice slightly trembled, and her cheek had lost its roseate hue. They knelt around the altar; a few solemn, thrilling words were pronounced, and Ada Clements, the young, the wildly beautiful, arose—a wife.

Again was heard the busy hum of happy voices, and the warm words of congratulation and joy were breathed on every side.

The sparkling wine-cup was passed, and Harry Wentworth, murmuring words to the health of his own sweet wife, had raised the

glass to his lips, when he felt her hand laid upon his arm.

'A boon, dear Harry—I crave it as a wife—you surely will not refuse me!'

'I can refuse the nothing, dearest; speak, thy boon is granted.'

'It is this, Harry,' and the young wife spoke calmly but firmly, 'that you will pledge me, here, before this company, never to put again to your lips the intoxicating cup.'

Nothing could exceed the surprise, the astonishment, depicted on every countenance, and smiles of derision were seen to flit across the faces of some. For a moment the proud Harry Wentworth curled, and his eye kindled with anger; but one glance at the gentle being by his side, one look at the anxious, imploring faces of his mother and sister, was enough. He instantly comprehended the whole, he saw the fearful abyss on which he stood, the flashing of that proud eye ceased, and he smiled gratefully on his lovely bride, as he answered, 'Your boon is granted, Ada; who among my young friends here, will join with me? Who might be enslaved, shall we not be free?'

For a moment, there was silence, and then—'I will, I will,' burst from every part of that spacious hall, and Ada Wentworth had the unspeakable joy of witnessing her health pledged by the noble and gifted beings before her, in bumpers of cold water.

THE DRUNKARD NOT THE WORST MAN.—A gentleman stepped into a tavern, and saw a filthy drunkard, once a respectable man, waiting for his liquor. He thus accosted him:

'G—, why do you make yourself the vilest of men?'

'I aint the vilest,' said the drunkard.

'Yes you are,' said the gentleman: 'See how you look—drink that glass and you will be in the gutter.'

'I deny your poz-zition,' said the drunkard.

'Who—who is the vi-vilest the temp-tempted, or the tempter? Who—who was the worst, Sa-Satan or Eve?'

'Why, Satan,' said the gentleman.

'Well—well, be-be-hold the temp-tempter!' said he, pointing to the bar. The argument was irresistible. The bar-keeper flew into a passion and turned the poor fellow out.

A son of the Emerald Isle, who had just arrived at New York the other day, was asked by an acquaintance to take a glass of grog, but declined, giving as a reason for his refusal, that he had joined the temperance society in Cork, before leaving Ireland. His friend replied, that was no consequence, as a pledge giving in Ireland was not binding here. To this piece of left handed morality, Patrick indignantly retorted, 'Do ye suppose whin I brought my body to Ameriky I'd be either leaving me sowl in Ireland?'

The celebrated physician Damoulin, being surrounded in his last moments by several of the most distinguished doctors of Paris, who vied with each other in expressions of regret at his situation—"Gentlemen," said he suddenly, "do not so much regret me: I leave behind me three great physicians." On their pressing him to name them, each being sure that his own name would be among the number, he briefly added, *water, exercise, and diet*, to the no small discomfiture of his disappointed brethren.

RULES FOR LADIES.

1. Marry not a profane man; because the depravity of his heart will corrupt your children and embitter your existence.

2. Marry not a gambler, a tippler, or a haunter of taverns, because he who has no regard for himself will never have any for his wife.

3. Marry not a man who makes promises which he never performs, because you can never trust him.

4. Marry not a man whose actions do not correspond with his sentiments—because the passions have dethroned reason, and he is prepared to commit every crime to which an evil nature, unrestrained, can instigate him. The state of that man who regards not his own ideas of right and wrong, is deplorable, and the less you have to do with him, the better.

5. Marry not a man who is in the habit of running after all the girls in the country; because the affections are continually wavering—and therefore can never be permanent.

6. Marry not a man who neglects his business; if he does so when single, he will be worse when married.

A Cutting Reply.—A poor beggar boy applied for alms at the house of an avaricious preacher in—, and received a dry mouldy crust. The divine inquired of the boy if he could say the Lord's prayer, and was answered in the negative. "Then," said the rector, "I will teach you that—'Our Father—' 'Our Father?' said the boy; 'is he my father as well as yours?' 'Yes, certainly.'" "Why then?" replied the boy, "how could you give your brother this hard crust of bread?"

THE SAILOR'S WIFE.

A Song, written for Mr. Henry Russell.

The night is dark—the wind is high—
And storm-clouds gather in the sky—
The billows roll upon the shore—
With fire-lance rage, and deaf'ning roar!
The Sailor's Wife in terror wild,
Clasps to her breast her slumbering child—
With hurried step—and form half clad,
She seeks the watch-tower—lone and sad!

"Hark! 'tis the Tempest's stifling breath—
It warns of danger—stranding—death—
Hark! see!—the Lightning's blinding flash!
And hark! Oh, God! the Thunder's crash!
Awake, my child—for it may be
Thy father perishes at sea!
Oh, wake—nor leave me lone and sad,
Lest these dark thoughts should drive me mad!"

"Awake!—yet hark!—that sound again!
And yet again!—my brain! my brain!
Yes! 'tis the minute gun!—once more
Its notes come booming to the shore!
And now—the Lightning's flash so fast
I see a ship with shattered mast!
And now!—Awake!—I'm dark and sad—
My child!—My child!—I'm going mad!"

"He heeds me not!—but slumbers on;
And leaves me with my fears alone!
Alone!—Hark! see! they crowd the deck—
And—God of Heaven!—she strikes!—a wreck!
Oh, save him!—save him!—on the gale
Is borne that long and piercing wail,
As forth she rushes—pale—half clad—
Still shrieking—"Save him!—I am mad!"

Above the storm's tumultuous din
That cry resounds along the shore—
Its wild appeal may mercy win
When Hope's last glimmering spark is o'er—
Tossed by the billows to and fro
Now lost to sight—now high in air
A speck is seen!—A Boat!—and, oh!
The crew are saved!—and he is there!

DUTIES AND PLEASURES OF WOMAN.

Great, indeed, is the task assigned to woman. Who can elevate its dignity? who can exaggerate its importance? Not to make laws, not to govern empires; but to form those by whom laws are made, armies led, and empires governed; to guard from the slightest taint of possible infirmity, the frail and yet spotless creature whose moral, no less than his physical being, must be derived from her—to use principles, to inculcate those doctrines, to animate those sentiments, which generations yet unborn, and nations yet uncivilized, shall learn to bless; to soften firmness into mercy, to chasten honor into refinement, to exalt generosity into virtue; by her soothing eases to allay the anguish of the body, and the far worse anguish of the mind; by her tenderness to disarm passion; by her purity to triumph over sense; to cheer the scholar laboring under his toil; to console the statesman for the ingratitude of a mistaken people; to compensate for hopes that are blighted friends that are perfidious, for happiness that has passed away. Such is her vocation; the couch of the tortured sufferer, the prison of the deserted friend, the cross of a rejected Saviour these are scenes of woman's excellence, these are theatres on which her greatest triumphs have been achieved. Such is her destiny—to visit the forsaken, to attend the neglected, amid the forgetfulness of myriads to remember; amid the execrations of multitudes to bless; when monarchs abandon, when counsellors betray, when justice persecutes, when brethren and disciples fly, to remain unshaken and unchanged, and to exhibit, on this lower world, a type of that love—pure, constant, and ineffable which in another world, we are taught to believe is the best reward of virtue.—Blackwood's Magazine.

A WHISPER TO THE GIRLS.—On a certain occasion, in France, the oldest of two sisters was promised, by her father, to a gentleman, possessed of a large estate. The day was appointed for the gentleman to make his visit, he not having, as yet, seen either of them, and the ladies were informed of his coming, that they might be prepared to receive him. The affianced bride, who was the handsomest of the two, being desirous to show her elegant shape and slender waist to the best advantage, clothed herself in a dress, which sat very tight and close upon her, without any lining or facing of fur, though it was winter and exceedingly cold. The consequence was, that she appeared pale and miserable, like one perishing with the severity of the weather; while her sister, who, regardless of her shape, had attired herself, rationally, with thick garments, lined with fur, looking warm and healthy, and ruddy as a rose. The gentleman was fascinated by her who had the most prudence, and having obtained the father's consent to the change, left the mortified sister to shiver in single blessedness.

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