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creature, whose thin attenuated form, and pale sickly-looking hands, anxiety or weakness had rendered tremulous, as he clasped the crutch and his burden.

The clouds that hung over the metropolis began to fulfil their threatenings, and a shower descended, that fell almost unheeded on the comfortable waterproof cloak of Mr. W., but soon completely wetted the tattered raiment of the porter. Kindly cheering the poor fellow with promise of shelter and refreshment at the end of their journey, the task was at length completed, and a dwelling, that seemed to realize by its look the wise man's wish, "Give me neither poverty nor riches," opened to receive the wayfarers.

THE RECRUIT IN THE BRITISH LEGION.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

BY CLARA BALFOUR.

On a gloomy evening in the spring of 1837, as Mr. Willoughby alighted at the Elephant and Castle, from a stage coach, tired of confinement, after a day's journey, he looked for a porter to carry his carpet bag, determining to walk home, some distance up the Kent Road.

A little way from the throng and bustle, leaning against a post, was a man of tall stature in miserable attire: an old sailor's hat, slouched down concealed his countenance, and the faded remains of a soldier's red jacket hung about him in tatters, while a crutch under his arm showed that poverty was not the only evil he had to contend with.

This miserable being, observing the enquiring glance of Mr. Willoughby, as quickly as his lameness permitted, went towards him, and with a manner indicating eagerness and timidity—asked if he was looking for a porter?

"Yes, my brave fellow," was the reply, "but you are not able to walk, I fear?"

"I'll do my best, sir," sighed the suppliant with a beseeching gesture, that arrested Mr. W.'s attention.

"Well, my man, we can none of us do more," was the kind reply, and the bag was given to the lame porter.

The slow pace at which, in consequence of the porter's infirmity, they were obliged to walk, afforded an opportunity to Mr. Willoughby to scrutinize the singular appearance of the person engaged. He had never beheld a human being so completely wretched—he had not seen his face, but the clustering hair, that in uncut luxuriance curled beneath the slouched hat, was presumptive evidence of the youth of the unfortunate

Two rosy children hailed with shouts of glee Mr. Willoughby's return, while a dog made his congratulations, felt as well as heard, by jumping up among the little ones, to greet his master. The wife and mother, busying herself for the comfort of her husband after his wet walk, the poor porter was for an instant left in the passage and forgotten.

Mr. W., however, soon recollected himself, and gave orders to let the man warm himself at the kitchen fire. After this the porter was sent for into the parlour, and the old hat being now removed, Mr. W. was struck with the countenance and the demeanour of the mere youth who stood before him. Sickness and privation had anticipated time, in stamping traces of care upon the fine open brow—suffering had sharpened every feature, but could not wholly destroy their native comeliness.

"You are in bad health, I fear," inquired Mr. W., handing at the same time a glass containing spirits, and adding, "drink that, my man, it will do you good."

A deep flush passed over the young stranger's face, and an unusual light sparkled in his eyes, as drawing himself up with an air of modest yet firm resolution, he said with apparently involuntary energy. "Don't offer it me, sir—take it back—take it back—I DARE NOT drink that."

"Indeed!" said Mr. W., startled and somewhat offended, "it is but a small glass—I would give no one an improper quantity; and as you have been exposed to the wet, I think it necessary; however I press no one: let me know your charge, and I will pay you."

The altered tone in which these words were said, smote on the young heart, that had begun to open to the cheering words of sympathy, previously uttered, and after a momentary conflict with his feelings, the youth burst into tears.

"Oh, sir, let me explain," said he, as well as his agitation permitted. "You are the only person who has shown me any kindness for months—you have not des-