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DAVIDSON,

THE STUDENT—THE TEACHER—THE DRUNKARD.

My friend, the son of pious parents, received the honors of the principal College in his native State, about twenty-eight years since. The habit, on which his ruin was based, commenced in College, he being a member of a smoking club. It is needless to say that smoking created an inclination for drinking, and that among would-be gentlemen, wine and brandy would best cool a parched throat and smoke-clogged lungs. The employment chosen for the support of Davidson, was that of keeping school, and in which, for most of his time, till within three years of his death, he succeeded well, giving very general satisfaction, while his propensities were under restraint. With the buoyancy of youth and health, he courted society, and in parties where were females, no one was more blithe than he. During most of a year, the academy in Frankland was considered a rising institution, and bade fair to be one of the first in the State; for so pleasant and good an instructor had not before been in it. Parents and pupils were delighted, and the trustees flattered themselves that their town would now be distinguished for its literary advantages. A second year commenced under favorable auspices, but alas! hope was soon nipped in the bud. The pupils began to discover a crookedness of speech on the part of their instructor, and as if his tongue strove to break away from some fetter, while his walk across the floor, at times indicated a weakness in his joints. These matters were told of at home, by the children, and amazement and grief were felt by all the respectable portion of the community. Still my friend was admitted into the parties composed of the higher circles, as a laughter-loving and laughter-making companion. His cloves were dealt out with an unsparing hand, and all were pressed to take; his own breath was invariably heated. The question was soon mooted, "For what in the world does Mr. Davidson eat so many cloves?" The only answer that could be given, was, they helped to cover his brandy-breath. At his morning exercise, which was very early, and designed to get an appetite, he was a few times discovered to go behind a barn, or under a fence, and draw refreshment from a bottle. At the end of the term, he was dismissed from his employment in Frankland. Almost immediately, however, he opened a school in his native city, which would have afforded him ample support; but his besetting sin followed him, and in a few weeks, he suddenly left his school, took passage in a stage, and was carried to Frankland. His stage-fare was paid by his fellow passengers, as he lay prostrate in the ferry-boat. A sixpence which he borrowed of the landlady at the Inn, as an excuse, to make a little change, was never returned, it having passed his mouth in the form of liquor, at some dram-shop. At this time, I resided at home, with my parents and sisters: we were at tea, when a violent rapping was made at the outer door; it was opened, and some person with a heavy tread was ushered into an opposite apartment, and word brought that Mr. D. wished to see me. Not suspecting his circumstances, I sprang to welcome him, and urge him to the tea-table; but he could neither eat nor drink; his appetite had fled; he appeared in an awful case. After leaving the table, which he did with effort, he asked me to accompany him, in calling upon the ladies. I declined, but

advised that he should walk out, in the hope that exercise in the open air would tend to dissipate the fumes upon his brain. When I came home, at the close of the evening, he was seated by the fire ~~day~~ and stupid. After assisting him to bed, and as I was leaving the room, he cried, "O, do give me some cider." I offered him water, which he declined, and I left him. The family retired, hoping for rest, yet anticipating trouble. At about one or two o'clock, my father was roused by the approach of Davidson from below, crying in agony, "O! give me some rum, for I am burning to death." "Young man, I have none for you." "Some gin, then; some brandy, for I am burning to death." "I shall give you neither." "Some wine, then—some cider, just to kill this burning in my throat—hav'nt you ever so little rum to quench this burning?" "Young man, you have already had enough, and this it is that creates your burning." "On my word, Sir, I have had but a small part of a glass since yesterday morning." "That, then, is enough, I will give you some molasses and water." "O, well, sir, any thing to kill this burning." The tumbler of molasses and water was handed to him, of which, however, he took but a swallow, and concluded he would walk out upon the green; he opened the door and departed, while my father again retired to bed. At about three o'clock Davidson re-entered the house, and found his way to the attic. Finding one door fastened, the room occupied by females, but supposing me to be in, he knocked, kicked, and groaned, while begging admission, pleading the agony of the fire, which consumed him. The effort at this door, being vain, he burst into my chamber, crying, "O! give me some rum, some brandy, some gin. I am dying, I am burning to death." Telling him I should give him neither, and advising him to go to bed, he cried, "O, some wine, some cider first, for I am dying." I saw no way to be rid of him, but by feigning myself asleep. He had seated himself upon a trunk, and soon, a gagging and retching took place, followed by a vomiting, such as I believe is rarely witnessed; the floor near and for a distance around my bed was covered with the most offensive matter—a strange mingled fume of all the liquors he had called for. As daylight advanced he left my chamber and the house. I reached my clothes to me and dressed me on my bed, having no standing place upon the floor. Glancing my eyes out at the window, I saw Davidson on his way to a neighbor's; and in descending the hill, the steepest part, he fell and evidently ploughed the ground for some distance. Within an hour after he entered the neighbor's door, I followed to make inquiries. The young man of the house was in the garden, and stated that D's rap at the outer door roused him from his sleep and his bed. On opening the door for him, he was startled with the cry for rum. "O, I am burning to death." Ignorant of D's situation, a wine-glass of rum was given him by my informant, who then advised him to go to his chamber and to bed; he declined lying down, but being still, the neighbour got into bed and fell asleep and continued so, till he was again awakened by the shutting of the outer door of the house. Davidson was missing. On going below my informant found the bottle emptied of its contents to the value of half a pint. After intelligence assured me that the keepers of 4 or 5 dram shops furnished him with a glass apiece, and all before breakfast. Poor Davidson! he could have but small room in his stomach for