

TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE & NEWS.

PLEDGE.—We, the undersigned, do agree, that we will not use Intoxicating Liquors as a Beverage, nor Traffic in them; that we will not provide them as an article of Entertainment, nor for persons in our Employment; and that in all suitable ways we will discountenance their use throughout the Community.

Vol. XVII.]

MONTREAL, MAY 1, 1851.

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A True Story.

'Tis the winter of 1849. The night is cold and dark. The traveller muffles up his face, and draws his cloak close round his shoulders to protect him from the piercing wind without. With no trees to break the howling wind, in the midst of a large meadow, beside the little village of N——, stands the house of misery and distress. It can hardly be called a house; it is a mere hovel, which, from the disorder around, one would suppose deserted. Gentle reader, let us enter. In an open bed-room lies a sick woman. A man, with naught but rags upon his back, sits before a few dying coals. He arises, utters an oath, and starts for the door. He thinks of something, and returns. 'Liz,' says he, taking a little jug from the closet, 'take this, and go to B——'s shop and ask him if he will trust me for a pint of rum. Tell him I am out of money but will pay him soon.' The sick mother hears this, and as the little girl passes by the bed-room door, she beckons her to come in. 'My dear,' says she, 'take this last shilling with you, and buy a loaf of bread,' and while she whispered this, she placed it in her daughter's hand, and wiped the tears from her eyes. 'Bundle yourself up warmly, my daughter,' continued the mother, 'for the cold is severe.'

Lizzy left the room where lay her dearest, and almost only friend on earth, and was preparing to go when her unworthy father inquired, 'What did your mother want?'—'She gave me a shilling, and told me to get a loaf of bread,' replied the obedient child. 'Well, remember what I tell you, get me some rum with it.'

When Lizzy opened the shop door, she found the room filled with intemperate men, some drinking, some swearing, and others shaking pennies in a hat. With a beating heart she forced her way up to the bar, behind which stood a man who dealt out the burning death to his customers.

'Girl, what do you want?' said he.

'Mother told me to buy a loaf of bread with this shilling, but father says I must get him some rum.'

'Where does your father live? Who is he?'

'My father's name is Mr. A——, and he lives in the field, below the big elm tree.'

The clean faced, but filthy souled being (let me not call such an one a man,) put the value thereof in the jug, and left the family to starve.

I will pursue my tale no farther. Enough has been seen. What I have related actually took place. It is no work of fancy; it is truth. It needs no comment. All I ask is, that you, my friend, while you read may think.

You may say that this is an extreme case. And so it is. But, while it is cheerfully admitted that there are few such cases, you are invited to look around you, and see for yourself. Sum up the evils of drunkenness, both to those who sell, and those who buy. Remember that all the miseries which you see about you—all the temporal sufferings caused by this fell destroyer, dreadful as they are, are nothing com-

pared with the injuries done to the immortal mind. While temporal sufferings shall soon pass away, the degradation of the soul, the injury which it suffers, it is feared, shall last for ever. Intemperance is only another name for all that is shameful, unmanly, and cruel. And O! what can those think who, for a paltry sum of gold, will let this monster loose?—*New England Diadem.*

How Drunkenness Poisons the Domestic Affections.

There is no heaven-planted affection which this vice does not blight. Travellers tell us of an Upas tree that kills all beneath its shade. It is now proved that God never made such a tree. But man has. It grows in Britain. It flourishes in the vice of drunkenness. We have seen every flower that adorns the ruins of our nature, wither and die beneath its deadly influence. Working more wonderful changes than any to be found in the metamorphoses of Ovid, it has transformed man's very nature, and turned parents, brothers, sisters, children, into monsters of cruelty and crime. The confirmed drunkard is one whom kindness cannot win, nor pity move, nor even grim death himself appall. What think you of a son lying drunk on the floor, in the same room where the parent whose heart he had broken lay dead in the coffin! That youth lying there, once the most loving boy for whom a pious father ever prayed, and now, when others enter the solemn apartment—horrible association!—the drunk and dead are found there alone! What havoc it works on the parental heart! Go with me to this dismal close, and ascend the old stair of a house, where, as you may see by the magnificent balustrade, the rich ornaments of the ceiling, and the noble chimney-pieces of marble, within which slumber some wretched embers, rank and affluence were wont to dwell. The great room sounds drear and empty to our tread, and smells—how foul it smells!—of fever and death. A wretched bed is there, almost the only furniture; and what an object lies on it, in life's last painful struggle! We have walked many an hospital, but never stood on a more humbling sight. We saw a woman exhumed after the body had lain six weeks in the grave; but neither when we raised the soiled face-cloth from her features, nor when we stood at her feet, when she nodded her head to us as every blow of the hammer fell on the chisel with which they opened her skull, did the dead appear so terrible as the living in this chamber. Dying of the most malignant small-pox, and tossing about its skeleton arms in the throes of dissolution, a child lay on the bed before us, with its face one swollen, horrid, hideous sore, which had obliterated the features of humanity. It was enough to melt a heart of stone: or, as Robert Hall said of York Cathedral, "it was a sight to sober a Bacchanalian." And surely the reader will sympathise with our deep detestation of this accursed vice, when he knows that, with such a spectacle to gaze on, to weep over—with such a sight to wring their hearts, the father and

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