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AND YET ANOTHER.

J. L.—, was the only son of wealthy and respectable parents, who were unfortunately engaged in the business of tavern-keeping—the worst almost that can be conceived for bringing up a family. In early life poor J. was taught the usual practice of taking his *bitters*. Till his tender limbs operated on by alcoholic stimulants, were unable to support his feeble body, then would his fond and doating parents in joyful glee, behold his airy gambols, and fantastic mirth, little thinking at the time they were pointing the dagger that would one day pierce their inmost soul. As a matter of course, this practice was continued till remonstrance became necessary, but remonstrance, alas, was now vain, the awful poison had been too deeply implanted, and like the folds of the Anaconda, were drawing closer and tighter every day; an amendment was however at last promised, and the consequence was, a matrimonial connection with an amiable and virtuous young lady—but, Oh, how frail are all our resolves, unless aided by divine grace—the inebriate again relapsed, and again promised his almost heart-broken wife, that he would dash the poisoned chalice from his lips. This state of things continued for some five or six years, till three beautiful babes became the partners of a tender mother's sorrows and griefs; finding his promises were all disregarded, and unperformed, the fond yet sorrowing wife informed her misguided and inebriate companion that she could no longer remain with him, but that she would return to her father's house for six months, and, that if during the interval he would abandon his former habits, she would joyfully return.—but alas!—no longer restrained by the frequent admonitions and warnings of his amiable companion, he gave loose reins to his ungovernable appetite, till reason forsook her domain. He was then taken to his father's house, who, notwithstanding the utter ruin of his only son, still continues the practice of dram-selling; here a room was provided, and his daily allowance duly administered, till awful to relate one cold morning during last month, on going to his room as usual, it was discovered, that during the night his immortal spirit had fled, leaving his remains an awful spectacle of the effects of inebriation; during the interval between his death and burial, the ordinary potations were duly handed out as customary to every tavern haunter that required; such is the state of inatuation to which some have arrived, that the bounds of common decorum are often outstripped for the sake of greedy gains. Such is the case, unvarnished by rhetorical flourishes or ornaments of style incident to authors by profession, yet the half has not been told, I have barely given an outline of the premature end of this otherwise promising young man. Could my poor pen picture to the world, the many heart-achings of his bereaved and widowed companion,—the numerous hours, when with watchful vigils, leaning over her tender babes, deploring their own and her unhappy fate. Judge with what feelings this imperfect sketch has been narrated when I inform you that this young man was one who was allied to the writer by the tender ties of consanguinity.—J. R.

Prince Edward District, April 29, 1843.

A Family Effort.

Some few months ago, the Directress of one of our ladies'

Societies received a note requesting her to appoint a committee to call on a young married woman, who was known to indulge in the vice of drinking spirituous liquors; her name and residence were given, and the writer expressed a hope that her downward progress might be stayed. Accordingly, a committee was appointed, who, as they approached the house, saw a woman enter with a pitcher. At once mistrusting her to be the individual sought they followed her, but not so speedily as to prevent her placing her pitcher out of sight. Circumspectly and tenderly they broached their errand of mercy, by requesting her name to the temperance pledge. For a while they seemed to make no impression on her mind; but at length she candidly informed them that in consequence of her intemperate habits, her husband had resolved to separate from her, and that night he intended to divide the furniture, take their two children, and leave the ruined wife and mother to her own dark lonely lot. They entreated her to sign the pledge, and thus avert the dreadful fate; but, for a while she refused, alledging that it would not affect her husband's mind toward her, she would soon be a shunned homeless outcast, and she might as well perish in her sin. The committee still persisted, and at last the woman signed the Pledge, on their promising her that if she should be left destitute, the Society would do whatever they could for her.—That evening the committee, fearful lest her husband might not believe her story, repeated their visit, in hope to dissuade him from his purpose; on their entering, they found him calm but apparently determined on separating from his wife, they urged him to try her new resolutions at least for a week; to this he finally consented. During the week they visited the family, and every time they called; they saw stronger and stronger evidence, that the woman was earnestly combatting her evil appetite.—The week expired—the month passed on without a relapse; and now the regenerated woman is again a happy wife, and the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her.

In this case we see the exceeding fitness of female organizations for the suppression of intemperance; had there been no such associations, to which the stranger's note could have been addressed, this family would have been broken up, never in all human probability to be re-united, and another heart-broken victim, would have been abandoned in the morning of life to the destructive propensity, social habits had engendered. Or had the effort been made with less delicacy—had those who labored to save been less familiar with the pathology of drunkenness, so to speak, then this good might not have been accomplished.—Sneer on, ye that deride Ladies' T. A. Societies; sneer on, we can well endure it, while along our path we may cast up such monuments.

Applaud the idly delicate of our sex, who desire not to know the holy enthusiasm that leads the Marthas into the hovel where the victim of strong drink lies bound in admantine chains, which nought but the tear of sympathy, and the smile of hope can sunder. Aye, applaud ye those who say in their hearts, "This comes not within the compass of woman's sphere;" we envy them neither their ease, nor your praises; suffer us but unimpeded to pass on our way on this mission of mercy, and we will not ask you to quote one tittle of the indifference or contempt with which you bid us stand aside, from those that are holier than we.