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EXAMPLE.

(From *Chiniquy's Temperance Manual*.)

It was ten o'clock in the evening, I was very much interested in reading a work, when on a sudden my ears were struck by an unusual noise. I listened and heard loud knocks at the door. A voice calls and conjures me for help. I had hardly opened the door when I recognized Francis ——. He was out of his senses; his half-broken language announced the deepest emotion. However, this was all I could understand: "Come immediately, Sir; if you do not make haste, some misfortune will happen. Ah! it is dreadful!"

I need not say what were my feelings on hearing those words. I asked him of whom he was speaking: "It is Louis ——" answered he; "he has returned home drunk; he is like a furious tiger; he has cruelly struck his unfortunate wife, who has been, as you are aware, confined for a long time. She fainted while he was striking her. He has beaten his brother, and on my leaving the house he held his poor mother by the throat; I could not get her out of his hands, lest he should split my head open. I determined to come and seek for your help; perhaps your presence might quiet him. But if you please make haste, too much delay may cost some one's life." This recital, frightful as it was, did not surprise me. Every thing can be expected from a drunkard. The most heinous crimes and dreadful horrors are only a pastime with the man addicted to alcoholic drinks.

I had already known the drunkard for whom I was called. I had many a time met him drunk on the road. His screams, which were heard at a distance, caused him to be recognized. It was then prudent to

make haste: few were, in fact, disposed at that moment to enter into a conversation with him.

He vociferated oaths, curses and blasphemies sufficient to make the demons tremble. How many times in those awful moments had he not struck and shed the blood of his best friends! How many times had he not also beaten his father! Few were they, however, who pitied the old man! It was he who had instructed his child in the art of drinking; it was he who had many times shown him the road which leads to the tavern. As I was thinking on these sad remembrances, I went out, or even ran with Francis. The distance was not very long, so that it was quickly accomplished. I had not yet reached the place when my ears were struck with screams and shrieks. Without knocking at the door, I entered hastily. Merciful heaven, what a sight! The poor woman hardly recovered from her swoon, was wailing in despair. She pulled out her hair like an insane person. Tears were seen trickling down from her eyes on a young child seated on her lap, and whose piercing cries affected the heart. Unfortunate woman, how loudly she called death to help her! With what forcible words did she curse the day when she had united her destiny to that cruel monster, who, instead of being her husband was her tormentor! I perceived further the brother, whose face was covered with blood, and then at some distance in the dark, the unfortunate mother. Her hair hanging in disorder round her face, attested that one of the blackest crimes had been committed; that a man had struck her to whom he owed life; that a child had lifted up his hand against his mother! The blows which he had given her had disfigured and nearly killed her. Her tears, cries, and sobs, mingled with those of her daughter-in-law and child.

And he, the monster, where was he then to be found?

He was pacing the room in quick steps, amidst the broken chairs and tables turned upside down, lying confusedly on the floor. My sudden arrival, notwithstanding his madness, confounded him.

Being a minister of religion, my duty was to do all I could to restore him from his degradation, although he seemed lost. I spared no time. On the very next day I began the work. I told him to abandon drinking; but he answered me with the same words he had already told me several times, that it was impossible; that he felt sorrow and shame for what he had done the preceding night; that he would promise to cease getting drunk, but that he could not promise to abstain totally from strong drinks. He had been so long drink-