

## Poetry.

## HARD TIMES.

BY MRS. CONNELL MORE.

"We say the times are grievous hard,  
And hard they are, 'tis true!  
But, drunkards, to your wives and babes  
They're harder made by you.

The drunkard's tax is self-imposed,  
Like every other sin;  
The taxes alto, either cost  
Not half so much as *Gin*.

The state compels no man to drink,  
Compels no man to game;  
'Tis *Gin* and gambling sinks him down  
To rags, and want, and shame.

The kindest husband changed by *Gin*,  
Is for a tyrant known,  
The tenderest heart that nature made,  
Becomes a heart of stone.

In many a house the harmless babes  
Are poorly clothed and fed,  
Because the craving *Gin-shop* takes  
The children's daily bread.

Come, neighbour, take a walk with me,  
Through many a London street,  
And see the cause of poverty,  
In hundreds that we meet.

Behold the shivering female there,  
Who plies her woeful trade!  
'Tis ten to one, you'll find that *Gin*  
That helpless wretch has made.

Look down those steps, and view below  
Yon cellar under ground;  
There every want and every woe,  
And every sin, are found!

Those little children trembling there,  
With hunger and with cold,  
Were by their parent's love of *Gin*  
To sin and misery sold.

Look through the prison's iron bars!  
Look through that dismal grate,  
And learn what dire misfortune brought  
So terrible a fate!

The debtor and the felon too,  
Though differing much in sin,  
Too oft you'll find were thither brought  
By all destroying *Gin*.

See the pale manufacturer there,  
So lank and lean he lies!  
How haggard is his sickly cheek!  
How dim his hollow eyes!

How amply had his gains sufficed,  
On wife and children spent!  
But all must for his pleasure go;  
All to the *Gin-shop* went.

See that apprentice young in years,  
But hackneyed long in sin!  
What made him rob his master's till?  
Alas! 'twas love of *Gin*.

That serving man! I knew him once  
So jaunty, spruce and smart;

Why did he steal, then pawn the plate?  
'Twas *Gin* ensnared his heart.

But hark! what dreadful sound was that?  
'Tis Newgate's awful bell!  
It tolls, alas! for human guilt  
Some malefactor's knell!

O woeful sound! Oh what could cause  
Such punishment and sin?  
Hark! hear his words! he owns the cause,  
'Bid company and *Gin*!

And when the future lot is fix'd,  
Of darkness, fire and chains;  
How can the drunkard hope to 'scape  
Those everlasting pains?"

## Miscellaneous.

*The Fool's Pence.*—A gentleman recently informed us that he sometime since purchased a few of these tracts and left one of them at the house of an acquaintance who was addicted to the use of ardent spirits. The man read it; saw the folly of leaving his pence at the grog shop, and has drank no ardent spirits since.—Once on passing the place where he had deposited so many "Fool's Pence," he felt a strong temptation to enter and drink again. But he recollected the tract, and the fool's pence, and resolved that no more of his money should go in that way. He is now, and we trust will continue to be a warm advocate of the temperance cause. If a tract has produced such results, would it not be well to scatter these little advocates more widely?—*Concord Temp. Herald.*

*Effect of spirituous liquors on the Indians.*—It is said that Indians, after drinking freely of intoxicating drinks, have been induced to sell barrels of salmon for a mere trifle. The Rev. Peter Jones, the Indian missionary, relates that an old Indian speaking of whiskey, said "he wished he had a throat two miles long, that he could taste it all the way down."

How affecting for a father to be reprov-  
ed by his youngest child! A reformed  
drunkard, a wheelwright by trade, whose  
cruelty to his wife and family, in conse-  
quence of drinking, had been great, ob-  
served, "There is nothing affects me so  
much, as the observation of my little child.  
When I come home, it often says to me,  
'Dad, you will not swear at my mam now,  
will you?'"

*John Wesley's Opinion of Rum.*—"It is  
amazing that the preparation and selling  
of this poison should be permitted; I will  
not say in any Christian country, but in

any civilized state.—Oppose it as you  
would oppose the devil, whose offspring  
and likeness it is. None can gain in this  
way, by swallowing up his neighbor's  
substance, without gaining the damnation  
of hell."

A villager of Metz-en-Couture near Ar-  
ras, being grievously tormented by his  
wife, who gave herself up to drunkenness,  
and finding all the means employed to re-  
claim her totally vain, resolved to resort to  
a remedy that would either kill or cure.—  
One day last week she returned home, af-  
ter four hours' absence, in a state of com-  
plete intoxication. The good man of the  
house took this opportunity of applying his  
remedy, and having first tied Madame  
down to a chair, compelled her to drink a  
whole bottle of brandy. The miserable  
woman was immediately seized with ex-  
cruciating pain, and soon after died in hor-  
rible agony. A child 8 years old, who wit-  
nessed this scene, related all the circum-  
stances to the Procureur du Roi, who or-  
dered the husband to be taken into custo-  
dy.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

A man (name unknown) was picked up  
in the street on Wednesday night, in a state  
of gross intoxication, and lodged in the  
watch house of the first district, in the  
morning was found dead. Verdict—*Death  
by Intemperance.*—*New York Courier and  
Enquirer.*

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