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THE LANDLORD AND THE LADIES.

In a city not far distant, a skilful, industrious, and enterprising mechanic commenced business under suspicious circumstances. He was highly respected by an extensive circle of friends and neighbours. His prospects were cheering—his hopes unclouded, and his home a pattern of domestic happiness. His healthy, well-clad, well-fed, and beautiful children were trained up in the way they should go, and his affectionate wife was the idol of his love and admiration. He was a man of the world, who mixed much in society. The more he became immersed in business, the more temptations he had to contend with; and it is with pain I announce the fact, that he yielded to the tyranny of that arbitrary custom of using fermented and distilled liquors at auctions, elections, parties, raisings, and trainings. He neglected his shop, kept late hours, and bad company, scolded and neglected his family, made frequent excuses for leaving home, and seldom returned sober. His once happy home became dark and cheerless, for the sun that illuminated it was sinking in clouds of gloom. His poor heart-broken wife was like a wounded dove, that hides a beautiful head under a drooping and bleeding wing. His children unrestrained, became rude and indolent. His workshop became dilapidated and deserted, and he became a stupid, lazy, drivelling, slaving drunkard. The grocer who first encouraged him to drink, would receive sometimes an article of household furniture, sometimes a string of fish, some-

times a basket of garden sauce, and sometimes a job of work, in lieu of cash for liquor. This gentleman of the bar kept his accounts in chalk and charcoal characters on the door, under the head of groceries, &c., &c. One day he was walking through a back street, when he discovered a neat little woman busily engaged in weeding an onion bed. He very soon recognised the drunkard's wife, for she had often conducted her husband home. She had often entreated the rum-seller to discontinue selling liquor to her unfortunate companion, consequently her face was as familiar to him as the chidings of his own conscience. "I see," said he, smiling and chuckling at his own smartness, "I see how I can secure my pay. I will forthwith procure an attachment, seize the vegetables, sell them off at sheriff's sale, buy them in below the value, and in that way make a handsome speculation." He did so; the ladies of the city, who belonged to a Female Temperance Association, were made acquainted with the fact, and several of them determined that this poor woman should not thus suffer, in consequence of the intemperance of her husband, and they hit upon the following plan to accomplish their praiseworthy designs:—Upwards of thirty marched in procession to the grocer's establishment, resolving to call on him one at a time, and give him no rest that day, unless he consented to pay the woman he had lawfully robbed the price of the articles sold at sheriff's sale. "Good morning, Sir," said a noble-looking woman, with the language of affection on her lips, and disinterested benevolence gushing up in her heart. "Good morning, madam," said the obsequious grocer, who was now rubbing his hands, now fumbling in his pockets, and now raking his hair with his fingers. "I am very sorry," continued the good lady, "to hear that you have been oppressing a poor family in this place, by selling the produce of their garden at auction." "Madam, there is no friendship in trade; I am a man of business, and must avail myself of the law occasionally to collect my honest debts." "I presume there is not much friendship in your trade, nor much justice in the law which authorises you to distress a poor woman to secure a debt, contracted by her drunken husband. I hope you will immediately pay to her the full value of the vegetables you have cruelly taken away, and heartlessly sold at public auction," observed the lady. "I shall do no such thing—I must live and support my family; my business is legalised, and if I did not embark in it, others would," said the excited grocer. This lady now left the shop, and another came in. "I regret," said she, "that my predecessor did not succeed in her endeavours to persuade you to do justice to your own conscience, and to the person whom you have recently oppressed. I hope my humble exertions will be crowned with happier results." "Good woman," said the grocer, "I do not intend to do any harm—my motives are sincere, and I have to be particular sometimes, in order to secure my rights. You know the public good require such men as myself." "The public," replied the intrepid and intelligent lady, "do not require you to tempt a man to drink until he break the heart of his wife, beggar his family, and crush their hopes. You know well enough this poor woman was endeavouring to raise a few shillings to pay her rent, and that she will be turned out of house and home in a few days, if the rent is not paid." "Go home,"