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## NARRATIVE OF THE EFFORTS OF A DRUNKARD TO ESCAPE FROM THE RUMSELLERS.

STRICTLY TRUE.

WE are often told of millions of drunkards; of thousands killed by intemperance; of families innumerable destroyed by alcohol. But the immensity of the statement destroys vividness of impression and feeling. The tale of a single soldier awakens more sympathy than the bare statistics of a thousand battle fields. The following brief outline is therefore given to the public, in hope of exciting interest in the drunkard's sufferings; and illustrating the character of those who entice him to destruction. This narrative is strictly true. The facts detailed were furnished, either by the subject of the narrative himself, or by his wife, and are corroborated by persons of the first standing in the city of Hartford, where nearly all the scenes described took place.

William ——— was a young man of superior native talents. With few advantages of education, he had mastered the science of chemistry, and had delivered public lectures with success. He was also gifted with a peculiarly lovely disposition, attractive social qualities, and remarkable conversational powers. His salary was ample, his domestic relations were delightful, and his future prospects brilliant with hope.

His superior information and conversational tact drew around him a large circle of acquaintance. Their invitations drew him, at first occasionally, next frequently and then habitually, from his own evening fireside. Those were days when the glass was circulated in the assemblage of friends. This custom was duly observed in the circles which he frequented. His own social qualities, and compliance with common civilities, induced him to partake of the enlivening beverage, with moderation. But who is proof against the insidious power of temptation? It coiled itself in the bosom of the angels of light, and they fell. It insinuated itself into Eden, and our once holy progenitors sinned. So, ere this youth of talent and loveliness was aware of danger, the sad process of ruin, by which millions have been lost, had carried him far towards that fearful precipice, where moderate drinking terminates in the gulf of hopeless intemperance.

The steps of the process need not here be repeated. Terrible as they are, familiarity has almost deprived them of interest. But who can tell the emotions of a refined and affectionate wife, when the terrible truth is forced on her knowledge, that her husband is a drunkard! That years of hopeless disappointment and shame are to take the place of glad scenes of domestic happiness, with which anticipation had crowded the future. Who can describe the scenes of anguish, the days of withering grief, the nights of sleepless woe, in that house, when the brilliant man, the affectionate husband, became the slave of intemperance.

His habits were followed by the inevitable consequences—gradual loss of business—loss of respectability—loss of property—abandonment of friend—ruin of character—loss

of self respect—and open confirmed, street drunkenness. When this last stage of the dreadful, soul destroying process was reached, the occasional sober moments of this infatuated man, were seasons of intense wretchedness. He would throw himself at the feet of his wife, implore her forgiveness with tears of anguish, curse his own folly and weakness, and religiously resolve to abstain wholly from the accursed beverage. But it has been said by one, who having been once a drunkard, and had escaped as by fire, "that if there is in the universe any pain worse than the torments of the damned, it is the unsatisfied craving of the drunkard's appetite." So this miserable man found it. When he passed the shops where the liquor was displayed for sale, the sight of it awakened and goaded these terrible cravings, and produced a species of phrensy. He would madly rush in, and drink till conscience was stupefied, and self respect destroyed. Or if sometimes able to resist temptation, his associates in intemperance would rush out to entice him to their haunts, when their mingled urgencies and sneers, with the sight and smell of the fatal draught, would overpower his resolution, and he would return again to his cups "like a dog to his vomit."

Sensible at length of his own weakness, goaded by shame and remorse, and influenced too by feelings alike honourable to his head and heart, he resolved to place himself beyond the reach of temptation. For this purpose he found a temperance ship, proceeding on a long voyage, and although unacquainted with the duties of a sailor, and unaccustomed to such hardships as a seaman's life imposes, he procured employment before the mast. He was absent nineteen months, and endured much privation, but his object was accomplished. During that long period he tasted no liquor, and returned with his appetite for strong drink, apparently extinct. Both he and his wife were once more happy in each other's love, and buoyant with the hope of many years yet to come, gladdened with all their former happiness.

For a few months, these hopes were realized. But in an evil hour, he met one of his associates. Some refreshment was proposed, but declined. It was urged, but still declined. Argument and appeal to friendship were then tried, yet in vain. He seemed to have passed the crisis, and to be safe. But the tempter had one more resource. He went out, brought in some cider, and induced him, just by way of compliment, to put the glass to his lips. That single taste was like applying the match to gunpowder. At once the dormant appetite sprang to life, in gigantic strength. He tasted again. Half crazed by the excitement, and his revived cravings, he drank deeper, and on that very day was drunk. Shame and despair made him reckless. That one taste hurled him back to the ruin of intoxication, in which he wallowed daily. Once more the fiend of intemperance entered his dwelling, and like Moloch, feasted on the anguish of broken hearts, and on the ruins of that domestic happiness which he had dashed in pieces. Such was the mysterious power, which this vice had over him, through its physical effects on the stomach, that the sight of liquor destroyed his self control. With a perfect knowledge of