

TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE & NEWS.

PLEDGE.--We, the undersigned, do agree, that we will not use Intoxicating Liquors as a Beverage, nor Traffic in them; that we will not provide them as an article of Entertainment, nor for persons in our Employment; and that in all suitable ways we will discountenance their use throughout the community.

VOL. XIX.]

MONTREAL, APRIL 1, 1853.

No. 7

The Glass and the New Crystal Palace.

Mr. John Cassel has just published the reviews of Mr. George Cruickshank the celebrated and worthy engraver on some of the social questions now agitating the public mind in England. In the "*News and Chronicle*" of March 5th, we find a pithy review of the book. It will be found to contain some very wise and appropriate remarks. The extracts from Cruickshank's book, we judge to be just a refreshing treat to our Readers, although the topic of persecution to you my teetotalers will be sufficiently mortifying. However let us trust in God and persevere.—[Ed. C. T. A.]

In the lives of some men there occurs a period when a thick curtain is rolled up, and the dark side of civilisation becomes suddenly known to them. The effect varies with the individual—some being impressed by one aspect of moral evil and others by another. One takes to destroying physical disease; another to the rescue of the outcast rushing to the river's brink; and a third to the reclamation of the pupils of a Pagan; whilst the conclusions of a large class are to share in such movements as Teetotalism, and for the remainder of their days to preach, by their lives and word, the beauty of a sound mind in a healthy body. It is a blessing for society that this diversity of action prevails, for it is precisely that, in its collected form, which has prevented the world from sinking below the grossness and folly of paganism.

Upon George Cruickshank this consciousness of human depravity has come with astonishing power. In an unexpected moment, he seems to have been taken by the hair of his head and set down in a theatre peopled with imbruted and suffering examples of humanity; and, like another Saul of Tarsus (only that we don't know that he ever "persecuted the saints"), to have at once roused himself to the work of the deliverer and the physician. The day that witnessed that change should be a red-lettered one in the calendar of Teetotalism, for with his three formidable weapons—tongue, pen, and pencil—the immortal caricaturist is alone more than a host. The earnestness with which he has thrown himself into the enterprise, must—the feeling of sympathy apart—raise him in the respect of his world-wide admirers. We can easily imagine the sacrifice to have been of no insignificant kind, yet the assertion of his new faith has been made with the courage of an early Christian;—and many, let us add, would as soon face fire and faggot as the sneers of a drawing-room.

Mr. Cruickshank commences the above *brochure* by running over the history of Teetotalism in England; he then touches upon the improved habits of the middle and upper classes regarding the use of intoxicating drinks; appeals to the women of our country to enter upon the work of prevention; has some amusing recommendations for the medical profession; and closes with special appeals to the clergy on the subject of closing public-houses on the Sunday at least.

A few extracts will show his manner of dealing with the question. Here are some facts from his own experience:—

A TOPER.

I admit, of course, that there are some old gentlemen who seem to have gutta-percha stomachs. I know of one who has been chairman at a tavern club forty years (the Social Villagers, I believe), nicknamed "old King Cole," and he is "a merry old soul;" but, when he has his pipe and his pot, he looks, and he thinks, and he talks like a sot. He has a way of shuffling his feet backwards and forwards, which has worn out the boards *several times* since he sat in that chair; and, from his "powers of drinking," he has "*seen*" the other members of the club "*out*" *several times* successively. But there he sits in his arm-chair, and, poor old soul, he sings a song (a parody upon the "Vicar of Bray"), the burden of which runs thus:—

"And thus is I-w, I will maintain
For ever and for aye, Sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
I'll drink a gallon a day, Sir."

And he laughs, and he cracks his jokes with his toothless jaws; yes, there he still sits, smoking his "yard of clay," and quaffing his hot brandy-and-water.

But where are the others?—ay, where? Why in the churchyard!

HOW GEORGE CRUICKSHANK BECAME A TEETOTALER.

Although from early life I have been endeavouring to shut up the gin-shop, and trying to stop drunkenness—yes, in fact, a Temperance reformer—before Teetotalism, or even the Temperance reform, was talked of, as I can show by my works, yet it is only within the last six years that I have become a Teetotaler: and as I have repeatedly been asked how I became a Teetotaler, I may be excused for taking this opportunity to state how it occurred. It was, as it were, by a mere chance; for upon my publishing "*The Bottle*," in eight plates, I was induced, by the earnest solicitation of a friend, to show that work to the late William Cash, Esq., one of the Society of Friends, who was a Teetotaler, and our mutual friend thought he would be greatly obliged by my introducing that work to his notice, *because* he was a "Teetotaler." Upon my showing this 'work' to that gentleman, he inquired if I were a Teetotaler? and, upon replying in the negative, he expressed his surprise that I could paint the horrors arising from the use of these strong drinks, and yet go on using them myself, and he assured me that I should find myself better without these drinks altogether. His observations struck me forcibly, and I then began to reflect upon the principle,—tried the experiment,—and argued thus; "I certainly do feel that I am better without these things—and if so—why should I take them any more? There is no reason why I should,—and therefore I will not—and I have not—and never shall again; and thus I became a Teetotaler—having seen the absurdity of attempting to stop the habits of intemperance in others without first of all entirely abstaining from the use of all strong drinks myself."