

# 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, NOVEMBER 15, 1853.

[No. 22.

## The Traffic in Mapleton.

(From the work entitled "Mapleton, or More Work for the Maine Land.")

The letter which poor Mrs. Durham was amusing herself with detailed these facts. She read it over and over again, listening to the storm as she read, trembling with fear, and tormented with apprehensions, which none can realize who have not been in her condition; not the least of which was, that her husband might have fallen into this very groggery which had been a cause of so much trouble to young Douglass. She at length took her pen and wrote her full approval of Charles' conduct in the matter, and then proceeded to detail the more recent doings of the alcoholic traffic in Mapleton. She stated the sufferings of poor Ma'am Tobey, and that her husband had gone to bring her to their house. She informed him that the worthy and venerable Mr. Robson, after inveighing against the groggery with all his might, had been drawn in, and added to the number of its victims. He had been an early prey to intemperate habits, from which he refrained for some years, but was now taken the more easily by the destroyer. His age and infirmities could not withstand his late return to this vice, delirium tremens soon ensued, and he had died in the most dreadful torments. "He begged his friends to kill him at a blow, for the devils that tormented him were more unendurable than hell itself. O Charles, Charles! what are we to say to these things? How happens it that this alone, of all our diseases, produces such a sense of being tormented by devils? Is it real, or is it altogether imaginary? Do tell me, in your next, what you think?"

Then her pen seemed to float at random, as if to divert her own corroding thoughts, more than from any intention of transmitting the uncopied document. "Charles, Charles! what are we to do? Dear me! dear me, husband! why don't you come,—come to your agonized Amelia! The storm howls, howls! O, God: when will he come? The clock strikes eleven. Eleven! O,—O! eleven of this dismal night! and I,—I and my little ones away in this howling wilderness!—alone, so many miles from all help and all relief! I can't be quiet! no! no! no! I scream,—I can't help screaming! O, my husband! where are you, dearest, that you do not come to the help of your terrified wife, who loves, who adores you?—My God, take care of him,—take care of me,—take care of my little ones! Do! do! do!—yes, to heaven, to heaven take us all!—all, if one must go! O,—O! there I'm screaming again! I can't help it! O,—O,—O! mad,—mad,—mad! I must to bed." These broken sentences were almost illegible from the tears with which they were bedewed, and doubtless followed by convulsions.

The explanation of this sad delay was as terrific to Mr. Douglass as to poor Durham. It seems that these two gentlemen had unfortunately met nearly opposite that hell of the town, the groggery. It was cold, and snowing fiercely. They sat a short time talking from each other's sleighs, when that emissary of the devil, the landlord, came running out,

his face covered with seductive smiles and his tongue dropping sweet words like honey-dew, and saying to Mr. Douglass that he had been striving many days to see him upon a pressing matter of business, and if that gentleman and Mr. Durham would come in and warm themselves a single moment, he would see their horses well cared for, and it would be much to their own comfort. "With his fair speech he caused them to yield; with the flattery of his lips he forced them; and they went straightway as an ox to the slaughter, or as a fool to the correction of the stocks; till a dart struck through their liver; as a bird hasteth to the snare, and knew not that it was for their life."—The winds swept over the plain, the lake roared in the distance, with waves as sluggish from anchor ice as a boiling caldron of quicksilver, and the whole scene of wintry cold and desolation without conspired to give point and power to the serpent's power within, and to the deadly coil in which he was enfolding their hearts.

Their horses all sweating with fatigue in wallowing through the snow, they finally reined up under the shed, and followed their tempter into his hell. Durham hesitated, and hesitated; but still he followed. The landlord offered them something to drink, and expatiated on the necessity of it on so cold a day, and after so much exposure. They at first declined, seeming to feel their danger, and to be conscious that they stood on the brink of a precipice. But after warming themselves a while, and being further plied with fair words by their host, Douglass said he was all in a tremor and chilled to his very vitals; he believed that a mug of hot ginger cider would do him good, and he ordered it. He poured a glass for his friend, and also for himself, and they drank it together.

But no sooner had the poison entered their veins than they lost sight of every motive to sobriety, and alcoholic fancies swarmed around them, like devils in the plumage of paradise. Glass after glass of brandy was called in; Durham began to sing, and Douglass to fight; and the inn was a hell indeed, and they its devils. Douglass staid till twelve of the night, when his two sons, George and Samuel, with a posse of men from the farm, came to hunt for him, suspecting the fact, and by main force, drew a straight-jacket over him, and took him home, howling to the wintry winds like a fiend from the realm of darkness: That incarnation of evil, the publican, finding Durham peaceable, and, withal, flush of money, hustled him into another room when the young Douglasses came, so that they left without the knowledge of his presence. Nor did their father, in the long-continued series of drunken fits which ensued, mention the fact. The consequence was, that Durham lay two weeks drunk in the groggery. At the expiration of this time, he fell into a profound sleep, from which he did not awake for twelve hours; and when he did finally awake, the insanity of intoxication had passed, and his first thought was of his wife and children. He had no idea of the time of his separation, more than if he had laid all of these days in a fit. He sprang con-