

# Canada Temperance Advocate.

*Temperance is the moderate use of things beneficial, and abstinence from things hurtful.*

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[FOR THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.]

## ONE GLASS OR, STORY OF WILLIAM F——, THE SAILOR.

"You talk of temperance," said a friend of mine in the village of C——, on the American side of the River St. Lawrence; "but a circumstance happened here a few weeks ago, which was enough to make any one a temperance man; and all the facts passed under my own eyes, I may say." I expressed a desire to hear the story, and he proceeded nearly thus.

"We had a Scotch sailor named William F——. He had lived here a number of years, and behaved very well, and was well liked by his employers. He had only one fault, a very common one among sailors, I mean getting groggy, or going on the spree now and then when he got on shore. William went down with his schooner to Prescott with a cargo of lumber for me late in the fall. The morning after we arrived, the captain had gone over to Ogdensburgh, and I had charge of the vessel. I wanted some pieces of timber landed, and told a sailor named Paul, a Canadian, who was on deck, to call up William. William came up and tried to fall to work, but he could scarcely walk; and I saw by his face he had been taking too much; so says I to him, 'What's the matter, William?' 'Nothing,' said he. 'You must be sick,' said I, 'for you can't stand.' 'I don't know,' said he again, 'that there's any thing the matter with me.' 'Yes there is,' said I; 'and if you'll promise not to be affronted, I'll tell you what it is.' Well, he said he didn't know that he would be affronted; and I told him he was drunk. He denied it; and said he had taken but a glass or two; not enough to do any body harm; but I said, 'William, talking is of no use, you are drunk,—and you are of no service here,—go down to your berth, and take a sleep.' But he would not go down; and, to my astonishment, added, he must have his *bitters*. This so much vexed and surprised me, that I saw the necessity of using stronger measures. I then said to him, 'I am master here now, and you must obey my orders, and go below.' But all my endeavours were in vain; he still kept protesting that he must have his *bitters*; and at last added, 'that he would only take *one glass*, and come right back again.' This I could not believe; but seeing him so obstinate, I thought to take advantage of it; and, humouring him thus far, I let him depart, earnestly requesting him not to exceed the *one glass*. He went away, promising again and again that he would observe my injunction; but, before he had gone far, he turned round and called Paul to come along with him, and have his *bitters*

too! Both of them went up the wharf, and I saw no more of them that day.

"Well, they were up the village drinking all day, and did not come back until nine or ten o'clock at night. *The schooner had hauled out a little way after discharging.* When they returned at night to go on board, it appears that William had been going foremost, and walked straight into the water at a place where it was three or four feet deep! Paul immediately raised a kind of drunken and unintelligible noise, partly in lamentation and partly in alarm.

"The Captain, who was on board the schooner, heard the noise, and called out—'What's the matter?'

"'He's gone, he's gone,' said Paul sobbing.

"'Who's gone, Paul?'

"'He's gone, he's gone,' answered Paul again, evidently in great distress.

"'Bring a boat from shore for me to land,' cried the Captain. His own boat was at Ogdensburgh.

"'He's gone, he's gone,' cried Paul again, being all that he could say.

"'Run up to the nearest house, and call for help,' cried the Captain again; finding that Paul was too far gone to do any thing himself.

"Paul went to the nearest house, which was a little tavern; but instead of asking assistance, he sat down on a bench, sobbing and crying like a child for ten or fifteen minutes, without being able to tell what was the matter. At last he repeated the old phrase, 'He's gone, he's gone.' And when the people asked *Who's gone?* he pointed to the wharf. They then ran down, and the captain hailed them for a boat, in which he landed, and went to the place from which he had heard Paul's voice at the first. He there put down his boat hook, and, at the second or third attempt, he brought up—William's body! He was quite dead. When his body was carried home, his wife fell into one fainting fit after another, for nine or ten days, and shrieked and moaned in such a dreadful manner, that they were obliged to give her constantly some soothing medicines to keep her alive."

I was deeply touched by the foregoing simple relation, and asked what kind of a woman his wife was, and if she was Scotch as well as her husband? My informant said she was, and though he was not acquainted with her himself, he had no doubt she was a clever respectable woman from the appearance and manners