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

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THE TEETOTAL PLEDGE.

A lean, pale, haggard-looking man, so striking a contrast to the Kerry farmer, as to be absolutely startling, advanced to the table, at which sat the patient and good tempered secretary to the society, and asked if his reverence would be in shortly. A pretty, delicate looking young woman, very scantily clad, but perfectly clean, was looking over his shoulder as he asked the question. "I think I have seen you before, my good man," said the secretary, "and it's not many weeks ago." "It was more his brother than he—it was indeed," answered the haggard man's wife, courtesying and advancing a little before her husband. He interrupted her. "Don't try to screen me, Nelly, good girl, dont; God knows, Nelly, I don't deserve it from you. See the way, I beat her last night, gentlemen, on both arms, like a brute as I was." "It wasn't you dear," said the young woman, drawing her thin shawl more closely over her braised arms; "it was the strength of the spirits did it, and not himself—he's as quiet a man as there's in the city o' Cork when he's sober—and as fine a workman—and he wouldnt hurt a hair of my head—barrin he was in liquor." The poor creature's affectionate appeal on behalf of her erring husband was interrupted by the secretary again demanding if he had not taken the pledge before. "I did sir—stand back, Nelly, and don't try to screen me. I came here and took it from father Macleed—and, God forgive me, I broke it too. I broke it last night, or rather all day yesterday, and,"—"never heed telling any more about it, James, dear," said the wife eagerly, "never heed telling any more about it. A man may be overtaken once, and yet make a fine Christian after all. You wouldnt be sending him from the priest's knee, because he broke it once. When, as I said before, it was his brother was in it, and not he, only for company." "I had no heart to come this morning—only for her," said the husband; she remembered his reverence preaching about there being more joy in heaven over one like me, than ninety and nine good men. Oh! if she would only let me tell the wickedness of my past life, and the sin and shame that has followed me." "It was the drink, James, it was the drink," reiterated the wife earnestly. "Don't be distressing yourself, for it was nothing but the drink. Sure, when sober, there isnt a more loving husband, or a tenderer father on Ireland's ground—and now you'll be true to the pledge, and it's happy that we'll be—and prosperous—for the master told me this blessed morning, that if he could depend on you for sobriety, you'd earn twenty-five shillings a week, and have the credit to be a Monday man; and ye will, James—ye will—for my sake, and for the sake of the children at home." "Ay," he interrupted, "and for the sake of the broken-hearted mother that bore me,—and for the sake of little Mary that I crippled in the drink. Oh! when the sweet look of that baby is on me—her sweet, patient look—I think the gates of heaven can never open for such a sinner!" While he made this confession, his arm hung powerless by his side; and his pallid face lengthened into an expression of helpless, hopeless, irreclaimable misery. The wife turned, and burst into tears. Several evinced the quick sympathies of Irish natures; for they shuddered, and murmured—"The Lord be betwixt us and harm, and look down upon them both!" The woman was the first to recover consciousness; impelled by a sudden burst of feeling, she threw her bruised arms round her husband's neck, recalling him to himself by all the tender phrases of Irish affection. We can never forget the agonized earnestness with which the unhappy man took the pledge; the beautiful picture of his gentle and endearing wife as she stood beside him; or the solemn response that followed from a score of voices, "Oh, then, God strengthen ye to keep it!"—*Ireland; by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall.*

COMPARATIVE NUTRIMENT OF APPLES AND CIDER.

The Americans have found that cows, sheep or pigs, can be fattened on apples at a cheaper rate than on any other material, and that it is far more profitable to convert those fruits into animal food than to grind them, and ferment the juice into cider. One gentleman, whose orchard used to produce cider to the value of 300 dollars a year, on adopting the principle of total abstinence, resolved to employ his apples in fattening pigs, and his profits doubled, for instead of three hundred dollars which his cider used to be worth, his pork produced six hundred. The following demonstration of the nutritive qualities of apples has appeared in most of the public prints, and may be fully relied on:—"On Thursday, Dec. 28, 1837, the members of the Elbey Mechanics' Institute dined at the Elbey Coffee House, in the Borough of Stroud, in the county of Gloucester, and partook of a pig which had been fed upon apples. The owner, Thomas Neal, a member of the Stroud Total Abstinence Society, had read in a temperance publication that, in America, pigs had been fattened on apples, and resolved to try the experiment, and commenced on the 10th of October; the pig was then so poor that every rib could be counted. For the first fortnight he gave it nothing but apples and grains, and it improved amazingly: after that period, he substituted bean-meal for the grains, and the increase of the flesh was still greater. On the 10th of October when the experiment began, the pig was computed, by the best judges, to weigh about fourscore pounds, and eight weeks after, when it was killed, it weighed upwards of nine score, so that it increased in flesh at the rate of more than 10lbs. per week. During the period of fattening, it consumed four sacks of apples, and two bushels and a half of bean-meal. The apples and the meal cost £1 6s.; and for this sum nearly five score of pork was obtained. The apples were boiled; but as they needed no washing, and were cooked as soon as the water boiled, much less fuel and labor was required than would have been necessary in dressing potatoes. The flesh when roasted was of the finest flavor, and all who partook of it declared that they never had tasted its equal." This experiment proves most unequivocally the highly nutritive properties of apples, and consequently the waste of God's bounties, of which those are guilty who convert them into cider. What if Thomas Neal had ground the apples and made them into cider, and given it to the pig for a wash, instead of the animal becoming fat, it would have decreased to a perfect skeleton. And why delude the laborer by giving him cider for food or for wages? The quantity of nourishment in a pint of cider is not worth mentioning; the alcohol it contains is poisonous, and the water might be obtained in a much purer state from the pump or the spring. At the dinner mentioned above, the writer of this Essay was present. Indeed the report which appeared in the public newspapers was furnished by his pen. Thomas Neal was for many years one of my hearers.—*Anti Bacclus.*

ANNA G—

I once asked Anna G—, a sweet young lady of seventeen, to sign the pledge of total abstinence. I had no idea that she was in any danger of becoming a disgusting drunkard, but I thought she ought to set a good example; and by joining our temperance society, induce many of her acquaintances to do so too. But Anna refused to join. She said she was going on a sleigh ride soon, and she wanted to drink some wine then, if any of her beaux should ask her. After the sleigh ride, and the wedding of her cousin, she perhaps would join the temperance society.