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The Tee-total Pledge.

A lean, pale, haggard looking man advanced to the table, at which sat the patient and good tempered secretary of 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 since.'

'It was more his brother than he—it was indeed,' answered the haggard man's wife, curtesying, and advancing a little before her husband.

He interrupted her. 'Don't try to screen me, Nolly, good girl, don't; 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 bruised arms: 'it was the strength of the spirits that did it and not himself—he is as quiet a man as there is in the city of Cork, when he's sober, and as fine a workman; and he wouldn't hurt a hair on my head, barrin' he was in liquor.'

The poor creature's affectionate appeal in 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 his wife eagerly; 'never heed telling any more about it. A man may be overtaken once, and make a fine Christian after all. You wouldn't be sending him from the priest's knee because he broke it once, when, as I said before, it was his brother who 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 have followed me.'

'It was the drink, James, it was the drink,' reiterated his wife earnestly. 'Don't be distressing yourself, for it was nothing but the drink. Sure, when sober, there isn't a more loving husband, or a tenderer father, on all Ireland's ground—and now ye'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 soberness, you'd earn twenty-five shillings a week, and have the credit of being a Monday man: and ye will James, ye will—for my sake, and 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 upon me—her sweet patient look—I think the gates of heaven can never open for such a sinner.'

When he made this confession, his arms 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 around her husband's neck, recalling him to himself by all the tender phrases of Irish affection. We can never forget the agonised earnestness with which the unhappy man took the pledge, the beautiful picture of the enduring wife, as she stood beside him, or the solemn response that followed him from a score of voices, 'Oh, then, God help you to keep it.'—*Ireland, by S. C. Hall.*

The Harvest and Tee-totalism.

We observe that the attention of our brother tee-totalers in England has been drawn a good deal of late to the solution of the problem—whether the harvest could be reaped without the use of beer or other intoxicating drink; and numerous testimonies have been given, all of them the result of experience, in proof that it may be better and more quickly cut and gathered in *without* the aid of these pernicious beverages than with them. In different parts of the country the matter has been brought to the test, by setting abstiners and beer drinkers to compete with each other, and in every case it has been abundantly proven that tee-totalers can, in a given time, perform *more work with less fatigue*, than those who use beer to "strengthen" them. The practice of Scottish farmers goes to support the *tee-total* side of this question: for, however they may err in celebrating the "kirk" (harvest-home,) it is by no means the general custom in this part of Scotland, and where it was formerly the case it is now fallen into disuse, to furnish either mowers or reapers with intoxicating drink of any kind; and there is no complaint made that either men or women employed in cutting "the golden treasures of the field," do not perform a sufficient amount of labour. On the harvest-rig no other beverage than pure water, or perchance buttermilk, is commonly used, and the toilsome work proceeds as briskly from morn till eve, as it can possibly do in those parts of the kingdom where the labourers are excited and spurred on with strong drink. We shall quote a few of the testimonies given by English farmers and labourers in support of the cold water system, inasmuch as they corroborate and establish the doctrine of some of our most eminent physicians—that intoxicating drinks *do not impart strength*, and are quite unsuitable for persons undergoing unusual fatigue.

The first is from a letter from John Trotter, Esq., Dysham Park, near Barnet, Herts, published in the *Temperance Recorder* for the Eastern counties of England. He says:—

"Having tried the system of total abstinence last year, 1840, during the hay season, with my men, and having found it answer in every respect *perfectly*. I beg you will allow these few lines a place in your *Journal*. I had my men from Bedfordshire, and having calculated the expense of the former allowance of beer per day per man I gave them exactly the same amount in *money*, and my bailiff assures me, that nothing could be more regular than the men; and on a Monday morning, instead of being weaker as formerly, from the effects of Saturday and Sunday's drinking, they were refreshed and stronger than ever; that he never had an angry word during the whole season, and never heard an oath. And such was the success, that I shall never have any more beer in my fields, and I know that I shall be