

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.

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Buying a Convert.

(From the Railway Advocate and Register.)

In one of the villages on the west side of the Hudson, lived, as I for aught I know, lives now, a personage familiarly known to every body in that vicinity by the name of Mose; indeed, I may say it was not until I had often met with him in my rambles, that I seemed to be aware that he had any additional cognomen.

Now, Mose was what some called "a high boy," the aunts around there were unanimous in the sentiment that he was "a queer critter." It was very clear that he had no fixed rules of living, and, although he had a little family which he ought to have taken some interest in, he managed to have his time pretty much at his own command. A glance at the entire man was enough to show that he was no smouch at the bottle. In truth, he was fairly entitled to honorary membership in the Tippler's Society. He had evidently attained the Scarlet degree in that ancient order, and wore his blushing honors at all times with becoming dignity.

The first time ever I saw this worthy was while I was strolling with a friend along a solitary lane just about night fall. He was sitting comfortably elevated on a rail fence. As we came near he sung out, or rather croaked, "Hullo there, you, what are you after down this way—want to steal my cherries?" We assured him we had no design upon his fruit, and after a few respectful words on our part, he remarked with a husky chuckle, "Well, go ahead, boys, only let things alone."

On enquiry we soon found that he had enjoyed the honor of an interview with "old Mose;" but remarked Aunt Hannah, "the critter won't hurt nobody, only when he's crazy drunk he's rather ugly to get along with, otherways I wouldn't want a cleverer critter." We learned that Mose, though invariably "tight," would occasionally go in for an extra blow out, and at such times, being a broad, muscular man, would prove himself, when interfered with, a somewhat troublesome customer.

At this time there was very little heard in that section about temperance. After the day's work, the tavern was a favorite lounging place, and this was so much a matter of course that nobody seemed to care about it. To be sure, when instances of the undaunted enforcement of family discipline occurred, there was a stir amongst the folks, and the Squire would dispense to uncle Reuben or uncle Peter a friendly word of caution and advice, and used to wind up with the expression of his opinion that "they had better let liquor alone altogether, if they didn't know how to use it."

Well, things were in this way when some half dozen of the leading men in the place conceived the idea of starting a temperance movement, and accordingly invited some friends of the cause to address the meeting. Their labors were attended at first, apparently, with little or no good. At the very first tap of the drum, our friend Mose was on his feet. He looked upon the proceedings as an unwarrantable invasion of the prescriptive privileges of the drinking community, and was determined to resist it.

Accordingly, at the first gathering he was on hand, and listened with exemplary attention.—The arguments adduced failed, however, to carry conviction to his mind, and at the close of the meeting he took the liberty of giving his own peculiar views upon the subject. His remarks in detail it is not worth while to give. It is sufficient to say that they were, as may be readily supposed, decidedly in opposition to the new movement; and he wound up by expressing it as his opinion that their sanctified looking black coats had better go home, and mind their business, if they had

any business, and not come there meddling with things that did not concern them.

Mose was the lon among the bruisers that night, and consequently reeled homewards most gloriously fuddled.

From what has been said, it may be thought that Mose was an unmitigated, stupid sot. Not so; with all his roughness he possessed a kind heart, and no one was more ready to do all he could for a neighbor in difficulty than himself. He was a man that could think, too, although his long and constant indulgence in the accursed poison had given him an appearance of stolidity, and it was a common saying that "any one that would take old Mose for a fool, would find himself mightily deceived."

It so happened that the next afternoon, while Mose was "doing chores" around his garden, one of the visitors, accompanied by Squire Smith, passed along, and the trio were at once engaged in a good natured chat.

"I suppose, Squire," said Mose, "you calculated to catch this covey with your cold water and tea leaves, but it wa'n't no go, was it?"

"Oh," replied the Squire laughing, "it wasn't you, friend Mose, in particular; we want to stop people from drinking this miserable rum, for we know it's killing them. It is very true we should like to have your help; and I guess we'll get it yet."

"Not as you knows on, Squire, ain't to be had, you will have to try somewhere else."

"Now, my good neighbor, do not be offended if I ask if it is possible that you are such a slave to the rum bottle that you cannot let it alone?"

Mose with all his faults had a good share of self esteem, and was ever quick to resent any imputation against his manliness. "Look here," Squire, he exclaimed, "I am no more a slave than yourself. I think it more than likely you can take a good horn yourself behind the door. I take it above board—no sneaking about me. I'll do as I please, I'll drink when I want to, and let it alone when I don't."

"Neighbor Blauvelt," rejoined the Squire, solemnly, "for the last five years not a drop of any intoxicating drink has passed these lips. I am a free man, and, by the help of God, I mean to remain such. And allow me to say that nothing could rejoice me more than for you and I to stand side by side on this platform. We want your assistance, and we want your influence."

Mose was evidently touched. Passing his hand thoughtfully over his swarthy brow, he said, "Well Squire, I'll tell you: you are rich—full and plenty—nothing to bother you. Here I am plagued to death sometimes how to get along. When I have paid my rent and grocery bill, I haven't a dollar left. It's just from hand to mouth with me. A fellow must have a little comfort, you know; and when I get a thinking about things, it seems as if a little drop does me good."

"None at all, friend Blauvelt, none at all. On the contrary, the very effect of liquor is to unfit a man for every thing. I have no doubt if you would give it up entirely, you would find after paying necessary expenses, that you had a pocket full of money besides."

"Oh, well," replied Mose, "I'll think of it; but I rather think you'll find it pretty tough work to make a cold water man of me."

In spite of himself, Moses Blauvelt could not help turning the conversation over in his mind. The manner of both gentlemen had been so friendly and respectful that it had been appealed to. He could not bear the insinuation that he was a slave to a de-