

TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

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"It is good neither to eat flesh, nor drink wine, nor do any thing by which thy brother is made to stumble, or to fall, or is weakened."—Rom. xiv. 21.—*Macnigh's Translation.*

PLEDGE OF THE MONTREAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

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 DISCOURTAGE THEIR USE THROUGHOUT THE COMMUNITY.

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THE SPANIARD'S CHILD.

The following affecting circumstances may be relied upon as fact:—

An out-pensioner of Chelsea hospital, who had lost an arm, was so fond of children, that he would watch and weep over an infant in an agony of grief, which was often inexplicable to those about him, until, rushing across the road one day, he saved a child from the wheels of a carriage, but received his death wound from the horses' feet himself. He was taken up insensible. We carried him to a bed, and after a little time he recovered his recollection. But he was so severely injured that we feared every moment would be his last. The first words he uttered were, "The child!" We assured him that the child was safe; but he would not believe us; and it became necessary to send into the village for the little creature, who had been hurried home with the others, upon the confusion that the accident had occasioned. He continued to call for the child, and was in the greatest distress of mind till we had found it, and had taken it to him as he lay. His delight at seeing it alive and unhurt was intense; he wept, he laughed, he hugged it to his bosom, and it was not until he grew very faint and weary, that he would suffer us to remove it. A surgeon arrived, and pronounced that the poor man was so much hurt, inwardly as well as outwardly, that nothing could be done to save him.

He lingered for a few days. The rescued child was brought to him each day, by his own desire. From the moment he ascertained that it was unhurt, he was calm and contented. He knew he was dying, but he could part with life without regret; and the cloud which I had so often observed upon his weather-beaten countenance before the accident never after returned. The day before he died, he laid his hand upon my arm, and said,—"Sir, if you will not think it too great a trouble to listen to an old man's talk, I think it will ease my mind to say a few words to you. I die contented, happier than I have for some years lived. I have had a load upon my heart, which is not quite removed, but it is a great deal lightened. I have been the means, under Providence, of saving a young child's life. If I have strength to tell you what I wish, sir, you will understand the joy that blessed thought has brought to my heart.

"It was in a stirring time of the Duke of Wellington's wars, after the French had retreated through Portugal, and Badajoz had fallen, and we had driven them fairly over the Spanish frontier, that the light division was ordered on a few of their long leagues further, to occupy a line of posts among the mountains which rise over the northern banks of the Guadiana. A few companies of our regiment advanced to occupy a village which the French had just abandoned. We had had a brisk march over a scorched and rugged country, which had already been ransacked of all that could have supplied us with fresh provisions; it was many days since we heard the creak of a commissary's waggon, and we had been on very short commons. There was no reason to expect much in the village we were now ordered to.—The French, who had just marched out, would, of course, have helped themselves to whatever was portable, and must have previously pretty well drained the place. We made a search, however, judging that, possibly, something might have been concealed from them by the peasants: and we actually soon discovered several houses where *skins of wine* had been secreted.

"A soldier, after hot service or fatigue, seldom thinks of much beyond drinking to excess; and our small party soon caused a sad scene of confusion by drunkenness. Every house and hovel was searched, and many a poor fellow, who had contrived to hide his last skin of wine from his enemies, was obliged to abandon it to his allies. You might see the poor natives on all sides running away; some with a morsel of food, others with a skin of wine in their arms, and followed by the menaces and staggering steps of the weary and half-drunken soldiers. 'Vino! vino!' was the cry in every part of the village. An English soldier may be for months together in a foreign land, and have a pride in not knowing how to ask for liquor. I was no better than the rest. 'Vino! no! quierero vino!' said I to a poor, half-starved and ragged native, who was stealing off and hiding something under his torn cloak;—'Vino! you beggarly scoundrel! give me vino!' said I. 'Vino no tengo!' he cried, as he broke from my grasp, and ran quickly and fearfully away, meaning he had none.

"I was not very drunk—I had not had above half my quantity—and I pursued him up a street. But he was the