

Canada Temperance Advocate.

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

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PROGRESS OF INTEMPERANCE.

How often is a child exposed to temptation. He sees the bottles on the side-board or on the table. And though he may not be allowed to drink, yet it is like denying him any thing else that he supposes must be very good,—he becomes the more anxious to taste because it is forbidden. He thinks there is something very much like being a man in drinking and smoking. And if he dare not do it at home, he will find companions enough to help him on. He begins, perhaps, by learning to smoke cigars. He thinks this is a very manly accomplishment; and though it makes him deadly sick, he will go to some secret place and make the trial, until he is able to bear the taste of the tobacco, and the effects of the smoke. If his parents do not discover this, he considers it a great victory, and becomes bold enough for the next step. The cigar gives him an unusual thirst. He thinks then of the bottle, and watches an opportunity to steal a taste from the side-board, or to drink the drops of the tumblers at the dinner-table. These secret habits will bring him into the company of the worst boys in the school or neighbourhood. They are, perhaps, older than himself. They take him to public resorts, such as gar-



dens where refreshments are sold, and liquor among the rest. He meets them in the evening to stroll about the streets. Their conversation is mixed with indelicacy and profanity. They lead him into oyster-cellars, and call for beer or brandy. They stop at the doors of the circus or theatre, they see just enough of the brilliant appearance of the house, and hear enough of the music and applause, to excite their curiosity to go in. They are afraid to venture. But by degrees they become bold; and by saving their money, or using some false excuse, they easily get enough to pay for their admittance.

By this time, perhaps, the parents begin to suspect that their son is going wrong. He is away from home, and they know not where he has gone. His own account of himself is unsatisfactory; but the father says it will not do to be too strict with boys, and that he is too young to get into bad company. The mother is not so easy, but is afraid to seem suspicious, and cannot believe that her son is any thing worse than idle. Perhaps the first discovery is, that their boy comes home quite drunk, or has been brought back by some friend of the family who has found him in a quarrel.

TWO BOTTLES OF OLD IRISH WHISKEY.

The following thrilling narrative, "a tale of real life," we copy from the *Illinois Temperance Herald*, where it is published under the head of "Prison Sketches, No. 9." Who can read such a narrative and not resolve to exert his utmost energy to banish the fell destroyer alcohol from the walks of social life?

THE WATCH HOUSE.

A small tenement, No. 32, M— street, was the home—the happy home of three families. Unlike most houses inhabited by more than one family, this was quiet, clean, and respectable. The first floor was occupied by Patrick Callaghan, a shoemaker; the front room as his shop, the back serving him, his wife, and their troop of children, for kitchen, sitting room, and bed chamber. The second floor was tenanted in front by a cartman, called Farrell, a married man, but without children; the back room by a merry, light-hearted labourer, Dennis Doyle, his wife, and their infant, little Phelim, the finest, prettiest, best natured, smartest—in short, *the first*.

These three families, though unconnected by blood or any adventitious ties, were united in the firmest friendship. Their joys and sorrows were all thrown

into one common stock; the joys to swell the general mass of the happiness of their common home; their sorrows, they scarce deserved the name, so much was the burden of grief lightened to each, when so equally divided among all.

Thus they had lived together for near two years when, sometime last winter, I was called to prescribe for Doyle's little boy. The spectacle presented by these three united families, living in peace and love, was delightful. At first, I had some difficulty in ascertaining to which couple the little sufferer belonged, so equal was the interest evinced by all. The shoemaker almost ceased work lest little Phelim, "*the darling*," should be disturbed by the noise of his shoe-hammer. His wife scarce allowed her children to enter the house during the day, fearful that their racket might break Phelim's sleep. Farrell came home from his work ten times a day to ask how the baby was, and each time "must and would take one look at the sweet face of him, just to see, with his own eyes, if the life wasn't more in him." As for his wife, her whole time, care, and thought, were devoted to the "baby," and 'twas only by her frequent attempts to cheer up the mother that a stranger would have guessed he was not her own.