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TEMPERANCE IS THE MODERATE USE OF THINGS BENEFICIAL, AND ABSTINENCE FROM THINGS HURTFUL.

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Selected Articles.

THE VICTIM OF WINE.

(From the Albany Transcript.)

— was the favorite child of a respectable family in his vicinity, consisting of parents and brothers and sisters. This family was distinguished for the social virtues of kindness, affection and hospitality. Industry and frugality marked their home as the abode of peace and prosperity. It was a place to which one would delight to approach and linger. But — from his infancy seemed distinguished by the favor of Heaven to be the central point of the hopes as well as the affections of all his relations. As his mind developed he manifested the finest talents in combination with the sweetest and most amiable temper. With one consent, and with the indescribable pride of unanimity, ardent affection, the whole family circle, parents and brothers and sisters all concurred in the decision, to make the necessary sacrifices, for they were not affluent, to give him the advantage of a public education. And most richly did his improvement of his literary privileges reward their efforts and encourage their hopes. He passed the period of his collegiate studies with unsullied reputation, and second to none in the honours it conferred, and in the confidence and affection of its officers. Nor did his fair prospects desert him; designed for the honorable profession of the law, he immediately prosecuted his preparatory course with the energy of conscious talent, and the high reputation of a scholar and a gentleman. This achieved, he opened an office in one of the most flourishing villages of the west. He had married as lovely a woman as our country has produced to be rendered happy or miserable by uniting her destiny with frailty and man in this world of danger and disappointment. But could he be insecure? or could her happiness fail? His reputation and success had for years been the calm consolation of the home he had left, nor could the inmates then dream of a reverse. But at an hour, which they thought not of, the awful fact was announced. It was contained in one

of the most heart-rending letters from the suffering, wretched wife of —, that was ever penned, or even read. It informed the hitherto doating, happy family, that their son and brother—her husband, was a lost inebriate!—that nothing short of sufferings and anguish worse than death had wrung the confession from her.

Shortly after this, however, a temporary gleam of hope, visited and cheered this sorrowful group of friends. The keen mind of —, not yet utterly debased and lost, seized with eagerness the hope proffered by the temperance reformation, which now just offered rescue to the perishing drunkard—he signed the pledge to abstain from all distilled liquors and became an active advocate and promoter of the cause. He rejoiced with his friends and they with him, in the sure prospect of his recovery; but, alas! that pledge proved ineffectual—it reached not his case; his appetite was formed in the polite circle—wine, as it originated, satisfied his craving, and that was not prohibited. In short his last end is worse than the first,—he still lives a monument of moral imbecility and ruined prospects. He remembers when he had a character and fortitude, and occasionally asserts with confidence, “that had the first pledge comprised all intoxicating liquors he should have been saved.”—But he has tampered too long with the agents of destruction to make an effort now; and he has the miserable consolation only, of sometimes endeavouring to palliate the misery in which he has involved himself and his friends by referring the commencement of his destructive habit to the hospitable table—not of his Father—but more than his Father—The Rev. and venerable head of the literary institution, to whose care an affectionate family had committed him to be prepared for honour and usefulness in life.

It need only be remarked that this commitment and sacrifice were made while we and our Fathers dwelt beyond the flood, and worshipped the Demon *Intemperance*, at least in his poetic forms, unconscious of the darkness, in which we were all enveloped.

TALK WITH AN OLD SAILOR.

“Oh I never use any myself, but I generally keep some for my men in rough weather.”—“But, captain, I don't want you to set your temperance flag, half mast; I want it to the mast head, against the use of it, any way, or any how,—for its of no use at all.” “But you must not tell me that rum is of no use on board ship; I have been jammed on too many a lee shore and been in too many ugly gales of wind to believe rum can do no good. Now let a gale come on, (the men are tired out perhaps), and tell them to lay aloft and reef, and they will hang back, go slow and indifferently to work; but call them aft, and say, here boys take a ‘stiffener’ all round, and then reef, and you will soon see the difference; the sail is reefed in half the time.”—“Well, captain, I will admit what you say, and we will suppose we have in one reef, and the boys are on deck again watching the squall as it comes up; we have still rather too much sail for the increasing wind, and we must reef again. The boys walk aft, and say the ‘starch’ is all out of them, and what is good once is good twice, and so we will give them another ‘raw nip;’ and now we are under two reefs, and we have just got coiled down—when harder yet, it yet blows harder—reef again the captain cries. The boys hang back for more grog; if good in two cases it surely must be in the third, so they ‘splice the main brace,’ and with artificial strength, by which nature has been over exerted, they put in a close reef, and get on deck, you will admit by this time pretty considerably drunk, and you know sailors will be noisy and disobedient when excited by liquor.

But the gale increases with renewed strength, and now we want every man to be cool and prompt to the word. The captain is anxious, and it is enough for his mind to think what is next to be done. His orders are now neglected; the men let go when they should hold on. The mate comes in with his logic and knocks down one or two:—all is now in confusion and uproar. The captain loses his self-possession, and the storm threatens within and without, while the cry is heard—