

You may be sure I did not omit the opportunity of diving into the secret of all this comfort and prosperity. It could not escape observation that here was real civilization, and I anxiously sought for some explanation of the difference between the habits of this Indian and his neighbors. The story was soon told:—He had been brought up at the British settlement on Drummond Island, where, when a child, he had in frequent conversation, but in no studied form, heard the principles of the Christian religion explained, and he had been told to observe the Sabbath, and to pray to the Almighty. Industry and prudence had been frequently enjoined, and, above all things, an abhorrence of ardent spirits. Under the influence of this wholesome advice, his hunting, fishing, and sugar-making, had succeeded to such an extent, as to provide him with every necessary, and many luxuries. He already had abundance, and still retained some few skins, which he hoped, during the winter, to increase to an amount sufficient to purchase him the indulgence of a barrel of pork, and additional clothing for himself and his wife. Further explanation was unnecessary.

Shall I relate what I witnessed after the lapse of eighteen months? The second summer has arrived since my last visit; the wigwam on the lake shore, the fit residence of summer, is unoccupied; the fire is still burning in the wigwam of winter: but the situation, which has warmth and quiet to recommend... at that season when cold is our greatest enemy, is now gloomy and dark. Wondering what could have induced my friends to put up with the melancholy of the deep forest, instead of the sparkling of the sunlit wave, I hastened to enter. How dreadful the change! There was, indeed, the same Indian girl, that I had left healthy, cheerful, contented, and happy; but whisky, hunger, and distress of mind had marked her countenance with the furrows of premature old age. An infant, whose aspect was little better than its mother's, was hanging at her breast, half-dressed and filthy. Every part of the wigwam was ruinous, and dirty, and, with the exception of one kettle, entirely empty. Not one single article of furniture, clothing, or provisions remained. Her husband had left in the morning to go out to fish, and she had not moved from the spot; this I thought strange, as his canoe and spear were on the beach. In a short time he returned, but without any food. He had, indeed, set out to fish, but had lain down to sleep in the bush, and had been awakened by his dog barking on our arrival. He appeared worn down and helpless both in body and mind, and seated himself in listless silence in his place in the wigwam.

Producing pork and flour from my travelling stores, I requested his wife to cook them. They were prepared, and I looked anxiously at the Indian, expecting to hear his accustomed prayer. He did not move. I therefore commenced asking a blessing, and was astonished to observe him immediately rise and walk out of the wigwam.

However, his wife and child joined us in partaking of the food, which they ate voraciously. In a little time the Indian returned, and lay down. My curiosity was excited, and, although anxious not to distress his feelings, I could not avoid seeking some explanation of the change I observed. It was with difficulty I ascertained the following facts:—On the opening of the spring of 1833, the Indian having got a sufficiency of fur for his purpose, set off to a distant trading post to make his purchase. The trader presented him with a plug of tobacco and a pipe on his entrance, and offered him a glass of whisky, which he declined; the trader was then occupied with other customers, but soon noticed the respectable collection of furs in the pack of the poor Indian. He was marked as his victim, and not expecting to be able to impose upon him unless he made him drunk, he determined to accomplish this by indirect means.

As soon as the store was clear of other customers, he entered into conversation with the Indian, and invited him to

join him in drinking a glass of cider, which he unhesitatingly accepted. The cider was mixed with brandy, and soon began to affect the mind of the Indian; a second and third glass were taken, and he became completely intoxicated. In this state the trader dealt with him; but it was not at first that even the draught he had taken could overcome his lessons of prudence. He parted with only one skin; the trader was therefore obliged to continue his contrivances, which he did with so much effect, that for three weeks the Indian remained eating, drinking, and sleeping in his store. At length all the fur was sold, and the Indian returned home with only a few ribands and beads, and a bottle of whisky. The evil example of her husband, added to vexation of mind, broke the resolution of the wife, and she, too, partook of the accursed liquor. From this time there was no amendment. The resolution of the Indian once broken, his firmness was gone; he became a confirmed drinker; his wife's and his own ornamented dresses, and at length all the furniture of his wigwam, even the guns and traps on which his hunting depended, were all sold at the store for whisky.—When I arrived, they had been two days without food, and the Indian had not energy to save himself and his family from starvation.

All the arguments that occurred to me I made use of to convince the Indian of his folly, and to induce him even now to begin life again, and redeem his character. He heard me in silence. I felt that I should be distressing them by remaining all night, and prepared to set out again, first giving to the Indian a dollar, desiring him to purchase food with it at the nearest store, and promising shortly to see him again.

I had not proceeded far on my journey, when it appeared to me, that by remaining with them for the night, and in the morning renewing my solicitations to them, I might assist still more to effect a change. I therefore turned back and in about two hours arrived at the wigwam. The Indian had set off for the store, but was not returned. His wife still remained seated where I left her, and during the whole night (the Indian never coming back) neither moved nor raised her head. Morning came; I quickly despatched breakfast, and leaving my baggage, with the assistance of my guide, set out for the trader's store. It was distant about two miles. I inquired for the Indian. He had been there the evening before with a dollar: he purchased a pint of whisky, for which he paid half a dollar, and with the remainder bought six pounds of flour. He remained until he had drunk the whisky, and then requested to have the flour exchanged for another pint of whisky. This was done, and, having consumed that also, he was so "stupidly drunk," (to use the word of the trader,) that it was necessary to shut him out of the store, on closing it for the night. Search was immediately made for him, and at the distance of a few yards he was found lying on his face, and dead!!

Picture to yourself the situation of his wife and child.—A merciful Providence interposed to save them from destruction.

#### A THEME ON TEMPERANCE,

*Delivered at the Division Room of the "Sons of Temperance," No. 1, Brockville Division, 22nd March, 1849.*

W. P. and BROTHERN.—Sons of Temperance, this theme of mine, in imitation of our W. A., who, with so much ability, introduced and elucidated our pure and high principles. I will humbly, with your polite indulgence, attempt a brief sketch of the rise and progress of our predecessors, the Rechabites, or Sons of Temperance of the olden time, 600 years B. C. They are mentioned in the Bible, and were a kind of religious order among the Jews, founded by Jonadab the son of Rechab, including only his own family and posterity. They were enjoined to adhere to three different things:—1st. To drink no wine nor strong drink; 2d. To build no houses, but dwell in tents; 3rd. To sow no corn, &c.