

# CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE

DEVOTED TO

Total Abstinence, Legal Prohibition, and Social Progress.

[Vol. XX.]

MONTREAL, JANUARY 2, 1854.

[No. 1.]

## Words from over the Water,

Words to work people—The progress of the moderate drinker  
—The end—The lesson—Our humble advice and hearty good wishes.

Come, honest friends, although between you and me rolls the ocean "unfathomably deep," as the poets sing, and better still, as our common sense tells us—come, I say, notwithstanding this seeming barrier, let you and I imagine ourselves to be holding a snug *tete-a-tete* over the cup so often quoted, "that cheers, but not inebriates," overlooking all differences of country, clime, or creed, as we swallow the delightful Pekoe, or jeopardize our existence by making our inner man acquainted with that revolutionary sounding article, "Fine Gunpowder."

"Very well," say you, "but what are you going to talk to us about?"

Now, in reply we beg leave to say, we are not going to charm you by our eloquence, fascinate you by our "brilliant metaphors" or direful declamation: for these we have neither the ability nor the inclination. What we wish to urge upon your attention is relative to one of the greatest questions of the day. Are you temperance men and temperance women? Aye, temperance women, what is worse than a drunken woman? workman, what is worse than a drunken wife? Is it not a curse? Is it not a "damper" on all your exertions, hopes and toils! The inspired "volume declares that "the hope of reward sweetens toil," but what such hope has the man who is spending his strength to make full the pockets and glad the heart (if he has one, which we sometimes doubt) of that sleek, red-nosed, apoplectic rum-seller who lives over the way? Many a woman is driven to drink by her drinking husband; and thus, not only involves himself in ruin, but her also whom he has promised to love and cherish till death separates them. Let us attempt to picture to ourselves such a case. An artisan lives in New York, for instance—is a good workman: seems to be steady: is getting good wages; and so far well. But he takes a glass at his dinner, at supper, and perhaps he may join a fellow workman in a dram at the store, if the morning air be chilly—that is bad, for moderation in drink is bad. Presently he rises to be foreman in his master's store, and he is sometimes seen to wend his steps to the rum shop. Some neighbors observe that he tarries longer than he was wont to formerly; that when he does appear he seems to look stupid and heavy, and one old soul goes so far as to say she really did see him hold up his walking-stick in a pelting shower, whilst he gracefully swung his 'dollar gingham' in triumphant defiance of wind and weather. Now let us go on,—let us mark his career, and from it let working men and working women learn a lesson!

He marries.—The girl that's got him doesn't know any thing about his drinking. She loves him; she thinks what a comfortable home she will have, and so on—(what won't women think?) But let us go still farther. Does the influence of a wife keep him at home evenings? Do the attractions she may possess equal those of the tap room? They do for the first six or eight months of wedded life: and then—ah, then Mary waits and wonders Silas is so late. Good, simple soul, she thinks they are busy at the store. At last in he comes. What terror seizes her! She has had her suspicions she fancied, or, at least, tried *only* to fancy, but well she knew that he had often returned home the worse for liquor! She knows what it is. The staring eye, the ghastly stare, the faltering accents proclaim in fearful manner that her Silas is drunk. Even so. Next day Silas can't go to the store. Day after day, and no Silas at the store.—The master is galled that he should have placed confidence in such a drinking rascal, and swears he shall never more darken his door. And now what is our friend to do? *Aye*, that's the question. Character gone, money gone, for he has but a dollar in the world. He has drank his wages all away by little, and now what can he and his poor starving wife do?

Need the sequel be told.

"On slippery rocks we see them stand  
While foaming billows roll below."

She is now in despair. He must satisfy his burning thirst for drink. Weeks roll by—every vestige of once possessed comforts gone! They are cast on the streets. They together enter a greggery; and midnight sees them ejected from this temporary shelter; the husband, in his drunken rage, spurns from him the wife of his bosom, who, miserable and wretched, flees to the bottle for comfort?

Is this overdrawn? No. Thousands of such cases are constantly occurring. Is there no remedy?—Workmen and workwomen! if you have any self-respect, any esteem for your happiness, for your well-being and prosperity, don't hesitate, but sign the pledge. We don't say, mind you, that *that*, of itself, will keep you from the cup. There must be a manly determination, a noble resolve accompanying the act—which act itself only lets your fellowman know what you are doing.

God forbid that we under-value the pledge:—what we say is merely this—when the name of an individual is subscribed to the pledge-paper, and no virtuous resolve to carry out all that is required there, is made, there is *no pledge signed*: the hand traces the name on paper, but, as the song says, "the heart's in the Highlands" of recklessness and folly. "The heart is not there." Oh! that the working classes would but