

## TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE &amp; NEWS.

PLEDGE.—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 discountenance their use throughout the community.

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## A Scrap from My Old Portfolio.

BY THE DOCTOR.

The nooks and corners of my very worthy and respectable friend, this old escritoire, by whose unfolded lid I now seat myself, are stowed full of the choicest collection of odds and ends. I venture to guess, any where to be found this side of the British Museum.—What a sparkle it would give to the eyes of a genuine old antiquary to pore over the precious heap. Sometimes, when I try to "put things to rights," I have fancied I could make a pretty fair beginning to some new collection of American curiosities! Stale anecdotes and witticisms, scraps of threadbare poetry, running-hand criticisms on new books: these and such like make up a rare and rich portfolio of material that would constitute quite a capital stock in trade for the monthly Table-talk of some needy editor. I have half a notion to advertise the lot, subject to the order of the highest bidder.

Let me see; there is a washwoman's account current—and on the back of it, what is far more readable, a bit of philosophy from Goethe: here is a stray leaf from my case book, and the blanks filled up with *anecdotes of dogs!* and so on to the end of the chapter.

Ah! here is something you should have in full, and then I'll close the desk as peremptorily as a showman drops the curtain. It is a letter from an old friend of mine, treating of Love, Matrimony and his Satanic Majesty, in one confused, heterogeneous compound. You may judge sufficiently well of its style and substance, when I tell you the whole was indited clearly and evidently under the full influence of alcoholic fumes. [Long since, however the writer has become a very faithful and efficient advocate in the cause of all mankind.] On the back of this letter, I find the following incident, which I rewrite for the readers of the Magazine. It is dated, "Cincinnati, winter of 1845;" and by it I am reminded that, one evening, while I was in attendance on a course of lectures in this city, I strayed into Morris Chapel, and found there some sort of temperance anniversary in celebration. The speaker stood forth in the eloquence and zeal of a true cause; and in illustration of some point (I know not what at this time) he recited a story, for the truth of which he called all good angels to witness.

—And herein following, you have the essential part of that little story, save that the touching poetry of the speaker's diction is here rendered into the plain prose of your friend, the Doctor. If I remember, I think I selected the back of this old letter, then just received, by way of contrast *as to topics.*

Some few years ago, there resided, in the city of Pittsburg, a husband and wife; and this husband, when in his right senses, as all husbands ought to be, was a most kind and loving husband, devoted to home and its comforts and enjoyments. Yet, well as he loved his wife and their only little girl, he also loved his cups; and, when under their influence, his fierce madness was as extreme as his former love and gentleness. So he struggled on with life, alternately in the midst of blessing and cursing.

One night he had sat late with his drunken friends, and staggered home with scarce a single human feeling in his breast. When he came into his house, unfortunately he chanced to give a glance toward his sweet little child—and, snatching it up in his arms, he made one pass for the fire! His poor abused and long-suffering wife interposed her weak hand in vain. "You shall not burn the child!" she screamed; "it is my child, and you shall not harm a hair of its head!" The wretched man turned

upon her with such a wild glare as only a drunken maniac can give, and swore by the most terrible oath that he would do as he willed, and threw his daughter into the flames!

It was over the deathbed of this same little girl-martyr that some Washingtonians, those devoted missionaries of temperance, were striving to recall the father to a sense of the high estate from which he had fallen. They pointed to the poor, expiring, burned child, and thought to kindle in his soul those better feelings of his nature, to which they hoped he was not utterly lost. He listened in dull, stolid silence; every argument, all persuasion, failed. *He would not sign the pledge.* When, at length, they had exhausted every apparent human means—had given up in despair, and were about leaving him—the dying little sufferer and murdered victim turned upon her side, and, in the midst of her anguish, cried out: "*O! papa, do sign that paper!*"

Here was an appeal that the father, blunted however much in his tender sensibilities, could not resist! He hesitated but one moment, and, dashing away the big tear that was starting in his eye, he snatched the pen and wrote, in straggling line, his name to the Washingtonian pledge—of entire and perpetual abstinence from all that can intoxicate.

The little girl had seen it all; and, raising her little crisped hands, she clapped them together and shouted: "*O! mother, aint you as glad!*"

Yes, she had bought her father's redemption from the bottle by her own life—and, just as she was about to depart for the "spirit world" and join in the chorus of happy angels, she was glad. Her happy soul stretched its bright wings toward the gates of the opening heaven, and thus, while about to mingle with seraphs and the innumerable throng about the burning throne of the Lamb, she beheld the happiest scene of her earthly history.

There was joy in heaven over that repentant sinner, and the little girl was but expressing the same joy, of which she was so soon to be a participant.—*Templar's Magazine.*

## Moral Suasion.

We have heard this phrase so often of late, in the mouths of those who profess to be friends of our cause, but are opposed to all kinds of legal enactments for the suppression of the vice of intemperance, that we are inclined to doubt whether such persons attach any very definite idea to the words they frequently make use of; it is probable they may have a sort of notion floating in their minds, that it means telling people in a smooth, easy kind of way, that it is a very wicked thing to get intoxicated. Much more than this it would not be prudent, in their estimation, for the most zealous advocate of temperance principles to utter. It is well for the cause of humanity that the number of such temperance advocates is not very large, for if their councils had prevailed, the world might be drowned in an ocean of ruin, before any one would dare venture to put forth an effort to save it.

But how far, it may be asked, would we carry our notions of moral suasion. We would persuade all men of the utter uselessness of the stuff as a beverage, we would point out to all persons who commence using it in *moderation*, the brink of the precipice upon which they stand, and which is even now crumbling beneath their feet, and ready to plunge them into the abyss which has been the ruin of thousands of earth's noblest sons—we would show them in the strongest language we are capable of using, how utterly impossible it is for the traffic to exist in any community