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CAROLINE CAMLEN.

It was an evening to be remembered in the city of S——, the Bachelor's ball was the gayest of the season, and many a young heart beat happily, as group after group of the gay and lovely entered the splendidly decorated room. At last a pair approached who fixed all eyes, and a murmur of admiration went round the apartment. The taller of the two was a young man of perfect figure, his full black eyes—his high forehead, his air—his manner—all spoke him to be one, *comme il y a peu*. Upon his arm leaned his sister Caroline, who captivated one hardly knew why.—Not truly beautiful, and yet so graceful, so fascinating, so witty, that she was the reigning belle of the season. A proud and happy being was young Henry Willington, as he marked the triumphs of his idolized sister.

“And which of her many suitors does Carry W. honor by accepting,” asked a young lady of her companion, “I suppose it will be Corning, now he has received an appointment to the court of —— . She will like to figure in a royal saloon.”

“You are mistaken Adaline,” was the reply.—“Cousin Carry is engaged to Mr. Camlen, he is a business man, without fortune. Papa does not admire the taste of his niece, but as Mr. Camlen is of good family, and has fine manners and good morals, why, if my pretty Coz. prefers love in a cottage to the same sentiment in a palace, she must e'en have her own way.”

Eighteen years past away, and the pleasant May had strown the earth with loveliness and beauty. But it was a rainy evening, and as we sat round the tea table,

we amused ourselves by conjectures as to the probable cause of the detention of our eloquent and accomplished hostess. She came at last, and announced that her sister in-law, Mrs. Camlen, was taken suddenly ill, and the youngsters of the party were forbidden to enter her room, or make any noise. We rose from the table, and Mrs. Willington taking my arm led me to the sick room. We entered, and never will my memory lose the picture there presented. Upon a chair were carelessly thrown the bonnet and shawl, I remembered to have seen worn by Mrs. Camlen, and on the bed lay the wretched woman literally *dead drunk*. By the bedside stood a confidential servant, who occasionally dropped into the half opened mouth a little milk. Sickness oppressed me.—I rushed from the chamber and mechanically followed my friend up stairs. There lay the daughter of the poor object we had just left in the strongest hysterics.—We stood a few moments by her side, when suddenly recognizing her aunt Willington, she buried her face in Mrs. W's bosom, and relieved her breast by a flood of tears. “For years have I carried about with me this load of sorrow,” sobbed the poor girl, “and would have done so patiently, would my mother but have spared herself and me this open disgrace.”

I learned afterwards the particulars of which I was then ignorant, and found that Mrs. Camlen, having been sent away by her friends at Jonesburgh (where she had been visiting,) on account of her sad habits, had reached Mrs. W's the preceding afternoon, and that morning had risen and gone out none knew whither. She was found by a relative *asleep* in a low shop by the wharf-side, and by him was carried to her friends.

From her own lips I learned the sad story of Caroline's downfall. Her husband was not a Christian, but was seriously disposed, and soon after their marriage carried home to her a family Bible. She laughed at it, jeered him, and threw it carelessly upon the table.

A year of her married life passed away, and she was the mother of a daughter. The physician and nurse recommended a glass of porter daily, to increase the supply of nourishment for her babe. Mrs. Camlen assured me that at that time the habit of intemperance was formed. The quantity gradually increased. Her house was neglected, her temper raised, and her husband, finding his house thus uncomfortable, betook himself to places of dissipation, and near the time of her fatal exposé recorded above, sank into the grave—who could have recognized in him the noble looking Edward Camlen—his bright parts obscured—his mind degraded—his soul ——

But to return to the wife. The physician announced