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THE GUIDE TO GLENDALOUGH.

BY S. C. HALL, F.S.A.

heroes, they say, look back with pleasure to the first triumph that procured fame; and lovers, we know, call to mind with deep joy their earliest tokens of affection; no man can to an author ever equal that he felt at first seeing himself "in print;" the sweetest moment of an author's life is that which gave the idea of a great picture; the man of science reverts with rapture to the mere thought, out of which grew a discovery to enlighten and fit mankind. For my own part, few incidents of a busy, somewhat varied life, afford matter for more true enjoyment than my first lesson in temperance—a lesson which led immediately to reflection, subsequently to consideration, and eventually to the adoption of a principle, which I have ever continued to regard a blessing, second only to that of Christianity in its influence on my mind and heart. That blessing, which by divine mercy has been made to produce for my own great benefit, and I humbly hope for the benefit of others, was given me by a poor boy, a guide, who accompanied me, about four years ago, from the village of Eskerry to the far-famed Seven Churches, in savage Glendalough,

"Whose gloomy shore,
Skylark never wanders o'er."

The youth was perfectly unconscious of the train he was engaged in; of the seed he had planted for the hereafter; he as fancied, perhaps, that I should become a "teetotaler," and that I should be crowned king of the ancient O'Toolles, which we were tramping, and to this day remains in evidence that his simple story carried with it such convictions as to have led to many blessings in his neophyte—improved health, augmented income, greater intellectual strength, infinitely higher motives for continuous labour, a foundation of domestic happiness, and a perpetual safeguard from self-reproach; the youth as little knew that the hour he spent with me was productive of benefit not to

me alone—that he was making me his instrument of good to others, adding to the cause of temperance one member, who devoutly hopes to be the means of largely increasing the number of those, who see in temperance, religion's best auxiliary, and, next to religion, the safest teacher of duty to God and man.

My anecdote is briefly told; I took the youth somewhat suddenly as my guide from a cottage door, beside which he was standing, and bade him at once mount the car upon which I was proceeding to visit the marvels of the gloomy lake. The evening was cold and raw, and I had in my pocket a flask of "mountain dew;" the poison, so called in mockery of the delicious draughts which nature sends each morning to the bees and flowers. Having drank of it myself I offered it, as a matter of course, to my companion; he declined it, to my surprise: for the temperance movement in Ireland was then new to me, and I had little notion of the spread it had even at that time made; having little faith in a revolution so un-Irish, and being, moreover, anxious to test its strength, I pressed the liquor upon him, and at length went so far as to offer him a crown if he would drink some of it. "No," said he "not for a thousand crowns, nor for all Lord Wicklow's lands, if they were offered me: and," he added, after a pause, "if yer honour knew as much about me as I know about myself, I do not think you would be after asking me to do so bad a thing." A very little persuasion led to his telling me his simple story:—

"I have been a guide to the Seven Churches," he said, "almost ever since I could steele the distance; and many's the half-crown and more I got for my day's walk; I earned a dale in the week—and spent it. When I'd get my day's hire, though the gentry I'd be with would give me drink enough, it's for more drink I'd go with the money. You would'nt give three-ha'pence for the dirty rags I carried. I never stretch'd on a decent bed, but mostly in a neighbours out-house, and oftener in the gap of a ditch. I had the fever once, and I lay there like a dog to die. My old grandmother was begging about the country at the same time. Agh! yer honour, I was drunk morning, noon and night, and the bastes I used to be amongst had more sins than I. Well, how is it now?" he added, and he drew himself up with honest and truly dignified pride. "Yer honour took me of a sudden, or it isn't in this coat I'd have been with ye; for I've two better, and a top-coat besides; and I've as nate a cabin as you'd wish to see; and my grandmother keeps in it, spinning her old days in pace; and I've five pounds ten in the savings bank, in case of the sickness; and in the place of being a blackguard nobody would trust, I'm respected by the gentry, and lock and key is never put upon anything that comes into my hands; and more than that, there's a purty colleen that thinks I'm almost good enough for her, and her father's been to see if the cabin would do; and all this change, yer honour, glory be to God! because I would'nt buy poison, nor take it when 'twas handed me!

"And now," he added with emphasis, approaching solemnity, "I have it to your honour's self if you'll ask me to take the drop you carry."

My answer was at once, "Indeed, my good lad, God