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Caught by his Likeness, or a Drunkard's Daguerreotype.

BY AN ARTIST.

I know as good a temperance story as any body you will find after a short search, and if you will listen to it, kind reader, I shall take pleasure in relating it.

I have a cousin, who, three or four years ago, was a dashing young man of graceful form and handsome face, and who was as frank, good-natured and honest-hearted a companion as you could possibly desire. He had round, full features, large eyes and dark hair. He was a daguerrean artist by profession, and I venture to say that if you had seen the pictures in his show-case, you would have said his own fine face was the best looking of them all. At the time of the occurrence of the incident I am going to relate, he had just commenced business on his own responsibility, and was highly elated at the flattering prospects of more than expected success.

But Cousin Charlie—I think it is as beautiful a name for a man as Mary for a woman—had the common fault of sparkling joviality, that has become fashionably, though unfortunately prevalent. It was his custom to drink in company, and his misfortune thereby to lose frequently the equilibrium both of mind and body. Upon occasions of his returning home from these evening entertainments, it was not unusual for him to fall out with the lamp-post and fall in with the gutter, and be at the same time altogether unconscious of having committed any trespass upon the rights of either of these useful municipal institutions, until he by and by felt the greasy tide of the one gurgling by a swelled noise, occasioned by the other. His velvet vest with guilt buttons always suffered by these mishaps, and the profits of his newly established business were of necessity reduced to a trifle by the expenditure which alone enabled him to keep up a shiny appearance in the midst of such unfavourable circumstances.

I had then just learned the art, and been taken as an operator into his establishment. We had a great regard for each other, not only because we were relatives, but from a congeniality of dispositions and similarity of tastes; except in regard to the cup. We lived with our aunt, a maiden lady of the highest character and greatest amability (it is a remarkable thing, when I think of it, that she was allowed by the other—the gallant sex—to remain a maiden lady;) and she had a motherly affection for us, and filled our home with happiness. It was with great grief that she looked upon my cousin Charlie's weakness, but her most earnest expostulations were always in vain, for it was a noticeable fact, that whenever he promised her he would endeavour to keep right side up with care—never speak of a second

tion by any more descriptive phrase—he invariably would fall over from the perpendicular, and not care which side was up. She loved him tenderly, but almost despaired of reforming him: and Charlie, poor victim of easy temptation! quite as much despaired of ever reforming himself.

"What shall I do, Fred?" said he to me one morning, when he was seriously lamenting his falling.

"Why," said I, "Charlie," I spoke to him kindly, though with earnestness and emphasis, "be a man and sign the pledge."

"But," he replied, "if I do, I shall break it, and that will be worse than though I never signed it."

"If you take the pledge," I urged, "it will show that you have at least a desire to reform."

"But if I cannot keep it, it will prove that I have not strength to fulfil a solemn promise."

"Fuddling is a weakness," I said with a smile of sarcasm which I well remember was a counterfeit.

He turned away his head to hide from me the look of shame that overspread his face in consequence of my remark, and taking a seat upon a sofa in the gallery shielded himself from my sight behind the morning paper, which he spread out before him to a breadth altogether unnecessary for the mere purposes of reading, and evidently inconvenient and fatiguing for the arms.

It occurred to me as I noticed the humbling effect of what I had said, that it might perhaps be well to prove his weakness with a little sarcasm, and endeavour thus to shame him from his degrading practice. I waited another good opportunity.

There are but few vices that are of more rapid and vigorous growth than that which is hypocritically called moderate drinking, and this is especially true when it has taken root on such a temperament as my cousin Charles. He began to drink more and more every day, and to delight more than ever in champagne revels. He even did not confine these genteel carousals to the hour of evening, but often attended a "select party of choice spirits," which was the title he gave to them, during the day, to the serious neglect of his business. My cousin always emphasised the *select party*, though it is perhaps needless to say, he could not have had any real idea of the truth, to have laid the stress on the *spirits*.

The saloon he most frequented was in the basement of the building of which the gallery was the upper floor. It is a pity that it was so convenient, for I think if it had been farther off he would not have gone there so often; it would have been harder to get back.

One day a clear and bright day, so auspicious to the practice of the art, Charlie shunned himself into a sound sleep of intoxication before the noon had passed, and fell all alone snugly in the corner of a stall in the saloon