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THE REVOLUTION.—A DIALOGUE.

BY D. G. PAINE.

“Well, Bill, you’re a bit of a politician; these is rum times, ain’t they? I’ve been a thinking that I wish the fellers as tried to get up a row here had done it. A revolution ’ud be no bad thing. It could’nt make it wus for working men, I’m sure.”

“Why, Jack, I think a revolution among the working men, is jest wot’s wanted.”

“Then can’t we jine in getting up one? let’s go to the open air meetings, and holler out for O’Connor and liberty, and so on.”

“No, Jack, I won’t do that, it don’t seem to me to be jest the plan.”

“Wot’s your way then, Bill?”

“Why, when I walks through the court where I lives, I sees the doors of the houses open, and if I looks in, there’s the rooms with no furniture hardly; the young ’uns, poor little things, most half starved, and all in rags; the mothers and fathers pr’aps quite as miserable; and nothing but poverty to be seen up stairs or down. They seems all of a piece. Now I mean to say, Jack, that our rooms, wot we pays for by the week, is as much our home as the man’s wot pays his rent by the year, or the queen’s wot lives in her palace for nothing; and you and me ought to have comfort in our little home, as much as any man living, and we ought’nt to be easy till we gets it.”

“That’s jest wot I think, and that’s why I wants a row.”

“Stop a minute, Jack, don’t go on too fast. I’ll tell you a secret. You know when you lived agin me, my house was jest as I’ve said, my wife and young ’uns too; and I could’nt stand it no longer; and so there’s a revolution begun, and I’m in it.”

“Indeed! first I’ve heard on it, Bill! how long has it been on the move?”

“O, not long with me, two or three months. I’ll tell you how it was, for I should like to get you into it. One night, when I was a sitting at the *White Horse*, we began to talk about government affairs, though ’twas afore the French broke out, and at last we began about a revolution, and I got my head so full on it I could’nt sleep hardly all night, but kept thinking about revolutions, and wot awful willains Lord John Russell, and Sir Robert Peel, and all the rest on ’em must be; for my children could’nt get supper enough, and was obliged to lay on the floor, without a bedstead, and was a growing up all in rags and misery; and my wife no better hardly; and I got quite savage, thinking about the fellers, and I almost wished one on ’em was there, that I might knock him down for the cruel taxes. And when I sed the word *taxes* to myself, says I, let’s see how many taxes I pays. They talked about the hincom tax, I don’t pay that, to be sure; nor yet the window tax; nor yet none for horses nor dogs; but there’s tea though, I pays on that, not much, howsumever, for the old ’oman can’t buy much tea; well there’s a little on soap; but there’s none on candles, nor bread, nor butter, nor meat, nor bacon, nor cheese, nor yet on clothes, though wot I buys is mostly at the rag shop; and I began to feel cross that I could’nt find out where I paid any taxes hardly. But at last I says to myself, O says I, there’s the gin, and beer, and backer.”

“I wonder you did’nt think of them afore, Bill.”

“Well, then I calkerlated that most of the taxes as I paid was for these.”

“Ye...re right there, Bill, and a shame it is too; and it comes precious hard on us working men.”

“Hear me out, Jack, if you please. Thinking about the taxes as I paid in that way, made me call Ned Drinkwood to mind, who sticks so close to teetotaling; and thinks I, well, Ned gets off all this; then I’m blessed if he pays any taxes at all hardly; let me see how much does he save that way? So I tried to reckon, and I was a going to add up the Publican’s price, and then take the duty off in a lump; let’s see, there’s a pot of beer, and half a quarten of gin, reglar every day, that’s fipence ha’penny a day, three and tuppence ha’penny a week; and the old ’oman has a pint, that’s fourteen pence more, then I know she has a glass of gin now and then, to make it up eightpence for her lot; and then there’s my extra drops, they come’s to not less than a shilling; and the backer, that’s eightpence; why there’s more than six shillings; and then, for I forgot the *tax* part of it, sometimes I loses a day, and once or twice they fined me five