

TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE & 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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The Two-Penny Marriage.

"Mr. Pease, we want to be married."

"Want to be married—what for?"

"Why you see, we don't think it is right for us to be living together this way any longer, and we have been talking over the matter to-day and you see—"

"Yes, yes, I see you have been talking over the matter over the bottle, and have come to a sort of drunken conclusion to get married. When you get sober you will both repent of it, probably."

"No, Sir, we are not very drunk now, not so drunk but what we can think, and we don't think we are doing right—we are not doing as we were brought up to do by pious parents. We have been reading about the good things you have done for just such poor outcasts as we are, and we want you to try and do something for us."

"Read! can you read? Do you read the Bible?"

"Well not much lately, but we read the newspapers, and sometimes we read something good in them. How can we read the Bible when we are drunk?"

"Do you think getting married will keep you from getting drunk?"

"Yes, for we are going to take the pledge too, and we shall keep it, depend upon that."

"Suppose you take the pledge and try that first, and if you can keep it till you can wash some of the dirt away, and get some clothes on, then I will marry you."

"No; that won't do. I shall get to thinking what a poor dirty, miserable wretch I am, and how I am living with this woman, who is not a bad woman by nature, and then I will drink, and then she will drink—oh, cursed rum!—and what is to prevent us? But if we were married, my wife, yes, Mr. Pease, my wife would say, 'Thomas'—she would not say 'Tom,—you dirty brute, don't be tempted; and who knows but we might be somebody yet—somebody that our own mothers would not be ashamed of.'"

Here the woman, who had been silent and rather moody, burst into a violent flood of tears, crying "Mother, mother, I know not whether she is alive or not, and dare not inquire; but if we were married and reformed, I would make her happy once more."

"I could no longer stand the appeal," said Mr. P., "and determined to give them a trial. I had married a good many poor, wretched looking couples, but none that looked quite so much so as this. The man was hatless and shoeless, without coat or vest, with long hair and beard grimed with dirt. He was by trade a bricklayer, one of the best in the city. She wore the last remains of a silk bonnet, and something that might pass for shoes, and an old, very old dress, once a rich merino, apparently without any under garments."

"And your name is Thomas—Thomas what?"

"Elting, sir. Thomas Elting, a good, true name and true man, that is, shall be if you marry us."

"Well, well. I am going to marry you."

"Are you? There, Mag, I told you so."

"Don't call me Mag. If I am going to be married, I will be by my right name, the one my mother gave me."

"Not Mag. Well, I never knew that."

"Now, Thomas, hold your tongue, you talk too much. What is your name?"

"Matilda. Must I tell the other? Yes, I will, and I never will disgrace it. I don't think I should ever have been as bad if I had kept it. That bad woman who first tempted me to ruin, made me take a false name. It is a bad thing for a girl to give up her name, unless for that of a good husband. Matilda Fraley. Nobody knows me by that name in this bad city."

"Very well, Matilda and Thomas, take each other by the right hand, and look at me, for I am now going to unite you in the holy bonds of marriage by God's ordinance. Do you think you are sufficiently sober to comprehend its solemnity?"

"Yes, sir."

"Marriage being one of God's holy ordinances, cannot be kept in sin, misery, filth and drunkenness. Thomas, will you take Matilda to be your lawful, true, only, wedded wife?"

"Yes, sir."

"You promise that you will live with her, in sickness as well as health, and nourish, protect and comfort her as your true and faithful wife; that you will be to her a true and faithful husband; that you will not get drunk, and will clothe yourself and keep clean."

"So I will."

"Never mind answering until I get through. You promise to abstain totally from every kind of drink that intoxicates, and treat this woman kindly, affectionately, and love her as a husband should love his wedded wife. Now all of this, will you, here before me as the servant of the Most High—here in the sight of God in Heaven, most faithfully promise, if I give you this woman to be your wedded wife?"

"Yes, I will."

"And you, Matilda, on your part, will you promise the same, and be a true wife to this man?"

"I will try, sir."

"But do you promise all this faithfully?"

"Yes, sir, I will."

"Then I pronounce you man and wife."

"Now, Thomas," says the new wife, after I had made out the certificate and given it to her, with an injunction to keep it safely—"now pay Mr. Pease, and let us go home and break the bottle." Thomas felt first in the right hand pocket, then the left, then back to the right, then he examined the watch-fob.

"Why, where is it?" says she, "you had two dollars this morning!"