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GOOD NATURED PEOPLE,

WHO HARM NO ONE BUT THEMSELVES.

From a Tract published by the Irish Temperance Union.

"Of all the funerals ever I was at, I never followed so fine a one as poor Mrs. Pringle's" said Peggy Brien to her friend Honor Halpin.

"Did you go the whole way with it?" said Honor.

"Indeed I did; and it would move a Turk to see the orphans breaking their little hearts, and not one of us able to pacify them. Ah! it was a poor sight to see that nice young woman murdered, for she was nothing else."

"Murdered!" exclaimed Honor, "What do you mean? Sure every body was good to her, and she was watched and tended night and day."

"Ay, was she; but her heart was broke, and all the tending in the world could not mend it. I tell you between ourselves, the master was the death of her."

"Well, Peggy," said Honor, "it is a true saying 'that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives.' Myself thought that there was not a kinder husband breathing than Mr. Pringle, nor a better natured man."

"Why then, he was all that," replied Peggy, "when he was sober; but the drink was the mischief, Honor, honey."

"Why, did he drink that-a-way, entirely?" said Honor, "I thought he was only a little pleasant and hearty after dinner with his friends; for by all account he was so good natured and generous, that he would be ever pressing his customers to dine with him."

"You heard true enough," said Peggy, "and it was myself that knew that, but do you know, Honor, that I hate the very words hearty and pleasant, since I saw all my mistress suffered; ay, I almost hate to hear of a man being good natured, so I do."

Norry wondered, as well she might; but Peggy knew what she meant; she knew that her master was by nature kind and warm-hearted, and she saw that this very kindness led him into cruelty and violence, when perverted by strong drink. Strong drink may well be compared to the devil; for it renders every bad disposition infinitely worse, and transforms the good into its own vile nature.

"Ah," resumed Peggy, "I lived long enough with my unfortunate master and mistress to see how it was between them; though the poor woman did all she could to hide her trouble even from the servants, and to shelter him. She always looked so bad that people thought she was going into a natural decay; but the doctor soon saw that it was not her lungs, but her poor mind and thoughts that were wearing her away, and yet the master coated upon her. There was nothing on this earth that he could reach, but what he would give her; and he would cry like a child when he was sober; and I am certain he was sincere when he did promise her never to touch spirits again."

"Could not she coax him?" said Honor, "when he was in a soft humor, to join the Temperance—?"

"So she did," replied Peggy; "and he left off for a few months, and my mistress got up her good looks, and we were as happy as queens, till she noticed him taking porter all hours, and wine after dinner, to no end; but what does he do but he puts cayenne pepper in it, so you may be sure he seldom knew what he was about, and he broke his pledge against the whiskey, and then if we had not a

terrible house, it was no matter. He soon began to look as bad as my mistress, and everything was going to wreck. He was always either drinking, or keeping his bed; and though my mistress loved the very track of his foot in the gutter, yet the only comfort she had was when he was sick, because she could watch him and take care of him. Some gentlemen came to advise him to join the tee-totals; but the mistress would not let him hear to it, for she said he was so long used to the drink, that he would soon die without something stronger than water. They told her of many drunken criminals that were forced to leave off every kind of liquor the moment they entered prison, and that they are all the better for it. It was all in vain; she would not venture."

"Poor woman," said Norry, "may be she knew he would not keep his promise. Any how, it is too much to ask a man to do."

"Not a bit too much," said Peggy, "but I wont argue with you about it. I leave that to my betters. All I know is, that there is no cure for hard drinking, but leaving off every strong liquor for good and all."

"O," said Honor, "it may be well enough for drunkards, but why need other people leave off a comfortable cordial?"

"I tell you," says Peggy, "I do not know how to argue, but I know what I see, and I can tell you that I see gentlemen and every sort of people very comfortable without a drop of anything stronger than water, barring the innocent milk, and the tea and coffee; and my old mistress that I lived with long ago, tells me she has such an easy mind, since the master and all the young gentlemen signed the tee-total, for, says she to me the other day, 'There is no answering for young men when they sit down to their wine in company: and our servants,' says she, 'and workmen cannot now say to us,—It is easy for you to leave off whiskey, when you have plenty of wine and malt liquor,' and my old mistress spoke very proper too about the waste of young, healthy people drinking what was very expensive, and did them no good."

"I do not like stingy people," said Honor.

"My old master and mistress never were stingy," retorted Peggy, coloring; "but they knew the difference between waste and generosity; and though they have no great fortune at all, yet they are ready to give to every thing that benefits the poor; ay, twice as ready as them that sit over their wine and punch, and give drams and draughts of porter to their people."

"I thought you did not know how to argue," said Honor, "but you are bewitched with them temperance people. I suppose Mr. Pringle never signed the tee-total."

"No, indeed," replied Peggy, "though I made bold to tell my mistress that he could not be worse upon water than he was on all sorts of liquor, and that I was afraid something would happen to him; and O, it was she that suffered night and day about her unfortunate husband. Many is the dismal, dreary, long night I sat up with her, to try to keep the life in her, when he was out either reeling about the streets, or may be snoring in a public house; and she trembling every limb of her, and sighing as if her poor heart would burst, and sometimes fainting dead in my arms. See what a good natured man can do. He can torture his unfortunate wife, ay, and kill her by inches, too." Peggy might have added, that a good natured man, maddened