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TEMPERANCE IS THE MODERATE USE OF THINGS BENEFICIAL, AND ABSTINENCE FROM THINGS HURTFUL.

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Selected Articles.

THE DRUNKARD'S END.

The following sad tale is said to be authentic:—

"O view on its surface the ruins of genius
The wreck of the scholar, the Christian and friend,
The learning, the wit, the graces that charm'd us,
In the life-drowning bowl meet a permanent end."

During the cold winter of 1832, business of an important nature called me through the northern section of Vermont. The way was long and dreary, the road frequently blocked with snow; and towards the close of a tempestuous afternoon, I gladly found myself approaching the humble inn of a small village. Giving my horse to an attendant, I hastily entered the house; and so much was I benumbed with cold, that I had been some moments before the fire, before I noticed that an assemblage of people present were then preparing for a funeral. As the clergyman addressed the throne of grace, I inferred from his petition for absent relatives, that it was a stranger for whom they were performing the last offices; and from the earnestness with which he implored the grace of God, to keep all present from the vice of intemperance, I was led to think he had fallen its victim. After he had closed, the usual invitation was given for those present to look for the last time upon the face of the dead. Wit that instinctive curiosity so natural to us all, I too went forward to gaze upon the sad relic of mortality. I beheld the countenance of the young man, bloated and disfigured, and was turning away, when an indistinct recollection of having seen the face before caused me to look again. I could not mistake. Though sadly marred, it was indeed my earnest and best friend that lay before me. So long and earnest was my gaze; so completely forgotten was every thing but him, that the undertaker was obliged to remind me that it was time for him to proceed in his duties. He had nearly closed the coffin, when I interrupted him, hardly conscious of what I said, "O, let me look once more upon the face of my friend." He again made way for me, and after satisfy-

ing myself that it was Henry L., I withdrew from the gaze of all, and gave vent to my feelings in the bitterest flood of tears I had shed since my childhood. My kind host soon interrupted me by asking if I would not follow as a mourner in the procession. I answered him, "Most certainly; my early friend shall not go unattended to his grave." The simple preparations were soon made; and as the hearse moved slowly on, my mind reverted to the time when I had known its occupant, full of life and happiness. O, what an age of suffering and sin he must have endured to cause so great a change. I knew him, the darling "son of his mother, and she a widow," enjoying all the comforts of life; in a pleasant New England village, where we were both at school, together we had studied; together had rambled the fields in search of plants and minerals; had entered neighbouring counting houses in the same city, & when I left it for commercial speculations in a distant country, our correspondence had for a time been frequent. But since my return to my native land, although I had repeatedly written, I had heard not a word from him. Yet rumour had told me that his habits were unsettled, if not dissipated.

As we deposited him in his lonely bed, I felt that I was again and for ever separated from him; and when we turned from the grave yard, I know not that I should have felt more desolate, had I been the only created being in the universe. Night was fast closing in upon us; the wintry wind sighed heavily around, and to my saddened heart the solitary room and cheerful fire of our inn were most welcome.

In the course of the evening I obtained from my landlord all the information in his possession relative to my friend. It seemed that he had been wandering about in the vicinity for several days; that he would sometimes ask the privilege of a seat by the fire, and a piece of bread to eat; that he was haggard and dejected in the extreme: and on the last day he was seen among them, as he was receiving a morsel from the hand of an old lady, he said to her, "You remind me of my mother." "Your mother,"

said the good woman: "O how she must suffer for you." This struck a thrilling cord in his soul. He rushed from the house toward a small pond around which he was seen to linger; and apparently embracing his opportunity, when no one observed him, he plunged into the water, and in less than an hour was taken up as you have seen to-day. "He has left," added my informant, "a bundle in which were these two letters." One was directed to his mother, the other to me. In mine, he detailed in simple yet affecting language, his suffering since we parted, the gradual manner in which he had been led captive by intemperance, and the iron grasp with which it had held him. "O," added he, "if you have a son, let him beware of the first drop. Let 'touch not, taste not, handle not,' be inscribed upon every thing that intoxicates; and if a motive is ever wanting to enforce his abstinence, remind him of your poor friend Henry L."

It is unnecessary to add, that the night was to me a sleepless one. Before commencing my journey in the morning I visited his grave, and engaged my landlord to erect an humble stone upon it, that his friends, in journeying that way, might find where he was laid. I transmitted to his afflicted mother, from the nearest town, the letter he had left for her, together with my own knowledge of his death, and the deep sympathy I felt in her affliction; although at the moment I wrote, I felt how utterly vain and worthless was all human sympathy in such agony of grief as hers must be; how impotent the words of comfort would fall on a mother's ear, mourning over an only son, who had fallen in a drunkard's grave, and must inherit the drunkard's portion. *O! is there not some young man, entering life with as fair prospects as his, who can take warning from his melancholy end, and be kept in the straight and narrow path of temperance?*

FEMALE SORROW.

There is sorrow in the world, that deserves little or no pity. And there is sorrow too deep to be soothed but in the grave. That is the sorrow felt by her who