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## EFFECTS OF RUMSELLING.

Rev. John Wesley, who died long before the temperance reformation commenced, in one of his sermons, incidentally alluding to the traffic in ardent spirits, denounces it in the following strong language:—"All those who deal in spirituous liquors in the ordinary way, selling to whoever will buy, are poisoners-general; they murder his majesty's subjects by wholesale, and drive them to hell like sheep; neither does their eye pity nor spare. And what is their gain? Is it not the blood of these men? Who would envy their large estates and sumptuous palaces? A curse is in the midst of them. The curse of God is in their gardens, their walks, their groves; a fire that will burn to the nethermost hell! Blood, blood is there! the foundation, the walls, the roof is stained with blood. And canst thou hope, O man of blood, to deliver down the fields of blood to the third generation? Not so—there is a God in heaven; Like those whom thou hast destroyed body and soul, thy memorial shall perish with thee."

Now I would willingly believe that the good old man was quite too severe; that there is really no such fearful guilt connected with a business in which so many respectable persons have been and are still engaged. The following occurrence, however, well known at the time to a number of persons, must be allowed some weight in confirmation of Mr. Wesley's sentiments. I could fill a volume with details of similar events, were I not confined to the effects of liquor sold by myself.

Near the close of rather a disagreeable day in the winter of 18—, a man and his wife came to our store, on their way home from Kentville. Both were intoxicated. They had with them a small quantity of rum, but not enough, as they said, to make them comfortable through the coming night. At their urgent and united request we sold them a quart; after receiving their money I advised them to proceed on their way as fast as possible, and by no means to taste the rum till they got home, lest they should become too drunk to walk. The man seemed inclined to follow my advice, but his wife obstinately refused to go till her husband should give her a good drink of grog. Much altercation ensued between them; abusive epithets and curses were banded in the most disgusting manner, and it was with much difficulty that we at length got our disagreeable customers under way for their humble dwelling, which was between one and two miles distant. They had proceeded but a short distance, when the woman turned to come back, the man insisted on her going on and finally struck her several times with an axe helve that he was carrying in his hand. I followed them, and told him not to strike her, and entreated her to go quietly home with her husband. After they had gone, I thought no more about it, not doubting but they would reach their wretched home in a short time. Next morning the man met me in the road near my house, and enquired "Have you heard any news this morning?" No. "Well I've got some news." What news? "My wife is dead." Dead? Then I presume you have murdered her. "No," said he, looking wildly at me, "I did not kill her, you killed her with your rum." It would be vain for me to attempt a description of my feelings, as I heard these awful words; I had never before been charged with the guilt of a flagrant crime; I believe that the villain who accused me was himself the murderer, but that was no

consolation: if the rum I sold them had made the wife a corpse, it was no extenuation of the evil that it had also made the husband a murderer. I told him that he would be suspected of murder, and that his best plan would be to go to Mr. Moore, the Coroner, and inform him of what had happened. His reply was "I shall not go after the Coroner; but now my good man, give me one glass of grog, and I will blame you no more about it." Feeling somewhat indignant I told him he should have none, and that I would never give or sell another drop of liquor to an Indian. I also told him that an inquest would certainly be held on view of the dead body, and that he would probably be arrested; whereupon he withdrew, and I do not remember to have seen him since; but I shall never forget his words "you killed her with your rum."

The inquest did not decide that the poor woman had been murdered, although circumstances were very much against her unnatural husband. After leaving our shop, they stopped at the next house to warm themselves, the woman begged for more rum, her husband told her that if she would dance, she should have some; the witnesses said she did dance "as spry as a girl." Having taken their dram, they left the house; in the morning her body was found on the road, about 100 rods from the house, and he was found in the barn close by, with the blanket worn by her in the evening wrapped about him. If he did not kill her, certainly he did not even try to save her life.

Comment is unnecessary. The sufferers in this case were Micmac Indians: they were nevertheless creatures of the same God who made us children too, as I believe, of the same original parents. For them, as well as for the fairest and richest of Adam's race, the compassionate Saviour suffered, wept, and bled. There can be no excuse for the man who, for the sake of gain, deals out to them, or to human beings of any other tribe, an article that must in every case do the consumer an injury, and may produce effects like those now detailed. The rumseller's only hope is in doing as I have long since done; let him forsake his wretched way, and return unto the Lord, and he will find by happy experience that "our God will abundantly pardon." For the truly penitent, the blood of Christ speaketh better things than that of Abel.

I cannot conclude without entering my protest against a common error relative to the traffic in ardent spirits; the opinion that there is no iniquity in selling to sober, temperate persons, is grossly and fatally false. The truth is, it is far worse to sell to temperate than to intemperate persons; common sense teaches that there is more harm in injuring a good, than a bad article. Would the venders of strong drink sell to none but drunkards, their business would soon come to an end. Surely tremendous guilt will fasten on the man who plants the first germ of intemperance in the unpolluted mind of a temperate youth! He kindles a fire in the breast of his victim, that will eventually consume every thing within him that is good, virtuous, or lovely. He transforms a useful character into an intolerable nuisance.

A. T.

## NO PLEDGE—NO MARRIAGE.

By a Father.

I have been for some time an interested observer of the Temperance movements, and when one day my wife held