

THE CANADA
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"It is good neither to eat flesh, nor drink wine, nor do anything by which thy brother is made to stumble, or to fall, or is weakened."—Rom. xiv. 21.—*Macnight's Translation.*

PLEDGE OF THE MONTREAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

We, the undersigned, do agree, that we will not use INOXICATING 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 DISCOURTENANCE THEIR USE THROUGHOUT THE COMMUNITY.

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For the Canada Temperance Advocate.

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

BY MRS. CAMPBELL.

The writer of the following sketch can assure the reader that she will not even embellish, but merely mention facts, as she feels convinced, that the aid of fiction is (if needed under any circumstances) quite unnecessary and even ineligible, as a means to promote the Cause of Temperance. Alas, the most romantic imagination will utterly fail to paint in colouring sufficiently dark, the appalling effects of a vice which has laid low the fairest hopes of thousands, and brought tens of thousands to eternal destruction.

C. L. was one of the most excellent servant girls in the town of D., and at the age of 24, married a young man with whom she had a fair prospect of living happily. He was a good tradesman, and his frugal, industrious, and managing wife, exerted herself in making home comfortable; for although Total Abstinence had not been heard of at the period of which I am writing, yet Mrs. L. knew that many men had been induced to spend their evenings at the public house, by the mismanagement of careless and slovenly wives, but all her care could not prevent her husband accompanying a neighbour to the abode of sin and death; at first but seldom, and, as

all drank more or less of the deadly cup, Mrs. L. was not alarmed, until her husband's nightly absences and a sad shortening of his weekly wages, aroused her to a sense of danger. Then did she plead as only loving wife can. L. had fondly loved his Kate, and still he thought he cared for her; he again and again promised to reform, and kept his word for a few days, but the coil of the serpent was around him, and he wanted resolution to break the fatal spell. His home was no longer the abode of comfort to which, in former days, he delighted to return, secure of a smiling welcome. The saddened look of his heart-broken wife stung him to the quick, yet he only reproached her for the change, and strove to persuade himself that he was an ill-used man. The children whom he once delighted to fondle, and whose prattle had often caused him to forget his hard day's work, were now a trouble to him. "Our little Mary is very ill," said Mrs. L. as her husband was leaving the house, "can you give me a few halfpence to get some medicine for her?" "You are always wanting money," replied the unfeeling father, and throwing down a few pence, hurried from the house, internally wishing he might never enter it again. He had not gone far, when he met a recruiting party; he waited to hear the Sergeant harangue some idle fellows who clustered round him, and ere many minutes had passed he had enlisted into the —th Regt. of foot. The day was spent by him in drinking, and night saw him taken home to his almost distracted wife, in a state of beastly intoxication. Poor Mrs. L., her cup of sorrow seemed now filled to the brim. Her eldest born was dying, yet sweet were her thoughts on the loss of that tenderly beloved child, compared with her unmixed sorrow, as regarded her husband; worse than widowed, no ray of hope illuminated the fearful future. Yes, there are deeper afflictions than those which overwhelm the fond wife when bereft of the best of husbands, and she is left to struggle with the many ills which here beset the path of the lonely widow.

L. kept at home the few remaining days allowed him. The greater portion of the time he was too ill to rise. What his feelings were, none could tell, as he preserved a dogged silence until the morning on which he was compelled to leave, when he implored forgiveness, and again and again declared he would quit his evil ways, and soon return a wiser and a better man. As the writer only states facts, the reader may imagine what were the feelings of Mrs. L. on this trying occasion, and however vividly his or her imagination may pourtray her sufferings, still rest assured the picture is not over colored. Stunned and almost unconscious, Mrs. L. stood for a few minutes and gazed at the retreating form of her