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A RILL FROM THE TOWN PUMP.

Scene—The corner of two principal streets. The Town Pump talking through its nose.

Noon, by the north clock! Noon, by the east! High noon, too, by these hot sunbeams, which fall, scarcely aslope, upon my head, and almost make the water bubble and smoke in the trough under my nose. Truly we public characters have a tough time of it! And among all the town-officers chosen at March meeting, where is he that sustains, for a single year, the burden of such manifold duties as are imposed, in perpetuity, upon the town pump? The title of "town treasurer" is rightfully mine, as guardian of the best treasure that the town has. The overseers of the poor ought to make me their chairman, since I provide bountifully for the pauper, without expense to him that pays taxes. I am at the head of the fire-department, and one of the physicians to the board of health. As a keeper of the peace, all water drinkers will confess me equal to the constable. I perform some of the duties of the town clerk, by promulgating public notices, when they are pasted on my front. To speak within bounds, I am the chief person of the municipality, and exhibit, moreover, an admirable pattern to my brother officers, by the cool, steady, upright, downright, and impartial discharge of my business, and the constancy with which I stand to my post. Summer or winter, nobody seeks me in vain; for, all day long, I am seen at the busiest corner, just above the market, stretching out my arms to rich and poor alike; and, at night, I hold a lantern over my head, both to show where I am, and keep people out of the gutters.

At the sultry noontide, I am cup-bearer to the parched populace, for whose benefit an iron goblet is chained to my waist.—Like a dram seller on the mall at munster day, I cry aloud to all and sundry, in my plainest accents, and at the very tip-top of my voice. Here it is, gentlemen! Here is the good liquor! Walk up, walk up, gentlemen! walk up, walk up! Here is the superior stuff! Here is unadulterated ale of father Adam—better than Cognac, Hollands, Jamaica, strong beer, or wine at any price; here it is, by the hogshcad or at the single glass, and not a farthing to pay! Walk up, gentlemen; walk up and help yourselves.

It were a pity if all this outcry should draw no customers. Here they come. A hot day, gentlemen! Quaff, and away again, so as to keep yourselves in a nice cool state. You, my friend, will need another cupful, to wash the dust out of your throat, if it be as thick there as it is on your cow-hide shoes. I see that you have trudged half a score of miles to-day; and like a wise man, has passed by the taverns, and stopped at the running brooks and well curbs; otherwise, betwixt heat without and fire within, the consequences might have been fearful. Drink, and make room for that other man, who seeks my aid to quench the fiery fever of last night's potatoes, which he droned from no cup of mine. Welcome, most rubicund sir! You and I have been great strangers hitherto. Fill again, and tell me, did you ever, in cellar, tavern, or any kind of a dram-shop, spend the price of your children's food for a swig half so delicious? Now, for the first time these ten years, you know the flavor of cold water.—Good bye; and, whenever you are thirsty, remember that I keep a constant supply at the old stand. Who next? Oh, my little friend, you are let loose from school, and come hither to scrub your blooming face, and drown the memory of certain taps of the ferule, and other schoolboy troubles, in a draught from the town pump. Take it, and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now. There, my dear child, put down the cup, and yield your place to this elderly gentleman,

who treads so tenderly over the paving stones, that I suspect he is afraid of breaking them. What! he lumps by without so much as thanking me, as if my hospitable offers were meant only for people who had no wine cellars. Well, well, sir, no harm done, I hope! Go, draw the cork, tip the decanter; but when your great toe shall set you a-rearing, it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the titillation of the gout, it is all one to the town pump. This thirsty dog, with his red tongue lolling out, does not scorn my hospitality, but stands on his hind legs, and laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away again! Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout?

Are you all satisfied? Then wipe your mouths, my good friends, and while my spout has a moment's leisure, I will delight the town with a few historical reminiscences. * * * * *

Your pardon, good people. I must interrupt my stream of eloquence, and spout forth a stream of water, to replenish the trough for this teamster and his two yoke of oxen, who have come from Topsfield, or somewhere along that way. No part of my business is pleasanter than the watering of cattle. Look! how rapidly they lower the water mark on the sides of the trough, till their capacious stomachs are moistened with a gallon or two a-piece, and they can afford time to breathe it in, with signs of calm enjoyment. Now they roll their quiet eyes round the brim of their huge drinking vessel. An ox is your true toper.

But I perceive, my dear auditors, that you are impatient for the remainder of my discourse. * * * * *

From my spout, and such spouts as mine, must flow the stream that shall cleanse our earth of the vast portion of its crime and anguish, which has gushed from the fiery fountains of the still. In this mighty enterprise, the cow shall be my great confederate. Milk and water! The town pump and the cow! Such is the great copartnership that shall tear down the distilleries. Then poverty shall pass away from the land, finding no haven so wretched where her squalid form may shelter herself. Then sin shall lose half her strength. Until now, the frenzy of hereditary fever has raged in the human blood, transmitted from sire to son, and rekindled in every generation by fresh draughts of liquid flame. When that inward fire shall be extinguished, the heat of passion cannot but grow cool, and war—the drunkenness of nations—perhaps will cease. At least, there will be no war of households. The husband and wife drinking deep of peaceful joy, a calm bliss of temperate affections, shall pass hand in hand through life. To them the past will be no turmoil of mad dreams, nor will the future reveal such moments as follow the delirium of the drunkard.

"ATTEND TO YOUR OWN BUSINESS."

This is a good maxim, but its application is sometimes questionable. We have lately seen it applied to the friends of temperance who try to stop others from drinking rum. "Let every man drink who chooses," says one, "it's nobody's business but his own;" "and I think," says a hypocritical rum-seller, "these temperance gentlemen would do better to attend to their own business and not be meddling with that which does not concern them."

Well, thought we, as we laid down the paper, perhaps it must be so—we cannot force people to be sober; so, as the bell has rung for mine, we'll shut up the office, go home and go to bed.—On our way we heard a tremendous racket in a low, dirty-looking building; and amid the din, the shrill cry of murder was distinctly heard. We rushed in and found a great ragged brute of a