

TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

DEVOTED TO

TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE, NEWS, &c.

VOL. XIV.

MONTREAL, AUGUST 1, 1848.

No. 15.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
SELECTIONS.— <i>Scenes around us</i>	225
<i>The Value of a Tract</i>	226
<i>Medicinal Uses</i>	227
<i>Speech of Gen. Dr. Burns</i>	228
<i>Medical and Ministerial Influence</i>	229
<i>A Fit of Blues</i>	230
PROGRESS.— <i>United States—Turkey</i>	230
MISCELLANEOUS.....	231
POETRY.— <i>Address to Legislators—Wouldst thou be Free?</i>	232
EDITORIAL.— <i>Temperance Convention—The Debt</i>	233
<i>Total Abstinence and Infidelity once more</i>	234
<i>Furmer's Experience, &c.</i>	236
EDUCATION.— <i>Self-Improvement, &c.</i>	236
AGRICULTURE.— <i>Desirableness of an Acquaintance with</i>	
<i>Vegetable Physiology</i>	238
<i>Cure of Sheep and Young Cattle</i>	239
News.....	239
Monies Received—Prices Current.....	240

SCENES AROUND US.

BY A LADY.

Trifling circumstances sometimes lead us into startling convictions and some small event will often discover to our view, and force upon our attention, some great and important truth.

It was a gloomy evening in October; I had just got comfortably seated by my quiet fireside, and was luxuriating in the idea of an evening spent in perusing the various periodicals which lay scattered on the table, when an unexpected call obliged me, much against my will, to relinquish my present enjoyment, and equip myself for a short walk through two or three streets of the large manufacturing town in which I reside. I had not gone many steps, before I met a poor being, supported by his wretched wife against whom he was levelling the most fiend-like epithets. Poor fellow! he is only drunk thought I; such sights as these are common. Only drunk! only mad!—only self deprived of that reason which God has given him; and such sights as these are common! And can I, a professing Christian, an English woman, a lover of my country, look carelessly on such scenes as these, and not feel roused to endeavour, by example, precept, distribution of tracts, and the various other means which are put into my power, to do something towards staying this fearful evil? All this rushed quicker through my mind than I can pen it; but my reverie was soon broken by a most ungallant push, occasioned by another poor victim coming down the steps of a beer shop, where, having left his senses as well as his money, he was left without the power of control, to be driven hither and thither as the inertia of motion,

or any other physical law, might incline him. It was well that my system was free from the same poison that raged in his, or I should most likely have been prostrated. A little farther on was a poor woman begging of her husband to allow her to take the child, which he was posing on his shoulder, with all the antics of an idiot, to the great terror of those who looked on, who expected every moment to see the little helpless dashed to pieces on the pavement; but no—he too was drunk; but he was the father of that babe. How unworthy the title! A helpless, drunken sot! Better for that man that he had never been born, than by practice, example, neglect, brutality, to blast the hopes, and blight the prospects of that innocent committed to his care, but who owed nothing to him but animal existence, polluted by unnatural appetites. But what comes next? A drunken woman! What blot upon creation so foul? Look at her haggard countenance, her bleared eye, her tangled hair, and then behold her apparel: see that cap filthy and half stripped of its border, that gown tattered and torn, those shoes slipshod, and stockings loose: if there is a loathsome, disgusting sight on earth, it is a drunken woman. Ah! and when I come in contact with some of my fair sisters, who would shrink from the sight of such a being, and when I smell the breath of alcohol, I tremble for their safety: all drunkards began with little drops. I thought I would endeavour to count the victims of the intoxicating draught which I should meet, but it was impossible; for, while watching the movements of some poor creature reeling and tottering from his excesses, my eyes were ever and anon turned aside to the door of some public house or beer-shop, with which our streets abound, belching out its pestiferous fumes and unsightly inmates, insulting and annoying every sense—seeing, hearing, smelling, feeling, and even tasting—for the very atmosphere seemed loaded with the poisonous vapours of alcohol. Having finished my business, and again turned my steps homeward just at the moment of passing a notoriously wicked public house, I was joined by a young friend—a tectotaler—and pointing to the house we were passing, he told me that the rent, independently of taxes, &c., was £180 per annum. I inquired what had become of the family who had formerly resided there? What an account! The father had drunk himself to death; his eldest daughter, who had married a respectable young man, having first, by her dreadful love of drink, obliged him to relinquish a good business, drove him into the same evil habit, which had ended in a fit of delirium tremens, and had died herself, calling for “Gin, gin, gin!” Her younger sisters had become so completely victimised, that their mother