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## SPEECH OF A SAILOR AT A TEMPERANCE MEETING.

"Please your honor," said the old boatswain, "I've come down here by the captain's orders; and if there's any thing stowed away in my old, weather-beaten sea-chest of a head, that may be of any use to a brother sailor, or a landsman; either, they're heartily welcome. If it will do any good in such a case as this, that you've come here to talk about, you may all go down below, and overhaul the lockers of an old man's heart. It may seem a little strange, that an old sailor should put his helm land-a-port, to get out of the way of a glass of grog; but, if it wasn't for the same, as old as I am, I'd be tied to the rigging, and take a dozen, rather than suffer a drop to go down my hatchets.

"Please your honor, it's no very pleasant matter, for a poor sailor to go over the old shoal, where he lost a fine ship; but he must be a shabby fellow, that wouldnt stick up a beacon, if he could, and fetch home soundings and bearings, for the good of others, who may sail in those seas. I've followed the sea for fifty years. I had good and kind parents. They brought me up to read the Bible, and keep the Sabbath. My father drank spirit sparingly. My mother never drank any.—Whenever I asked for a taste, he was always wise enough to put me off; 'Milk for babes, my lad,' he used to say: 'children must take care how they meddle with edge tools.'—When I was twelve I went to sea, cabin-boy of the *Tipoo Saib*; and the captain promised my father to let me have his grog; and he kept his word. After my father's death I began to drink spirit—and I continued to drink it till I was forty-two. I never remembered to have been tipsy in my life; but I was greatly afflicted with headache and rheumatism for several years. I got married when I was twenty-three. We had two boys; one of them is living. My eldest boy went to sea with me three voyages, and said a finer lad—just then something seemed to stick in the old boatswain's throat, but he was speedily relieved, and proceeded to his remarks: "I used to think father was overstrict about spirit, and when it was cold and wet, I didn't see any harm in giving Jack a little, though he was only fourteen. When he got ashore, where he could serve out his own allowance, I soon saw that he doubled the quantity. I gave him a talk. He promised to do better; but he didn't. I gave him another; but he grew worse; and, finally, in spite of all his poor mother's prayers, and my own, he became a drunkard. It sunk my wife's spirits entirely, and brought me to the water's edge. Jack became very bad, and I thought all control over him. One day I saw a gang of men and boys making fun at a poor fellow who was reeling about in the middle of the circle, and swearing terribly. Nobody likes to see his profession dishonoured, so I thought I'd run down and take him in tow. Your honor knows what a sailor's heart is made of; what do you think I felt when I found it was my own son!—I couldn't resist the sense of duty; and I spoke to him pretty sharply. But his answer threw me all aback, like a white squall in the Levant. He heard me through, and, doubling his fist in my face, he exclaimed, 'You made me a drunkard!' It cut the lanyards of my heart, and I felt as if I should have gone by the board." As he uttered these words, the old man ran down the channel of the old man's cheeks like rain.—Friend Simpson was deeply affected, and person Sterling sat with his handkerchief before his eyes. Indeed, there was scarcely a dry eye in the assembly. After wiping his eyes on the sleeve of his pea jacket, the old sailor proceeded,—

"I tried, night and day, to think of the best plan to keep my son from following on to destruction. In the wake of his elder brother. I gave him daily lessons of temperance; I held up before him the example of his poor brother; I cautioned him not to put his spirit upon an empty stomach, and I kept my eye constantly

upon him. Still I daily took my allowance; and the sight of the dram bottle, the smell of the liquor, and the example of his own father, were able lawyers to other side. I saw the breakers ahead; and I prayed to God to preserve not only my child, but myself; and I was sometimes alarmed for my own safety. About this time I went to meeting one Sunday, and the minister read the account of the overthrow of Goliath. As I returned home I compared intemperance, in my own mind, to the giant of Gath; and I asked myself, why there might not be found some remedy for the evil as simple as the means employed for his destruction. For the first time the thought of total abstinence occurred to my mind: *from the brook, and the shepherd's sling!* I told my wife what I had been thinking of. She said she had no doubt that God had put the thought into my mind. I called in Tom, my youngest son, and told him I had resolved not to taste another drop, blow high or blow low. I called for all there was in the house, and threw it out of the window. Tom promised to take no more. I never had reason to doubt that he has kept his promise. He is now first mate of an Indiaman. Now, your honor, I have said all I had to say about my experience. May be I've spun too long a yarn already. But I think it wouldn't puzzle a Chinese juggler to take to pieces all that has been put together on 't'other side."—*English paper*

## THE EXPERIENCE OF AN INEBRIATE'S DAUGHTER.

To the *Editress of the Olive Plant*:

DEAR LADY.—As you have kindly promised to publish in your valuable little paper the experience of those who are so unfortunate as to be allied to an in-briate, I am induced to send you a short account of some of the heart-crushing trials it has been my lot to pass through.

Oh, it needs not fiction to paint scenes to the mind that the happy never dream of, for the details of truth are far more powerful—and if I can but awaken one heart to the full sense of misery that intemperance causes, I shall be amply repaid for calling up the past, that bore me down with such bitterness, and blighted every hope of my youth.

At the age of fifteen I left boarding school to return to my parents, who three years before had parted with me with much reluctance, that I might finish my education. I had left them in easy circumstances, and surrounded with the usual comforts of polite society. My childhood had passed pleasantly. My parents were in the habit of receiving and paying frequent visits amongst fashionable people, where the wine cup of course held a prominent place; for it was not only then fashionable, but considered absolutely necessary—and even at that early age I well remember the discussions that often passed upon the superiority of various kinds of wines over others.

Never did a heart beat with more joy and happiness than did mine, as I once more entered the home of my parents, freed from the trammels of school, and anticipating the pleasures that seemed to me awaiting all over fifteen. Alas! my pleasures, so fondly imagined, proved like gall and wormwood in their experience.

But to return. When my father folded me in his arms, and bade me welcome once more to my home, I had a vague idea that he was much changed in appearance and manner to what he used to be, but so full of joy was I at meeting him again, that I quite overlooked many a difference that might have awakened unpleasant feelings in my mind, had I noted them. My mother, too, seemed much changed and careworn, and I particularly remarked an almost constant shade of anxiety upon her brow. But what made me wonder the most, was, seeing how reluctant my little brothers and sisters were to come near my father. They seemed actually to shun him; and when he called any of them