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Canada Temperance Advocate.

Temperance is the moderate use of things beneficial, and abstinence from things hurtful.

No. 9.

MONTREAL, JANUARY, 1838.

VOL. III.

"A LITTLE AS MEDICINE," OR, THE REMEDY WORSE THAN THE DISEASE!—A lamentable exemplification of the remedy sometimes being worse than the disease occurred on the holding of the coroner's inquest on the body of Mrs. Serina Salmon, who was found drowned in the basin, opposite the palace, in Kensington-gardens, London. From the evidence of the husband, a respectable architect, residing in Stamford-street, Blackfriars, it appears that the deceased had, on account of her weak state of health, been advised to take port wine and strengthening potations, by means of which she completely regained her health; but, unfortunately, during the process, imbibed such a partiality for wine and spirituous liquors as to cause her husband and her own relations to relinquish all intercourse with her. The Jury returned a verdict of "Temporary derangement, brought on by continued intemperance."



THE DRUNKEN WIFE.

SHOCKING EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE.—An instance of the horrid effects of this beastly sin, has recently occurred in this country. We are informed that on Thursday last, a man named Walter Downs, an habitual drunkard, residing in Peterboro', went to his house in a state of partial inebriation. A little child, whose breath he had already poisoned by frequently feeding it with the intoxicating liquor, approached him, crying for whiskey. The monster, under the pretence of curing an appetite which his inhuman hand had created and cherished, administered nearly a pint of the liquor, from the effects of which the child never recovered, but died in the course of the following day, and even before the father was sufficiently recovered from intoxication, to realize the fatal effect of his crime. A coroner's jury reported that the death of the child was occasioned by whiskey administered by its father. The examination of the father took place on Saturday, but we have not heard the result. If our information is correct, and we had it from a gentleman who saw the child on a bed by the side of its drunken father, in a perfect stupor, he was undoubtedly committed to prison to have a trial for manslaughter. *Caze Monitor.*

SEED TIME AND HARVEST.

BY L. M. SARGENT, ESQ.

It must be nearly midnight, thought I, as I walked rapidly along. I had travelled full fourteen miles. The rain descended in torrents; and, finding ready admittance, at a farmer's barn, I climbed upon a hay-mow, and threw myself down, thoroughly wet, weary, and sleepless. What an awful visitor it is, thought I, at the poor cottager's fire-side! How forcible and true are the words of Holy Writ! If wine be "a mocker," in the castles of the rich,—among the habitations of the poor, "strong drink is raging." There was I, at the age of sixteen, turning my back upon my birth-place, upon my home, upon a mother and sister, whom I tenderly loved. As the recollection of all they had endured already, and the anticipation of their future sufferings rushed upon my mind, I had almost resolved to return: but, alas! what could I oppose to the ungovernable fury of an unkind husband and an apostate father! No, thought I, I will fly from that, which I can neither prevent nor endure. I will seek my bread among strangers. By the kind providence of Him, who hath promised to be the Father of the fatherless, and such, in reality, I am, I may win, by honest industry, the means of bringing comfort to her, who bore me, when my father's intemperance and prodigality shall have made havoc of all that remains; and when the last acre of the homestead shall have passed into the rum-seller's hands. My resolution was fixed. Sleep was gathering over my eyelids. I got upon my knees to commit myself to God in prayer. I could scarcely give form to my scattered thoughts;—it seemed, under the condition of high excitement, in which I then was, that my father was before me, enraged at my departure, and demanding who had taught me to

pray. It was he himself, who first set me upon my knees, and placed my infant hands together, and put right words into my mouth, and bade me ask of God to put right thoughts into my heart. How often had he led his little household in morning and evening prayer! How often, as we walked to God's house, in company together, had he led the way! How constantly, in our daily labors, had he conducted our thoughts to serious contemplation, by some sensible and devout allusion to those employments, in which we were engaged! Lost and gone, degraded and changed he was; but he had been once a kind father, a tender husband, a generous neighbor, a faithful friend, a pious and professing Christian.

Rum and ruin, hand in hand, had entered our dwelling together. The peace of our fire-side was gone. The rum-seller had hid my poor, misguided father, under the bonds of an unrelenting and fatal appetite; he had won away the little children's bread; and converted our once-happy home into an earthly hell, whose only portal of exit was the silent grave.

It was very evident to me, that we were going to destruction. My father's interest in the welfare of us all was at an end. Debts were accumulating fast. His farm was heavily mortgaged. His habits, long before, had compelled the church to exclude him from the communion; and the severest abuse was the certain consequence, whenever my poor old mother went singly to the table of her Lord. I could have borne my father's harsh treatment of myself and of my poor sister Rachel; but he returned home, at last, constantly intoxicated; and, when opposed in any thing,

proceeded to swear, and rave, and break the furniture, and abuse my old mother, who bore it all, with the patience of a saint;—I made up my mind, that I could stand it no longer.

I waited cautiously, for a favorable opportunity, and asked my father's permission to go to sea. He flew into a terrible rage. The next morning he seemed to be in a better frame of mind, and, as I was chopping wood before the door, he asked me, of his own accord, what had induced me to wish to leave home, and go to sea. I hesitated, for some time; but, as he urged me to speak out, and, at the same time, appeared to be much calmer than usual; "Father," said I, "it kills me to see you and hear you talk and act so badly to poor mother."—He flew into a greater rage than before, and bade me never open my mouth upon the subject again.

Thus matters continued to progress from bad to worse. Love is said not to stand still. This saying is manifestly true in regard to the love of strong drink.

Our domestic misery continued to increase, from week to week. There were intervals, in which my father was more like himself, more like the good, kind parent and husband, whose outgoings, in the morning, had been a source of affectionate regret, and whose in-comings, at night, had been a subject of joy to the wife of his bosom and the children of his loins. I have seen the faint smile of satisfaction brighten upon my poor mother's pale features, upon such occasions; and I have marked the sigh, half-suppressed, which told the secret of an agonized spirit, and which seemed to say, How precious, how brief is this little interval of joy!

It was indeed like the parting sunbeams, the last, lingering light of a summer day which plays upon the cold grave, where the treasure and the heart are destined to slumber together.

In such an example of domestic wretchedness as ours, the operation of cause and effect was perfectly intelligible. Rum excited into action all that was contentious, in the nature of my parent. A keen perception of his own blameworthiness, notwithstanding the stupefying tendency of the liquor he had drunken, increased the irritability of his temper. A word, look, or gesture, from any member of the household, which indicated the slightest knowledge of his unhappy condition, when he returned, at night, under the influence of strong drink, was surely interpreted into an intentional affront. He would often anticipate reproof; and, as it were, repay it beforehand, by the harshness of his manners.

The habit of drinking, which is invariably the prolific mother of sin and sloth, wretchedness and rage, is sure to be maintained and kept alive, by the beggerly progeny, to which it has given birth. Whenever my unhappy father was dunned for the interest on his mortgage, or any other debt, which, at last, he had no means to pay, he was in the habit, almost mechanically, as soon as the creditor had departed, of turning to the jug of rum, for relief and oblivion.

The gloom and ill-nature, which had hitherto been occasionally interspersed with exhibitions of kinder feelings to us all, appeared to have become unvarying and fixed. There was less and less, from week to week, of an April sky. All was chill and drear, like November. One evening, my mother and sister had been busily engaged, as usual, in such housewifery as might best contribute to keep our poor wreck of a domicile together, as long as possible. I had learned to write a fair hand, and was engaged in copying some papers, for our squire, who paid me, by the sheet. It had gotten to be nearly ten o'clock. My mother put on her spectacles, and, opening the Bible, began to read. Rachel and I sat by the fire, listening to the words of truth and soberness. My poor mother had fallen upon a portion of Scripture, which, from its applicability to her own situation and that of her children, had affected her feelings, and the tears were in her eyes, when the loud tramp upon the door step announced the return of my father. His whole appearance was unusually ominous of evil. My mother stirred the fire, and I placed him a chair, which he kicked over, and threw himself down upon the bed, and called for supper. Mother told him, in a gentle manner, that there was nothing in the house but some bread. He told her she lied, and swore terribly. She sat silently by the fire;—I looked up in her face:—She wept, but said nothing. "Don't cry so, dear mother," said Rachel.—"Wife," said my father, sitting upon the edge of the bed, "when will you leave off crying?"—"Whenever you leave off drinking, husband," replied my mother in the kindest manner. My father sprang up, in a hurricane of wrath, and with a dreadful oath, hurled a chair,

at my mother's head. I sprang forward, and received its full force upon my shoulder. Rachel and my mother fled to a neighbor's house; and my father struck me several blows with his feet and fist; and, as I made my escape, I left him dashing the furniture to pieces, with the fury of a madman.—I rumbled forth to seek shelter amid the driving storm—from the tempest of a drunken father's wrath. I went, as speedily as possible, to the squire's house, and begged him to take compassion on my poor mother and sister. Having received his promise, that he would go instantly over to our cottage, I took the resolution, which I have already stated.

After I had passed a comfortable night, in the farmer's barn, I pushed forward to the city. I had a trifle of change in my pocket; I bought a biscuit of a travelling baker, and I had no relish for any other than the beverage of God's appointment, which was near at hand. When I reached the city, I directed my course to one of the wharves, and found no difficulty, as I was unusually stout for my years, in obtaining a voyage, as a green hand, in a ship bound to China. Three days passed, before the ship sailed. I wrote to my mother and sister, bidding them keep up their spirits, and put their trust, as I did, in the God of the widow and the fatherless, for such, and even worse, was our condition. I asked them to say to father, when he was sober, that, although I sorely expected to see him again in this world, I freely forgave all his ill-treatment to myself.

I worked hard and strove to please the captain. I soon found that ploughing the sea was a very different affair from ploughing the land. I had a good constitution, and a cheerful temper. I had been taught, at all times, by my dear mother, and by my poor, unhappy father also, till he became intemperate, to put the fullest confidence in the promises of God. When we arrived at China, though we had shipped out and home, the voyage was broken up, and the ship sold. The captain settled with the crew to their entire satisfaction; and I shall always be grateful for his kindness to me. He got me a voyage to England. I bid out my wages, by his advice. I could not have followed a shrewder counsellor. He was born and bred, so far as regards his land learning, in one of the most thrifty villages in Connecticut. We had a most laborious voyage from Canton to Liverpool; but, whenever I pulled a rope, I always pulled a little harder for the sake of my old mother and sister Rachel.—I had saved every penny of my wages, that I could lay by, and my little investment in Canton turned out far beyond my expectations. I do not think I was avaricious; but I felt it to be my duty, under existing circumstances, to save my earnings for my honored mother. Nevertheless, I felt myself authorized to indulge in one luxury at least; so, upon my arrival in Liverpool, I went into the first bookstore and bought me a pocket Bible.

Five years had now gone by, in which I had sailed many thousands of miles, and visited various corners of the world. During this period, I had gotten together a larger sum of money, than I ever expected to possess at twenty-one; besides having made several remittances to the squire, for my old mother's use, to whom I wrote upon every convenient opportunity. They all came to hand, as I afterwards learned, slipping one, in gold, which went to bottom, with poor Tom Johnson, who was lost at sea. If I was fortunate enough to save my hard earnings, just let me say, for the advantage of every brother sailor, that there are four things, which I never did; I never suffered a drop of frog to go down my hatch, blow high or blow low; I never rolled a stinking weed, like a sweet morsel, under my tongue; I never crossed hands with a drunken landlord; and I never bore away from a poor fellow, whose hammock was harder than my own.

My five years' absence from home might have extended to fifty, but for many recollections of my mother and sister, which became more forcible, from day to day. My remembrance of my father was of the most painful character: the very recollection of his tenderness, in the days of my childhood, which often brought tears into my eyes, served only to render the image of a cruel and degraded parent more frightful and revolting.

I had shipped, about this time, on board the *Swiftsure*, from London to Oporto. One afternoon, two or three of us, a day or two before the ship sailed, had strolled over to the south side of the Thames, to look at the king's dockyards at Deptford. As I was rambling among the docks, I received a smart slap on the shoulder, and, turning suddenly round, whom should I see but old Tom

Johnson, an honest fellow as ever broke bread or wore a turban! He was born in our village; had followed the sea for nearly forty years; and, once in the course of three or four, he contrived to find his way to the old spot, and spend a few days in the valley where he was born.—“Why, Bob,” said he, “I’m heartily glad to see you, my lad; so you’ve taken leg ball of the old folks, and turned rover, in good earnest, ey?”—I told him, I hoped he didn’t think I’d left my old mother to shirk for herself, in her old age.—“Not a jot,” replied the old sailor; “Squire Seely has told me the whole story, and says he has put the sweat of your brow, more than once or twice a-ke., into the old lady’s hand, and made her old weather-beaten heart leap for joy, to hear you was so thoughtful a lad. I saw your mother about a year ago, and your sister Rachel.” I shook old Tom Johnson, by the hand; I could not restrain my feelings, for this was the first news I had received from home, for more than five years.—“Come, Bob,” said the old fellow, “don’t be for opening your snappers and making crooked faces; though it blows hard enough now, it may get to be calm weather after all.” “How is my father doing now?” I inquired.—“Why, as to that,” answered Tom Johnson, “it’s about a twelvemonth since I was there. I told the old lady I might cross your haws in some part of the world. She has a rough time of it, my boy. The old man holds on to mischief, like a heavy kege in a clay bottom. The cold-water folks began, about a year ago, to scatter their seed in the village, in the shape of tracts, and tales, and newspapers. Some of them were thrown at your father’s door, and at the door of old Deacon Flint, the distiller. There, as you may suppose, the seed fell in stony places. Your father was in a great rage, and swore he’d shoot the first person, that left another of their rascally publications before his door. I’m afraid it will be a long while, my lad, before the temperance folks get the weather gage of the rum-sellers, and rum-drinkers in our village. They have had a miserable seed time, and the Devil and Deacon Flint, I am afraid, will have the best of the harvest.”

As Tom Johnson was to sail, in about a week, for the United States, I sent by him a few lines of comfort and a small remittance for my mother. As I have already stated, they never reached the place of their destination. The Oranoke, of which this poor fellow was first mate, foundered at sea, and the whole crew perished.

After our arrival at Oporto, the crew of the Swiftsure were discharged; and, finding a favorable chance, I shipped for Philadelphia, where we arrived, after an extremely short and prosperous passage.—I directed my course, once more, towards my native hamlet. My feelings were of the most painful and perplexing character. In accumulated years, and even in the little property, which I had gathered, I felt conscious of something like a power and influence; which, by God’s grace, I hoped to exert for the protection of my mother. Yet, when I recollected the ungovernable violence of my father’s temper, under the stimulus of liquor, I almost despaired of success. At any rate, I could behold the face of her, who bore me, and receive her blessing once more before the God.

Having sent my luggage forward, I performed a considerable part of my journey on foot. I had arrived in the village, adjoining our own. I passed, for an instant, to look at the barn, in which, five years before, I had passed a most miserable night. It brought before me, with a painful precision, the melancholy record of the past. Every mile of my lessening way abated something of that confidence, which I had occasionally cherished, of being the instrument, under God, of bringing happiness again into the dwelling of my wretched parents.

I had arrived within two miles of the little river, which forms one of the boundary lines of our village. I was passing a little grocery, or distillery, and, standing at the door, I recognized the very individual, who formerly kept the grog-shop in our town, and from whom my father had purchased his rum, for many years. Although it was already gray twilight, I knew him immediately; and, however painful to approach a person, in whom I could not fail to behold the destroyer of my father, I could not repress my earnest desire to learn something of my family. I accosted him, and he remembered me at once. His manners were those of a surly and dissipated man. In reply to my inquiries, he informed me that my parents and my sister were alive, and added, with a sneer, that my father had set up for a cold-water man; “but,”

continued he with a forced and spiteful laugh, “it will take him all his days, I guess, to put off the old man; they that have gotten the relish of my rum, are not so apt to change it for cold water.” Upon further inquiry, I ascertained that there had been a temperance movement in our village; and that the seed, as poor Tom Johnson said, had been scattered there, with an unsparring hand. I also gathered the information from this rum-seller, that the select-men had refused to approbate any applicant for a license to sell ardent spirit in our village; and that he, himself, had therefore been obliged to quit his old stand, and take the new one, which he now occupied.

I turned from the dram-seller’s door and proceeded on my way. It was quite dark; but the road was familiar to my feet. It afforded me unspeakable pleasure to learn, that my mother and sister were alive and well. But I was exceedingly perplexed, by the rum-seller’s statement, in relation to my father. Can it be possible, thought I, that he has become a cold-water man? How true is the rum-seller’s remark, that few, who have gotten a taste of his rum, are apt to change it for cold water! For more than twelve years, my father has been an intemperate man; and, even if he had abandoned ardent spirit, for a time, how little reliance could be placed upon a drunkard’s reformation! Beside—Tom Johnson had expressly stated, that my father had been exceedingly hostile to the temperance movement from the beginning.

With these and similar reflections, my mind continued to be occupied, until I entered our village. It was about half-past nine, when I came within a few rods of the old cottage. A light was still gleaming forth from the window. I drew slowly and silently near to the door. I thought I heard a voice. I listened attentively. It was my father’s.—My mother appeared not to reply; such was her constant habit, whenever under the influence of liquor, he gave a loose rein to his tongue, and indulged in unkind and abusive language. I drew still nearer—and, passing softly into the entry, I listened more attentively, at the inner door. Can it be possible I thought I. He was engaged in prayer! In fervent and pious prayer!—He prayed, with a trembling voice, for the restoration of an absent son. There was a pause. From the movement within, it was evident they had risen from their knees. I gently raised the latch, and opened the door. The father, the mother, the brother, the sister, were locked in the arms of one another! My regenerated old father fell once more upon his knees; we all followed his example; and before a word of congratulation had passed from one to the other, he poured forth such a touching strain of thanksgiving and praise to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, for my safe return, as would have melted the heart of the most obdurate offender. It came directly from the heart of a truly penitent sinner, and it went straightway to the God of mercy. I gazed upon my poor old father. It seemed like the moral resurrection of one, already dead and buried, in his trespasses and sins. I glanced rapidly about me; all was peace, all was order; where all had been strife and confusion before. The rum-jug no longer occupied its accustomed place upon the table;—the expanded volume of eternal life was there in its stead!

I gazed with inexpressible joy, upon the happy faces about me; my father, to all outward appearance, such as he had been in better days, sitting in silence, and evidently restraining the emotions of his soul; poor Rachel upon my knee, her features bathed with happy tears; and my dear old mother turning her countenance, full of gratitude and love, alternately towards Heaven and upon a long gone child, returned at last.

Six years have now gone by, since a merciful God softened the stubborn soil in my father’s heart. The seed did not fall altogether, as Tom Johnson supposed, upon stony places. Some of them have sprung up, as in our own highly-favoured heritage, and borne fruit a hundred fold. Let us thank God, then, who hath enabled us abundantly to gather the HARVEST; for peace is once more at our fireside; the wife has regained her husband, and the orphans have found their father.

THE CONTRAST.

In my own district, near Manchester, said Mr. H. Stowell, in a speech delivered Feb. 25, there was a pretty cottage,—pretty to look at,—but alas, there wa

no comfort within. When I first visited it, there was not a stool to sit upon, not an article of kitchen ware on the dresser that was not cracked or broken, and scarcely an ember in the fire-place. What was the cause of this? The father was a drunkard! The poor wife presented, perhaps, one of the most melancholy pictures in nature. She was young; but her face was blackened and wrinkled, and she longed, I verily believed, for a premature grave.

I visited the same cottage again, during the last month; but O, what a change! The little step before the door was washed white almost as snow. When I entered, the floor was strewn with clean sand. On the shelves were ranged new basins and plates, which shone in all the brilliancy of pewter, and when I looked to the grate, instead of the old broken one that filled the hearth, there was a fine new polished range, and plenty of coal burning brightly within it. There were two or three children there too; one with a book before him, coursing over his lesson, and another, much younger, with a basin of broth in his hands. And when I looked at the good woman's face, I do assure you, it was the loveliest feature in the picture. Instead of the pale, withered look it wore when I first saw it, it was now radiant with health and happiness. And would you know what had wrought this change? I asked the good woman herself. "O sir," said she, "my John is a teetotaler this year and a half; I declare I have got a new husband, and we never had the honeymoon till now, and I think it will last as long as we live."

Extract from the remarks of Mr. McLain, before the Maryland Temperance Convention:—

"But, Mr. President, there is in this land another large class of worthy individuals, before whom we are bound to set an example which it will be safe for them to follow. I refer, sir, to the more than 10,000 reformed drunkards. We love these men. They have been taken from the gutter—they have been washed, and they are now worthy members of society. Widows have received their husbands raised from the dead—children their fathers—community its members—and heaven has rejoiced! Now dare we say to these men "you may take a little wine, beer or cider?" Who does not know that the moment they taste either they are ruined? A melancholy instance has come under my own observation. He once was a noble man—stood at the head of the medical faculty—was beloved by all, and had one of the dearest of women for his wife. But ardent spirits ruined him. For years he was the veriest sot. But an hour of hope came. He joined a temperance society formed on the old pledge. He became a new man. His friends gathered around him. He was all that could be wished. For more than three years he stood upon a rock. But there was a wedding—the very place where men say "drink wine." All were happy. Minister and people enjoyed the occasion. Wine began to be handed round. Now then, said the reformed man, "what shall I do? I dare not taste a drop. And yet how can I help it? I shall be so utterly singular. If any minister don't drink, I won't." That was his last hope. He needed support in his resolution. He of

course kept his eye upon his minister. The moment came; the minister took his glass as freely as any other man. The last spark of courage left him. He could not wait till it came to him. He went to meet it; and before the evening closed he was drunk—had disgraced himself and his friends, and was a ruined man. And to this day he lies in the gutter. He is lost—forever lost. And at the judgment who will be held responsible? *In whose skirts will his blood be found?* We put the question, and we demand an answer."

QUESTIONS FOR RUMSELLERS.

1. Is not the traffic in intoxicating drinks an immorality?
2. Is it not a fruitful source of pauperism, misery, crime and death?
3. Does the use of intoxicating drinks make men more holy and happy?
4. If a man sells liquor by small measure, to be drunk in his store, day after day and month after month, in open violation of the law and his license bond; will not such repeated outrages of the law be decisive of that man's real principles and character?
5. If a man will thus continually violate the law for the sole object of making money, is it not a correct conclusion that he would violate other laws if he could but "make money" by doing it?
6. Is it a source of gratification to see poor degraded human beings staggering around the streets, drunk on the whiskey you sold them?
7. When you see them thus staggering around, can you not with truth exclaim:— "These are my jewels?"
8. When you are petitioned by a majority of the respectable citizens of the village and vicinity, to discontinue the traffic in intoxicating drinks, and disregard them, does it not positively prove that you are utterly reckless of their wishes?
9. Why do you offer as an excuse for your continuing the traffic, that some persons eat too much, some are intemperate in dress, and that some temperance men are bad men?
10. Do you not see that such irrelevant excuses do not justify you in the least, but render you superlatively ridiculous in the eyes of every intelligent person?
11. If all the universe of men, angels and devils, were guilty of theft, lying, robbery and murder, would this change your guilt into innocence, or make your punishment one pang the less?
12. Do you believe that when your naked soul shall stand before the bar of God, to be judged for your deeds, that you shall then offer these stale excuses?

THOMAS J. MOORE.

Jefferson, Oct. 2, 1837.

The British Government has contracted for popping 70,000 gallons of spirits down the throats of the British sailors during the next year! Need we wonder at the loss of property and frequent shipwrecks at sea? or at the insubordination, and consequent brutality among the sailors?

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM JOHN DOUGALL, ESQ.

Chairman Executive Committee Lower Canada T. A. Society,
TO THE EDITOR OF THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

BROCKVILLE, December 23, 1837.

SIR,—Having business in this part of the country, I have endeavoured to combine with it the duties of a Temperance Agent. I therefore send you a slight sketch of my proceedings.

I left Montreal on Monday morning the 18th inst., in company with a wholesale merchant, an Upper Canada Quaker, the Rev. Mr. Osgood, and three or four strangers.

The Temperance Society came in for a considerable share of discussion in the course of travelling, and an animated controversy was maintained with great good humour. The wholesale merchant asserted that all temperance men took a sly drink behind the door, and that a rumseller's conscience was just as good and as easy as that of a teetotaller. Mr. Osgood remarked with great simplicity, that he should not wish his conscience to be in the keeping of a rumseller for any length of time, for fear of getting it back considerably damaged. The Quaker said his conscience had never been easy whilst he sold liquor.

From the instances recounted by the gentlemen present, and from facts which I have since learned, I fear it must be admitted that a great many who sign the temperance pledge continue to indulge more or less in the use of liquor, when they think themselves safe from exposure. Are not these men traitors to the great and glorious cause which they pretend to espouse, and hypocrites of the most contemptible class?

If we made no converts, we had the satisfaction of seeing that very little liquor was used along the road; indeed, a temperance discussion has usually the good effect of stopping drinking for the time. I found it awkward some years ago to remunerate tavern-keepers for the use of their fire and rooms; for, when I offered them money, without having drunk any of their liquors, they would generally refuse to accept it. I find, however, that they now understand the matter better; and the temperance traveller may with propriety lay down the same amount for his accommodation, that others are spending for liquor.

At Prescott, where there is no Temperance Inn, I put up at the Stage-house, and was happy to see that not one of the boarders or guests, with the exception of the Montreal merchant before alluded to, used any intoxicating liquors at dinner, although a bottle of brandy was placed on the table. I was afterwards informed by the landlord, that his boarders had unanimously requested him to discontinue supplying liquor at table.

Prescott appears to have improved in sobriety very much within the last few years, chiefly through the praiseworthy exertions of a few individuals who organized a Temperance Society, first upon the old pledge, and subsequently on both pledges.

Arrangements were made by the officers of the

Society to hold a Temperance meeting, which was addressed by the Rev. Mr. Osgood, the Rev. W. H. Rice, (formerly of Montreal, now of Ogdensburgh, N. Y.) and myself. We all advocated teetotalism, of course; and at the close of the meeting thirteen names were added to the pledge of total abstinence, making the whole number of teetotallers in Prescott, 29. A good number of Subscribers were also obtained for the Temperance Advocate.

There had been a large Society here upon the old pledge; but its insufficiency to produce the result desired was strikingly illustrated by the inconsistency of a great majority of the members. They have now commenced on the right plan, and their progress will be sure.

A melancholy instance of the ruinous effects of alcohol happened whilst I was there. A man in a state of intoxication had been climbing over a fence in the evening, when a sash or belt which he wore round his body was caught by a stake; and he actually hung *till he froze to death!* He was found in the morning, a shocking spectacle, with his head down, and his tongue hanging out; yet, strange to tell, the occurrence made very little noise. If he had been found with his throat cut, the whole country would have been up in arms to discover the murderers; but as he was only killed by alcohol, no one made any enquiries. Yet the one death was as painful, and overtook the victim as ill prepared as the other could have done.

I visited Ogdensburgh, in the State of New York, where I found the temperance reformation in a very unsatisfactory state. There is no Total Abstinence Society there, although there are excellent materials for forming one, as soon as the extreme regard to the opinions of the majority, which appears to prevail, shall in some measure give way. Many of the most valuable citizens are teetotallers in practice as well as precept.

At Brockville, I found a very efficient Total Abstinence Society, supported not only by the influence of several zealous and consistent officers, but by the greater part of the ministers of the gospel. In this respect, Brockville is more highly favoured than the greater part of places with which I am acquainted. The Brockville Society takes fifty copies of the Advocate; and they are making preparations to take fifty more.

There is a Temperance house here, upon the total abstinence principle. It is clean, comfortable, and well furnished; and I would recommend all travellers who do not wish to be disturbed by bar-room sights and sounds, and who are willing to live in a plain way, to make their home with Mr. Houghton, while they reside in Brockville. He has good accommodations of yard, stabling, &c. for those who travel by private conveyance. I am very sorry that we have not such an establishment in Montreal. There was a meeting held in this village, which was addressed by the Rev. Mr. Osgood, one of the ministers of the place, and myself, and four names obtained to the total abstinence pledge, making in all fifty teetotallers in Brockville. The old and new pledges are here quite distinct; and I have no doubt the latter will be eminently successful.

I shall again address you, if I find any thing worthy of communication; and remain, dear Sir, your's truly,
JOHN DOUGALL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

SIR,—I beg to express the satisfaction which I, no doubt in common with other teetotallers, have received from the conduct of some of the Captains of the Volunteer Companies, in furnishing hot coffee to their men on guard, in place of beer or other intoxicating liquor, a practice which I trust will be universally followed.

It may be said one glass of beer will do no harm; but if it only excited an appetite for more, its effect would be injurious. The practice, however, is bad, as it keeps up the mistaken notion, that intoxicating liquors are necessary or beneficial in situations like the one alluded to; and it lends a sanction which ought not to be thrown around drinking. The trouble of furnishing coffee is very little, but even if it were more, surely the additional benefit conferred on the men, and its freedom from fostering bad habits and erroneous opinions, should give it the preference with all well-disposed persons. I am, Sir,

A LOYAL VOLUNTEER.

Canada Temperance Advocate.

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

MONTREAL, JANUARY, 1838.

TAVERN LICENSES.—We are glad to perceive, from a public advertisement, that our worthy Magistrates have "resolved to reduce materially the number of Tavern Licenses for the city and parish of Montreal for the ensuing year." We hail this determination with pleasure. It is honourable to our civic authorities—it affords evidence not only that they are able to discover what wise measures the public welfare may require; but that they have the fortitude to act upon them, notwithstanding the prejudices that sway public opinion.

Yet we hail this measure only as a commencement. Every tavern is, in our opinion, a nuisance, and the way to deal with a nuisance is, not to "reduce" it, but to remove it. But the principle which has brought our Magistrates so far as the above resolution, will, we have no doubt, carry them the full length of this more desirable "consummation" at which we have hinted. In 1 year or two it will call for another "reduction," then for a second, and so on, till they are compelled either to go the whole length, or return to the ground which they originally occupied.

In our opinion there cannot be a piece of greater folly, in principle, than for magistrates, who desire to see peace and good order prevail, to license taverns for the sale of intoxicating liquors; for they thereby take a most effectual method of destroying peace and good order, and defeating all the measures which they may

adopt for establishing them. It is undeniable that all the turbulent and evil disposed persons in the community are attracted to the public house. It is not more certain that the law of chemical affinity prevails amongst chemical substances, than that some similar law of affinity prevails between the tavern, and the wicked and worthless of the population. The tavern is the focus around which they congregate; and there they corrupt one another, and instigate one another to crime and outrage. And can any absurdity be greater than for a magistrate solemnly to license such a house! If a physician were to make it his object to destroy life, or a "teacher of righteousness" to disseminate the most wicked principles, the contradiction would not be greater than when a magistrate grants a tavern license. For he, who ought to preserve the public peace, and public morals, thereby raises up, and sanctions and protects, by an instrument under his own hand and seal, an establishment, which, in its effects, is highly injurious to both these great interests.

But the question may be reduced within very narrow limits. Taverns are either a public good, or a public evil. If the former, how dare our magistrates "reduce" them, or place them even under the restriction which the law of license necessarily supposes? If the latter, how dare they grant any license whatever?

By the following extract from the Maine Temperance Union, our readers will perceive the state of public opinion on this question amongst our neighbours on the South:—

"We rejoice to learn that the friends of temperance in a number of States, are taking measures to petition their respective Legislatures against the continuance of the license law. New Jersey calls for such a 'modification' of them, as will tend to diminish the number of places at which spirituous liquors are sold; but they have been modified and remodified until it is found as impracticable to bring them under any decent regulation as to shoot a humming-bird on the wing. They will have their labor for their pains. If they do not find that they have rowed up *sauz rizer*, then we say all past experience is no guide."

"We are not less pleased with the sound of the movements in this State. Our Methodist brethren are circulating petitions with commendable activity, and others are rapidly following their example. The following short and appropriate petition is circulating in Kennebec County. A similar one is also got up in the County of Washington:—

To the Honourable the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Maine, in Legislature Assembled:

"The undersigned inhabitants of the town of _____, being deeply impressed with a sense of the evils arising from the use of spirituous liquors as a drink and being fully convinced that the traffic in such liquors is an immorality which ought not to be sanctioned; respectfully pray that the Laws of this State banning the sale of such liquors may be repealed—and that, except for mechanical and medicinal purposes, the sale of INTOXICATING LIQUORS, in less quantities than twenty-eight gallons, be prohibited by law."

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S OPINION.—"It appears to me," said Lord Chesterfield, in the House of Lords, "that since the *spirits* which *distillers* produce, are allowed to enfeeble the limbs and vitiate the blood, to pervert the heart and obscure the intellect, that the number of distillers should be no argument in their favour; for I never heard that a law against theft was repealed or delayed because thieves were numerous. It appears to me, my Lords, that if so formidable a body are confederates against the virtue or the lives of their fellow citizens, it is time to put an end to the *havoc*, and to interpose while it is yet in our power to stop the destruction. So little, my Lords, am I affected with the merit of the wonderful skill which the distillers are said to have attained, that it is my opinion no faculty of great use to mankind, make palatable poisons: nor shall

I ever contribute my interest for the reprieve of a murderer, because he has by long practise obtained great dexterity in his trade. If their LIQUORS are so DELICIOUS that the people are tempted to their own destruction, let us at length, my Lords, secure them from their fatal draught, by *bursting* the vials that contain them; let us *crush* these artists in slaughter, who have *reconciled* their countrymen to sickness and to ruin, and *spread* over the pit-falls of debauchery such *baits* as cannot be resisted."

DEATH AND THE RUM BOTTLE.—In 1834, Lower Canada was visited, for the second time, with *cholera*, that most fearful of all modern diseases. A man, who had for some time been known in Quebec as an intemperate person, was, one day, seized by this invisible fiend in the midst of a debauch, and carried to the Marine Hospital, apparently in a hopeless state. His intemperate habits seemed to render it evident beforehand that medical treatment would be of no avail. Yet, contrary to expectation, he began to recover, and continued to do so, till he was considered out of danger. All at once, however, his disease took an alarming turn, and he rapidly became worse. The attending physicians were quickly called; but the remedies which they prescribed had not the slightest effect, and the patient died in a few hours. The medical men were astonished—they had often heard of the "freaks" of the cholera, and wondered if this were to be considered a 1 example of them. But the mystery was explained when the attendants were dressing the corpse for burial. A *bottle of rum* was found under his *armpit*, firmly grasped, and very artfully concealed! His acquaintances had been permitted to visit him as a convalescent, and one of them had secretly given him a bottle of rum; no doubt, intending it as a mark of kindness. The unhappy man had used a considerable quantity of it; but, *before it was finished*, it had effected what the *cholera* had not done, his *death*.

Reader, if you are ever tempted or solicited to offer intoxicating drink to another as an expression of kindness or hospitality, think of that corpse, *with a bottle of rum hugg'd in the armpit*.

We are happy to learn that Captain Hudson, of the *Hartlepool*, has arrived safely in the *Thames*; and, in particular, that he proposes taking a cargo for this city in the spring. We may yet have the pleasure of welcoming him on our shore.

We are obliged to postpone a number of articles for want of room. In our next may be expected a very interesting account of a teetotal procession in Dumfries, Scotland.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE, A SAVING OF TIME.—A Temperance grocer stated that one of the advantages of his present business was, that he was not troubled with those loungers commonly seen about a liquor store; his customers doing their business with despatch and returning home, saving much of their own and his time.

WHAT TO DO WITH APPLES.—A Senator of Vermont mentioned that he had apples enough to make 400 or 500 barrels of cider, but only manufactured four to obtain syrup for preserving apples, and making vinegar. The rest, boiled and mixed with potatoes, were given to his cattle; and he declared his conviction that it was even much more profitable to do so than make cider of them, putting out of question the injurious effects attending its use.

Progress of the Temperance Reform.

TEMPERANCE IN EUROPE.

A Report of Mr. Baird's second tour through the northern and middle portions of Europe, under date of Sept. 13th, 1837, has just appeared in the columns of the *New York Observer*. It is too long to be transferred to our columns; but we avail ourselves of the following abridgement of it, in the *Boston Recorder*:—

HOLLAND.—Eleven hundred copies of the "History of the Temperance Reformation" have been published, and widely circulated through this kingdom; and the public journals have called attention to it. Powerful opposition is not wanting. Immense quantities of gin are distilled, and vended at home and abroad; and those enriched by the traffic, are not willing to relinquish. Nowhere is a reformation more needed. The King has objections; his revenue will be seriously diminished (in his opinion); the kingdom is in an unsettled state, owing to the unadjusted Belgian question; there is at present a strong religious excitement; the formation of temperance societies might furnish another element of distraction to the kingdom. Still, there is reason to hope for good results, from the small beginnings already made.

PRUSSIA.—The Temperance History was translated last winter into German, at Berlin. 6000 copies of the work, or parts of it, have been printed and circulated. The Government purchased a considerable number of copies, and distributed them among the high officers of the kingdom; the King has enjoined on the governors of the provinces, to promote the formation of Temperance Societies; on the Consistories, to direct the Pastors to preach on the subject; on the teachers of schools, to use the Temperance History for a reading book. The government is disposed to do every thing. The result is what might have been anticipated; many Temperance Societies have been formed; the first edition of the Temperance History has been distributed or sold, and a second edition called for; favourable notices of it have appeared in the journals: tracts are beginning to be written and published by the friends of the cause. Of five societies formed in Berlin, two embraced a large number of distinguished men; one of these is formed on the principle of "Total Abstinence," the other, on the principle of "Moderate use;" the Government allows them both to go on, without deciding which of them shall have its public approbation. The Crown Prince will do all in his power to secure for the total abstinence principle, the sanction and co-operation of the Government. The Directors of the Total Abstinence

Society enter into the good work with a zeal which promises perseverance. A temperance periodical will probably soon be established, and an Agent be employed to travel through the kingdom and preach on the subject of Temperance.

HAMBURG.—A flourishing Temperance Society exists here; is actively engaged in publishing Tracts, "My Mother's Gold Ring," &c.; prospects bright and cheering.

LUBECK.—DENMARK.—Some warm friends at L., but no efficient organization yet. Something must be done in Denmark; there is abundant need of it. A few hundred copies of the German version of the Temperance History should be sent there.

RUSSIA.—The great object of visiting R. was, to secure, if possible, the publication of the Temperance History in the Russ language. The Empress, (sister to the Crown Prince of Prussia) expressed her opinion that there would be no objection to the publication of the work; but feared that the obstacles to the cause, were insurmountable. No opportunity was had to bring the subject directly before the mind of the Emperor. 81,000,000 gallons of whiskey are annually made and consumed in the empire, besides what is imported. From this, the Government derives a revenue of about 20,000,000 dollars; almost one fourth of the revenue of this vast empire! No subject more readily arrests the attention of the people, than that of intemperance: no tracts are read with so much avidity as those relating to it; there is strong reason to hope that Prince Galitzin, governor general of Moscow, will undertake the task of translating the Temperance History, and bringing it forward for the approbation of Government. He is a friend to the cause, and a man of much influence.

POLAND.—Though intemperance prevails greatly in Russia, it is still worse in Poland. To be "as drunk as a Pole," is a proverb in the surrounding countries. Vast distilleries exist in every part of the country. At Warsaw, a baptized Jew, to whom the Government has farmed out the privilege of selling ardent spirits by small quantities, has made an enormous fortune, within a few years. The missionaries of the London Jew's Society are deeply interested in the cause, and have agreed to have the Temperance History translated and published in the Polish, as soon as it appears in the Russ, if they have sufficient encouragement from America. They have a press, and the confidence of the Government.

AUSTRIAN EMPIRE.—Copies of the Temperance History were presented to some distinguished persons at Vienna; among others to the Emperor, and Count Metternich. They were well received. A copy of the work in German was sent to the Arch Duchess Maria (who is a Wittemburg princess and a devoted Protestant) wife of the Viceroy of Hungary; and also, a letter on the subject. The object is, to procure a translation of the Temperance History into the Hungarian language; for there is much intemperance in Hungary. A young nobleman of that province, of fine education, is much interested in the cause, and has agreed to translate the History himself. With the aid of 100 dollars

he can probably have a good edition published and circulated in Hungary and Transylvania, whose inhabitants speak the same language, and whose united population is ten millions, or, nearly one third part of the population of the whole Austrian empire.

Poetry.

The following beautiful lines have been sent us by an unknown correspondent, with a request that, "if worthy," they may be published in the Advocate. The writer modestly declares that he "lays no claim to excellence," and therefore deprecates criticism. We are obliged to him for this favour, and hope he will soon lay us under a similar obligation again.—**ED. CAN. TEMP. ADV.**

THE DRUNKARD'S GRAVE.

I saw a youth in his father's hall,
Whose joy-lit eyes and aspect gay
Shewed a heart yet free from passion's thrall—
Light as the billowy ocean's spray;
Generous, virtuous, fair and brave,
Yet he fills a Drunkard's grave.

I saw, by the midnight taper's gleam,
A tireless student, pensive, pure
O'er hist'ry's page, or some noble theme,
That poets have sung in classic lore.
Yet the green willow doth o'er him wave;
Alas!—he sleeps in the Drunkard's grave!

I saw an old man, whose locks were gray,
Silvered by care and the length of years;
Unmoved by these signs of speedy decay,
And by his children's frequent tears.
Ah! they may weep, but cannot save
That erring man from a Drunkard's grave.

The young, the old, and the brave are there,
The proud and the humble together sleep;
The father caught by Intemperance' snare,
And his son, who once could o'er him weep.
The rich—the poor—the free—the slave,
Go alike to the Drunkard's grave.

JUST PUBLISHED, and for Sale by the Subscribers, at their Office, MUM'S BUILD'NGS, PLACE D'ARMES, "STANDING ORDERS FOR THE VOLUNTEER MILITIA;" compiled by Colonel DYER, of this city.

They have in the Press, and will be published in a few days, "An abridgement of the Abstract of the FIELD EXERCISE and EVOLUTIONS of the Army." First Part. Compiled for the use of the Montreal Volunteers, by Colonel DYER.

Jan. 5, 1838.

CAMPBELL & BECKET.

MR. W. S. LENNON is no longer authorized to collect for the Temperance Advocate.

JAMES COURT, Sec. T. S.
Montreal, January 1, 1838.