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Canada Temperance Advocate.

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

No. 8.

MONTREAL, DECEMBER, 1837.

VOL. III.

REMORSE.—O my business! my business! it is horrible, horrible. Poor wretch before me. How dejected! How fallen! Here I have taken his last pence for rum, and I know his poor wife and children are naked, famished, and he'll go home from my store to weep at them, and bid them and perhaps be their death. How many have I ruined by rum. My God, what will become of my soul! O! I can't go to judgment with all these drunkards holding on to my skirts. And among them, my own son. O my son! my son! would to God I had died for thee, my son. O, could I have seen in thee some reform. O, how didst thou break the heart of thy mother by drunkenness. No, it was I that did it. O this business. Can I, can I longer pursue it? No, I cannot. I will not. Money I can get; but what is money to my soul? Death frights me. Judgment is rolling onward. Wretch that I am—which way?

"I fly to hell, myself am hell."



TEMPERANCE MOTTOES.—Drunkards are crazy men—Beware of Saturday night drinking—Avoid the first glass—As drink runs in, wit runs out—Water keeps the brain cool—Too tobacco insures happiness—The drunkard's steps lead to hell—Nature is a tea-totaller—Sign the pledge and be happy—Wine conquered the conqueror of the world—Drunkenness is the parent of disease—No drunkard shall enter heaven—Flee drink as a pestilence—Drunkards! look at home—Shun the drunkard's drink—Wine is a mocker—Adam's ale is the best—Water drinkers are the clearest thinkers—Abstinence is the only cure-all—How great would America be without alcohol—Drunkards! count the cost—Countenance no evil in moderation—Can fire-water quench thirst?—Stimulation is not strength—Alcohol is a deadly poison—Stick true to your pledge—Temperance elevates the mind—All drunkards were once moderate drinkers—Shun the slippery path of moderation—Spirits contain no nutriment—Alcohol cannot be digested—Solids, not liquids, support the body—This is a lesson for doctors.

WILD DICK AND GOOD LITTLE ROBIN.

BY L. M. SARGENT,* ESQ.

[ABRIDGED]

Richard Wild and Robert Little were born on two pleasantly situated homesteads, that bounded on each other. Their parents, though differing essentially in their habits of life, were good neighbors. There were but few weeks' difference between the ages of these children, and they grew up in their cradles, with the strongest attachment for each other. I have seen Robert, a hundred times, in the fine mornings and evenings of summer, sitting on a particular rock, at the bottom of his father's garden, with his dipper of bread and milk; not tasting a mouthful, till Richard came and sat down, with his dipper, at his side. They teased together on a board, placed over the boundary wall. As they grew a little older, they snared blue jays and trapped striped squirrels in company; and all their toys and fishing tackle were common property.

I have often thought there was something in the name, which a boy acquires at school. Richard Wild, and Robert Little, who was smaller of stature, were called, by their schoolfellows, wild Dick and good little Robin. Robert Little was truly a good boy, and he was blessed with worthy parents, who brought him up in the fear of God, and who not only taught him the principles of piety and virtue, but led him along in those pleasant paths, by their own continual example in life and practice. Richard Wild was not so fortunate. His father and mother paid less respect to the Sabbath day; and, although, as I have said, the parents of both these children were good neighbours, and exchanged a variety of kind offices with each other, in the course of a long year; yet there were some subjects upon which they very frequently conversed,

and never agreed. The most interesting of all these topics of discussion was the temperance reform. Farmer Little was a member of the society, and, in his plain, sensible way, by his own excellent example, not more than by his counsel, within the circle of his little neighbourhood, one of its valuable advocates. Farmer Wild was opposed to it, in preaching and in practice. He was opposed to it chiefly because it was "a sectarian thing." He preached against it on all occasions, at the mill and the smithy, the town hall and the grocery store; but he was particularly eloquent upon training days, when the pail of punch was nearly drunk out; for he was not one of those, who preach and never practice. At that time, he was not esteemed an intemperate man. To be sure, he was frequently in the habit of taking enough to make his tongue run faster than usual, and to light up, in his heart, a feeling of universal philanthropy; which invariably subsided after a good night's rest. Farmer Wild's wife derived a great deal of comfort from a cheering glass. It was particularly grateful on washing days; and she soon became convinced, that it tasted quite as well, on any other day of the week. There was a time, when she was unwilling that her neighbors should become acquainted with this disposition for liquor. She was then in the habit of indulging herself in the frequent use of tea, at all hours of the day. She kept it, in constant readiness, on the upper shelf of the pantry closet. Upon a certain day, little Dick was taken so suddenly and seriously ill, that his father went for Dr. Diver. The child was unable to stand, and was so drowsy and sick at his stomach, that

The Tale in our last is by the same Author, whose name was omitted.

the family were fearful he had been poisoned; and the more so, as he had been seen, in the earlier part of the day, playing before the apothecary's shop. Dr. Diver had recently procured a stomach-pump; and, as he was quite willing to try it, the experiment was immediately and successfully made, upon the stomach of little Dick, who was speedily relieved of rather more than half a pint of strong milk punch. He stoutly denied, with tears in his eyes, that he had ever tasted a drop of any such thing; but finally confessed, that he had been sucking tea, as he had often seen his mother do, from the nose of her teapot, upon the upper shelf. Farmer Wild in spite of his wife's remonstrances, took down the teapot, and examined its contents, when the whole matter was easily unravelled. The farmer scolded his wife, for her habit of drinking punch in the morning; and she scolded her husband, for his habit of drinking rum, at all hours of the day. The presence of Dr. Diver appeared to have little influence, in abating the violence or softening the acrimony of the family quarrel; and little Dick was quite willing to be spared, by both parents, though at the expense of a broil between themselves. As soon as Dr. Diver had carefully wiped and put up his stomach-pump, he took his leave, cautioning little Dick to avoid taking his tea so strong for the future. The doctor was not only a skilful physician but a prudent man. It is fortunate for the peace of every village in the land, that doctors are generally aware, that the acquisition of extensive practice depends, in no small degree, upon their ability to hear, see, and say nothing.

It need not be stated, that farmer Wild and his wife were getting into a bad way, and that Richard was not likely to be benefited by the example of his parents. Pride will frequently operate when all higher and holier motive will not. Vicious inclinations are often restrained, in the presence of those, whom we fancy ignorant of our besetting sins. Thus it was with farmer Wild and his wife. The domestic explosion, produced by the affair of the teapot, had completely broken the ice, as it were; and, from that moment, neither the husband nor the wife adopted any private courses, for the gratification of their appetite for liquor. The farmer used gin, and rum was the favorite beverage of his wife. Their respective jugs were regularly carried by little Dick, and brought home filled, from the grog-shop. Dicky always calculated on the sugar, at the bottom of his father's glass; and his mother never failed to reward him with a taste of her own, if he went and came quick with the jug. Richard, who knew nothing of the evil consequences of drinking spirit, saving from his experience with the stomach-pump, had offered, more than once, a portion of that, which he had received from his parents, to Robert Little, who always refused it, and told Richard that it was wrong to drink it. But Richard replied, that his father and mother drank it every day, and therefore it could not be wrong. "Besides," said he, "father and mother are always so good-natured and funny when they drink it; and, after a while, they get cross and scold, and when they drink it again, they fall asleep, and it's all over." Robert, as good little boys are apt to do, told his father and mother all that Richard had said to him. Mr. Little had observed for some time, that farmer Wild was neglecting his farm, and getting behind hand; and, after talking the matter over with his own good wife, he came to the conclusion, that it was his duty to seek a fair opportunity, and have a friendly and earnest conversation with his old neighbour, on the fatal tendency of his habits of life. "I shall have relieved my mind, and done my duty to an old friend," said he, "if my efforts should produce no good." He availed himself accordingly of the first fair occasion, which presented itself on the following Sabbath, after meeting. His counsel was of no avail; and he was grieved to find, by an increased violence of manner, and an apparent regardlessness of public opinion, that his poor neighbor Wild was farther gone than he had supposed. His irritability of temper had sadly increased, and Mr. Little was shocked to find, that he could not converse on the subject, without using profane and violent language. The next morning he sent in a few shillings, which he owed Mr. Little, with a short message by Richard, that he believed they were now even. Robert came in, shortly after, weeping bitterly, and saying that Richard's father had forbidden their playing or even speaking together any more, and had threatened to flog Richard soundly, if he dared to disobey. However painful to Robert, Mr. Little did not consider this prohibition so great an evil. Richard Wild, though of a very affectionate temper, under the influence of his father and mother was becoming a bad boy.

He was not over nine years of age, and had already acquired the name of the little tippler; and had been suspected, upon more than one occasion, of being light-fingered. Farmer Little's wife, however, could never speak of those early days, when Richard used to bring his dipper of milk, and sit upon the rock with Robert, at the bottom of the garden, without putting her apron to her eyes. Robert would often look wistfully at Richard, as he passed, and nod to him through the window; and Richard would return it in the same manner, after he had satisfied himself that neither his father nor mother was observing him. Dick, with all his fallings, was a generous boy. A portion of his apples and nuts was frequently seen, in the morning, under Robert's window, where he had placed them over night, not daring to venture over in the day time. Nevertheless, he was becoming daily an object of increasing dislike, through the whole village. Although there were some who pitied the poor boy, and thought his parents much more to blame, through whose example he had undoubtedly acquired that ruinous relish for ardent spirit; yet the villagers generally considered the whole family as a nuisance, and likely, before long, to come upon the town. Squire Hawk, the chairman of the selectmen, who kept the grog-shop in front of the meeting-house, concluding that farmer Wild was completely down at heel, and had no more money, refused to let him have any more liquor at his store, and proposed to post him, as a common drunkard. But Deacon Squeak, who kept the dram-shop at the corner of the road that leads to the grave yard, knew something more of poor Wild's affairs, and observed, that it would be hard to do so, on account of his family; he knew from his own experience, that a little liquor was, now and then, a help to any man. It was soon known over the village, that farmer Wild had conveyed the last remnant of his little property, a small piece of meadow land, to Deacon Squeak, to be paid for in groceries, at his store. Poor Wild, with the assistance of his wife and little Dick, soon drank out the meadow land. The Deacon himself was then perfectly satisfied, that it was a gone case. Richard Wild and Temperance Wild, his wife, were forthwith posted as common drunkards; and all persons "of sober lives and conversations," who sold rum in the village of Tiptletown, were forbidden to furnish them with ardent spirits any longer. The means of subsistence were now entirely gone, and their removal to the workhouse was a matter of course. It was haying time, and little Dick was permitted to earn his virtuals, by helping the hay-makers. They soon detected him in getting behind the hay-cocks, and drinking the rum from their jugs; and accordingly little Dick got a sound thrashing, and was driven out of the field; for these hay-makers were so far inclined to promote the cause of temperance, that they would not permit any persons, but themselves, to dring up their rum.

Poor Dick! he cut a wretched figure, as he went whimpering along the road, rubbing his red eyes upon his ragged sleeves. He spent that day in strolling about farmer Little's woodland and orchard, in the hope of meeting Robert. But he was unsuccessful; and, at night, he went, crying and supperless, to bed, in the farmer's barn. He slid down from the hay-mow, before daylight, and resolved to quit a place, where he had neither father, nor mother, nor friend, to whom he could look for protection and support. The day was just dawning, as he came out of the barn: his path lay close to the cottage of farmer Little; he laid a small parcel on the door stone, and passed rapidly on. The parcel was found there, by the first person, who came out in the morning: it was a top, which Robert had lent him a great while before. It was rapped up in a piece of paper, on the corner of which was written, "Good bye, Robert." Before he quitted the village, Dick turned aside, for a moment, to give a last look at his father's cottage. It was untenanted, and the person, into whose hands it had fallen, had barred up the doors and windows, so that Dick could not get in; but, through a broken pane, he looked into the vacant room, where he had passed so much of his short life. He looked over the wall of the little garden, now filled with weeds. As he was turning away, he felt something move against his leg, and, looking down, he saw the old cat, that still clung to her accustomed haunts. She purred to and fro at his feet, and looked up in his face. Poor Dick was certain she knew him, and he burst into tears. She followed him a little way up the lane, and then returned slowly to the cottage.

"It was a bonny day in June," as the poet says, but the darkest in the short pilgrimage of little Dick. The birds sang delightfully,

as if to mock the poor fellow's misery; and the copious showers of the night had vanquished every leaf in the wood. The sun had scarcely arisen, and the villagers of Tiptletown had not yet bethought themselves of their morning drams, before little Dick had fairly cleared the boundary line; and, upon a rock, on the eminence, which overlooks the village, he sat down to look back upon it, to take a little rest, and to cry it out. To be sure, he had walked only four miles, but he had slept little, and eaten nothing, for many hours; and he fairly cried himself to sleep. He had slept nearly an hour, when he was awakened by a shake of the shoulder. He awoke in no little alarm, but became more composed, upon seeing before him a stranger, in a sailor's dress, with a good-natured face, and a pack upon his shoulders. "A hard hammock, my lad," said he "if you have been turning in here for the night." Dick told him his whole story, and concluded by saying that he had eaten nothing, for many hours. "Now, my lad," said the sailor; "you should have told me this first," and, overhauling his pack, he pulled out plenty of bread and cheese, and bade Dick help himself, which he did, without being pressed a second time. When he had finished, "Look ye here," said the man of the sea. "If you have been lying to me, you have done it with an honest looking face; but, if, as you say, your father and mother have gone into workhouse dock, and there's nobody to give ye a lift, what say ye to a sailor's life, eh? I've been home to see my old mother, some fifty miles back, and to leave her something to keep her along; and I'm now getting down again, for another cruise. Now, if you like it, I'll take ye under convoy. You're no bigger than a marlin spike, to be sure, but the best tars begin when they are boys. Well," continued he, strapping on his pack, and taking up his hickory stick, "what say you, my lad, yes or no?" Dick accepted the proposal, and away they trudged; the sailor relating, by the way, a hundred tales calculated to stir the landsman's heart.

Let us cast back a look upon Tiptletown. On the day, when the top and the farewell message were found upon farmer Little's door stone, Robert was sent home sick from school, with a message from the schoolmaster, that he had cried the whole morning. Even farmer Little and his wife were deeply affected at the little incident. Day passed after day, and it was commonly believed that Dick had run off. In about six months his father died of the dropsy, and his mother soon followed, of consumption; and both were buried from the workhouse in the drunkard's grave.

A year had gone by, and nothing had been heard of Dick. In the month of June, a mariner stopped to rest, at the tavern in Tiptletown, on his way to visit his relations, in another state. He inquired if a family, by the name of Wild, lived in that village, and was informed, that the parents had died in the workhouse, and the son was supposed to have run off. He then related his adventure with little Dick, for this was the very sailor, who took him to sea. "A smart little fellow he was," said he, "and if he had lived, there would not have been his better, in good time, to hand, reef, and steer, aboard any ship that swims. He was but eleven, and as smart as a steel trap." "Pray, sir," said the landlady, laying down her knitting, and taking of her glasses, "was Richard Wild lost at sea?" "Ay, ay, good wife," said the mariner, dashing the tear from his eye, with a hand as big and as brown as a leg of mutton half roasted; "lost at sea, off Cape Hatteras, in a gale that made the old ship crack again, and with the sky as black as midnight without moon.

"I could have jumped over after the poor boy, with a lighter heart than I can tell you the story; but I was at the wheel, goodly, and, if I had let go, for an instant, we should have branched to, and then you would never have had the story from me. I bawled out loud enough: they heard me, I'll warrant ye; three hen-coops were torn from their lashings and thrown overboard, sooner than you can say Jack Robinson."

The story soon spread over the village, and received a variety of commentaries, agreeably to the various impressions, left upon the minds of different persons, in relation to the subject of it. "There is an end of the devil's bird," said Squire Hawk. "It all comes of intemperance," said Deacon Squeak, as he had just come from pouring twenty-one gallons of pure water into a hog-head containing forty-two gallons of New England rum. There were some, however, who viewed the matter in a different light; and who were willing, now that he was gone, to admit that Dick was

not a hard-hearted boy. Old Sukey, the cripple, said that he was a great rogue; "but there," said she, showing her crutch, "the little fellow made it for me, and I've used no other for three years." The news cast a gloom over the family of farmer Little. Robert, who first heard the tale, was scarcely able to relate it to his father and mother. The good man moralized very sensibly upon the subject; ran briefly over the history of poor Wild and his wife; admitted that Richard was a boy of good parts, and of an affectionate temper; and very properly ascribed his bad habits and untimely end to the example of his wretched parents.

In a few years, farmer Little found it convenient to employ a boy, upon his farm, instead of his own son, whom he had thoughts of putting under the care of Parson Jones, to be fitted for college. A neighbor had made trial, for some time, of a lad, obtained at the House of Reformation; and the farmer had made up his mind to follow his example. He made application accordingly. In a short time, he received an answer from the directors, stating that there was a boy in the institution, by the name of Isaac Lane, who was desirous of going on a farm, and whom they were willing to bind out, and could safely recommend. Farmer Little agreed to receive him, and a day was appointed to visit the city, for the purpose of executing the indentures. Before the period arrived, he received a letter from the directors, in the following words:—

Boston, May 23, 18—.

DEAR SIR.—A circumstance has occurred, of which it is proper to give you immediate notice. The lad, whom we were about to bind out to you, and who had appeared much gratified with the arrangement proposed, upon the statement of your name and residence, became exceedingly dejected and embarrassed, and finally communicated the following story to one of the directors. He says that his real name is Richard Wild; that his parents are living, he believes, in your village; that he ran away four years ago, and was induced to go to sea by a sailor, who was particularly kind to him; that he was washed overboard in the Gulf Stream, in a gale of wind; and, seizing a hen-roop, that was thrown after him, was taken up the next morning, and finally brought into this port; that, not wishing to use his real name, he adopted that of the sailor, who carried him to sea. Under this name, he was sent to the House of Reformation, for tipping and stealing. He is willing to come into your employ, but thinks you will not be willing to receive him. You will do as you think proper. It is but an act of justice to this lad to say, that his conduct here has been exemplary, and he appears to us to have needed nothing, but the advantages of moral influence. He is in great favor with his fellows, not less than with the superintendent and directors. He has been two years in the institution. An early answer is requested.

Respectfully yours, &c.

The astonishment produced by the reception of this letter, in the family of farmer Little, can easily be conceived. The course to be pursued became a subject for serious reflection with the farmer, who seldom had occasion to repent, at his leisure, of follies committed in haste. It scarcely need be stated, that Robert and his mother were strongly in favour of receiving Richard Wild, as one of the family. The next day farmer Little set forth for the city, to form an opinion for himself, after seeing the boy, and conversing with the directors. In two days he returned, with Richard Wild at his side, now no longer little Dick, but a tall stout boy, with an agreeable but rather sober expression of face. It was an interesting sight to witness the affectionate meeting between Richard Wild and Robert Little. The farmer admitted to his family, that he could scarcely have believed it possible, that so great a change could have been wrought in any boy, as appeared to have been produced in Richard, during his residence at the House of Reformation; and he expressed himself highly gratified by the manner in which he received the intelligence of the death of his parents. The continued precept and example, at that excellent institution, for such a length of time, had broken the chain of evil habit; and given to this unfortunate and misguided boy a new departure, as the sailors say, for the voyage of life.

The arrival of Richard Wild, in the village of Tiptletown, was an event of no ordinary character. Many were eager to behold the child that had been lost, and was found; and not a few, in whose minds curiosity and incredulity were blended together, were desirous of scrutinizing the little sinner, that was said to have repented. Accordingly, on Sabbath morning, all eyes were turned towards farmer Little's pew, to catch a glimpse of little Dick; and so universally striking was the change, not only in size, but in his air of manliness and the gravity of his deportment, that he went by no other name, from that day, than Richard Wild. The wretched and ragged little runaway, flying barefooted from his native village, with his dirty clothes and crownless hat, had undergone, to all appearance, a complete transformation, within and without. He was now nearly fifteen years of age, and robust for his years. His

ruddy complexion, well-washed face, and smooth dark hair, together with his blue jacket and trousers, white collar and neat black ribbon, were indicative of cleanliness and health. After meeting, as farmer Little and his wife, with their daughter, Abigail, were returning home, followed by Robert and Richard, when they had turned off the main road, into the by-way, that leads to the farm, they were called after by old Sukey, the cripple, who came hobbling behind them, as fast as leg and crutch could carry her. They passed for old Sukey to come up with them. "Now tell me," said she, "is it Richard Wild? I have kept my eyes on the boy, sinner that I am, the whole morning, but he has not lifted his own to give me a chance to see if it was he, by the little cast that he had, you know." Richard shook hands with the zealous old creature, and no sooner raised his eyes upon her, than she exclaimed, "Oh yes, it is he; and you was not drowned, after all, was you, poor boy? You was always a good-hearted boy, Richard, and you are," said she, holding up the old crutch, "you see I have kept it, hasn't I?" Richard was pained and pleased by the various recollections, associated with the circumstance, to which the old woman referred; and, with another cordial shake of the hand, and a promise to come and visit her at her old cottage, bade her good bye, and followed the farmer and his family, who had advanced little way before.

It is now eighteen years since Richard returned to the village. Few villages, in the same number of years, have undergone such remarkable changes as Tiptletown. It is changed in name and in nature. It is now called Waterville, and not a single license is granted within its bounds, for the sale of ardent spirit. It is hard, as the proverb saith, for an old dog to learn new tricks; Squire Hawk, having been removed from the board of selectmen, and unable to obtain a license for the sale of rum, in that village, removed his residence to another; and, after keeping a grog-shop for a few years, died of the dropsy. We are grieved to say, that Deacon Squawk died a drunkard, and was buried from the poor house.

As you enter the village, over the great county road, you see, at a short distance from the public way, and on the westerly side of it, under the shade of some remarkable elms, two white houses with green blinds; they are precisely alike. One of them is the residence of the Rev. Robert Little, the present worthy minister; and the other is occupied by Richard Wild, Esq., the chairman of the selectmen. These houses are on the very sites once occupied by the cottages in which "Wild Dick" and "Good Little Robin" were born. There is a beautiful summer house, tastefully covered with grape vines, lying midway between these dwellings, and which is obviously common to both. It is constructed over the rock at the bottom of the garden, upon which they used to convene with their dippers of bread and milk, some thirty years ago. Old farmer Little and his wife are yet living, or were, in June last, and residing happily with their children. Their son, the clergyman, married an amiable young lady from a neighbouring town. Abigail is married; not, as the reader supposes, and as the whole village had arranged it, to Richard Wild, but to a respectable farmer in the upper parish.

About eight years ago, the British consul published the following advertisement:—"If Richard Wild, who, in the year 18—, was washed overboard from the ship *George*, off Cape Hatteras, be living, he is requested to give notice at the office of the British Consul, in this city." Some person informed Richard of the publication. He accordingly presented himself at the consul's office, and was shown the copy of a will, in these words:—"I, Isaac Lane, now of the city of London, master mariner, having no near relation, do hereby give, devise and bequeath all my estate in this world, to Richard Wild, formerly of Tiptletown, in the county of Massachusetts, in New England, and to his heirs forever, provided, as is barely possible, the said Richard Wild be living, and claim this bequest within two years of my decease, otherwise to the use of the Greenwich Hospital." Here followed the testamentary formalities. The consul then requested Richard to exhibit his right arm; upon which were seen pricked in, with India ink, an anchor with the initials, I. L.—R. W. He then put into his hands a letter from a barrister in London, referring to these particulars, and stating that the property amounted to not much less than £4000 sterling, or rather more than 17,000 dollars, American money. The necessary arrangements were soon made; and little

runaway Dick became an object of particular interest with the males, and even with some of the females of Tiptletown, as Mr. Richard Wild, with a fortune of 17,000 dollars, and not a debt in the world; which is more than many a merchant can say of himself, though, with one eye closed upon his debts, and the other open upon his credits, he may look down upon the clear estate of Mr. Wild with infinite contempt. Squire Hawk had a very pretty daughter; and there was no man in the village more obsequious to Richard. Mr. Wild always treated the Squire with the respect due to an older man, but he came no nearer. He had never crossed the fatal threshold of his shop since his return. He considered Squire Hawk and the Deacon as the prime-ministers of the ruin of his parents; but he did not presume, by any act of hostility to either, to assume the high office of him, to whom vengeance belongs.

Mr. Richard Wild managed his property with great discretion. His first act was to purchase the old homestead on which he was born. He was particularly kind to the poor; and old Sukey Lamson, the cripple, came in for a full share of his beneficence. The villagers were very much surprised at his kind attention, when he became overseer of the poor, to the old Deacon, who was then in the poor house. The mystery was easily explained.—Richard Wild was a Christian. It was rather remarkable, that the last fraction of the Deacon's estate should have been sold by him to Richard Wild, and that it should have been the very meadow land which, under circumstances painfully similar, had been sold by his father to the Deacon himself.

There was a prodigious stir in the village when Richard was married. Sukey, the cripple, was at the wedding, leaning on her old crutch, with a new gown and kerchief; and nobody had a greater right to be there. There was no little confusion and surprise, when, a few Sabbaths before, the Rev. Mr. Little published the banns of marriage, between Mr. Richard Wild and Miss Margaret Lamson; though she was altogether too poor to think of a marriage or a salmon-coloured silk. I need not say that Parson Little performed the marriage ceremony. When, after the service, he went up to congratulate old Sukey. "Ay," said she, holding up the old crutch, "he will always be a stay and a staff to me, and he always has been, and nobody knows it better than you, Robin—the Lord forgive me, but I am getting old, and can't help looking upon ye both as my boys." The old woman is still living, at the age of eighty-nine. She retains her faculties surprisingly; and may be seen every morning, at the front chamber window of the Squire's house, with her knitting in her hands.

There is a common bond among all the virtues; no truly good man was ever ungrateful: every year Mr. Wild sends a fine cheese and a barrel of apples to the superintendent of the House of Reformation, not for their intrinsic value, but as a continuing mark of his grateful and affectionate respect.

THE INFLUENCE OF A FATHER'S EXAMPLE.

It is often asked, "What is the use of my joining the temperance society? I am temperate already." And to such a plea it is as often replied, "We want your example and influence enlisted on the side of temperance. Though you may be temperate yourself, and therefore out of danger, so far as you are yourself concerned, yet your example may be the means of saving some from the vortex of dissipation who are not so safe as yourself." This argument ought to be enough for one who "feels another's wo." Still the same excuse is urged again and again. If there should be one of your readers to whom this reply has hitherto been unsatisfactory, we wish to present the same argument in the shape of a plain matter of fact. And after all, facts are the strongest arguments.

In the county of —, in the state of Virginia, there lives an aged gentleman, a professor of religion, a man universally respected as a citizen, and greatly beloved as a Christian. He is one of those who make use of the plea above mentioned; he has always refused to

join a temperance society, because he himself is in no danger of becoming intemperate. He has, all his life, been accustomed to take a julep in the morning, and he has not sustained any injury by it (at least he thinks so), he cannot be persuaded to give it up in his old age. This aged Christian had a son, I believe an only son; but alas! such a son he no longer claims. This son approved of his father's arguments, and of course followed his father's example. He took his julep in the morning; and, at first occasionally, and at length steadily, his toddy at noon.

After a while, it became apparent that the young man took "a little too much." This practice, at length, became habitual, to the great mortification of his father and the whole circle of his friends. The father began to be alarmed. His son was actually seen intoxicated! A temperance agent visited the neighbourhood, and being an acquaintance of the old gentleman's, and a member of the same denomination of Christians, called to see him. As the agent was about to take leave, his host said to him, "Brother C——, I wish you would get my son to join the Temperance Society, for I fear he drinks too much."

"Well," said the agent, "I'll try. I expect to be this way again in about four weeks, and I'll take an opportunity to see him."

"Oh don't put it off so long," replied the anxious father, "for I fear he is actually in danger."

Scarcely had the conversation ended, when the son entered the room, and commenced walking the floor to and fro. The agent soon took occasion to introduce the subject. The young man continued to walk the floor, and at the same time listened attentively to the arguments of the agent, without making any reply. Presently the father added a word or two to what the agent had said. The young man paused a moment apparently in deep thought. At length, turning to his aged parent, he said with considerable earnestness, "Father, I'll join if you will."

The agent of course thought the old gentleman could now hold out no longer.

"If I thought I was in any danger, I would certainly join," said the old man, "but, my son, I think you ought to join."

"Well, father," said he, "I'll join if you will."

The father still refused, saying it was quite unnecessary for him to do so, especially in his old age. At length, the son observed to the agent, "my father has always been a worthy, pious and sober man; nobody ever even suspected him of intemperance, yet he has always made use of a little spirit, and I am not afraid to follow his example."

Here the conversation ended, and the agent took his leave. From that time the young man was subject to no restraint. He drank freely, and in the course of a few weeks, died a complete sot; if the writer is correctly informed, in a drunken fit, and this temperance agent was called upon to preach at his funeral. What must have been the reflection of that father, I leave the reader to imagine.—*Maryland Temperance Herald.*

"TEMPERANCE CATECHISM."

In the August number of the *Preston Temperance Advocate*, is a specimen of a Temperance Catechism just published by a reverend gentleman of Liverpool. Let such a catechism be learned by the rising race, and it will go far to rear up a sober generation.

Did the northern barbarians, and other nations who conquered the Roman empire, abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors?—No, indeed, they did not. History tells us that they were very much addicted to drunkenness.

Does it give any particular instance of it? Yes, at a festival to which the celebrated Attila invited the ambassadors of the eastern and western empires, revelry and drunkenness prevailed among his followers to a very great extent. Drunkenness, indeed, appears to have been the common vice of all these nations.

What does Tacitus say with respect to the Germans? He tells us, that amongst them excess in convivial meetings was regarded as no disgrace, and that such meetings were followed up night and day, and that disputes very frequently arose which ended in blood.

Who were the Northmen, or Danes?—The great pirates of the middle ages.

Did they inhabit a very large extent of country?—They inhabited the north of Europe, and their sea-coast extended over the whole of the northern sea and the Baltic.

What did they worship?—Odin.

According to their religion, to what place did warriors go after death?—To Gimila.

How did they spend their time when they arrived there?—They are represented as spending their days in performing martial achievements, and their nights in feasting on the inexhaustible flesh of the boar in summer, and drinking wine and mead from the skulls of their enemies, whom they had, when on earth, slain in battle.

Was not their religion most admirably calculated to make drunkards, and fierce and savage barbarians? It was, indeed, most wonderfully well calculated for that purpose; and if this was the object of its founders, they admirably well succeeded, as the Danes amongst drunken nations were frequently distinguished for being the most drunken.

Were our Anglo-Saxon ancestors noted for sobriety? Certainly not, drunkenness was the great national vice of the country.

Whom do historians tell us first introduced the custom of drinking healths in England? Rowena, the daughter of Hengist, the first Anglo-Saxon king in Kent.

How were healths originally drunk?—From a large wassail cup.

What was that?—A large cup filled with spiced wine or good ale, which was handed round the table, and of which every one partook, drinking to the health of all present.

Is this most ancient custom useful or injurious?—It ever was, and still remains highly injurious to us, and it still is, and ever has been, one main cause of perpetuating drunkenness amongst us.

What ought we, then, to do with it?—To abandon it

altogether, and to treat it as one of those old customs which are more honoured in the breach than in the observance.

But does not the custom of drinking healths produce good and kindly feelings amongst us, and is it not on that account well worthy of being preserved?—No; for the practice now is considered little more than a matter of form. Drunkards care very little for any one, except their boon companions, and very little, indeed, even for them. Their feelings soon become entirely sensual and selfish, and ultimately devilish. Drunkenness quickly withers all the better feelings of the heart, and the habitual drunkard cares nothing either for his father or mother, his brothers or sisters, his wife or children, or for any one else. His favourite liquor becomes to him a god, and he worships it; and, provided he can procure a sufficient quantity of it, he cares for nothing else. The friendship of one respectable sober man, is worth a great deal more than that of a thousand drunkards.

MISTAKES CORRECTED.

There is much remaining ignorance and prejudice respecting the temperance enterprise, even on the minds of well informed and virtuous citizens. The gross misrepresentations trumpeted through some *religious* as well as political papers, "that the temperance society designed to take away wine from the communion of the Lord's Supper, to banish the medicinal and mechanical use of alcohol, and even to prohibit the innocent beverages of tea and coffee," have had a mighty effect in keeping men away from the light and in paralyzing effort, if not creating enemies to the temperance cause. But these deceptions are being understood, and those whose *appetites or interests* do not bribe them, are open to conviction, and are rapidly coming up to the defence and support of this department of benevolence. Indeed the line is drawing with such distinctness, that all who look must see it. In every moral enterprise, "he that is not for it, is against it."

Our chairman arrived in a certain village after ten in the evening, and as he alighted from the stage at the public house, he saw from eight to ten *young men* sitting around the stove, the most of them having a glass of liquor in the hand. They were profane and boisterous. One said, with an oath, well Tom! are you going to attend the temperance meeting tomorrow? No, said he, I am temperate enough. I take six cocktails a day, and that is just enough. But it is high time Bill joined the cold-water society, for he tumbled into the gutter last night. No, said Bill, I'll not join the cold water society, while I have such good company out of it. I attended the wedding of Miss ——— last week, and there was parson A. and parson B. and parson C. and they all drank wine. They are too wise to be caught by the cold-water pledge. It is the same thing makes them love their wine that makes me love my cock-tail. It is the *spirit* makes us feel better. And then they drank the health of those three clergymen, all living in that village, and profanely swore, they would go to hear them preach, because *they were too wise to be caught in the cold-water society.* It is but justice to say, two of these clergymen signed the total

abstinence pledge the next day. The third one was absent on a journey. "He that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad."—*Albany Temperance Recorder.*

Letters to the Editor.

MODERATE DRINKING.

MR. EDITOR,—Travelling lately, a circumstance occurred which showed me the foily of what is called moderate drinking; at the same time my heart was pained at the thought of the disgrace which it brought on the person concerned, his family, and the respectable class to which he belongs. Soon after breakfast, on board a Steamboat, I observed a gentleman go into the bar-room and take a glass of liquor, which soon had its effect in setting his tongue a-going very loudly. After the excitement had ceased, I saw him return with an acquaintance into the bar-room, where, no doubt, more fuel was added to the fire of folly which had been kindled, as his loud speech and silly noisy laugh soon called the attention of a numerous company, most of whom seemed to enjoy his degradation.

Occasionally, during the day and evening, his noise was heard; and before supper I observed him sleeping in his chair, apparently in a state of partial intoxication.

No doubt this will be considered moderate drinking by many, and consequently harmless; but to me it seems a mode of degrading one's self, spending money unnecessarily, and losing valuable time. Hoping that all may give up their *moderate glass*, I am, &c.

Nov. 28.

A TETOTALLER.

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, DECEMBER, 1837.

This number is issued amidst the alarms of war. Report has come into the city after report of hostile meetings and preparations, &c. which have raised the minds of the citizens into a state of feverish excitement. On these accounts our Temperance meetings are almost entirely deserted, and aggressive operations suspended for the present. Such has been the case also throughout the province we fear; at least, if we may judge from the want of our usual reports and communications from Societies in the country. From all that we can learn, however, the cause is not receding; although the extraordinary tide of prosperity which set in last summer has at present been checked by civil commotion. In such a crisis as the present, the excellence and importance of our *great principle* are very evident. For if we inquire, what is the reason why one man rises up against the life of another, the only satisfactory answer that can be given is this, *excited passions* urge him on. And if we ask again, what has roused these passions to such an extraordinary rage, we fearlessly reply, that,

in the majority of instances it is *intoxicating liquor*; or, if it is not the first cause, it is yet such a powerful secondary one as ultimately to take the lead. If people did not madden themselves with alcohol, there would be fewer midnight brawls, or fights at markets and fairs, or examples of international warfare; which are just fights upon a larger scale. While we persuade people therefore to abandon the use of intoxicating liquor, we are promoting the reign of universal peace.

We stated in our last number that the Committee of the Temperance Society had written to J. S. Buckingham, Esq., requesting a visit from that eminent and tried friend of Temperance. We are happy to be able to state now, that a favourable reply has been received to that communication. Mr. Buckingham writes that "as it is his intention to visit, if spared, every part of America," Montreal is of course included in his route. A variety of engagements, however, prevent him from coming so early as we could wish, and indeed render it impossible for him, at present, to fix the period of his visit. But we rely with gratitude on the certainty of it.

We have received a letter from "A Teetotaller," inquiring "whether any Christian man can now be engaged in the traffic in intoxicating liquors when so much light has been thrown upon its nature and consequences;" insinuating at the same time that it is possible there may be some so situated that that light has never reached them, who are consequently pursuing the traffic quite innocently.

To this we reply, *first*, It is admitted by all *Teetotallers*, and thousands besides, that the traffic itself is most iniquitous, its direct tendency being to ruin man, body and soul. *Secondly*, There are some who pursue it in a more iniquitous manner than others, and render themselves blameable to a much greater degree. This may either arise from their resisting greater light, or resorting to more questionable methods of enticing men to drink, &c. *Thirdly*, Though a person engaged in the traffic should be entirely destitute of the light which Temperance investigations have thrown upon it, it will not follow that he is innocent. The guilt arises from the *nature* of the traffic, not the amount of the individual's information respecting it. "A sin of ignorance" is a *sin*. It is never accounted an indifferent action, though it is less aggravated than a trespass committed in other circumstances. If ignorance entirely exempted from guilt, it would then follow that the morality of actions did not depend on *their nature*, but on the state of our knowledge. But we ought to recollect *Fourthly*, That as a "Christian" does not mean a person who commits no sin, it may become a question to what extent an individual may carry it before he "falls away from grace." But this is a question which we are not competent to answer. It is a speculation in which we ought not to indulge. It is sufficient for us to know that the traffic is wrong; to know the amount of guilt belonging to each individual engaged in it, and to ascertain whether or not it is consistent with a state of grace, is the prerogative of God. *Fifthly*, The guilt does not belong exclusively to those who are engaged

in the traffic. It belongs also to the *public*, which encourages the traffic, to the *church* which does not condemn it, and to *drinkers*, who support it, whether they drink in *great* or *small* quantities.

GOOD NEWS FROM THE WEST.—A letter from Sandwich informs us that Malcolm Cameron, Esq. M. P. P., an enterprising merchant of Port Sarnia, on Lake Huron, has become a teetotaller, and organized a flourishing Society in that prosperous settlement. We expect an order from him for *Advocates*. The good seed should be plentifully sowed in the mighty regions of the West.

We are glad to learn that the Michigan State Agent, Dr. Gibson, sometimes visits and lectures on the Canada side.

CHARACTERISTIC.—Fronting the steambot-landing at Sorel, L. C., there are SEVEN successive taverns and groceries, having on the one side the military hospital, and on the other two miserable looking huts, showing strikingly the universal tendency of the traffic in intoxicating drinks to produce disease and poverty. One of the largest mansions, if not the most splendid about Quebec, belongs to a brewer. Query? How many bodies and souls have been ruined to erect it?

MARLBORO' HOTEL, BOSTON.—The *Boston Recorder* says it approximates near to the order and convenience of a well-regulated and religious family household.

The United States Legislature has passed the following resolution:—"That no spirituous liquors shall be offered for sale or exhibited within the Capitol, or on the public grounds adjacent thereto."

There is a brewery in London to which a rise or fall in the price of beer of one half-penny per pot, makes a difference of £40,000 a year.

Progress of the Temperance Reform.

MOVEMENT AT ST. LOUIS.

The St. Louis papers give many interesting particulars of a meeting there. Mr. G. K. Budd moved that 1000 dollars be raised by voluntary subscription for the support of an agent. Mr. T. G. Settle seconded the resolution, and mentioned the following facts.

By an examination recently made, it is ascertained, that there are in St. Louis and its precincts, 160 dram shops (including groceries and coffee houses) which retail spirituous liquors. Estimating the average sales of each at four dollars per day, gives an aggregate amount of 640 dollars per day, and 233,600 dollars per year. Estimating the average quantity of spirituous liquors sold by each at two gallons per day, it amounts to three hundred and twenty gallons per day, and one hundred and sixteen thousand eight hundred per year; which estimated to cost the consumer on'y 3½ cents per wine glass, or two dollars per gallon, it amounts to

233,600 per year; and estimating one thousand of the population of St. Louis and its precincts (which is about 16,000) to drink one pint per day, it gives an aggregate of 125 gallons; and 1000 to drink one half pint per day, aggregate 63 gallons; and 2500 to drink one gill per day, aggregate 78 gallons; 3500 to drink one half gill per day, aggregate 54 gallons, giving a total amount of 320 gallons per day, and 116,800 gallons of spirituous liquors consumed in the city and its precincts per year. In the estimate it will be perceived that about one half of the population only is supposed to drink spirituous liquors, which it is believed is less than the actual proportion; and amount to the sum of 233,600 dollars.

Mr. T. G. Settle was followed by Maj. Gen. Gaines, of the United States army, and the Rev. Mr. Menard, of the Episcopal Church, in support of the resolutions, who were listened to with great attention. The General has been connected with the army for more than thirty years, has grown old in the service of his country, been conversant with the crimes of the army, and has attended personally to hearing and adjudicating crimes of themselves. He stated as a matter of record that more than nine-tenths of the crimes committed were from the effects of ardent spirits. All or nearly all of the difficulties (said the Gen.) with the Indians on our frontiers, the destruction of property, the massacre of defenceless inhabitants, has been produced by smuggling ardent spirits among the Indians. And I for one am willing to give my heart, my hand, and my means in support of the great Temperance reformation.

At an adjourned meeting his honour the Mayor presided, and the subscription of one thousand dollars was filled up, and a vote passed to invite Mr. Hunt or Mr. Frost to St. Louis. The following resolutions also were adopted.

On motion of Doctor H. L. Hoffman,

Resolved,—That the use of bars for the sale of spirituous liquors, on board of steamboats, are not beneficial to any class of citizens.

On motion of Col. Chambers,

Resolved,—That the chairman appoint a committee of five to wait on the owners and officers of steamboats resorting to this city, and confer with them on the subject of discontinuing the sale of ardent spirits on board the boat or boats in which they have an interest.

On motion of Hamilton R. Gamble, Esq.,

Resolved,—That the corporate authorities of the city of St. Louis be requested to employ all the powers conferred by the charter, to diminish the number of shops at which spirits are sold.

Five hundred copies of the *Illinois Temperance Herald* were ordered for St. Louis.

MOVEMENTS IN CINCINNATI.

The friends of Temperance are stirring themselves with great energy and spirit in this city. A strong total abstinence society has been organized, and weekly meetings are held in each of the wards, at which Temperance subjects are discussed, and means devised for the extension of the cause. A bold effort is, also, made to close the coffee houses on the Sabbath. A convention,

from all the wards of the city, has been held, and a committee appointed to consider and report upon the subject. That committee have reported six spirited resolutions to be laid before the city council.

MOVEMENT IN ALTON.

Pursuant to public notice, the Alton Total Abstinence Society met in the Presbyterian Church, on Tuesday evening, Oct. 3. The meeting was opened with prayer, by Rev. Mr. Manton, after which the objects of the meeting were stated by Mr. A. W. Corey, which were to respond to the recent increased and efficient efforts of our fellow-citizens in St. Louis and Cincinnati, in promoting the Temperance cause. Mr. Corey then read extracts from the papers, showing what had been done in those cities recently, after which the following resolutions were offered, viz:

Whereas, The character and habits of all communities are in a great measure determined and modified by the influences that are constantly flowing from our large cities; therefore,

Resolved,—That the ultimate triumph of the Temperance cause can never reasonably be expected without their efficient co-operation.

Resolved,—That we have heard with high satisfaction, of the recent movements of the citizens of Cincinnati and St. Louis to suppress intemperance in their respective cities, and that we regard these movements as efficient auxiliaries in promoting the same cause in our own state, and throughout the West.

Resolved,—That we will cheerfully co-operate with our fellow-citizens in Cincinnati and St. Louis, in any reasonable plans for the promotion of the Temperance cause in the West.

Resolved,—That in the continued success which has attended the efforts of this Society, and of the friends of Temperance in Illinois, and throughout the West, we gratefully acknowledge the hand of Providence, and we will ever remember that we must look to God for the final triumph of our cause.

Miscellaneous.

A ROYAL GIFT.—E. C. Delavan has ordered a set of the *Temperance Tales*, to be presented to the Queen of England. The binding of the four volumes occupied one of the best of workmen ten days. It is one of the most noble gifts ever presented to a monarch; and we trust they will be read and their effect felt through her realm.—*New York Spectator*.

At a temperance meeting the other day in London, one of the speakers predicted, that in 100 years time a mash-tub would be exhibited in the British Museum as a great curiosity.—*Albany Temperance Recorder*.

Huron County, Illinois, is without a grog-shop. Wash County, also, is without a licensed grocery.

England and Wales consume about one gallon and one-third of spirits for every infant and adult person per annum. While Ireland consumes nearly three, and Scotland four for every inhabitant.