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Canada Temperance Advocate.

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

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VOL. IV.

WHAT A CURSE! OR, JOHNNY HODGES THE BLACKSMITH.

BY L. M. SARGENT, ESQ.

"The doctor is a kind man," said Johnny Hodges, addressing a person of respectable appearance, who was in the act of returning to his pocket book a physician's bill, which the blacksmith did not find it convenient to pay. "The doctor is a kind man, a very kind man, and has earned his money, I dare say, and I don't begrudge him a shilling of it all; but, for all that, I have not the means of paying his bill, nor any part of it, just now." "Well, well," said the collector, "I shall be this way before long, and will call on you again."

Johnny Hodges thanked him for the indulgence, and proceeded with his work; but the hammer swung heavily upon the anvil, and many a long sigh escaped, before the job in hand was fairly turned off.

Three or four times already, the collector had paid a visit at the blacksmith's shop, who was always ready to admit the justice of the claim, and that the doctor had been very kind and attentive, and had well earned his money; but Johnny was always behindhand; and, though full of professions of gratitude to the good doctor, yet the doctor's bill seemed not very likely to be paid. Familiarity, saith the proverb, breeds contempt. This old saw is not apt to work more roughly, in any relation of life, than between the creditor, or the creditor's agent, and the non-performing debtor. The pursuing party is apt to become importunate, and the pursued to grow gradually callous and indifferent. Upon the present occasion, however, the collector, who was a benevolent man, was extremely patient and forbearing. He had sufficient penetration to perceive, that poor Johnny, for some cause or other, was always exceedingly mortified and pained, by these repeated applications. It did not, however, escape the suspicion of the collector, that there might be a certain, secret cause, for Johnny's inability to pay the doctor's bill. Intemperance is exhibited, in a great variety of modifications. While some individuals are speedily roused into violent and disorderly action, or hushed to slumber, and reduced to the condition of a helpless and harmless mass; others, provided by nature with heads of iron and leathern skins, are equally intemperate, yet scarcely, for many years, present before the world the slightest personal indication of their habitual indulgence.

Johnny Hodges was an excellent workman, and he had abundance of work. It was not easy to account for such an appropriation of his earnings, as would leave him not enough for the payment of the doctor's bill, upon any other supposition, than that of a wasteful employment of them, for the purchase of strong drink. Johnny's countenance, to be sure, was exceedingly pale and sallow; but the pale-faced tippler is, by no means, an uncommon spectacle. On the other hand, Johnny was very industrious, constantly in his shop in working hours, and always busily employed.

After an interval of several weeks, the collector called again, and put the customary question, "Well, Mr. Hodges, can you pay the doctor's bill?" Perhaps there was something unusually hurried or importunate, or Johnny so thought, in the manner of making the inquiry. Johnny was engaged in turning a shoe, and he hammered it entirely out of shape. He laid down his hammer and tongs, and, for a few seconds, rested his cheek upon his hand. "I don't know how I can pay the doctor's bill," said Johnny Hodges. "I've nothing here in the shop but my tools and a very little stock; and I've nothing at home but the remainder of our scanty furniture. I know the doctor's bill ought to be paid, and if he will take it, he shall be welcome to our cow, though I have five little children who live upon the milk." "No, no, Hodges," said the collector, "you are much mistaken, if you think the doctor,

who is a Christian and a kind-hearted man, would take your cow, or oppress you at all for the amount of his bill. But how is it that you, who have always so much work, have never any money?" "Ah, sir," said Johnny Hodges, while he wiped the perspiration from his face, for he was a hard-working man; "Ah, sir," said he, "what a curse it is!—can nothing be done to put a stop to this intemperance? I hear a great deal of the efforts that are making; but still the rum business goes on. If it were not for the temptation to take strong drink, I should do well enough; and the good doctor should not have sent twice for the amount of his bill. Very few of those who write and talk so much of intemperance, know any thing of our trials and troubles." I confess," said the collector, "that I have had my suspicions and fears before. Why do you not resolve that you will never touch another drop? Go, Hodges, like a man, and put your name to the pledge; and pray God to enable you to keep it faithfully." "Why, as to that, sir," said the blacksmith, "the pledge will do me no good; the difficulty doesn't lie there. What a curse! Is there no prospect of putting an end to intemperance?" "To be sure there is," replied the collector. "If people will sign the pledge, and keep it too, there is no difficulty." "But suppose they will not sign the pledge," rejoined Johnny Hodges, "still, if rum were not so common as it is, and so easily obtained, the temptation would be taken away." "That is all very true, but it is every man's duty to do something for himself," replied the collector. "I advise you to sign the pledge, as soon as possible." "Why, sir, said the blacksmith, "the difficulty does not lie there, as I told you; I signed the pledge long ago, and I have kept it well. I never was given to taking spirit in my life. My labour at the forge is pretty hard work, yet I take nothing stronger for drink than cold water." I am sorry that I misunderstood you," replied the collector. "But since you do not take spirit, and your children, as you have led me to suppose, are of tender years; why are you so anxious for the suppression of intemperance?" "Because," said poor Johnny Hodges after a pause, and with evident emotion, "to tell you the plain truth, it has made my home a hell, my wife a drunkard, and my children beggars! Poor things," said he, as he brushed away the tears, "they have had no mother any more. The old cow that I offered you just now for the doctor's debt,—and I believe it would have broken their hearts to have parted with old Brindle,—is more of a mother to them now than the woman who brought them into this world of trouble. I have little to feed old Brindle with; and the children are running here and there for a little swill and such matters, to keep her alive. Even the smallest of these poor things will pick up a bunch of hay or a few scattered corn-stalks, and fetch it to her, and look on with delight to see her enjoy it. I have seen them all together, when their natural mother, in a drunken spree, has driven them out of doors, flying for refuge to the old cow, and lying beside her in the shed. What a curse it is!

"What will become of them and of me," continued this broken-hearted man, "I cannot tell. I sometimes fear that I shall lose my reason, and be placed in the mad-house. Such is the thirst of this wretched woman for rum, that she has repeatedly taken my tools and carried them five or six miles, and pawned or sold them for liquor. The day before yesterday I carried home a joint of meat for dinner. When I went home tired and hungry at the dinner hour, I found her drunk and asleep upon the floor. She had sold the joint of meat, and spent the money in rum. It's grievous to tell such matters to a stranger, but I can't bear that you or the good doctor should think me ungrateful any longer. I never shall

forget the doctor's kindness to me two years ago, when I had my dreadful fever; and if ever I can get so much money together, he shall certainly be paid. That fever was brought on partly by hard work, but the main spring of the matter was in the mind. My wife was then getting very bad, and when she was in liquor her language was both indecent and profane; though, when we were married, there wasn't a more modest girl in the parish. Just before my fever came on, in one of her fits of intemperance, she strolled away, and was gone three days and three nights; and, to this hour, I have never known where she was, all that time. It almost broke my heart. The doctor always said there was something upon my mind; but I never told him, nor any one else, the cause of my trouble till now. What a curse! Don't you think, sir, that something can be done to put an end to this terrible curse of intemperance?" "Your case is a very hard one," said the collector, after a solemn pause, "and I wish I could point out a remedy. You need give yourself no uneasiness about the doctor's bill, for I am sure he will think no more of it when I have told him your story. If it would not give you too much pain, and take up too much of your time, I should like to be informed a little more particularly of the commencement and progress of this habit in your wife, which seems to have destroyed your domestic happiness." Johnny Hodges wiped his brow, and sat down upon a bench in his shop, and the collector took a seat by his side.

"Eight years ago," said Johnny Hodges, "came the first day of next month, I was married. Polly Wilson, that was her maiden name, was twenty-three, and I was four years older. I certainly thought it the best days work I ever did, and I continued of that mind for about five years. Since then Heaven knows I have had reason to think otherwise; for, ever since, trouble has been about my path, and about my bed. About three years ago, my wife took to drink. I cannot tell how it happened; but she always said herself that the first drop of gin she ever drank, was upon a washing day, when an old Scotch woman persuaded her that it would keep the cold off her stomach. From that time the habit grew upon her very fast. She has told me an hundred times, in her sober moments, that she would give the world to leave it off, but that she could not for the life of her. So strong has been her desire to get liquor, that nothing was safe from her grasp. She has sold her children's Sabbath clothes and my own for rum. After I had gotten well of my fever I worked hard; and, at one time, had laid by nearly enough, as I supposed, to pay the doctor's bill. One day I had received a dollar for work, and went to my drawer to add it to the rest; and—all was gone! The drawer had been forced open. She knew that I had been saving the money to pay the doctor and the apothecary for their services during my fever; she knew that my sickness had been produced by sleepless nights and a broken heart on her account; yet she could not resist the temptation. She affirmed, in the most solemn manner, that she knew nothing about it; but two of the little children, in answer to my inquiry, told me that they had seen mamma break open the drawer, and take out the money; and that she went directly over to the grocery, and in about half an hour after she returned, went to sleep so soundly in her chair, that they could not wake her up to get a little supper. At that time I went to Mr. Calvin Leech, the grocer, and told him that I wondered, as he was a church member, how he could have the heart to ruin the peace of my family. He was very harsh, and told me that every man must take care of his own wife, and that it was not his business to look after mine. I began to think, with Job, that I would not live always. Strange fancies came into my head about that time, and I tried hard to think of some escape from such a world of sin and sorrow; but a kind and merciful God would not let me take my own wild way. I read my Bible; and the poor children kept all the while in my way smiling sweetly in my face, and driving all evil thoughts from my mind. My oldest boy was then about seven. 'Don't take on so, daddy,' the little fellow used to say when he found me shedding tears, 'don't cry, daddy; I shall be big enough to blow the bellows next year. I have tried to keep up for the sake of these poor children; and few would be better, for their years, if their mother did not teach some of them to curse and swear. They have the same bright look and gentle temper that my wife had when we were married. There never was a milder temper than Polly's before this curse fell upon the poor creature. Oh, sir, it is nothing but rum that has ruined our hopes of happiness in this world

How strange it is that nothing can be done to stay such a dreadful plague!"

The collector shook the poor blacksmith by the hand, and bade him keep up his spirits as well as he could, and put his trust in God's Providence. Promising to make him a friendly call, in the course a few days, he took his leave.

This interview with the blacksmith had caused his visitor to contemplate the subject of the temperance reform somewhat in a novel point of view. The importunate and frequently repeated interrogatory of Johnny Hodges, "Cannot something be done to put an end to the evils of intemperance?" to most individuals would appear to favor of gross ignorance in the Inquirer as to those amazing efforts which have already been made at home and abroad. But it must not be forgotten that poor Hodges was no theorizer in that department of domestic wretchedness which arises from intemperance. He was well aware that a prodigious effort had been made for the purification of the world by voluntary associations, adopting the pledge of total abstinence. He perfectly understood that all those who had subscribed such a pledge, and faithfully adhered to it, were safe from the effects of intemperance, in their own persons. Yet this poor fellow cried aloud, out of the very depths of his real misery, "Cannot something be done to put an end to the evils of intemperance?" His own bitter experience had taught him that there was one person who could never be prevailed upon to sign the pledge; one, upon whose faithful execution of her domestic duties, his whole earthly happiness depended; the partner of his bosom; the mother of his children; and she had become a loathsome and ungovernable drunkard. He rationally inferred, indeed he well knew the fact, from his own observation upon the surrounding neighbourhood, that such an occurrence was not of an uncommon character. Intemperate husbands, intemperate wives, and intemperate children were all around him. Johnny Hodges was a man of good common sense. He reasoned forward to the future from the past, he entertained no doubt that, notwithstanding the most energetic, voluntary efforts of all the societies upon the face of the earth, drunkenness would certainly continue in a greater or less degree, so long as the means of drunkenness were suffered to remain. The process of reasoning in Johnny's mind may be very easily described. So long, thought he, as rum-selling continues to be sanctioned by law, and grog-shops are legalized at every corner; so long as even deacons and church members distil rum and sell it, reducing the temperate drinker's noble to the drunkard's nine-pence, and that nine-pence to nothing and a jail; winning away the bread from the miserable tippler's children; and causing the husband and wife to hate and abhor the very presence of each other; so long a very considerable number of persons, who will not sign the pledge, will be annually converted from temperate men and women into drunken vagabonds and paupers. The question is therefore reduced to this: Can no effectual measures be provided by law to prevent a cold, calculating, unmercenary body of men from trafficking any longer in broken hopes, broken hearts, and broken constitutions; and to restrain, at least, deacons and church members, who pray to the Lord to lead them not into temptation, from laying snares along the highways and hedges of the land to entrap the feet of their fellow creatures, and tempt their weaker brethren to their ruin.

A month or more had passed away before the collector's business brought him again into the neighbourhood of the blacksmith's shop. Johnny Hodges was at work as usual. He appeared dejected and care-worn. His visitor shook him by the hand, and told him that the doctor said he should consider him, as old Boerhaave used to say, one of his best patients, for God would be his paymaster. "Never think of the debt any more, Johnny," said the collector. "The doctor has sent you his bill receipted; and he bade me tell you that if a little money would help you in your trouble, you should be heartily welcome to it." "Indeed," said the blacksmith, "the doctor is a kind friend; but I suppose nothing can be done to put an end to this curse?" "I fear there will not be at present," said the collector; "rum is the idol of the people. The friends of temperance have petitioned the legislature to pull this old

* I have learned, since the preparation of this tale, from the collector himself, that Hodges expressed the liveliest gratitude for the doctor's kindness in relinquishing his claim for professional services; but that he persisted in refusing to receive a five-dollar note, which accompanied the receipted bill. "God will reward the doctor for all his kindness," said the poor fellow, "but I cannot take the money."

Idol down. Now there are, in that very body, a great many members who love the idol dearly; there are many who are sent thither expressly to keep the idol up. So you see that petitioning the legislature, such as it now is, to abolish the traffic in rum, is like petitioning the priests of Baal to pull down their false god. But you look pale and sad: has any new trouble come upon you, or do you find the old one more grievous to bear?" "Ah, sir," said this man of many woes, "we have had trouble enough, new and old, since you were here last. Intemperance must be a selfish vice, I am sure. About a fortnight ago, my wife contrived, while I was gone to the city to procure a few bars of iron, to sell our old cow to a drover; and this woman, once so kind-hearted and thoughtful of her children, would see them starve rather than deprive herself of the means of intoxication. She has been in liquor every day since. But all this is nothing compared with our other late trial. Last Monday night, I was obliged to be from home till a very late hour. I had a promise from a neighbour to sit up at my house till my return, to look after the children, and prevent the house from being set on fire. But the promise was forgotten. When I returned about eleven o'clock, all was quiet. I struck a light, and, finding my wife was in bed, and sound asleep, I looked round for the children. The four older children I readily found, but little Peter, our infant, about thirteen months old, I could find no where. After a careful search, I shook my wife by the shoulder to wake her up, that I might learn, if possible, what had become of the child. After some time, though evidently under the influence of liquor, I awakened this wretched woman, and made her understand me. She then made a sign that it was in the bed. I proceeded to examine, and found the poor suffering babe beneath her. She had pressed the life out of its little body. It was quite dead. It was but yesterday that I put it into the ground. If you can credit it, this miserable mother was so intoxicated that she could not follow it to the grave. What can a poor man do with such a burthen as this? The owner of the little tenement, in which I have lived, has given me notice to quit, because, he says, and reasonably enough too, that the chance of my wife's setting it on fire is growing greater every day. However, I feel that within me that promises a release before long, from all this insufferable misery. But what will become of my poor children!" Johnny sat down upon a bench, and burst into tears. His visitor, as we have said, was a kind-hearted man. "Suppose I should get some discreet person to talk with your wife," said he. Johnny raised his eyes and his hand at the same moment. "Talk with her!" he replied, "you may as well talk with a whirlwind; the abuse which she poured on me this morning for proposing to bring our good minister to talk with her, would have made your hair stand on end. No, I am heart-broken and undone for this world. I have no hope, save in a better, through the mercies of God. The visitor took the poor man by the hand, and silently departed. He uttered not a word; he was satisfied that nothing could be said to abate the domestic misery of poor Johnny Hodges in the present world; and there was something in his last words, and in the tone in which they were uttered, which assured the visitor that Johnny's unshaken confidence in the promises of God would not be disappointed in another.

How entirely inadequate is the most finished delineation to set forth, in true relief, the actual sum total of such misery as this! How little conception have all those painted male and female butterflies and moths, who stream along our public walks of a sunny morning, or flutter away their lives in our fashionable saloons;—how little conception have they of the real pressure of such practical wretchedness as this? To the interrogatory of poor Johnny Hodges, "Can nothing be done to put an end to the evils of intemperance?" what answer, here and hereafter, do those individuals propose to offer, who not only withhold their names from the temperance pledge, but who light up their castles: and call together the giddy and the gay of both sexes; and devote one apartment of their palaces, in the present condition of public sentiment, chastened and purified as it is, to the *whiskey punch bowl!*

The summer had passed, and the harvest was over. About four months after the interview, I heard, for the first time, the story of poor Johnny Hodges. Taking upon my tablets a particular direction to his house and shop, I put on my surtout, and set forth upon a clear, cold November morning, to pay the poor fellow a visit. It was not three miles from the city to his dwelling. By

the special direction which I had received, I readily identified the shop. The doors were closed, for it was a sharp, frosty morning. I wished to see the poor fellow at his forge before I disclosed the object of my visit. I opened the door. He was not there. The bellows were still. The last spark had gone out in the forge. The hammer and tongs were thrown together. Johnny's apron was lying carelessly upon the bench. And the iron, upon which he had been working, lay cold upon the anvil. I turned towards the little dwelling. That also had been abandoned. A short conversation with an elderly man, who proved to be a neighbour, soon put my doubts and uncertainties at rest. The conclusion of this painful little history may be told in a very few words. The wife, who, it appears, notwithstanding her gross intemperance, retained an inconsiderable portion of personal comeliness, when not abominably drunk, had run off, in company with a common soldier, abandoning her husband and children about three months before. Five days only before my visit, poor Johnny Hodges, having died of a broken heart, was committed to that peaceful grave, where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest. On the same day, four little children were received, after the funeral, as inmates of the poor-house.

"I have known them well, all their life-long," said the old man from whom I obtained the information. "The first four or five years of their married life, there was not a likelier, nor a thriftier, nor a happier couple in the village. Hodges was at his forge early and late; and his wife was a pattern of neatness and industry. But the poor woman was just as much poisoned with rum, as every man was with arsenic. It changed her nature, until, at last, it rendered her a perfect nuisance. Every body speaks a kind word of poor Hodges; and every body says that his wife killed him, and brought his children to the poor-house. This is a terrible curse to be sure. Pray, sir, 'can't something be done to put an end to the evils of intemperance?'" Such thought I, was the inquiry of poor Johnny Hodges. How long can the intelligent legislatures of our country conscientiously permit this inquiry to pass without a satisfactory reply? How many more wives shall be made the enemies of their own household; how many more children shall be made orphans; how many more men shall be converted into drunken paupers; before the power of the law shall be exerted to stay the plague? In the present condition of the world, while the legislature throws its fostering arm around this cruel occupation, how many there are who will have abundant cause to exclaim, like poor Johnny Hodges, from the bottom of their souls,—WHAT A CURSE! How many shall take as fair a departure for the voyage of life, and make shipwreck of all their earthly hopes in a similar manner! How many hearts, not guilty of presumptuous sins, but grateful for Heaven's blessing in some humble sphere, shall be turned, by such misery as this, into broken cisterns which can hold no earthly joy! How many husbands of drunken wives; how many wives of drunken husbands; how many miserable children, flying in terror from the walking corpses of inebriated parents, shall cry aloud, like poor Johnny Hodges, in the language of despair, WHAT A CURSE!

MERCANTILE INDIGESTION.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

The following is a dialogue which took place at an interview between the late Dr. Gregory and a patient who applied for his advice:—

Patient. Good morning, Dr. Gregory; I'm just come in to Edinburgh about some law business, and I thought when I was here at any rate, I might just as well take your advice, sir, anent my trouble.

Doctor. And pray, what may your trouble be, my good sir?
—*Pa.* 'Deed, doctor, I'm no very sure; but I'm thinking it's a kind of weakness, that maks me dizzy at times, and a kind of pinkling about my stomach—I'm just no right.

Dr. You're from the west country, I should suppose sir?—*Pa.* Yes, sir, from Glasgow.

Dr. Ay. Pray, sir, are you a gourmand—a glutton?—*Pa.* Oh, no, sir; I'm one of the plainest living men in all the west country.

Dr. Then perhaps you're a drunkard.—*Pa.* No, Dr. Gregory, I'm thankful no one can accuse me of that; I'm of the dissenting persuasion, doctor, and an elder; so ye may suppose I'm nae drunkard.

Dr. (I'll suppose no such thing, till you tell me your mode of life.) I'm so puzzled with your symptoms, sir, that I should wish to hear in detail what you do eat and drink. When do you breakfast, and what do you take to it?—*Pa.* I breakfast at nine o'clock. I take a cup of coffee and one or two cups of tea; a couple of eggs, and a bit of ham or kipper'd salmon, or may be both, if they're good, and two or three rolls and butter.

Dr. Do you eat no honey, or jelly, or jam, to breakfast?—*Pa.* O yes, sir; but I don't count that as any thing.

Dr. Come, this is a very moderate breakfast. What kind of dinner do you make?—*Pa.* O, sir, I eat a very plain dinner indeed—some soup and some fish, and a little plain toast or boiled; for I dinna care for made dishes; I think some way they never satisfy the appetite.

Dr. You take a little pudding then, and afterwards some cheese?—*Pa.* O yes, though I don't care much about them.

Dr. You take a glass of ale or porter with your cheese?—*Pa.* Yes, one or the other, but seldom both.

Dr. You west country people generally take a glass of Highland whiskey after dinner.—*Pa.* Yes, we do: it's good for digestion.

Dr. Do you take any wine during dinner?—*Pa.* Yes, a glass or two of sherry; but I'm indifferent as to wine during dinner; I drink a good deal of beer.

Dr. What quantity of port do you drink?—*Pa.* Oh, very little, not above half a dozen glasses or so.

Dr. In the west country it is impossible, I hear, to dine without punch?—*Pa.* Yes, sir; indeed, 'tis punch we drink chiefly; but for myself, unless I happen to have a friend with me, I never tak mair than a couple of tumblers or so, and that's moderate.

Dr. Oh, exceedingly moderate! You then, after this slight repast, take some tea and bread and butter?—*Pa.* Yes, before I go to the counting-house to read the evening letters.

Dr. And on your return you take supper, I suppose?—*Pa.* No, sir, I canna be said to tak supper; just something before going to bed: a rizzer'd haddock, or a bit of toasted cheese, or half a hundred of oysters, or the like o' that; and may be, two-thirds of a bottle of ale; but I tak no regular supper.

Dr. But you take a little more punch after that?—*Pa.* No, sir, punch does not agree with me at bed time. I tak a tumbler of warm whiskey toddy at night; its lighter to sleep on.

Dr. So it must, no doubt. This you say, is your every day life; but upon great occasions you perhaps exceed a little?—*Pa.* No, sir, except when a friend or two dine with me, or I dine out, which, as I am a sober family man, does not often happen.

Dr. Not above twice a week?—*Pa.* No; not oftener.

Dr. Of course you sleep well, and have a good appetite?—*Pa.* Yes, sir, I'm thankful I have—indeed any wee harl o' health that I hae is about dinner time.

Dr. (assuming a severe look, and knitting his brows, and lowering his eye-brows) Now, sir, you are a very pretty fellow, indeed; you come here and tell me that you are a moderate man, and I might have believed you did I not know the nature of the people in your part of the country; but upon examination, I find by your own showing, that you are a voracious glutton; you breakfast in the morning in a style that would serve a moderate man for dinner; and from five o'clock in the afternoon, you undergo one almost uninterrupted loading of your stomach until you go to bed. This is your moderation! You told me, too, another falsehood—you said you were a sober man; yet, by your own showing, you are a beer swiller, a dram-drinker, a wine-bibber, and a guzzler of Glasgow-punch; a liquor, the name of which is associated, in my mind, only with the ideas of low company, and beastly intoxication. You tell me you eat indigestible suppers, and swill toddy to force sleep—I see that you chew tobacco. Now, sir, what human stomach could stand this? Go home, sir, and leave off your present course of riotous living—take some dry toast and tea to your breakfast—some plain meat and

soup for dinner, without adding any thing to spur on your flagging appetite; you may take a cup of tea in the evening, but never let me hear of haddocks and toasted cheese, and oysters, with their accompaniments of ale and toddy at night; give up chewing that vile, narcotic, nauseous abomination, and there are some hopes that your stomach may recover its tone, and you be in good health like your neighbours.—*Pa.* I'm sure, doctor, I'm very much obliged to you (taking out a bunch of bank-notes); I shall endeavour to—

Dr. Sir, you are not obliged to me; put up your money, sir. Do you think I'll take a fee for telling you what you knew as well as myself? Though you're no physician, sir, you are not altogether a fool. You have read your Bible, and must know that drunkenness and gluttony are both sinful and dangerous; and whatever you may think, you have this day confessed to me that you are a notorious glutton and drunkard. Go home, sir, and reform, or, take my word for it, your life is not worth half a year's purchase.

A RUM SELLER'S FATE.

From the Aurora and Mirror.

There are instances in which the perpetration of barefaced wickedness has been arrested, and the perpetrators made examples, by immediate interposition of the hand of God. The course of the rum-seller is a wicked one, and how long those now engaged in this murderous traffic may appear to flourish, remains yet to be seen. But the following statement will show the reader how one of that fraternity has fallen by the way, and this is not a solitary instance of the kind.

In one of our little New-England villages, not six years since, appeared an intelligent and interesting young man in the capacity of a school-teacher. He sought and obtained the care of a school, which he taught to the satisfaction of his employers. He became attached to the daughter of a widow in the town, who had seen much sorrow from sickness and afflictions, and whose pecuniary circumstances were such as, by industry and frugality, to secure comfort to herself and her little family. This young man was soon numbered as a member of that peaceful and happy family, and continued so until an inducement was held out to him to engage in the traffic in ardent spirits. He purchased the stock of a rum-seller, and commenced business.

But his mind was too much enlightened to admit of a quiet conscience in this work of making others miserable. He had been a member of a temperance society.—There was much excitement in the village, in respect to both temperance and religion; and this man was induced to put himself in the way of reproof by attending a protracted meeting. He was brought to see himself a sinner—to see the wickedness of his course—and to acknowledge that he was wrong in selling spirits, and that he wished he had not engaged in the business. He resolved to abandon it. But he wore off his convictions—said people talked too hard about him because he sold spirits—and finally became enraged, and declared he would sell spirit as long as he could procure it. He proved the earnestness of this resolution in his next trip to Boston, where he bought a large quantity of spirits, and begun to deal it out, and to make drunkards. But his course was short. He had already begun to use the soothing draught to still his guilty conscience; his face became flushed; and at times he

leled when bending his way homeward at night. A few weeks showed that the poison had taken a deep hold on his once manly form.

His creditors became uneasy—and before the close of a year from his commencement of business, he was a drunkard and a bankrupt! The habit into which he plunged, brought on disease, by which he lost the use of one half of his body, and by which his mind became impaired to such a degree as to unfit him for any kind of business—and he is scarcely permitted to be left alone.

Thus, in the short space of one year, this young man's earthly prospects are blighted, apparently forever! and his family made wretched beyond description. And why has he thus fallen? We would be charitable; we would do our neighbor no wrong;—although we say that we believe that God, in his providence, sometimes arrests men in their wicked course and makes them examples, for the good of the public, and of future generations.

I. S.

TEETOTALISM.

The horrid effects of this mania, should it prevail, are thus amusingly described in an English paper.

Blackwood, in his Magazine, observes—"We wish the teetotallers would make a grand invasion of the distilleries, and, after boiling a few of the concoctors of the conflagration in their own vats, let in the Thames to liquify the whole *plant*. With all this we are aware of the respect due to vested interests. The physicians, to whom apoplexies are a rent-roll; the surgeon, who lives on the broken bones of humanity; the undertakers, who keep themselves in their own houses by removing every one else from theirs; and last and most grasping of all, the chancellors of exchequers, who tax the tombstones, and lay their hand upon every thing above and under ground. The slightest check on the national propensity for gin would be answered by a general wail from the whole multitude who live on the sad varieties of human wo! The workhouse would exhibit the portly matrons and pampered clerks, who preside over the distribution of the six million pounds sterling, which go in potatoes and cheese to the pauperism of Britain, lank as the mice that roamed their empty halls. The turnkeys of the county jails would grow melancholy, and toy with handcuffs no longer. Jack Ketch would pronounce his occupation gone, and the drop itself might be sold for old furniture, not required at present by the owner. But the calamity would not end here; Themis herself might give up her last breath in a groan, that would shake the land from Westminster Hall to the Lizard. The judges would find their circuits reduced to the important duty of marching into the counties with a posse of clowns before them, and the sheriff's carriage to make up the show. The leanness of the courts would soon reduce the corporiety of the lawyers, and speedy mortality, or a general recruiting for the East India Company's service, would be the only resource against eating each other; with the barristers the solicitors must go, that active race, whose smaller dimensions by no means preclude their rivalling activity in

extracting their subsistence from whatever they can fix on. The generation of clerks and law subalterns, of all shapes, sizes, and stands, must be reduced to the famishing point without delay, all must perish alike."

DISTILLATION AND POVERTY.

Extract from Mr. Buckingham's Address.

The result of the investigation in England proved that no less than fifty millions sterling were wasted in that country in the purchase of intoxicating drinks. This loss is not all suffered by the rich, nor by the poor, nor by the middle classes, but it is abstracted from all. In Ireland, however, at this day the most miserable country under the sun, owing partly perhaps to misgovernment by her rulers, but certainly not less to mis-self-government of her own, it is ascertained that out of seven millions of inhabitants, two millions three hundred thousand are paupers, being one third of the whole, and when I say *paupers*, I do not mean persons in poverty merely, but those in the last degree of destitution, wretchedness and rags. Yet, in this most miserable country, six millions of pounds sterling are spent every year in the purchase of whiskey, or in the conversion of nutritious food into poisonous drink. If that sum of money were spent in the purchase of grain, of clothes and the means of education, who can conceive or describe the change that would instantly be produced in the moral as well as physical state of that people? But all this amount of good is prevented and destroyed, by that fiery flood whose consuming flames rise like the fires of Moloch, calling down the vengeance of indignant heaven upon that unhappy land. Now as the drink for which these fifty millions are expended is never necessary, the money expended upon it must be set down as a national loss; while the positive injury of which it is the immediate cause, doubles the loss to the nation. Fifty millions is the largest annual amount of revenue, which England, in the highest days of her prosperity, has ever been able to realize. You have probably heard, since the fact has been sufficiently reiterated, that Britain is the most over-taxed country in the world; and it has often been said that he who could discharge the national debt of Great Britain, would open to her a career of glory such as the world has never yet witnessed. But this, which in theory is but a splendid dream, might at once be reduced to solid reality, if her people would but consent to deny themselves, not the benefits, not the enjoyment, but the positive injury which they sustain from the use of intoxicating drinks. The result would be equal to the gift of £50,000,000 a year, from some foreign nation, to be applied to the payment of their national debt. Would this be a trifling benefit? Certainly not. It would be giving a new impetus to the national prosperity, beyond all former parallel.

"You say," said an Indian, after hearing a Temperance Address, "that the white man's pledge permits the use of whiskey in sickness. Now surely if whiskey will as we know it does, injure a well man, much more will it a sick one; hence, sick or well, I am for entire abstinence."

Letters to the Editor.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

SIR,—Having been employed as a Visitor for the English Church in this city during the space of three months, I visited, in the course of that time, some hundreds of families; and all the poverty, misery, and sin which I beheld, may, I think, be ascribed to the drinking of ardent spirits. I therefore felt it my duty to recommend to the people to join some Temperance Society.

M. KERNS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

SIR,—A lady, who merits the applause of the wise and the unwise for her great exertions in turning the simple from their evil ways to enjoy the blessings of temperance, was pleased to bestow on our company a set of colours, richly ornamented, and bearing the inscription—NEW GLASGOW LOYAL VOLUNTEERS. Notwithstanding this obligation, when within one hundred and thirty yards of her dwelling, temperate and intemperate were ranked up in front of a Tavern, and all who would partake were treated to two or three glasses of ingratitude.

J. M.

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, JULY, 1838.

WHO IS FREE FROM BLAME?—It is said in holy writ, "blood defileth the land;" and the same authority gives us to understand that, whenever it is unjustly shed, it "crieth" unto God "from the ground." When, therefore, one of the many victims of intemperance falls, his blood must raise its voice unto heaven for vengeance; and what members of the community, we ask, have best reason to conclude that it does not present an accusation against them?

The Distiller? No; it was done by drink, which it is his business to manufacture. The Retailer? No; it was done by drink which was administered to the lost man in his store. The Moderate Drinker? No; it was the influence of his example, and of the high, but false, praises which he bestowed upon the drink, that first led the lost man to tamper with it; and that brought him back to it again and again (after having experienced its evil effects, and forsaken it) till at last his ruin was accomplished. Who, then, is free from blame? The Tee-totaller, who uses it not, and who warns all men to avoid it. "If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; if thou say, behold we knew it not; doth not he that pondereth the heart consider it, and he that keepeth thy soul doth not he know it? and shall he not render to every man according to his works?"

MELANCHOLY PROSPECTS.—Several new distilleries have been commenced in this neighbourhood within the last twelve months, and at present, we have been told, they have more orders than they can well supply. It is said that most of the distillers are making a fortune, to use a common but erroneous expression. What benevolent heart can think, without pain, of the disastrous effects to be produced upon the country, by these floods of intoxicating liquors, which are now pouring forth from these various sources! Distillers may thereby make what they are pleased to term a fortune; but when we think of the awful amount of crime which will be committed through means of their liquors, of the number of families that will be ruined, and the souls that will be lost; who, that believes a future retribution, would desire to have a farthing of their gains? Let teetotallers arouse themselves to stop the work of destruction. Let them pray and labour with increased diligence, and relax not their exertions till the evil shall be overcome.

MODERATION.—Sometime ago two Teetotallers from Montreal visited one of the villages in the neighbourhood of the city, and delivered an address on Temperance. At the conclusion several names were subscribed to the pledge; but considerable opposition was made by one individual in the meeting, a farmer in the neighbourhood. He pleaded that a little in moderation was good and necessary, especially on the harvest-field. After the meeting was broken up, he, and a companion, went straight to the tavern, to have a little in moderation; but next morning they were found lying, one on the one side of the road, and the other on the opposite, sleeping off the previous night's debauch. Those who think drunkenness a trifle may perhaps laugh at this; but those who believe, on the authority of the Bible that "no drunkard shall enter the kingdom of God," will regard it in a very different light. Deeply will these men regret, either in this life or the next, that instead of opposing total abstinence, they did not adopt it as the rule of their conduct throughout life.

We are happy to be able to inform the readers of this Journal that a letter has been received from Mr. Buckingham, in which he states, that in consequence of his engagements in various parts of the United States, he cannot possibly visit Canada this season, but declares that it is his intention to do so before he leaves this continent; and that when he does come, he will do all in his power to promote the cause of temperance amongst us.

A large number of Temperance Tracts, and papers have been received from Liverpool by the *Dryope*; they will be ready for distribution in a few days.

Various communications have been received, which we cannot notice in this number on account of want of room.

Progress of the Temperance Reform.

LOWER CANADA.

EATON.—*SIR*,—A few days since I attended a Temperance Meeting at Eaton. The old pledge had been the basis of the Society, but when one of the speakers urged Total Abstinence as the only expedient and safe course, especially at the present day, a gentleman present procured writing materials, and before the speaker had concluded his remarks, drew up a good pledge, which was read, and subscribers called for. I could not remain till the close of the meeting, but the following letter from a friend, will shew the result of the effort.

W.

"As to the result of our meeting, it was good. The interest continued to increase to the close. There was a manifest rise of feeling till all were prepared, with but one dissenting voice, to adopt the *comprehensive pledge*. One of our mechanics rose and spoke to the purpose, and with effect. My determination was to have all in the house sign the new pledge. We urged this point, requesting that none should leave the house. A very few slipped out—not more than three or four. The rest, with but three or four exceptions, united on the high, safe, and victorious ground of total abstinence from all that can intoxicate.

"The only noted drunkard living at the corner rose, and after a short speech said, 'put his name down for one year.' He had signed the old pledge before, and remained firm six months, when a member of a Society gave him a glass of wine, and he then had no rest till he got a glass of rum.

"We feel confident that good was done. Pray that we may be faithful. Pray that by union of feeling and effort, we may be able to *shame* the buyer, seller, and drunkard together from this township. I am determined to *pursue* the enemy, nor will I rest till the warfare is accomplished, and the township is free."

UNITED STATES.

WONDERFUL TEMPERANCE AGENT.—The Rev. O. P. Hoyt, in giving an account of the late powerful revival of religion in the city of Detroit, shows the immediate connexion between holiness and total abstinence. This connexion has always existed. The priests under the Mosaic dispensation were forbidden under the pain of death from using "wine or strong drink" when in the discharge of their priestly office. The Nazarites, the most holy and devoted of the Israelites, were expressly prohibited the use of "wine and strong drink." Paul and Timothy, and the early Christians, were TOTAL ABSTINENTS. "The success of temperance will" not "be the triumph of infidelity." The candidates for admission to the church, in Detroit, were examined on several subjects. Among others, Mr. Hoyt specifies "*temperance*."

"In the examination of candidates, each one was inquired of, respecting their 'faith and practice,' on this subject. The spirit of the Lord is a most wonderful temperance agent. He has brought over to the side of total abstinence, very many whom no other influence

had been able to reach. Quite a number had been engaged in the spirit traffic. But they were ready to adopt the principles of those apostolic converts who used curious arts, but who burned up their books and abandoned their unholy calling. Taught by the same good spirit, these latter converts seem to feel that this occupation is but a bad one."—*American paper*.

TEMPERANCE STEAMBOAT ON LAKE ERIE.—THE ROCHESTER.—Among the many new adventures upon the Lake, which the present season has brought out, is the new and splendid boat bearing the above title. It left this port on its first trip, on Monday last. The Rochester in respect to elegance and workmanship is among the best boats on Lake Erie. Her accommodations for passengers are excellent, and every attention will be paid to their comfort. The captain is an experienced and skilful navigator. Besides the claims to patronage common to this and other first-rate boats, the Rochester has some which are peculiar. She is in all things, a *six day boat*. She neither sails, loads, unloads, or does any other work on the Sabbath. She carries no bar, and no intoxicating liquors; but, what is unspeakably safer and better, she is to be furnished with fountains of Soda and Mead. No gaming will be allowed on board; a source not unfrequently of infinite annoyance to passengers. Thus all her arrangements are designed to conform to the principles of Christian morality, and our acquaintance with the captain and owners, leaves no doubt that those principles will be strictly carried out.—*Cleveland Observer*.

From the last Report of the American Temperance Union.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The temporary suspension of action in England, has been succeeded by no inconsiderable reverse, since the adoption of the only true principle by the new British and Foreign Total Abstinence Society and its auxiliaries, under the patronage of the Earl of Stanhope. Temperance festivals are the great and popular machinery. "Never, at any period," says the large Preston Advocate, "since we have observed the mighty movements of the Temperance Reformation, has their been so much zeal and activity in its behalf as at present. The recent festivals have abundantly proved that our principles are growing in public estimation, and are attaining a popularity which, two years ago, we durst not anticipate."

In Scotland two total abstinence publications have been established since the commencement of the year; and the cause is reviving in the larger towns.

In Ireland, ill-fated, wretched Ireland, a national society has been organized on the total abstinence principle.

In Wales 150,000 persons have, within the year, signed the pledge. Ministers of all denominations are warm advocates of total abstinence. The nobility also favour the cause. Some meetings have been attended by 10,000 people. A noble spirit everywhere prevails. "On," say they, "we go. And on we will go, until, through the help of God, we have all the miry places and marshes of intemperance healed, and brought to produce sobriety, health, peace, comfort and joy; and

then we will most gladly sing, Babylon is fallen, is fallen, and all Cambria's children are brought to forsake the cursed cup of desolation, crime, and wo."

For Britain there is hope. Accustomed to its eight and ten millions sterling of revenue from the spirit trade, the government may do nothing. But there is an annual waste to the nation, from intemperance, of two hundred millions; and it is constantly increasing by the fires it kindles. Under such a drain no nation can stand; and because the people have begun to look at the scourge and to meet it with the all-conquering weapon "TOTAL ABSTINENCE," for Britain there is hope.

ASIA.

From Bombay we have a subscription for 200 copies, monthly, of the Journal. The publications and labours of Arch-deacon Jeffries, have there been greatly blessed to the extension of the cause.

A second report from the Prince Wales Society, of Dec. 1836, and a letter from the secretary, dated April, 1837, have been received. This society, though small, has effected many changes, and added greatly to the good order, health and life of the British soldiers.

In New Zealand, once noted for cannibalism, the Temperance tree has taken root. At a public meeting, the principal merchants, chiefs, and Europeans united in banishing ardent spirits. "Let wine and porter," said Aohu, a chief, "be also prohibited, because if those be allowed, the white people will give the names of wine and porter to all the rum casks, and therefore be induced to smuggle spirits on shore." So well did a Pagan reason on a point in which many Christians are strangely blinded.

From the Sandwich Islands an interesting communication has been received by the chairman; from which it appears that while great efforts are made to keep ardent spirits from the islands, it still finds its way there through unprincipled Americans; and that wherever the fiery scourge comes, there are its usual accompaniments, drinking, lying, fighting, and murder. At Honolulu only is it legally admitted, and such is its influence there on foreign seamen, that whalers shun it, as a place infected by the plague. Surely the whole Christian world should blush, and be fired with indignation at the conduct of men, who, for gain, will thus destroy innocent nations and throw an insuperable obstacle in the way of their salvation.

AFRICA.

A recent communication has also been received from Port Natal, expressive of the deepest interest in the cause of Temperance. Professed friends drinking moderately of the intoxicating cup under a pretended Bible right, are a great hinderance. The missionaries cry for help, "Send out," they say, "your papers. The people here read all they can get. It would cheer your hearts, could you hear the pleasure expressed by Europeans who read these things from America. Could you send to Dr. Philip, at Cape Town, ten bushels of reports, pamphlets, and papers, to be distributed at his station, vast good would be done." The American colonies on Western Africa are based on Temperance principles.

AMERICAN CONTINENT.

In South America we know of but one bright spot for Temperance; Menahem, in Brazil, where a flourishing society exists, and a Temperance paper is published.

On several plantations in the West Indies, Temperance principles prevail with good effect.

TEMPERANCE ITS OWN REWARD.—If every virtue, in its consequences, is its own reward, temperance is eminently so, and every one immediately feels its good effects. The maxims of temperance, however paradoxical they may appear, are not the less just. Among these it may be stated, that the smallest are the best; and there never was a good bowl of punch, nor a good bottle of champagne, burgundy, nor claret; that the best dinner is one dish; that our entertainment grows worse in proportion as the number of dishes increases; that a fast is better than a lord mayor's feast; that no connoisseur ever understood good eating; that no minister of state or ambassador ever gave a good entertainment; no king ever sat down to a good table; and that the peasant fares better than the prince. Temperance is the patroness of health; the protector of beauty; the prolonger of life; the ensurer of pleasure; the preserver of the understanding; the promoter of every intellectual improvement, and of every moral virtue.—*Sir J. Sinclair's Code of Health.*

Poetry.

TO WATER.

Oh cool, and health inspiring flood!
I hail thee, source of life to man!
Thou promptest not to deeds of blood,
Nor dost the fires of passion fan;
Good nature marches in thy van,
And in thy train a host appear,
Of sober pleasures, which proceed
From many a kind and generous deed,
And more than these, a conscience clear.
Thou dost our fiery passions calm,
While wine to deeds of madness leads.
Thou art to us a healing balm;
While foul intonation breeds
Disease that on our vitals feeds.
Then let us seize thy proffered boon
Of life and hope, and health and joy,
Nor let the blasting bowl destroy
Our energies in manhood's noon.

PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT.

THE Subscribers would respectfully offer their thanks to their many friends for the very flattering encouragement with which they have been favoured since engaging in business, and take this occasion to state, that they have just received by Bark Samuel from London, a supply of new and beautiful TYPE, from the well known Foundry of Messrs. WILSON & SONS; their Printing Office being considerably enlarged since the first May, likewise affords much additional convenience. They are now prepared to execute orders in every department of the business with despatch and superior neatness, and beg to solicit a continuance of support.

CAMPBELL & BECKET.

Muir's Buildings, Place d'Armes,
Montreal, July 2nd, 1838. }