

TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

DEVOTED TO

TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE, NEWS, &c.

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

PLEDGE OF THE MONTREAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED, DO AGREE, THAT WE WILL NOT USE INTOXICATING LIQUORS AS A BEVERAGE, NOR TRAFFIC IN THEM; THAT WE WILL NOT PROVIDE THEM AS AN ARTICLE OF ENTERTAINMENT, NOR FOR PERSONS IN OUR EMPLOYMENT; AND THAT IN ALL PROBABLE WAYS WE WILL DISCOURTAGE THEIR USE THROUGHOUT THE COMMUNITY.

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THE ARTIST.

(Sketches from a Surgeon's Note Book)

In the course of my practice, I have paid some attention to the effects of the two great stimulants, whisky and tobacco, on the bodies and habits of the votaries of excitement. There is a great difference in the action of the two substances; and I know no more curious subject for the investigation of the metaphysical physician, than the analysis of the various effects upon the mind produced by all the stimulating narcotics which are used by man, for the purpose of yielding pleasure or mitigating pain. I have myself committed to paper some thoughts upon this subject, which may yet see the light; and many of the conclusions I have deduced from my reasoning and experience, may be found to be curious, as well as instructive. I have found, for instance, that people of sanguine temperaments are greater drinkers than smokers; and those of a dull phlegmatic cast are greater smokers than drinkers. A man that smokes will almost always drink; but a man that drinks will not always, nor indeed often, smoke. The two habits are often found combined in the same individual; but it is, notwithstanding, a fact, that if the smoker and drinker could always command the spirit, he would very seldom or never trouble himself with the other. I am led into

these remarks by a case that occurred in my practice not very long ago, where the two habits joined, in an extraordinary manner, their baneful influences in closing the mortal career of one of those unfortunate votaries.

I was first called to William G——, a very ingenious artist, when he lay under a severe attack of what we call *delirium tremens*, or temporary insanity, produced by or consisting of (for the proximate cause is often the disease itself) highly irritated nerves, the consequence of a succession of drinking fits. I found that he had been "on the ball," as they say, for three weeks, during which time he had drunk forty-two bottles of strong whisky. Like many other people of genius, whose fits of inspiration (for artists have those fits as well as poets) make them work to excess, and leave them, as they wear out, the victims of *ennui* and lassitude, he was in the habit of applying himself to his business with too much assiduity, for the period, generally, of about a month. Exhausted by the excitement of thought and invention kept up too long, he fell regularly down into a state of dull lethargy, which seemed to be painful to him. He felt as if there was a load upon his brain. A sense of duty stung him, after a few days' idleness, poignantly; and, while he writhed under the sting of the sharp monitor, he felt that *he cou'! not* obey the behest of the good angel; and yet could not explain the reason of his utter powerlessness and incapacity for work. If he had allowed this state, which is quite natural, and not difficult of explanation, to remain unalleviated by stimulants for a day or two, he would have found that, as the brain again collected energy, he would have been relieved by the *vis medicatrix* of Nature herself; but he had no patience for that, and drank was accordingly his refuge and relief. The first glass he took was fraught with the most direful power—it threw down the flood-gates of a struggling resolution; the relief of the new and artificial impulse raised his spirits; another application inflamed his mind; and then bottle after bottle was thrown into the furnace, until the drink fever laid him up, and brought upon him the salutary nausea which overcame the rebellious desire. This system had continued for more than ten years. He had been gradually getting worse and worse; and, latterly, he had resigned himself to the cognate influence of the narcotic weed.

When I got an account of this young man—for he was still comparatively young—and saw some of the exquisite pieces of workmanship, both in sculpture and painting, he had executed, I felt a strong interest in his fate. He was, indeed, one example out of many where I had contemplated, with tears that subdued my profes-