



## “Memor et Fidelis.”

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### A DIFFERENCE IN EQUALITIES.

ORIGINAL.

Founded on an incident which recently occurred in Montreal.

Nat Carlton was a man of natural sociability and possessed an intelligent mind. He was liberally educated. Occupying a position in business which often brought him into the circles of drinking men, he sometimes indulged in a social glass, but not having yet formed an appetite for strong drink, was not in the practice of resorting alone to the bar for a glass. Being possessed of a free disposition, and despising anything like meanness, or “sponging,” he generally paid for a dozen glasses where he drank one. He was, of course, considered and called by his friends, of whom he had many, “a clever fellow;” this suited the feelings of “Carl,” as he was familiarly designated. To have had an enemy, or for any one to have spoken disparagingly of him, would have affected him seriously.

The business in which Nat was engaged was fluctuating—sometimes successful, and then prosecuted at a sacrifice. When business was good, no man was freer in the disbursement of funds to all objects of public or private charity, than himself; he was not over-provident, even in times of scarcity—often saying to those who questioned the wisdom of his gifts—“No matter, it will come right soon.” His organ of *hope*, as the Phrenologist says, was large, and he always looked on the sunny side of life and business.

In the course of time the business of Nat increased, so that he took a partner and extended his operations. This proved a misfortune. His partner was very intemperate, licentious and dishonest. In about two years from the time the partnership was formed, Nat found himself almost a beggar. First making over all he had to secure his endorser and creditors, he gave his business into other hands and recommenced as a journeyman, where he was as ever, when in a subordinate position, industrious and frugal.

In process of time Nat again embarked in business as proprietor, having procured means and

friends. Having obtained a public job, and being continually engaged, he employed an agent to collect and manage his out-of-doors affairs. The agent cheated him out of two thirds of his money, and he was once more compelled to resort to day labor. During all these reverses he was strictly temperate, though not what is termed “a teetotaler.”

Being attacked with cholera, Carleton came near to dying. The disease left him in a state of impaired health—and subject to an affection for the cure of which, he spent much of his earnings, and suffered great bodily pain. He was advised to use branly daily. He yielded to the advice for a time, but not finding a cure so speedily as he anticipated, he adopted the use of other medicines of a stimulating character. Some people, who were very scrupulous about the use of alcoholic drinks, blamed Nat; they thought he was becoming a drinker; but he was too proud and independent to explain his reasons, and therefore some of his friends deserted him.

From having a mind peculiarly active and imaginative, whenever Nat did drink, although lightly, it affected him sensibly. And when (as was sometimes the case,) he chanced to fall into the company of intimate friends, and several complimentary glasses were taken, the effect of the same number of consecutive drinks upon himself would be more apparent than upon his associates. On one of these occasions, while at the house of a friend, without seeming to have taken a sufficient quantity to disqualify him for the steadiest locomotion, he was suddenly rendered quite incapable of walking, and became incoherent in conversation;—so that while some of the party became amused, others were disgusted, and some, even, offended at his remarks.

On the day succeeding the event just mentioned, Nat called to see one of his friends who had taken the offence. He was coldly received. Upon inquiring the cause, he was told; “you were tipsy last night, and made a fool of yourself. I don’t believe you knew what you were saying, but you have no business to get drunk.”

“But did you not drink as often as I? And did you not yourself treat me?” inquired Nat.

“True, I drank as often as you, and so did the rest, but they and I can stand up under more than you can,” replied the man, at the same time remarking, “you are seeking employment; you desire the friendly aid of these men with whom you drink; and do you think a man of them will do anything for you after seeing you drink liquor?”

“I cannot see,” replied Nat, “that there should be such ciffidence ‘twixt tweedle dum and tweedle dee.’ And, if because I am poor, out of employment, and a comparative stranger, I deserve no consideration, whatever may be my capacity for usefulness, certainly they were not my friends who invited me to drink before they had exactly measured my capabilities to ascertain *how far they might be accessories in my tipsiness.*”

“Yes, but you have been under the influence of liquor before, and ought to know better than to drink any,” responded the man.

“But, were neither you nor any of the party ever intoxicated?” inquired Nat.

“Very likely we have all been so, more or less, on some particular occasions, but then we were at home and we had employment, so that the thing was scarcely known or noticed.”

“Then it is not so much (in your estimation) the act of getting drunk, *per se* that is wrong, but getting intoxicated under circumstances, *i.e.* drinking other men’s liquor when you are offered it, if you have no money or employment?” said Nat.

“No; you should know when you have drank enough,” replied the man.

“But,” inquired Nat, “did you ever know a man who purposely got drunk? Did you ever know a man who realized that he was drinking too much? No, it is the one glass too much, unconsciously taken that makes any rational, sensible man intoxicated. And now, let me tell you, I believe the whole of that party were as wrong, (if not more so,) in drinking as myself. If they and you were aware of what would be the evil of becoming tipsy under circumstances, when