

follow in other respects, sets all order at defiance by getting drunk *too quickly*?

If an outcast from this society; what mercy can the "frantic" expect from the "soakers"?—those men of "discretion in their liquor," who after soaking all day till, if twisted or wrung, in like manner, grog would drip from them like water from a wet blanket, sit all the evening sipping, and calculate effects so exactly, that real "drunk" only comes at bed time. Can they endure a madman whose presence invariably disturbs the harmonious working of this delightful system.

Even the "moderate" drinker can say to the sailor enjoying his "quid," the Dutchman his "pipe," or the "soaker" his diuted poison, "If you are willing to sell your soul for *such* a mess of pottage, you should be your own judge of the cost;" but no man can excuse the "frantic" drinker, nor should they, for he cannot even pretend to any of the usual excuses of others.

He cannot say that liquor ever does him good, for he feels its bad effects: from the first taste. He can never experience the modified excitement of the "moderate," the continued titillations of the "soaker," or the jovial hilarity of the "social." He drinks at first wantonly, then furiously, then unwittingly, and awakens from his insane trance, merely to know the money price by an examination of his pockets, but without the slightest consciousness of having experienced even one moment of value received.

Nor let the "frantic" however much he may envy the supposed delights of those who "bear their liquor discreetly," imagine that he can ever by *practice* attain their distinguished celebrity. No, no, it is the law of his nature, (whatever may be theirs), that strong drink must produce madness—full, active insanity, temporary in duration, but complete in its effects; and "apprentice" himself to the art of simple drunkenness as he will, instead of advancing towards his end, all hope will be destroyed. Every fresh attempt, instead of strengthening his "discretion," will only increase the tendency to more hideous loss of reason.

Such is the constitution of the human brain, that whatever destroys its equilibrium for a time, weakens it forever. The lunatic may be restored to reason in the quiet of an asylum, but we expect not thereafter to find in him the same strength of mind that he possessed before. So, though it may please Providence to restore, as by a miracle, the "frantic" drinker to his right mind, after he has voluntarily produced upon himself the deadliest insanity, his mind is weakened by each operation, and his end is an early grave, or the mad-house, unless, as a more marked exhibition of depravity, he is suffered to move for years, a more deplorable object to himself and friends—an idiot at large.

To those who have been always temperate, there may not be much meaning in this article, but it will be appreciated at whatever value it may possess by those who have watched the progress of alcohol upon the temperament of a certain class who consume a large proportion of all the spirituous liquors that are drunk. It is written for the eye of the numerous class which it describes, and should it cause one man to pause in his insane career before it be too late, the labour is a thousand times repaid.

X. Y. Z.

To the Editor of the *Canada Temperance Advocate*.

MONTREAL, Nov. 4, 1845.

DEAR SIR,—As it is not likely that I will visit the Western country this winter, as in former years, allow me to address a word of advice to our numerous friends throughout the Province. Dear Brethren, the season for agitation is approaching—gladly, did circumstances permit, would I contribute my mite by means of public advocacy, to the great and benevolent enterprise in which

you have the honour and pleasure to be heartily engaged. Remember our watchword is *onward*; the enemy has been fortifying himself in every possible way against your first onset, but let the attack be made with spirit, true moral courage—and his defences will yield; tavern bars and saloons will be demolished; the strong walls of custom will totter to their fall; and the ancient capital of old King Alcohol will fall into our hands. Seriously, let your plans be *soon* and *well laid*; secure the best speakers; lay aside all petty jealousies and differences; circulate the Prospectus of your *organ*, the *Canada Temperance Advocate*, and procure as many subscribers as possible. Draw the sword, and cast the scabbard away—the eyes of many are upon you—the poor and the wretched are waiting for help. You know where your strength lies—in Truth. Truth is mighty and shall prevail. And above all, let the Throne of Grace be witness to your constant cries for succour,—the Almighty's arm will then be bared, and your triumph is complete.

I am, Your fellow-labourer,

R. D. WADSWORTH.

ON SUBSCRIBING.

MONTREAL, Nov. 7, 1845.

DEAR BRETHREN,—Can you not be as devoted and zealous in a good cause, as your adversaries are in a bad one? Is not the consideration that you are labouring for the welfare of the race, as powerful an inducement for you to act, as the fact, that they are labouring for the ruin of the race, is for your foes? If some will sacrifice fame and fortune, body and soul, to intemperance, have we not a right to expect that you will sacrifice something to tee-totalism? If the slave of alcoholic drinks will surrender, in tribute to his tyrant, all he has and is, are you not bound to do something in order to redeem him? If the poor drunkard will expend 1½d for a glass of liquor, several times in the course of a single day, will you not expend a similar sum twice a month, for a temperance paper? If he will treat his friend, on every occasion, to a glass, should you not treat yours occasionally to a copy of the *Canada Temperance Advocate*? Answer these queries to thy conscience.

A TEE-TOTALER.

TALBOT DISTRICT.

I have just concluded a short engagement in the Talbot District, the particulars of which I will furnish for some future number of the *Advocate*. At present, I have only time to give an account of one of the strangest meetings I ever attended:—An arbitrary and ill-natured rumseller, who has been vowing vengeance against me for a long time, because of an article which appeared in the columns of your paper about two years ago, attended one of my meetings. The moment I concluded my remarks, the infuriated man arose and declared in a rude manner, and in a loud voice, that I was a liar. When he commenced speaking, a gang of fellows who had been standing outside, and who understood the signal, came staggering into the school-house to assist the angry landlord. These misguided young men had primed themselves for the occasion at a logging bee that day, where a professor of religion supplied them with whisky. One of these heroes rushed forward and struck me, but split the desk, and almost broke his knuckles with the blow; the blow was repeated, and the non-resisting desk received it, but the third blow reached my face. I did not wish to receive a pulpit-pounding, so I left the desk, just in time to receive a blow in my breast, and another in my side, to say nothing of a brutal and cowardly kick. By this time a stout man seized the assailant, who, in company