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"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.—*Macneight'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 SUITABLE WAYS WE WILL DISCOURTAGE THEIR USE THROUGHOUT THE COMMUNITY.

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THE MANIAC.

(From the Canada Christian Advocate.)

It is delightful to contemplate the astonishing powers of the human mind. To witness its development and maturity—its wonderful achievements in the various departments of science, literature, and art; together with its ascendancy over matter in all its various modifications,—its conquests in different departments of nature; as one province after another submits to the superior power of the human intellect.

Every effort to develop man's intellectual powers, and strengthen his dominion in the world of matter, should be hailed with grateful emotion; and its author regarded as a benefactor of his race. While every attempt at debasing the mind—depressing, or weakening the intellectual powers—degrading man into servile submission to an unconscious creature, or base and ruinous appetites and passions—subjecting him to the most humiliating vassalage, and, as is often the case, divining reason from its rightful throne—should be regarded as an act of inhuman malevolence, and base, unpardonable treachery; and the agent, or cause of such humiliating degradation, and slavery, deserves to be banished from civilized society—confined within the walls of a state prison, or transported to some lone region, unless he gave evidence of hearty repentance, a speedy reformation, and the total abandonment of his unholy and pernicious calling. Will not this apply forcibly to the traffic in ardent spirits?

At the commencement of my acquaintance with E. D., he possessed many excellent qualities, intellectual, social, moral. Surrounded by a large circle of respectable friends, who fondly anticipated from the vigorous activity of his intellectual endowments, and the sprightliness of his genius, that he would ultimately rise to distinction in society, he was regarded as the attractive centre of the kind and interesting family of which he was a member.

Enjoying the advantage of a tolerable capital, he engaged in business, with every prospect of success; and, for some time, his business prospered, equal to the most sanguine expectations of his friends; he appeared to be rising rapidly to affluence and an easy independence. Fortune smiled, and friends were multiplied. The sun of prosperity shone brightly upon the open road to honor and emolument. He was considered by all, prudent, temperate, virtuous; and no one entertained the least idea, that the sun that had risen so clear, was ever to set in darkness.

But, like many others, he was accustomed to the indulgence of a social glass—nothing like drunkenness, not even approaching to habitual tipping—"only a social glass of wine, it will do no harm."

A few years rolled their rapid round, and from this social tipping habit, he as rapidly advanced to habitual drunkenness; and subsequently became a raving maniac! Reason, after having been repeatedly disturbed in its rightful dominion, by the maddening influence of the poisonous cup, was finally effectually driven from its throne, perhaps to return no more, until the victim of inebriation shall awake to the fearful retribution that awaits the drunkard before the tribunal of a just and holy God. His appearance was horrific in the extreme. His countenance gave certain indications that the spirit of a demon reigned within. His eyes, once the windows of a kindly and intelligent soul, emitted at every glance, a horrid demon-like malevolence; and, if an inhabitant of the infernal regions had taken possession of him, he could scarcely have been rendered more inhuman and loathsome.

At times, however, for a few moments, he would appear quite rational. Frequently, on such occasions, the scene would be sufficiently affecting to move the most obdurate heart to tears of sympathy. One of these scenes I had an opportunity of witnessing. It was a Sabbath morning—a delightful May day—joy beaming in every countenance—all nature was eloquent with its soul-inspiring harmony—happiness sat undisturbed on every face—the maniac alone excepted; his soul was insensible to the happiness that surrounded him, and alike insensible to his real condition, though separated far from his family, friends, and home, and far removed from the scenes of youth—fond pleasure in which he once delighted—a ruined man—he knew it not. Pleasing sensations that once exerted a happy influence upon his mind, were now unknown to him—his soul a barren waste, was wrapt in a mantle of impenetrable darkness, the dreariness of which no one could fathom. The hour for divine service arrived; but, before the inmates of the maniac's residence proceeded to the house of God, they must place him in a state of security. To keep the victim of ruthless madness within proper limits, the power of reason must have