

in good earnest a sincere convert to temperance, and a firm supporter of the cause, I subscribe myself most respectfully and affectionately yours.

GILBERT MILLER.

Brock, March 29th, 1845.

P. S.—I would say a few words on Dr. Dunlop's speech, but it is too abominable for public dissection.

#### THE WASHINGTONIAN.

"You might have been a gentleman of fortune, had you been an economical, enterprising, sober, and industrious man," said a red-faced landlord to a miserable mortal who loved his morning sling, his noontide dram, and his evening toddy, more than he valued his character, his health, and happiness. "Yes, I might have been a rich man, had I not squandered my fortune in your white-washed sepulchre, and you might have been my servant," remarked the drunkard, as he stepped out of the tap-room into the street. It had been raining during the day, and the road was more like a fluid than a solid one. As he was staggering and stumbling through the mire and slush, a gentleman cried out, "Good afternoon, friend; have you heard of the temperance meeting in the chapel on the hill this evening, and will you honor us with your countenance?" "No, you cannot catch old birds with chaff. I would cut a pretty figure at a temperance meeting, with a beard long enough for a shoe brush, a face red as the rising sun, and a bloated body tied up in rags." "I am aware that you are not very fashionably attired," observed the gentleman, "but if you have no objection, I will borrow a suit of clothes for you, and as you have been sleeping in barns, sheds, and stables, I will comb the hay-seeds out of your head, cut your hair, brush it as smooth as a bird's wing, draw a razor over your face, and then you will look well enough." After a few minutes' conversation, the kind-hearted lecturer turned barber for the first time in his life, dressed his customer with a borrowed coat, hat, and pantaloons, and he made a genteel appearance. At early candle light the house was filled with the beauty, fashion, taste and talent of the village. The poor drunkard sat on a bench near the door, and listened with intense interest to every word that fell from the lips of the eloquent speaker, who knew how to sympathize with the wretched victims of debased appetite, for he had been a notorious drunkard himself. When the pledge was presented, he made several attempts to rise from his seat, but irresolution pulled him back—appetite pleaded for one glass more—self-esteem said you can govern yourself—misguided caution entreated him to try the experiment before he ventured so far; but the speaker said, "Come," and conscience echoed "Go;" he sprang from his bench, walked rapidly towards the altar, and wrote what was intended for his name; it was a miserable scrawl, and looked as though the chickens had fallen into the inkstand, and wiped their feet upon the paper. He then faced the assembly, and delivered a thrilling, burning, eloquent speech, which caused the dew of sympathy to moisten every eye, and the cords of compassion to vibrate in every heart. He referred to the palmy period of his life, when his thoughts were pure as the prayers of childhood—when his prospects were radiant with promise. Great pains had been taken with his education, he graduated with distinguished honours, became eminent in his profession, climbed into notice, and became judge of one of the supreme courts. He had friends, and fame, and capital, and a graceful, beautiful, affectionate, and accomplished companion. But fashion, pleasure, and appetite led him astray; he neglected his office, associated with the worshippers of the drunken deity, kept late hours, and went with rapid

strides along the down-hill road to bankruptcy and ruin. He became miserably poor, and did not supply his family with the necessities of life, so that his companion sought refuge in her father's house. He then drank deeper than ever, and went on from bad to worse, so that he became a hewer of wood and a drawer of water for the tavern-keeper. He would hold horses, blacken boots, run errands, do any thing for a sixpence, so as to be able to purchase his favourite beverage. He was so deep in the ditch of degradation, he could not have sunk lower, unless he had turned bar tender. The day after he signed the pledge, he was seized with a fit of delirium tremens. He imagined that huge anacondas twined their cold wiry forms around his legs and arms, and wound their icy folds about his neck, so that he could see their fiery tongues and flashing eyes, and feel their warm breath on his face. As soon as they slid away from him, vipers glided over him, and bugs, worms, and flies, ran through his throat, ears, and nose, whilst loathsome vermin burrowed in his flesh; these were succeeded by beasts of prey—he screamed for help whilst they were tearing the flesh from his bones. What was more dreadful than all was, he thought he distinctly saw death lift his fleshless skull above the sides of a black coffin, and row with his ribs across the river of death. Devils were grinning at him, and pointing towards him, and chattering about him. They ordered him to jump into the fire, to wade through the pond, to leap from the top of the house, to cut his throat, to hang himself, to blow out his brains, poison himself, &c. He became so ill that a physician was sent for. When the doctor requested him to take spirits of wine, he sprang from his chair shouting Sober or die—as the blood spouted from his mouth and nostrils, he screamed out, Sober or die—as the flesh seemed to creep upon his frame, and the hair to move on his head, and his eyes to protrude from their sockets, he cried out, Sober or die. Although his distorted imagination peopled the house with demons, who chased him from room to room, threatening to take his life,—although he would creep under the bed, conceal himself in the closet, and dodge about the house from the cellar to the garret, to avoid his tormentor, he would not violate his pledge. The next day the fit left him, he gradually improved in health and spirits—commenced the practice of law. His father-in-law heard of his reform, and invited him to make his house his home. He arrived at the residence of his father-in-law a few hours after the death of his devoted wife. It was a severe trial to him, and he might have employed the language of another and have said—

Sadly my wife bowed her beautiful head;  
Oh! how I wept when I knew she was dead.  
She was an angel, my love and my guide.  
Vainly to save me from ruin she tried;  
Poor broken heart, it is well that she died.

The sad intelligence was a severe trial to him, although it afforded him some consolation to know that his dear wife heard of his reformation, with satisfaction and pleasure, before she went to Heaven. He is now one of the leading lawyers in the State of New York, and the richest and wisest men send their sons to his office to be educated. The gentleman who secured his signature to the pledge, has frequently lectured in Canada, where his labors of love have been crowned with distinguished and triumphant success.

G. W. BUNGAY.

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