L. D. Teackle

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BY G. W. CALLAHAN. CAMBRIDGE, Md.---SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1833. WHOLE NO. 488.

TERMS:

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AN ADDRESS,

On the subject of Temperance, delivered by the Rev. John J. Kerr, in the Methodist Episcopal Church at Salem, (Dorchester county, Md.,) on Sunday, the 3d of November, instant.

I feel myself highly honored in being called upon to address this respectable audience on the subject of Temperance. That we may have a general view of this important subject and its various connexions, I propose, in the first place, to give a few facts relating to the history of intemperance.

In reading the Jewish scriptures, some of which, as you all know, are the oldest writings extant, we frequently meet with the terms *wine, mixed wine, strong drink,* and others of a similar import.

Under these names may be classed most of the intoxicating liquors known to the nations of antiquity. It appears that the vine was originally cultivated merely for the pleasure of eating the grapes. Afterward, it became the custom to express the juice and use it as a drink. In the vision of Pharaoh's chief butler, he is represented as pressing the clusters of ripe grapes into the cup. This was the first kind of wine, and it is probable that no other was used for several centuries. Then the wine press was invented, and fermented wine became common.

The *first case* on record of an intoxicated man is that of Noah. In the 9th chapter of Genesis it is related that he "planted a vineyard and drank of the wine and was drunken." His drunkenness, however, in all probability, was accidental. This inference we draw from the general circumstances of the case, and it is strengthened by the fact of there being no account that he was ever again in the same condition.

The bad effects of intemperance among the ancients, were similar to those witnessed in our own days. Look at Anacreon, the celebrated Ionic lyrist; his long life was disgraced by the most disgusting conduct—he was at last choaked with a grape stone and died.

Look at Dionysius, the tyrant of Syracuse; so overjoyed was he by learning that one of his tragedies had gained a prize, that he "offered a solemn sacrifice, feasted his subjects, and drank to such excess as to cause his death."

Look at Alexander the Great; he murdered, in a drunken revel, the friend who preserved his life. Clitus was one of his best friends, and an old officer, who had fought under his father, Philip. "At the battle of Granicus, as Alexander was fighting bareheaded, and Rosaces had his arm raised in order to strike him behind, he (Clitus) covered the king with his shield, and cut off the barbarian's hand." For this and several other considerations the king had a very great respect for Clitus. He was invited by Alexander to an entertainment, in which the king, "after drinking to excess, began to celebrate his own exploits; and was so excessively lavish of self-commendation, that he even shocked those very persons who knew what he spoke was in general true. Clitus, who, by this time, as well as the rest of the company, was equally intoxicated, began to relate the actions of Philip, and his wars in Greece, prefering them to whatever was done by Alexander. Though the king was prodigiously vexed, he nevertheless stifled his resentment; and it is probable that he would have quite suppressed his passion, had Clitus stopped there—but the latter growing more and more talkative, as if determined to exasperate and insult the king, he was commanded to leave the table. 'He is in the right, (says Clitus, as he rose up,) not to bear free-born men at his table, who can only tell him truth. He will do well to pass his life among barbarians and slaves, who will pay adoration to his Persian girdle and white robe.' The king, no longer able to suppress his rage, snatched a javelin from one of the guards, and would have killed Clitus on the spot, had not the courtiers withheld his arm, and Clitus been forced, with great difficulty, out of the hall.

However, he returned into it that moment by another door, singing, with an air of insolence, verses reflecting highly on the prince, who, seeing the general near him, struck him with his javelin dead at his feet, crying out, at the same time, 'Go now to Philip, to Parmenio, and to Attalus.'"

When this same prince (Alexander) was at Babylon, "after having spent a whole night in carousing, a second was proposed to him. He met accordingly, and there were twenty guests at table. He drank to the health of every person in company, and then pledged them severally. After this, calling for Hercules' cup, which held an incredible quantity, it was filled, when he poured it all down, drinking to a Macedonian of the company, Proteas by name; and afterwards pledged him again in the same furious and extravagant bumber. He had no sooner swallowed it, than he fell upon the floor." "Here, then, (cries Seneca, describing the fatal effects of drunkenness,) this hero, unconquered by all the toils of prodigious marches, exposed to the dangers of sieges and combats, to the most violent extremes of heat and cold; here he lies subdued by his intemperance, and struck to the earth by the fatal cup of Hercules." In this condition he was seized with a fever, which in a few days terminated in death. He was thirty-two years and eight months old, of which he had reigned twelve. No one, says Plutarch and Arrian, suspected then that Alexander had been poisoned—the true poison which brought him to this end was wine, which has killed many thousands besides Alexander. It was, says Seneca, *"Intemperantia libendi; et ille Herculaneus ac fatalis Scyphus condidit."*—EPIST. 83.

I will mention another case. "Belshazzar; the king, made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before the thousand." He called for the golden and silver vessels which had been brought from the Temple of God at Jerusalem, and he "and his princes, and his wives, and his concubines drank in them." This was nothing less than insulting the very Omnipotent. While they thus desecrated the sacred chalices of the true God, they "praised the gods of gold and of silver, of brass and of iron, of wood and of stone." "In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlestick, upon the plaister of the wall: 'MENE—TEKEL—UPHARSIN.' In that night was Belshazzar the king of the Chaldeans slain, and Darius the Median took the kingdom."

Thus you perceive that the effects of ancient intemperance, as narrated in sacred and profane history, ranged through various degrees, from the overthrow of individuals to the downfall of empires.

But we proceed with our brief allusion to the history of intemperance. Alcohol was discovered about the thirteenth century, some suppose by Arnold, a physician of Vilenure of Province; but the art of distilling brandy from grain was not discovered until about the fifteenth century, nor was it in common use until about a hundred years ago, previous to which time it was used exclusively as a medicine.

Ardent spirit did not come into *general* use in this country until after the Revolution.

We come now to announce facts that may appear startling. The number of drunkards in the United States would make an army as large as that with which Bonaparte marched into Russia, and would be sufficient to defend America from the combined force of all Europe. According to the second annual report of the Maryland State Temperance Society, "there are in the United States three hundred thousand drunkards; about thirty thousand every year are brought to a premature grave." From this I infer, that at least thirty thousand temperate drinkers every year become confirmed sots!!!—This must be the truth, or we would find the number of drunkards every year diminished, whereas every year has only increased the number.

There are, according to Judge Cranch, "72,000,000 gallons consumed annually."—According to the excise laws of Great Britain the quantity which they consume is easily ascertained, says Mr. Cass, Secretary of War; the Gin *alone* is sufficient to make a river three feet deep, fifty feet wide, and five miles long." This might properly be called the river of death. Notwithstanding, we consume annually 32,000,000 gallons more than the subjects of the king of Great Britain. They may with some propriety call us a "nation of drunkards," especially when they compare our case with theirs.

Mr. Kittredge, of Mass., says, "our country pays or loses $120,000,000 per annum by intemperance. This sum is five times a-large as the revenue of the United States government; it would pay off our national debt in six months; it would build twelve such canals as the grand Erie and Hudson canal every year; it would support a navy four times as large as that of Great Britain; it is sixty times as much as the aggregate income of all the principal religious charitable societies in Europe and America; it would supply every family on the earth with a bible in eight months; it would support a missionary or teacher among every two thousand souls on the globe.

How prosperous might this country be—what a blessing it might confer on the world, if it were only relieved from the curse of intemperance."

We have seen the bad effect of intemperance in following out the history of it, on our national, and of course individual wealth. We now come to notice its bad effect on our *health:* Dr. Trotter enumerates more than thirty diseases occasioned by the use of ardent spirit: "Apoplexy, epilepsy, convulsions, rheumatism, pleurisy, diseased liver, carbuncles, schirrus of the bowels, dispepsia, lockjaw, palsy, ulcers, premature old age." And I may add suicidal and eternal death!

It is said on good authority, that the epidemic called the Cholera, in its progress has slain more than fifty millions of the human family; it does seem that this avenging angel had received a special commission from Heaven to slay the drunkard. In Tiflis, a Russian town, containing 20,000 inhabitants, every drunkard died. In Poland, nine-tenths of the victims were given to hard drink. The 30,000 in Paris are said to be nearly all of the same class. In Montreal, out of all who were attacked, not one drunkard recovered. Of 1,000 who died in that city, it is reported there were only two members of temperance societies died. Of 5000 members in Albany, only two were lost. It is said the societies in Ireland, England and Scotland, lost not a single member. From all this it appears that the Cholera thirsts for the blood of the drunkard, and does not this plead eloquently the cause of temperance?

We cannot close our brief remarks on the evils of intemperance without pointing out some other evils to which it subjects its votaries. And, in the first place, it is an evil that leads to the commission of every species of crime. A historical fact will place this position in its proper light:—

It is said that during Alexander's stay in Persepolis, he entertained his friends with a banquet, at which the guests drank, as usual, *to excess.* Among the women who were admitted, was Thais, the courtezan, a native of Attica, and at that time mistress to Ptolemy, who afterward was king of Egypt. She said that it would be a matter of inexpressible joy to her were she permitted to burn the magnificent palace of Xerxes, who had burned Athens; and to set it on fire with her own hand. All the guests applauded the speech; when immediately the king rose from the table, and, taking a torch in his hand, he advanced forward to execute this mighty exploit. The whole company followed him, breaking out into loud acclamations; and afterward, singing and dancing. The Macedonians, at this noise, ran in crowds with lighted tapers, and set fire to every part of it. Alexander was sorry, not long after, for what he had done, and gave orders for extinguishing the flames; but it was too late.

My beloved friends, intemperance is our national sin—it carries destruction from the centre to every extremity of our country, and calls upon the nation to array itself, *en masse,* against it. It destroys all domestic and social endearment: every good disposition of the heart is perverted. The rum-bottle is loved more than the destitute wife and children. The tavern is the drunkard's home, instead of the bosom of his family; and, if he does come home, it is only to render his family, if possible, more miserable—and thus he goes on, not only ruining his family, but also destroying the peace and tranquility of his neighbors, until he finds a premature grave.

What does he leave behind him? Nothing but poverty, wretchedness and distress, and his own bad example for his children to follow, if they think proper. But this is not all—we may give you his *will* at length:

"I, —— ——, beginning to be enfeebled in body, and fearing I may soon be palsied in mind, and having entered on that course of intemperance from which I have not strength of mind to flee, and already feeling the evils resulting from it, which I have no resolution to avert, do make and publish this my last will and testament. Having been made in the image of my Creator, capable of rational enjoyment, of imparting happiness to others, and promoting the glory of God, I know and acknowledge my accountability; yet such is my fondness for sensual gratification, and my utter indisposition to resist temptation, that I give myself up entirely to intemperance and its associate vices, and make the following bequests:

"My property I give to dissipation, knowing that it will soon fall into the hands of those who furnish me with ardent spirit; my reputation, already tottering on a sandy foundation, I give to destruction; I give my ability to be useful and happy in life to annihilation; to my beloved wife, who has cheered me so far in the path of life, I give shame, poverty, sorrow and a broken heart; to each of my children, I bequeath my *example,* and the inheritance of the shame of their father's character. Finally, I give my body to disease, misery and early dissolution; and my soul that can never die, to the disposal of that God whose mercy I have abused, whose commands I have broken, and who has declared that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of Heaven.—*Gal. 5 chap., 21 v.*"

The wise and philanthropic of this age, viewing the wretchedness, misery and degradation into which intemperance involves its votaries, have taken a decided stand against it, and they desire by "light and love" to put it down. The wise among the ancients endeavored to do the same, but their measures were comparatively inefficient. Lycurgus, the Spartan lawgiver, established among his people the most rigid habits of temperance. Draco punished it with death. Pittacus, the wise sovereign of Mytiline, decreed double punishment for the drunken criminal. Niger, the governor of Syria, forbade his army to drink any thing stronger than vinegar and water. The Romans had a regulation which forbade any who were of good families to drink wine before the age of thirty-five. In Athens, if the chief magistrate were seen overcharged with wine, he was punished with death. I hold it as a good omen, to see the wise and good of the present age take an active part in the temperance reformation. It has enlisted the talents of our ablest statesmen, of the legal, medical and clerical professions; it has found its way into the army, navy, and Senate chamber of the United States.

But, in tracing the history of intemperance, did we not find that it began by using wine too freely? On what did Noah, Lot, Nabal, Belshazzar, Dionysius, Alexander, Mark Antony, Marcus, Anacreon, &c., become drunk? It was on wine. What conclusion does this lead us to? That we should be as careful in using wine as brandy; for there is no other way given under Heaven whereby we may be saved from the vice of intemperance, but that of TOTAL ABSTINENCE. One gallon for this county would be just four quarts too much.

We will here relate an anecdote of one of our American worthies, for we think his example worthy of imitation. The person alluded to is Mr. Carroll of Carrollton. It is said that a few years before Mr. Carroll's removal from Annapolis, he was prevailed upon to drink every day a tumbler full of brandy and water—he was told that so small a quantity could not hurt him, but would probably be of service. Now, Mr. Carroll was a man who could not easily persuade himself that any one, (and of course not he himself,) could drink brandy every day, and yet be absolutely certain of remaining a sober man to the end of his days. Mr. Carroll, therefore, chose to distrust himself, and as he was to use brandy every day, he used it with the greatest caution; he mixed his brandy and water himself, using the same measure every day, that the quantity might not be increased, and the legitimate name of Mr. Carroll's brandy and water, was *water just colored.* Mr. Carroll persevered in the use of this mixture we know not how long, but it was not very long before he determined to give it up altogether, and substitute pure uncolored water in its stead. It was mentioned to him that he was over-cautious; that there was no danger in using it in his way. To which he answered, "I can do without it, and I do not know what I might do with it, or what it might do with me, if I continued to use it." Now, here is a good example: go and do likewise.

Some may say that Mr. Carroll was overscrupulous: we think not, we will admit that it was possible for him to have gone on using it without getting drunk, but look at the EXAMPLE, look at the TEMPTATION that he or any man acting in a similar manner would be placing before his children. I once read of a clergyman who drank temperately, and lived to be one hundred years old; but what was the result? It was equal in bad effect to Alexander's prize drinking, in which forty of his guests died; for forty of the clergyman's issue, endeavoring to follow his example, became perfect sots, and died drunkards. Beware in tampering with the poison, for "at last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

A word to parents, before I close. It is said that Hamilcar brought Hanibal to the altar when in the eighth year of his age, and made him swear eternal hatred to the Romans. So every parent who loves his children will bring them to our altar, and cause them, in the days of their youth, to vow eternal hatred to intemperance.

A word to the dealer in ardent spirit. It is written, "wo to him that coveteth an evil covetousness to his house, that he may set his rest on high, that he may be delivered from the power of evil! Thou hast consulted shame to thy house by cutting off many people, and hast sinned against thy soul. For the stone shall cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber shall answer it. Wo unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that puttest thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken also, that thou mayest look on their nakedness! Thou art filled with shame for glory; drink thou also and let thy foreskin be uncovered: the cup of the Lord's right hand shall be turned unto thee, and shameful spewing shall be on thy glory."—*Hab. II., chap.* 9—11, 15, 16.

The word of God declares, "wo to him that giveth his neighbor drink," and it cannot return unto him void, for it is the word of eternal truth; the very pillars that support the presence chamber of Deity may give way, but it shall stand forever. "Drunkenness is a sin which excludes from Heaven. The commerce in ardent spirit, therefore, productive only of evil, in time fits for destruction, and turns into hell multitudes which no man can number. But has not God connected with all lawful avocations the welfare of the life that now is, and of that which is to come? And can we lawfully amass property by a course of trade which fills the land with beggars, and widows, and orphans, and crimes; which peoples the grave-yard with premature mortality? Could all the forms of evil produced in the land by intemperance come upon us in one horrid array, it would appal the nation, and put an end to the traffic in ardent spirit. If in every dwelling built by blood, the stone from the wall should utter all the cries which the bloody traffic extorts—and the beam out of the timber should echo them back—who would build such a house? and who would dwell in it? What, if, in every part of the dwelling, from the cellar upward, through all the halls and chambers, babblings, and contentions, and voices, and groans, and shrieks, and wailings were heard day and night? What, if the cold blood oozed out, and stood in drops upon the walls, and, by preternatural art, all the ghastly skulls and bones of the victims destroyed by intemperance, should stand upon the walls, in horrid sculpture within and without the building? What, if, at eventide, and at midnight, the airy forms of men destroyed by intemperance, were dimly seen haunting the distilleries and stores where they received their bane—following the track of the ship engaged in the commerce—walking upon the waves—flitting athwart the deck—and sending up from the hold within, and from the waves without, groans and wailings! Who would navigate such ships?" We hope dealers in ardent spirit will settle this question.

But, it will be said, what can be done?

We can do much, have done much, and may do much more. We do not expect to reform all the intemperate of our land. Though we have been successful in reforming hundreds, yet we look for our success under the Divine blessing in associating together the sober, and all who will join with us in our temperance societies, in which I hope and trust we will always contend for entire abstinence, unless in cases of necessity.

Friends and fellow-citizens:—If you love your country you will join the temperance reform, you will exert all your influence to wipe off the foul aspersion which has too justly been thrown upon us by Europeans. If you love social and domestic endearment in your families, you will assist. If you love the sharer of your joys and sorrows, as well as the tender scions that are growing up around you, you will assist. Do not let the wife of thy bosom, young and beautiful as the morning, have her day overcast with clouds of sorrow. Upon her the fell destroyer may lay his hand, and plant in that healthful frame the seeds of disease, and transmit to successive generations the inheritance of crime and wo. Watch over her with ever-wakeful affection, and keep far from your abode the cause of temptation and ruin. We have seen the evils of intemperance, and how easily it might be dispensed with. Let us rise up to a man, and declare war against the demon, and we shall, we must be successful. Friends and fellow-citizens, I call for your assistance; unite with us in this noble and benevolent enterprize—for while our motto is touch not, taste not, handle not, the cause will triumph. It has united hand in hand with its sister societies, and formed a circle of influence which is working from the centre—we believe it will work wider and wider, like a circle formed on the bosom of old ocean asleep, until it extends to earth's remotest bounds. Then the happy period will arrive in which man will be elevated ta his primitive character, when "illuminated reason and regulated liberty" once more exhibit him in the image of his Maker, then volumes of incense incessantly roll from altars inscribed to virtue, liberty and temperance.

THE LIVING STATUE.

It often happens that motion is permanently lost in one or more joints, from a disease to which surgeons have given the name of *Anchylosis,* but in the following remarkable case, taken from the Dictionary des Sciences Medicales, every joint in the body became Anchylosed.

The patient, whose name was Simorre, was born at Mirepoix, in the department of Arriege, on the 28th of October, 1752; he entered the army at the age of 15, and served for 21 years in the regiment of Berry, where he reached the rank of captain. He was in three Corsican campaigns, and during the war, contracted the seeds of his disease by bivouacing on a cold marshy soil. He first suffered from shooting pains, in the great toes and ancles, alternating with inflammation of the eyes; and in 1785 he could no longer walk without assistance. In the following year all his joints were affected at once, and the anchylosis made most alarming progress. He was obliged to quit the service, and retire to Mentz. He long struggled with fortitude against his disease; his limbs were growing stiff and in spite of his sufferings he forcibly endeavored to move them. His arms and his head underwent the lot of his feet and knees; the whole body became inflexible; even the lower jaw, which in other persons has remained immoveable became completely fixed, like the other joints. Simorre to use his own expression, was then no more than a living corpse. He might, indeed, have been considered comparatively happy in this unfortunate situation, had he the insensibility of a real corpse. But far from enjoying this melancholy repose, he suffered the most excruciating pain. He passed four months in an easy chair, as it was not possible to get him into bed. His posture in the chair is that of his skeleton, which is still preserved at Paris, for it was at this period that his joints became entirely useless.

He was then placed in his bed, where he passed two years without sleeping, for as soon as he closed his eyes, his limbs were agitated by the most violent startings. Opium did not relieve him. In 1792 the joints which had swelled, began to sink; and the pain which Simorre bore with the indignity of a stoic, was lessened in proportion. He could not be moved without causing him much pain, and he was lifted up in one solid piece when it was necessary to make his bed; this, however, was done only once a month, and care was taken not to efface the hollow in which his body lay, as it would be painful to him to make another.

Though his condition was now improved, Simorre was yet in a state of continual suffering, he could not sleep for more than a quarter of an hour at once; but he was contented with his lot, and consoled himself with joyous sallies and numerous songs; for several successive years he printed an almanac of songs, written at his dictation; and his indigence was alleviated by the sale of this work. His songs breathe the soul of gaiety; and he painted his condition in them in such a manner as at once to excite compassion and laughter. The muscles of his face had acquired an extraordinary degree of mobility, being unceasing in action, partly in order to supply the want of gestures in his conversation, and partly to drive away insects by wrinkling up his skin. Simorre had a fine face, and a physiognomy full of hilarity and expression; his rich black hair covered a broad forehead, which was bounded by his thick arched eyebrows; he had an acquiline nose, and handsome eyes. He terminated his painful career in 1802, at the age of fifty. The approach of death did not shake the fortitude of which he had given so many proofs for the twelve years; the serenity of his soul remained untroubled.

WORTHY ATTENTION.

In England Economy is studied and understood. The most is made from each means of income and the least waste is fully inquired into. The following from the Quarterly Journal of Agriculture will surprise many of our farmers:—

"WASTE OF CORN IN AGRICULTURE.—It is estimated, that only one-third of the seed-corn sown on the best land, grows; the other two thirds are destroyed. The number of cultivated acres in Great Britain and Ireland amounts to 47,000,000; 30,000,000 of which are under the plough. Two-fifths of the latter, or 12,000,000 acres, are annually under the cereal crops. The average allowance of seed for the three kinds of corn may be stated at four bushels and two thirds per acre. The quantity of seed annually sown thus amounts to 7,000,000 quarters. If two thirds of this quantity are rendered unproductive by some agency which has hitherto been uncontrolled, then 4,666,666 quarters of corn are annually wasted! The quantity thus lamentably wasted would support more than 1,000,000 of human beings."

Choosing to be Hanged rather than Married.—It was formerly a law in Germany, that a female condemned to capital punishment should be saved, if any man would marry her. A young girl of Vienna was on the point of being executed, when her youth and beauty made a great impression upon the heart of one of the spectators, who was a Neapolitan, a middle aged man, but excessively ugly.

Struck with her charms, he determined to save her, and running immediately to the place of execution, declared his intention to marry the girl, and demanded her pardon according to the custom of the country.

The pardon was granted on condition that the girl was not averse to the match. The Neapolitan then told the female that he was a gentleman of some property, and that he wished he was a king, that he might offer her a stronger proof of his attachment.—"Alas! Sir," replied the girl, "I am fully sensible of your affection and generosity, but I am not mistress over my own heart, and I cannot belie my sentiments. Unfortunately, they control my taste; and I prefer the death with which I am threatened, to marrying such an ugly fellow as you." The Neapolitan retired in confusson, and the girl directed the executioner to do his office.