EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature well or ill-conducted is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown—RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich, and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all."

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ADVERTISEMENTS

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For the Easton Gazette.

Mr. Graham:—

As you have frequently flattered me with an invitation to write for the Gazette, and have been kind enough to leave the selection of subjects, wholly to my choice, you may do me the favour of spreading the following speech before your readers, together with these prefatory remarks. This speech, substantially, as given below, was delivered in Easton about 9 years ago, at the organization of the first Temperance Society, there. It contains my *original* and *present* views of this important subject; which, as will be seen by those who may read it, unqualifiedly favor total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. I am led, thus publicly, again to throw this speech before the community, in the columns of a newspaper, by two considerations. The first is; the state of my health is such, as would render it injudicious for me to address the people in a different way upon a question so vitally important to their best interests. The second; because, between the time when these views were first expressed, and the time at which I am now writing, my opinions underwent for a while, a considerable change. When I at first consented to become the advocate of Temperance, I looked at the question in a philosophical point of view, according to the facts and the deductions from them, which had come under my observation, and reflection, without regarding it as having any thing to do with the doctrinal records of the New Testament. *Subsequently*, when I compared the requirement of the pledge totally to abstain from wine (which must *in these days* be included among intoxicating liquors) with the exemplary sanctions of our blessed Lord, who permitted wine to be used, moderately of course, as a common drink, and supposing that all the wines of [illegible] history which were generally [illegible] to any any age, like our own, were fermented and intoxicating, I hesitated to demand from others a condition of Temperance fellowship, which seemed to conflict with the permissions and privileges of the Bible. The researches of Mr. Parsons, in his able work, called Anti-Bacchus convinced me, that though there were wines in olden time, fermented and consequently intoxicating, yet the Jews, Greeks, Romans, and every civilized nation *had* and *cultivated the art* to a large extent of preserving their wines, *and their best wines free from fermentation*. This left me no room to doubt that the wine our Saviour used, and permitted to be used, was an innocent, unintoxicating beverage. With the affirmation of creditable history before us that the merciful Saviour had a choice between two articles bearing the same name, the one innocent; the other destructive to human life; who can doubt that he chose the innocent one? These historical obstructions being removed out of my way, I go back with increased confidence to my first impressions, in favor of entire abstinence from every intoxicating draught.

Yours, as ever

JAMES NICOLS.

Caroline County, June 28th 1841.

SPEECH

At the 1st organization of a Temperance Society in Easton, Talbot county, 1832, delivered in the Court House, to an assembly of citizens; the Rev. Lott Warfield, in the chair.

If our object at this time, Mr. President, was to attempt to demonstrate the evil of *intemperance* upon society, I should feel almost wholly at a loss. Such is the self evidence of the proposition that any intelligent man would consider it a reflection upon his understanding to try to prove it. Were we to traverse the wide field of desolation over which this Prince of darkness has led his gloomy soldiery, and mourn the loss of its beauteous flowers, with their refreshing odor, which they have trampled under foot, the subject would be a familiar one. Were we to tell you, sir, of the hundreds and thousands of fathers, whose venerable, hoary heads have been brought down with sorrow to the grave, by blasted hopes—by sons untimely precipitated into the abyss of eternity; were we to tell you of the wives whose aching hearts, and throbbing bosoms declare the negligence of their husbands, the faithless forgetfulness of the most solemn of compacts, the changed loves from affection to enmity and cruelty, were we to tell you of the rags, and filth, and brutality of worse than orphan children; of their manners and habits too loathsome to think of, contracted by the most abandoned examples, from whose influence they cannot escape; and of the wretchedness of those families where the altar of peace once smiled undisturbed, but where now the demon of intemperance and discord is enshrined, we should only be telling you a story to which you have often listened before. It must certainly be unnecessary to point the attention of the people to a sight, which every body has already seen, and which every body almost constantly sees. The difficulty of such a task has a parallel in the effort, a mathematician might make to explain the truth of an axiom. He may place several of these together, and deduce an inference from the combined number, which does not strike the mind at the first view, and may thus benefit his class. But to prove that to be true, which nobody doubts, would, as little befit the observer of moral events and sequences, as the teacher of problems and theorems. If we were to trace the wild and fatal track, which a beloved son had followed from his father's threshold through the several vagaries, of error and infatuation, to the pitfall which an enemy had dug for his destruction—the insensible degrees through which he had been led along from vice to vice, becoming more and more insensible, at each succeeding step—if we were to pursue him from the social circle that surrounds his native hearth, where *"the lares"* had had many a cheerful libation, and the sparkling goblets or the richly spiced bowl had given him a taste for their contents, of which father, mother, and sisters had partaken (moderately indeed, but which sanctioned his own act) to the party of his fellow youths, whose natural hilarity licensed a little less moderation, by which the relish grew stronger, so that it looked for its gratification as a matter of course,—and thence to the accommodating *bar* where the demands of appetite can always be attended to, without a breach of civility, & where civility is so soon lost sight of—and from which he returns so enamored of the disguised poison, that every hour henceforth witnesses a suicidal draught, and the ill fated young man becomes a prey to every unrestrained and unhallowed passion which drives him further and further into the dreadful excess, till in the end, nature sinks under the conflict, we should but tear open afresh the wounds of a father's breast, and give a new and needless cause of distress to the mourning mother. These tears might, and ought to excite our sympathy; but they would teach us nothing, which we do not already know. We are all satisfied that [illegible] drinking brings *one* of the greatest evils, if not the very greatest evil upon society, which society suffers. This is an axiom, a granted, self evident proposition, upon which every institution of this sort sets out. It is *not* our design therefore to argue before this assembly, the evil of intemperance.

Our object is to fix upon the most efficient means to remedy it. And surely sir, every one must hail with delight the prospect, even tho' that prospect were but a remote probability, of driving away this pestilence from the land. I have heard it said, sir, and I believe it, that *temperate drinking*, as it is called, or the drinking of intoxicating liquor in small quantities, is the cause of all the drunkenness in the world;—or, that in order to get rid of the latter, the former must be totally given up. If I am at all acquainted with the project of the Temperance Reformation so far at least, as it is likely to be of any service to mankind, it contemplates the entire prohibition of the use, sale, and manufacture, of ardent and other intoxicating liquids:

Such is the nature, Mr. President, of this sworn, universal foe to mankind, that it will not do to tamper with it:—a parley is almost certain death. It sings so enchanting a syren song, that the victim of its malice falls asleep, least expecting danger, when destruction is nearest at hand. All artificial inordinate stimulus, (by which, I mean, every excitement to the powers of the human system, which the God of nature does not Himself bestow) is like a false prop, placed under a beautiful, and well-tuned instrument of music, to elevate it high, that it may be better seen, and better heard. The prop gives way, and the instrument falls to the ground, defaced, and shattered, and so materially injured as to require much time, and labor, and expense to repair it. And if it be again and again lifted up, on its uncertain basis, at each succeeding fall it becomes more and more injured, until at last, its wheels battered and broken, and jostled from their pivots, refuse to perform their parts, and the organ is thrown aside, a worthless, useless mass.

When a man, an inebriate (I will not yet give him, the odious name of drunkard) has taken a portion of his deleterious beverage and felt the passions of his soul kindled by the fire which it diffused, when that flame has evaporated for want of the fuel which had kept it alive, think you, that it is an easy task to content himself, with the calmness of sobriety? The man feels himself weak and disordered, far below his former grade of health and spirits. His conscience too, is agitated by the frowns of guilt. Unable to sustain the agony of a wounded spirit, he flies again to the source of momentary comfort; and in order to obtain the same transient glow of joy, a larger portion must be swallowed. In this process of advancing inebriety, the quantity must, every time, be increased. To such a measure does it at length grow, that a single draught produces imminent hazard, if not certain death. To avoid this sudden catastrophe, the more wary, or those of firmer nerves, instead of the one copious draught of death, repeat the dose at short, and still shorter intervals The raging fire, the giddy blaze must continue to burn. Its extinction would leave a horrid vacuum, too frightful for the poor drunkard to look into—and in place of the hearty, periodical *dram*, the bottle is kept by his side.

O! sir, is not poor human nature, which "in this bad world" is bad enough at best, degraded below itself, when one of our species exchanges the charms of rational and intellectual association for the society of a hollow piece of glass, or stone filled with liquid fire? Poor creature! from my soul I pity you, whose heart formed for honor and for heaven, and created to worship at Jehovah's altar, is pining and dwindling away in the ashes of a worse than Molock idolatry.—Whence this blind infatuation, that leads him, through a worse than Mahommedan pilgrimage to the tomb of the sainted false prophet, to the great pit itself! Who dare enthral, amidst our boasted institutions of freedom, a human being, in a bondage to which Egyptian or Algerine slavery is light and desirable? *The Fashion of moderate drinking* is the answer. Nothing more or less than this, leads him to the thraldom. Had he never *touched*, *tasted* or *handled* the *unclean thing*, instead of now being a pest to society, and the object of its detestation, or pity, while he rejoiced the hearts of his friends, he would have been an honour, and an instrument of good to his country.

There is a proposition, sir, which experience corroborates and which I lay down to enforce the necessity of *entire abstinence* from *all intoxicating drink*;—& not merely from *ardent spirit alone*, in order to produce a temperate community. Man, formed by his Maker for activity and employment, by a strange perversion of nature, seeks to find in sloth and indolence the happiness, which alone results from obedience to the laws of his original constitution. He naturally, inherently, and for ever desires to be happy. We cannot extend our conceptions far enough into the interminable future;—even if we look to an eternity *beyond* the present life, and imagine the possibility, however miserable he may be, of man's [illegible] from the desire of happiness. Not is it less true, that in the pursuit of it he often, very often misses his aim. Labour is irksome, and he therefore lays it aside entirely; or gives it as little time as necessity will allow. But cessation from exercise is contrary to the demands of the animal system. And a joyless discord results, between the claims of desire, and the claims of health; and life. Something must be done to allay the tumult of the passions; to still the angry and conflicting feelings of his heart. At this critical period in his history, he is unhappily met by the dangerous custom of *drinking to refresh the spirits* A custom which, though science, and experience both pronounce to be fraught with peril, nevertheless proposes a remedy. And the morbid, sickly, deathly excitement of the bottle, is preferred to the vigorous, healthy glow of honest industry, impelled by the deep gladness of hope. At this important juncture, the man has offered to him, *two* paths to tread, *two* courses to take. The one, the calm, sober steady path of honorable business;—the other, the sometimes listless and lazy, and the sometimes phrensied and raving course of indolence and dissipation Intoxication of some sort is indispensable to the latter career. And there is no doubt if all the *material* of intoxication could be put out of his reach—if fashion proscribed it—if law forbade it—if enlightened society resolved on its extermination—a necessity, not to be evaded, would drive him to the former path—to honest, and industrious employment Shame, and want, and the reprobation of his fellows, and the sad looks of his wife, and the outcries of his suffering children would rouse any sluggard from his stupid spell, if his moral faculties were not all burnt up, in the fires of intemperance. And it matters not from what quarter, the fuel for these fires is obtained. Whether he receive his supplies from the still, or the brew-house—whether he blunt his feelings, and stultify his mind by ardent spirit, or by fermented drink, the dismal issue is the same, to himself, to his household, to his country.

Yes, sir, if we wish to view (and would it not be a delightful view?) a country, whose agriculture, whose commerce and manufactures; all whose employments are moving steadily and successfully on; whose fields exhibit the evidence of a careful and thorough cultivation; whose cities and towns, and villages, and hamlets, and hermitages glitter with neatness, and abound in prosperity; you must remove, wholly remove, and destroy that refuge from, and obstacle to, industry—intoxicating liquors. Only remove them, only put them out of reach, only prevent by some means or other, all access to such excitement, and by the laws which govern them, mankind will be compelled to industry.

Although man be capable by pregressive gradations, of arriving at any length of crime, yet he never leaps at once from the first to the last step. There are intermediate links in the chain of vice, each of which exerts its power upon the one attached to it, and all of which hang together by mutual dependance.—And while the habit of vice is progressing, and becoming fixed, the mind sometimes in despite of itself is led to the consideration of ultimate consequences. From this consideration indeed, while it wilfully perseveres in crime, it strives hard to turn off its thoughts. Of the result, it tries to blunt its sensibility. Yet think, and be sensible, it will. And if foreign aid were not called in, to drown these thoughts and sensibilities; with the smiles and blessings of a benignant Providence, vouchsafed thro' "the sure word of prophecy," they would be too strong for the temptations of depravity, and would prevent the final and dreadful issue. Would any man, sir, in his *sober* senses prefer the hard labour of the workhouse, to the common labour of the farm, or the shop? What sober citizen is there, who would not endure the provocations, or forego the motives, which ordinarily lead to murder, rather than expose himself to the gallows, or gibbet, and his reputation to an infamous end? Who, unless he, that is maddened by the poison of the drunkard's cup, but would prefer the small and innocent gains of stated avocation, tho' procured with daily toil, to the trembling and uncertain enjoyment of the spoils of the high-way? The labor, vexation, and perplexity of a criminal, striving to avoid detection, either by running from place to place, or by devising new means to blind the eyes of the police, far exceed all the fatigue he would undergo, in earning a subsistence, or even in accumulating wealth, agreeably with the sanctions of law

Evidences multiply on every hand to substantiate the position that inebriating liquors are the instrument, by which thought is drowned and sensibility is blunted—that they supply the foreign aid, by which the spirit of progressive vice forges its links and chains to bind and enslave its unhappy subjects. Banish them from the land, sir, and your goals will soon be empty! Banish them from the land, sir, and the pitiable inmates of the brothel will forsake their squallid incarceration, and betake themselves to lawful and honest, (if menial) employment! Take down the sign-post of the tippling shop, and the post of the gallows [illegible] stand as a monument of the [illegible] former times! Down with [illegible] the pillory may have a simultaneous fall.

Let it not be urged, Mr. President, that many perhaps, the most of those unhappy beings whose lives are either violently curtailed, or come to a disgraceful end, are brought up from infancy, in familiarity with crime. Let it not be said, sir, that the habits and practices with which they are conversant, have been the standing habits and practices of generations and ages. The origin of both may be traced to the same source. They could never have grown into custom, had there not been an adequate cause. And when this cause shall be removed, though the process may be a tedious one, the effect also will terminate. We know that nothing is more inveterate, more deeply rooted, more difficult to eradicate than *habit*. Yet by a proper application of the proper means, even this may be accomplished. But the mighty difficulty of paring away the morbid excrescenses of bad habit would seem, in some sense, to have an exception in the case before us. We *almost* despair of curing the besotted drunkard; at least while there is a possibility of gratifying his sickly thirst, within reach. To drink seems almost essential to his being. But if we can hinder those who are not yet the victims of this shocking infatuation from plunging into the abyss—those who are not yet the slaves of this relentless custom from becoming its voluntary vassals—if we can save the rising generation from the talons of this devouring monster, we may soon calculate upon a sober people. For those, who are *too far gone* to be reclaimed, will soon, one by one, and that in a succession not very dilatory, fall "dust to dust" with their fathers who have died before them. Remove the fetid foundation, on which this habit stands; and though it may have been accumulating for centuries yet it will fall, "and great will be the fall of it."

The present is emphatically, an age of enterprize. Every day unfolds some bold and novel scheme, which promises, in its execution, large benefit to the country, and to individuals. And the projectors begin, and conduct their project like men alive to a sense of its magnitude and advantage. In the course of a few years—sometimes months—canals are dug, and railways laid, at immense labor and expense. Thousands and millions of money are staked in the hazard of their success. Let me ask, if the restoration of sobriety, universal sobriety to the land, would not tend a hundred fold more to the interest of the nation, than all the canals and rail roads, which have ever been cut? And shall we shrink from the noblest, boldest efforts to restore it? Both humanity and patriotism forbid.

Let the legislative authorities be importuned and blockaded with memorials from every house, and village in the land, praying and beseeching that the strong arm of the law may be put forth to arrest those reckless foes of their country and their kind—the makers and the venders of alcohol. And if the clinging occupants of the legislative halls, should prefer to barter the most unquestionable interests of the people, for the ephemeral favor of constituents, who stagger to the polls, let an indignant and outraged community arise in their strength and put wiser, more sober, and more fearless men in their place.

From the Baltimore Clipper.

TO EMIGRANTS."

In my former numbers I have endeavored to detail to you in the most plain and explicit manner possible, the terms on which you would be received as citizens of Maryland in Liberia, and the facilities you would there enjoy of procuring all that would conduce to your physical comfort and happiness; and also, of the very material change thus wrought in your condition in a moral and political point of view. I believe I have conclusively shewn, that with the same amount of labor, you can procure more plentifully, not only the necessaries but the luxuries of life, and at the same time, you can there enjoy the privileges and attain a rank and standing, that it is believed you never can in the United States. As yet I have merely spoken of what is attainable by every colored man of the most ordinary capacity, without any considerable amount of funds. I have spoken only of what is now enjoyed by a large majority of the citizens of the Colony, in fact, by every one of industrious and economical habits. No individual has ever emigrated to that Colony possessing funds to the amount of five hundred dollars, and but two or three to the amount of one hundred, a large majority being entirely penniless. It may be well now to say a few words concerning the advantages which wealth, energy and business talents would enable an emigrant, possessed of them, to enjoy. Many interesting speculations in connection with this subject might be entered into, but the same would trespass too much upon the limits of the Journal whose columns are so kindly opened to these communications. I refer to the present state of the whole continent of Africa the importance of which, from its geographical position and vast resources are just beginning to be appreciated. Should the slave trade be entirely and permanently abolished, and the present peaceful state of the world be preserved, fifty years will not elapse ere Africa will be the seat of a most active and extensive commerce, unequalled by that of any region of the tropical world. She possesses the soil, the climate, the physical force, and only requires capital and intellect to enable her to flood the world with those tropical productions, which have for the past century been so eagerly sought in the Rocky Islands of the West Indies, and which have been there produced at such a sacrifice of human life and human happiness. But of contingencies I purpose not to now speak, rather of what can be done at Cape Palmas, by a man of moderate capital and good business capacity

There are two ways open by which a competence if not a fortune can be realized, viz: by trade and agriculture. The facilities for the former are very great, and respecting which, the most minute details will be cheerfully given to any one who may feel disposed to make personal application to the writer. But the simple fact, that the whole trade of that section of the coast, which consists of barter of one commodity for another, and is now done by British and American vessels of large size, sailed at an enormous expense, and detained from six to ten months in each voyage, could be as well performed by small crafts, which could be readily built at Cape Palmas, and sailed at less than one-quarter of the expense, proves that all that is wanting, is intellect, energy, and capital, not only to compete with all foreign traders successfully, but to drive them out of the retail traffic altogether! This coasting business alone, in which large foreign vessels cannot contest advantageously, would now afford employment for at least twenty Colonial crafts; and the number would increase in proportion to the rapid increase of business on the coast.

The other mode in which funds could be employed to advantage, and the best one, as affording the most safe returns, improving the condition of the Colony, and insuring a permanence and increase of the business, is the establishment of a coffee or sugar plantation. Both of these products are indigenous to Africa—the former, of the most perfect species, is found in abundance in the forest, and only requires transplanting, in order to yield at least one hundred per cent. more than the most prolific specie cultivated in the West Indies. The sugar cane now growing on the public farm in Cape Palmas, is equal in size and weight to that produced in any part of the world, and is capable of being cultivated to any extent in every variety of soil throughout the Colony. Now for the facilities of action.—Land of the best quality can be obtained at from fifty cents to one dollar per acre. The labor of strong adult males can be obtained at from two to four dollars per month—payment only to be made during the season in which service is required. Oxen and asses can be employed for grinding the cane. Rice can be purchased for feeding laborers at 50 cents per bushel. The most valuable and durable timber, for building and machinery, can be obtained in any quantities, and at reasonable prices. And in fact, every facility exists for carrying on operations for the production of sugar and coffee, at a less expense than it can be done in the West Indies, and requiring less than one tenth the amount of capital. The whole expense of labor not exceeding the interest on the money required for slave labor! Now, these are facts worthy of the serious consideration of every colored man with a capital and business capacity. What would be the result, were such inducements held out to the white population of the old world or the people of these United States to emigrate? Let the present rush of settlers to New South Wales, to Canada, to our Western wilds, and to Texas answer.

Yours, &c.

JAMES HALL.

Col'n Rooms, P Office Build'g., June 30.

ANECDOTES.

The following anecdotes, were related at a meeting in Liverpool, not long since, of the Church Missionary Society. They are both capital of their kind, and show how important it is, that an orator should possess a thorough knowledge of the language in which he addresses an assembly.

"A meeting in connexion with the Bible Society, was recently held in Paris, at which a gentleman appeared, who had been sent over from England by the by the Committee of the Bible Society of London. This representative had been chosen, we understand, for his superior knowledge of the French language. In his turn, he addressed the Parisian assembly, with great fire and energy; but when he expected to see them beaming with enthusiasm or melted into tears, he observed a smile on every face, and heard from every quarter, the sound of suppressed laughter. This occurred so often that there was no mistaking it for any casual effect, and the gentleman was, no doubt, mightily astonished at such a display from people so well bred as the French are generally allowed to be.—When he had finished his oration, he asked a friend what could possibly have occasioned so much laughter while he was speaking. He found, to his utter dismay, that, in his eagerness to impress upon the assembly the necessity of taking *the water of life* (the scriptures) to the poor heathens, he had unconsciously been expiating with all his might on the virtues of brandy, (*eau de vie,*) exhorting the multitude to enable them to send brandy to those who were athirst, and telling them that thousands of their fellow creatures were perishing for the lack of brandy.

Another reverend gentleman, wishing to parallel the above anecdote, told of a French divine, who preaching in this country, fell into a mistake almost as amusing as the above. As the English clergy are accustomed to call those of their communion, their flock, the French designate all who assemble under their ministry their sheep. The French divine alluded to, haranguing his hearers in English, but forgetting that we have in our language *two* translations for *mouton*, one signifying the dead and the other the living animal, continually addressed his congregation, much to their surprise, as his dear *muttons*!"

STEAMBOAT WRECK.—We annex two paragraphs respecting the wreck of a large steamboat seen at see by two different vessels, at two different times.

The New Orleans Advertiser of the 22d June says—

Ship North Bend reports that on June 2d, at noon in lat. 30 30 long. 75. passed close to the side of a large vessel, her lower deck beams burnt off to midships, the deck appearing to have blown off, as the spikes were in the beams, all the fastenings left, as also two large dagger knees left standing, the lower deck water way painted red. It must have been a large ship from the timbers, and could not have been long a wreck, as every thing was quite clean.

The carpenter of the North Bend is fully convinced that the wreck seen was part of the President. He has seen the English steamers in New York, and says that from the formation of every thing, particularly the dagger knees, as well as the painting of the water ways, that he has no doubt of it. She had evidently been destroyed by an explosion of gunpowder or steam, for if she had been laden with any combustible matter she would have burned to the water's edge and sunk.

If she had taken fire in lat. 28, she would drift down to where she was seen.

The Philadelphia Inquirer furnishes the following extract from the log book of the brig Augusta, arrived there on Wednesday from Cuba, in which the following notice is taken of the same wreck:

"Tuesday, June 24th, 5 o'clock, A. M., passed a steamboat burnt to the water's edge, off Cape Hatteras; lat. 33 30, long. 75 20, wind W. 3. W."

We learn further that he approached the wreck, and ascertained it to be that of a large steamer, but so much injured by fire, that it was impossible to ascertain her name. One guard was below the water, and the frame of the other was above, but sadly burnt. In addition

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