For the Liberia Herald

Extract from an address delivered by Mr. E. W. Blyden— before the G. U. O. Daughters of Temperance in Monrovia.

March 31st 1854.

The principles of temperance extensively diffused, would, beyond a doubt, ameliorate the condition of many in our country, scatter the darkness of ignorance, and be the forerunner of physical, moral and spiritual blessings to society. And it is gratifying to see the Ladies coming to the aid of the cause in Liberia—Their influence though gentle is powerful and effective. If the members of this society persevere in carrying out their principles, at all times and in all places; if they perform faithfully the duties enjoined upon them by their pledge—they will certainly succeed to some extent at least, in arresting the alarming progress of intemperance, that terrible monster, whose ravages are seen and felt among us. O who can estimate the amount of misery which it has produced in the world, the deep anguish and sorrow it has caused! How many a hopeful youth has it borne in its ruthless grasp to ruin and despair! How many has it carried to an early grave! Thousands and tens of thousands are annually among its victims—Many a promising husband has it reduced to vice, poverty and rags—and many a tender and affectionate wife has been made to suffer its brutalizing consequences. It has caused the grey hairs of many a fond parent to go down in sorrow to the grave! It has produced more misery and suffering—than any of the numberless evils, that have succeeded the fall, call up before your minds all the mighty hosts that have been slain in war, summon to your remembrance the thousands slain to gratify the ambition of an Alexander, or, the thousands that fell by the legions of Cæsar—or those which were slain in the wars of Napoleon, enumerate the numbers of beings who have been smitten by pestilence or have perished in famine—call up the vast company that sleep in the watery deep, and the number of all these put together sinks into insignificance compared with the number of the victims of intemperance—Wars, pestilence and famine have slain their thousands but intemperance has slain its tens of thousand, nay its millions.—

But O we know not the half of the evils of intemperance, could we draw aside the vail which intervenes between us and the eternal world—and could our visual organs endure a sight of the abode of lost spirits, then alone might we form a tolerable estimate of the awful—the unspeakable miseries and sufferings which result from a too familiar intercourse with this deceiver and destroyer, of the human family—We perceive, however, in our daily experience and observation enough of its evil consequences to inspire us with determined and perpetual abhorrence of it, and to render us diligent in arming ourselves, and those under our influence, against its assaults.

It is ruinous to the physical intellectual, social and spiritual interests of man. The most eminent Physicans, both in Europe and America are unanimous in their testimony against alcoholic liquors. They pronounce them poisonous—altogether injurious to health of body and vigor of mind, possessing no alimentary properties whatever,—and none will question this testimony who has for any time observed the effects produced by their frequent use. Who more unhealthy and miserable than the man who continually places himself under the influence of ardent spirits? The poisonous liquid preys upon his vitals, pervades the blood and engenders diseases of the most awful nature. Under its influence the frame becomes emaciated and deformed, the bodily powers enervated—and the man is rendered unfit for business, idle and reckless he wanders to and fro an object of commission, malignant fevers, apoplexy, madness, *delirium tremens* are among its bitter fruits, but even where it does not produce these awful consequences—still, it impairs the mind in a considerable degree, every one knows that a man under the influence of spirituous liquor cannot safely engage in any undertaking—especially such as require the exercise of the mental faculties

The mind, on such occasions either becomes dormant and inactive or, so excited as to be unable to sustain the least amount of care, hence not unfrequently has an entire loss of reason resulted from the too common use of ardent spirits. Hear the testimony of Solomon. "Who hath wo"? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babblings? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine, they that go to seek mixed wine," Prov. xxiii–29 30.

Again the destructive tendency of alcoholic drink appears in its effect on the social condition of men. It unfits them for every other society but that of the inebriate for every other place except the grogshop. The husband once industrious and happy, providing carefully for the wants of his family,—kind and loving to his wife, folding her to his fond embrace, and contributing to her happiness in every respect has become through intemperance, a hideous monster, a source of trouble and disquietude to his family and a nuisance to all around him. In an evil hour, under deceptive influences he was led to take a glass—then another glass, and then another until he entered fairly the broad road of inebriation. He is now a lover and frequent visitor of dramshops, and delighting in the company of those who rise early and sit up late to drink strong drink he is continually found among them. Go now to his house, and how changed the scene! what an awful blight rests upon every thing! The once loving husband is now cross and peevish, the tormentor of his family the source of their greatest trouble and keenest anguish; his house once tidy and neat, is now confused and disorderly his children once happy are now wretched and miserable, having a father who, lazy and idle, and worse than an infidel provides no more for his household. himself is distinguished only by his emaciated frame his bloated countenance, his red and swollen eyes,—and his slow and faltering steps—the very picture of wretchedness

He feels misery within, sees misery without and around him, he has no peace nor comfort, and often under such circumstances are men, led to suicidal acts—and thus terminate the sufferings of the body by the everlasting destruction of the soul.

The son, once dutiful and loving, upon whom the warmest affections of his parents were centered,—who was their comfort and joy, in whom they prided themselves, as they looked forward to the position of usefulness and usefulness which he promised to occupy in the future. That son who would rather have died than disobey his father or give pain to his mother, at an unfortunate moment being led away and enticed by sinners yielded to their allurements and entered with them upon the path of ruin. He is now bold and daring careless and unconcerned about the advice of his mother and the instruction of his father He regards not a mother's tears—he becomes harsh and unfeeling, His father remonstrates but he heeds it not, his mother weeps but he is unmoved, begoiled and infatuated he persists in his iniquity—goes on from one degree of vice unto another, until nature sinks beneath the load of woes which he has induced upon himself,—he passes away to the drunkard's grave—a grief to his father,—a heaviness to his mother and an enemy to himself for ever.

And have we not seen the pernicious effects of ardent spirit in our own country—in our own community?

Do we not see how the prosperity of many is retarded by their overfondness for the intoxicating glass? how they are led astray by this insinuating and dreadful enemy of all social and private happiness?

Yes, we see some among us, who, were it not for their infatuation in pursuing the dreadful poison—might be more intelligent and useful than they are and of more service to their country.

But alas! they yield themselves to the influence of this deceitful and powerful foe—and are led captive by it at its will It not only forbids their improvement in knowledge, but also renders them idle and reckless, inspires them with a total abhorrence of all labor and an insatiable appetite for pleasure, in consequence of which they are neither of service to themselves nor others.

Again, the evil tendency of ardent spirits appears in their effects on the spiritual—and the most important interests of men,—"No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven," is the stern declaration of Scripture. "No drunkard." The prohibition is extensive, it is universal. Whether he be an *occasional* drunkard, or whether he be a *habitual* drunkard, it matters not.

No drunkard, dying such, can enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whether he be a king or a peasant,—a rich man or a beggar—if he die a drunkard, he has no mansion prepared for him in those pure, and unsullied regions where God reigns in awful majesty! No, no, he has no seat among those scenes of purity and delight—And why? Because none but holy beings go there. Nothing that defileth or maketh a lie can ever gain admittance into those pearly gates—None can walk those golden streets, but the pure in heart—None but true christians—And can the drunkard be a christian—can the man who habitually sets the commands of his Maker at defiance be a christian? The thing is impossible—the idea involves a monstrous absurdity—unpardonable presumption—A christian, a drunkard—How inconsistent! how preposterous! A christian strictly speaking is one who fears God, and walks according to his precepts—one who hates and avoids sin but who loves and pursues righteousness,—And in order to be such a christian the intellectual faculties must be exercised—christianity or religion is not poured upon man as we would pour liquid into an inanimate vessel. No, the man must cooperate with the unseen agent who performs the glorious work upon his soul.—He must receive the gift by the hand of that faith which has been wrought in him by the Holy Spirit And before this blessing is conferred the man must feel his need of it, and before this feeling can be produced *reflection* and careful deliberation on his part are necessary. There must be an examination of himself—a *reasoning together* with God—and can a drunkard reason? Is he susceptible of reflection, Is he capable of those feelings which make a man anxious to seek his maker? No so far from seeking reconciliation with God he plunges deeper and deeper into rebellion, provoking the vengeance of heaven, can he pray then in this awful state? No he can not, nor does he desire to pray—He is an alien from every source of comfort and happiness. But he may be reclaimed while life lasts—Let him turn from the fatal cup—and he may be a christian—Let him forsake his sin and he shall live.—

We see then that the poor drunkard whether physically, socially, or spiritually contemplated is in a deplorable state.—He is not only excluded from the society of those whom the world esteems respectable—but also from the church to which the poorest and humblest are invited and welcomed—and if this were all his case might be supposed a tolerable one, but he will be forever excluded from heaven—from the presence of God and the holy angels from all that is pure—and lovely and happy. Nor is this all, he will be banished to that land of darkness—where the worm of the inhabitants dieth not, and where the fire is never quenched—whence the smoke and cries of the tormented ascend forever and ever—

Ah! Did you ever see a drunkard die? Pitiable indeed must be the spectacle—Behold him standing upon the confines of two worlds—the one receding from him, and fading in the distance the other pressing hard upon him with all its strange and awful realities—Then, for the first time, perhaps, in a long series of years, is he in his senses. He finds himself in this solemn situation—with awful apprehensions a dismal prospect before him—He beholds before him the blackness of darkness—and he would fain console himself with the hope that that dark pathway was but the introduction to a region of pleasure and delight—but as he lingers trembling between fear and hope—he hears in tones of thunder a voice from above declaring—"No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven" He beholds at his feet the boisterous stream of Jordan—threatening his destruction—terror stricken he looks back upon the world—upon his past life, if perchance he might discern any prop upon which to rest his sinking soul while passing through the angry waves—but he can see nothing he has no recollection of the past His life spent upon earth is to him, a perfect blank. He was not his own master—He yielded himself a willing captive to the demon of intemperance and was led by him at his will—Now he has time only to behold his supreme folly—he has time only to imprecate himself as the instrument of his own destruction, he has time only to curse the day on which he was born—and then takes a reluctant sleep into the dark"

Awful! Awful! indeed is the condition of the poor drunkard—Who would not pity him? Who would not seek to rescue him from his awful state—to pluck him as a brand from the eternal burning?—

O thrice and four times—yea five times happy they who have never touched the intoxicating glass—whose hands have never handled the fatal poison!

You ladies, by uniting yourselves under the title you have, show that you are at least desirous of rescuing the poor inebriate You have assumed a position which implies, that you individually, and as a body descountenance the use of ardent spirits as a beverage Nay—the first article in your constitution if I mistake not is in array against it Thus do you set a noble example to your brethren—Holding in your pliant and tender hands the crystal cup, and pointing, to the limpid fountain you say drink drink, and live. May your efforts be crowned with success.

But lamentable to state, there is a class of persons among us who are obviously not desirous of saving the drunkard, but who on the contrary—appear willing to help him on his destructive course They are those who hold establishments for the sale of spirituous liquors either by wholesale or retail—They dispense with hard and unrelenting hearts the poisonous draught to their fellow men, notwithstanding they see its awful consequences They see that it unfits a man, for buisiness, unfits him for Society, unfits him for usefulness, either to himself or others,—still for the sake of pecuniary gain—for the sake of a few pieces of silver—they will administer the poison—Despite the specious arguments by which such men justify themselves and the plausible excuses by which they endeavor to palliate their crime—the fact is clear that they are not the true friends of their country, nor are they the lovers of mankind,—They know that ardent spirits are injurious to the bodies and souls of men, yet they care not, provided certain ends are gained how many souls are ruined—O ye dispensers of the liquid poison—how can you participate in the ruination of your brethren? How can you endure their destruction. Ah! you may now line your hearts with steel so as to be rendered insensible to the appeals of humanity—and to the sufferings which you occasion, but O depend upon it you will feel them some day—some day will they press upon you with all their painful and heart-rending associations, you will not be able on a dying bed to endure a retrospect of your lives—You will there behold, unless you shall have been entirely blinded by the god of this world or unless your, conscience shall have been painfully seared as with a hot iron, the many victims of your cupidity arrayed before you to haunt your dying bed.—

O the deathbed of a man who has spent most of his life in dispensing ardent spirits—the fatal poison—must be extremely awful—he looks back upon his past life, and is terrified at the mischief he has done—he sees that he has been engaged in scattering arrows firebrands and death. He attempts to seek his maker, but guilt with its hideous countenance stares him in the face and depresses his spirits,—He sees dark clouds pregnant with wrath deepening in their fearful gloom—between him and his Creator, threatening to vent their fury upon his denuded soul. His spirit recoils—he shrinks back in terror and dread, but ah! he has no refuge from the storm—no hiding place to which he can flee—on the one hand he is met by the execrations of those to whose destruction he has contributed On every hand he beholds judgment eager to seize him—he sees stern justice with its fearful sword drawn ready to wreak its vengeance upon his guilty head. Alas! how awful how dreadful is the condition of such a man—what consternation—death strikes the fatal blow—his spirit enters the world of spirits—where he meets the wretched beings who had visited his sin warning on earth another year—bar of reckoning—a bar of inflexible justice—over which there presides a Judge who is always angry with the wicked—who will say unto all such "Depart from me, ye cursed into everlasting fire"——

Cape Palmas. The Sloop "Dido" of Cape Palmas arrived here on the morning of the 17th inst.—having on board the Honorable Saml F. Mcgill, late, the Governor of Cape Palmas. We have had the pleasure of paying our respects to the Governor, and learn from him that the people of Cape Palmas have dissolved their connection with the Maryland State Colonization Society in the United States; and declared themselves a soverigen, independent people. On the 29th of May last their Constitution was adopted by the people, and on the 6th inst an election of officers took place under it; and Governor Prout was inaugurated on the 8th. The same day according to previous arrangements, Governor McGill resigned office as the representative of the Maryland State Colonization Society. Cape Palmas, is now to be called, pursuant to the vote of the people, "State of Maryland in Liberia." We congratulate our brethren on the change in their position—making themselves, a sovereign people. We would remind them, that they must exert themselves, to prove to the world their capability of sustaining the new responsibilities they have assumed

We know nothing about their constitution, but it is reasonable to suppose it is republican in all its features. The officers under it are elected to serve two years. We are informed, that one of the most prominent articles in the constitution, is the prohibition, under any circumstances, of spirituous liquors being landed in the State. The following persons were elected to serve the first term

Wm. A Prout.	Governor.
R. A. Drayton	Lieut: do.
Joseph N. Gibson.	
John B Bowen.	
Thomas Fuller	
Anthy: Wood.	Senators.
John E. Motten.	
John Cooper	
Chas: H. Harman.	
Henry Pinkitt	
Danl: F. Wilson.	Delegates.
Saml: S. Reynold.	High Sheriff.
Peter Scisco.	Coroner.

Maryland Historical Society

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