



AND

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HEARTS RESOLVED AND HANDS PREPARED, THE BLESSINGS THEY ENJOY TO GUARD.—SMOLLET.

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EFFECTS OF ARDENT SPIRITS.

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While on earth, the victim of intemperance is as stupid as an ass, as ferocious as a tiger, as savage as a bear, as poisonous as the asp, as filthy, as the swine, as fetid, as a goat, and as malignant as fiend. No matter what may be the original materials of the man; his figure may possess every grace of the sculptor; his mind may be imbued with every art and science; he may be fit to command at the head of armies, to sway a Roman senate, to wield the destinies of nations; his heart may be the seat of every virtue; but ardent spirits will strip him of the whole, and convert him into a demon. Need I tell how? Need I point out the change that obriety produces in the moral and social affections? Need I present the sword red with a brother's blood? It was in a drunken revel that the infuriate Alexander slew his best friend, and most beloved companion, Clytus. And it was in a drunken revel that he proclaimed himself a god, and died.

"But have not ardent spirits one good quality, one redeeming virtue?" none. I say, none.—There is nothing, not even the shadow of a virtue, to rescue them from universal and everlasting execration. "But they are good as a medicine." No, not as a medicine. There is no physician, that does not love them, that needs them in his practice. There is no disease that they cure or relieve, that cannot be cured or relieved without them. They add to no man's health; they save no man's life. It is impossible to name a single good thing that they do. Give them to the divine: do they add to his piety, to his zeal, to his faithfulness, to his love of God or man? no, they destroy them all. Give them to the physician: do they increase his skill, his power to discriminate amid the symptoms of disease, his judgment to apply the appropriate remedies, his kind and affectionate solicitude? nay, verily they destroy them all. Give them to the legal advocate; do they increase his knowledge, his perception to discover the points of his case, his readiness to apply the evidence, his ability to persuade a court and jury? no, they destroy them all. Give them to the mechanic: do they assist his ingenuity, his judgment, or his taste? no, they destroy them all. Give them to the laborer: do they add to his strength? Do they enable him to bear fatigue, to endure heat and cold? Can he do more work, or do it better? no, they are the ruin of the whole. They reduce his strength, weaken his frame,

make him more susceptible to heat and cold, disorganize his whole system, and unfit him for labor.

"But there are some men," say you, "who use ardent spirits, and who get along very well." Admitted. They endure it. So there are some men who get along very well with poor health and feeble constitutions. Are poor health and feeble constitutions, therefore, no evils! Is the prosperity of such to be attributed to them? As much as is that of the former to the use of ardent spirits. Was ever a man made rich by the use of ardent spirits? never, but millions have been made beggars by it.

I will examine for a moment the effect, the immediate effect of ardent spirits upon the man. I will take a man in health, and give him a glass of ardent spirits. The effect is to produce mental derangement, and false notions and conceptions. But one glass will not have much effect. I will give him another, and if he loves rum he feels better; another, and he feels better; another, better yet. By this time he has got to feel pretty well, quite happy. He has no fear or shame. He can curse, and swear, and break things. "He is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils." He fears no consequences, and can accomplish impossibilities. If he is a cripple, he fancies he can dance like a satyr; if he is slow and unwieldy, he can run like a hart; if he is weak and feeble in strength, he can lift like Samson and fight like Hercules; if he is poor and penniless, he is rich as Croesus on his throne, and has money to lend. This is all a correct representation. It is what happens universally with the drunkard. I know one man who is intemperate, who is poor and never known to have five dollars at a time, who, when he is intoxicated, has often, and does usually offer to lend me a thousand dollars.—Poor, miserable, and deluded man! But he feels well; he is one of those who feel better to drink. He is mentally deranged; his imagination is disordered. He fancies bliss, and felicity, and plenty, and abundance, which do not exist; and he awakes to misery, and poverty, and shame, and contempt. Yet this is the exact feeling of all those who feel better to drink spirits. He who drinks but a glass, has not the same degree, but precisely the same kind of feeling with the one I have described.

And this is all, this is all that rum does to make a man feel better. If his wife and children are starving, he feels it not. He feels better. If his affairs are going to ruin, or are already plunged into ruin, he is not sensible to his condition. If his house is on fire, he sings the maniac's song and regards

it not. He feels better.

Let him who likes this better feeling, enjoy it. Enjoy it, did I say? No. Reclaim him, if possible. Convince him that he labors under a delusion. Restore him to truth and to reason; banish the cup from his mouth, and change the brute into the man.

But if all will do it, he is saved; and he who contributes but a mite in this work of God, deserves the everlasting gratitude of the republic. If the names of a Brainerd, of a Swartz, of a Buchanan, have been rendered immortal by their efforts to convert the heathen to Christianity; the names of those men who shall succeed in converting Christians to temperance and sobriety, should be written in letters of ever-during gold, and appended by angels in the temple of the living God. The sum of their benevolence would be exceeded only by His, who came down from heaven for man's redemption.—Then banish it: this is the only way to save your children. As long as you keep ardent spirits in your houses, as long as you drink it yourselves, as long as it is polite and genteel to sip the intoxicating bowl, so long society will remain just what it is now, and so long drunkards will spring from your loins, and so long drunkards will wear your names to future generations. And there is no other way given under heaven, whereby man can be saved from the vice of intemperance, but that of *total abstinence*.

Combustion of Drunkards.—The bodies of some drunkards have been so thoroughly steeped in spirit as literally to take fire and consume to ashes. It is said that no case of this combustion has ever occurred except among hard drinkers, and it is altogether probable that, in every such case, an inflammable air has exhaled from the lungs or skin, or both and has been kindled by the too near approach of a lighted taper, or some ignited substance. A French Chemist, it is said, after drinking a pint of ether during the day, used to amuse himself in the evening by lighting up his breath, directed in a very small stream upon the flame of a lamp. Alcohol, taken in large quantities, would probably, in some constitutions at least, occasion a similar vapor to be thrown from the lungs; and there is doubtless more danger than has been imagined, in a deep drinker's bringing his mouth or nose close to a lighted taper at evening. The wonder is, that instances, of the combustion of drunkards should so rarely have occurred. Plouquet mentions twenty-eight cases.

Dr Good, in his "Study of Me-

dicine," makes the following remarks on the combustion of the human body, which occasionally takes place in consequence of the intemperate use of ardent spirits, and which he distinguishes by the name of "*Catacausis Ebriosa*." "There may be some difficulty in giving credit to so marvellous a diathesis; yet examples of its existence, and of its leading to a migratory and fatal combustion, are so numerous, and so well authenticated, and press upon us from so many different countries and eras, that it would be absurd to withhold our assent. In almost every instance the combustion seems to have taken place in females advanced in life, and immoderately addicted to spirituous liquors."

POETRY

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North-wind's
breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, Oh,
Death!

Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meeting round the joyous
hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the
voice of prayer—
But all for thee, thou Mightiest of the
Earth!

The Banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song,
and wine;
There comes a day for Grief's over-
whelming power,
A time for softer tears—but all are thine!

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for
decay,
And smile at thee!—but thou art not
of those,
That wait the ripen'd bloom to seize their
prey!

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North-wind's
breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, Oh,
Death!

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer-birds from far shall
cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the
golden grain—
But who shall teach us when to look for
thee?

Is it when spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets
lie?

Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?
They have *one* season—*all* are ours to
die!

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air;
Thou art around us in our peaceful
home,
And the world calls us forth—and thou
art there!

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest;
Thou art where foe meets foe, and
trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the
princely crest.