



AND

## Conception Bay Journal.

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

VOL. VI.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 5, 1840.

No. 216

HARRIS GARD, Conception Bay, Newfoundland:—Printed and Published by JOHN THOMAS BURTON, at his Office, opposite the MARKET Place

(To the Editor of the Star.)

SIR,

If you think the following appeal would be the means of doing good, you would confer a favor by giving it a place in your next.

I am,

Sir,

Your obedient Servant,  
A SUBSCRIBER.

AN APPEAL TO FAMILIES OF INFLUENCE AND RESPECTABILITY,

OF THE ORDINARY USE OF WINE.

There is nothing, perhaps, attended with greater difficulties, than an interference with the internal arrangements of influential and respectable families. As a man's house in his castle, which no one may enter, without his permission; so his table is, pre-eminently, his own; and no one, ordinarily, may inquire why he spreads it as he does? The rule, in general, is good, "Whatsoever is set before you, eat, asked no question;" and, if we ever thought it wrong to partake of meats or drinks, we have simply declined, in silence, without remark, reproach, or admonition.

Yet there are, occasionally, great interests at stake, when we may enter our neighbour's dwelling, and ask his influence. We are in conflict with an enemy to man, in all his relations. Intemperance casts a blight upon our world. No age, no rank, no sex, no condition, but feels its withering touch. In this warfare we need the co-operation of all, but especially of those who from their education and rank have the power of moulding the tastes and customs of their fellow-men. This is our apology for the present appeal.

The wine-cup is nurtured among you. It is so, we are persuaded, not from any alarming love of its intoxicating qualities; not because father or mother, son or daughter, have an uncontrollable affection for it; but through habit and fashion. The families to whom we now would speak, have always used wine at their chief meal, and in their evening entertainments; and to dispense with it would be a strange work. It would be breaking caste. They could not brook the appearance of inhospitality.—They would be charged, too, with yielding to men who have made themselves a rule for others, without either warrant or reason. But will not such, for a moment, listen to our appeal? We know they will. Their character ensures, it.

What, then, is WINE, that it should daily be on your table, and constitute a part of every entertainment?

Said the voice of inspiration thousands of years ago, "WINE IS A MOCKER." "Who hath wo? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contention? Who hath wounds? They that tarry long at the WINE!" What disgraced the second father of the human family, and made him curse his children? WINE. What, for 5000 years, was the great cause of drunkenness in the world? WINE. And has its character changed since the discovery of the art of distillation? Has it not, by admixtures of Brandy, become more intoxicating?—more deadly in its results? Has it not, at least 25 per cent. of alcohol, an article classed, by all chemical and medical writers among the most virulent of poisons?—Why then should you use it?

Is it needful? Is it healthful? Is it even pleasant? Are you not always better without it than with it? Does it not excite and inflame? disturb healthy mental action, and purity of feeling? Is it not dangerous? Has it not ruined thousands on thousands, and may it not ruin you and your children?

We make these inquiries, not in disrespect, but to excite reflection, and lead to investigation; for, it may be, you have never thought of giving a reason why you use it, or why you should not abandon it.

Perhaps you will say, habit has made it essential. But is it so? Are you willing to acknowledge, that *habit, not principle*, governs you? Or, fashion requires it?—But who creates fashion? You say, your neighbour. And who creates it for your neighbour? He says you. He sets up a standard. You call it, fashion, and follow it. You set up a standard. He calls it fashion, and follow it. Now let your standard be right, and it will create the correct fashion for all influenced by you.

Why should you then continue to drink WINE? Has the practice no bad influences? Does it not fearfully retard the Temperance Reformation? Does it not offend Christian brethren? Does it not lay a snare and a trap, in the way of unfortunate, miserable men, who have been reformed, and snatched as brands from the burning? Are you sure that no child of your own, or no child of a friend, will hereafter remember you as the cause of his ruin?

Let us suppose a case, of frequent occurrence. A youth of promise brings you letters from a distant friend, asking your kind attentions to his only son. You invite him to dine. You place him with your sons and daughters, in their evening parties. The wine

flows freely. He drinks. He cannot do otherwise. He may shrink from it, as that to which he is unaccustomed; which he does not need; which unfits him for study; which makes him feverish and restless; but you urge it upon him. His Temperance friends would entreat him in their ranks. But he is committed to drink wine at your table; to drink it with your son, when visited at his residence; to drink it with your daughters, when he mingles in their pleasures. Wonder not if that young man is ruined. Wine is the chief source of intemperance in respectable families, and the ruin of some of the finest youth of our country. Ought not this consideration to weigh with you? Have you no sons, the pride of your families? no hearts that would be broken by their adoption of destructive habits? especially when recommended to friends, in the uprightness of whose ways you had entire confidence?

Perhaps you say, your clergyman approves of your practice, and the Bible pronounces wine a blessing. And are you certain that he does not do it, because it is your practice; because he cannot brave himself to oppose the ways of those on whom he is so much dependent for support and happiness; certain, that he does not wish in his heart that you would abandon it, that he might also; and that he might raise against it his own testimony? Or, on the other supposition, fearful and terrible as it is, that he loves the wine when it sparkles, in its cup, will you consent, has have many hospitable parishioners before you, (O fatal hospitality, more cruel than the grave!) to drag your minister down to ignominy and death.

And when you appeal to the Bible, can you, anywhere, find it written, as with a sunbeam, WINE IS A BLESSING, as it is, WINE IS A MOCKER. And does not God often expressed his high approbation of those who drink neither wine nor strong drink. Does not Paul say, "It is good neither to drink wine, nor any thing whereby thy brother stumbleth;" and would he not, beholding the thousands falling around us into the drunkard's grave, say, if there ever was a call for this Christian charity, it is at the present moment.

We beseech you, ponder these things. You create fashion. You have influence. You will hand down a generation either to bless or curse the earth.

O! as we cast an eye back some twenty years, into some of the most respectable families of the land, where the wine flowed freely, and see father and mother gone—gone, under requiem, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," and now nothing remaining but profligate, drunken sons, fast wasting their fair estates, we have an argument, which must we think, come home to your bosom, and which you will not, *cannot* resist.

We entreat you then to hold in the wine bottle, and lay no more the fascinating snare, which may entangle the feet of some of your dearest friends, or even of your own family; nay, which may yet prove a bitter curse to your own soul.

## TRAVELS IN UPPER EGYPT.

[From the Journal of a Military Man, a native of Nova Scotia.]

On the 19th of February we arose, and instead of traversing a sandy trackless desert, we took our way across beautiful green clover fields interspersed with every description of corn, and studded with date trees, and after riding ten miles reached the city Kennah on the banks of Nile, a place of great trade across the Desert with the Red Sea.—The houses are three and four story high and built of unburnt bricks without whitewash, and presenting a very unfavourable appearance; we called on the Turkish Government who treated us with pipes and coffee. Our next job was to hire a Canja or Boat of the Nile to take us up to the Cataracts: the cabin is built on the deck, large enough for two, but we stowed four into it. Crossed the Nile and visited the grand Temple of Dendava, dedicated to Isis or Venus, and built in the days of Sesostris it is still perfect with the exception of the faces of the Goddess on the pillars, which the Arabs have disfigured. Twenty four columns support the roof of this gigantic Portico which is formed of slabs of stone twenty eight feet long six feet broad and five thick, the Pillars are twenty two in circumference and thirty two high, every square inch of them being cut in Hieroglyphics of elaborate workmanship. The walls and ceilings are sculptured and painted, representing the mythology and processions of the ancient Egyptians, the chiselling and colours as sharp and as vivid at the expiration of 300 year as when laid on; the blocks of stone which connect the Pillars and support the slabs being twenty six feet long, five broad and five deep. The Egyptians were small men, but possessing very enlarged ideas. The Portico is 140 feet long and 67 feet deep. The interior Halls of the Temple are equally fine, and the whole was covered with rubbish of later sunburnt brick Town, until a Frenchman (Denon) discovered it, and had these vast mats of rubbish removed, 23 Feb. we sailed up towards Thebes, and on the 25th, arrived opposite to the Temple of Luser a portion of this once fine city.—Two Obelisks 80 feet high and 8 feet square at the base (each of a single piece of hard granite) and richly sculptured, stand on either side of the grand Gateway, which is covered by figures of men and horses representing the exploits of Sesostris: from this gate a double row of columns 33 feet in circumference conduct you to a square 160 feet by 140 broad—Arabs, cows, asses and poultry occupy these splendid ruins, which throughout are covered by minute sculpture, which the climate has left as fresh as when executed, all stands on the edge of the banks of the Nile. After breakfast we mounted and rode across to Carana (another portion of the city of 100 gates,) and whose ruins have astonished every traveller. We first entered a lofty gateway which is approached by a double row of Sphinx, which formerly reached the Luxor, (2 miles,) when many Temples burst upon the view at the same instant.

The great Hall of Sesostris is supported by 130 columns! some 26 feet in circumference, and those on which the roof rests are 34 feet in circumference. The roof and pillars are richly sculptured, and the colours (particularly blue) very vivid.—Passing through this stupendous Hall you see many Temples of less size, but which