

**An oration on the causes, evils and preventives of intemperance :
delivered and published by request, in the town of Columbus, Ohio,
February 12th, 1831 / by Daniel Drake.**

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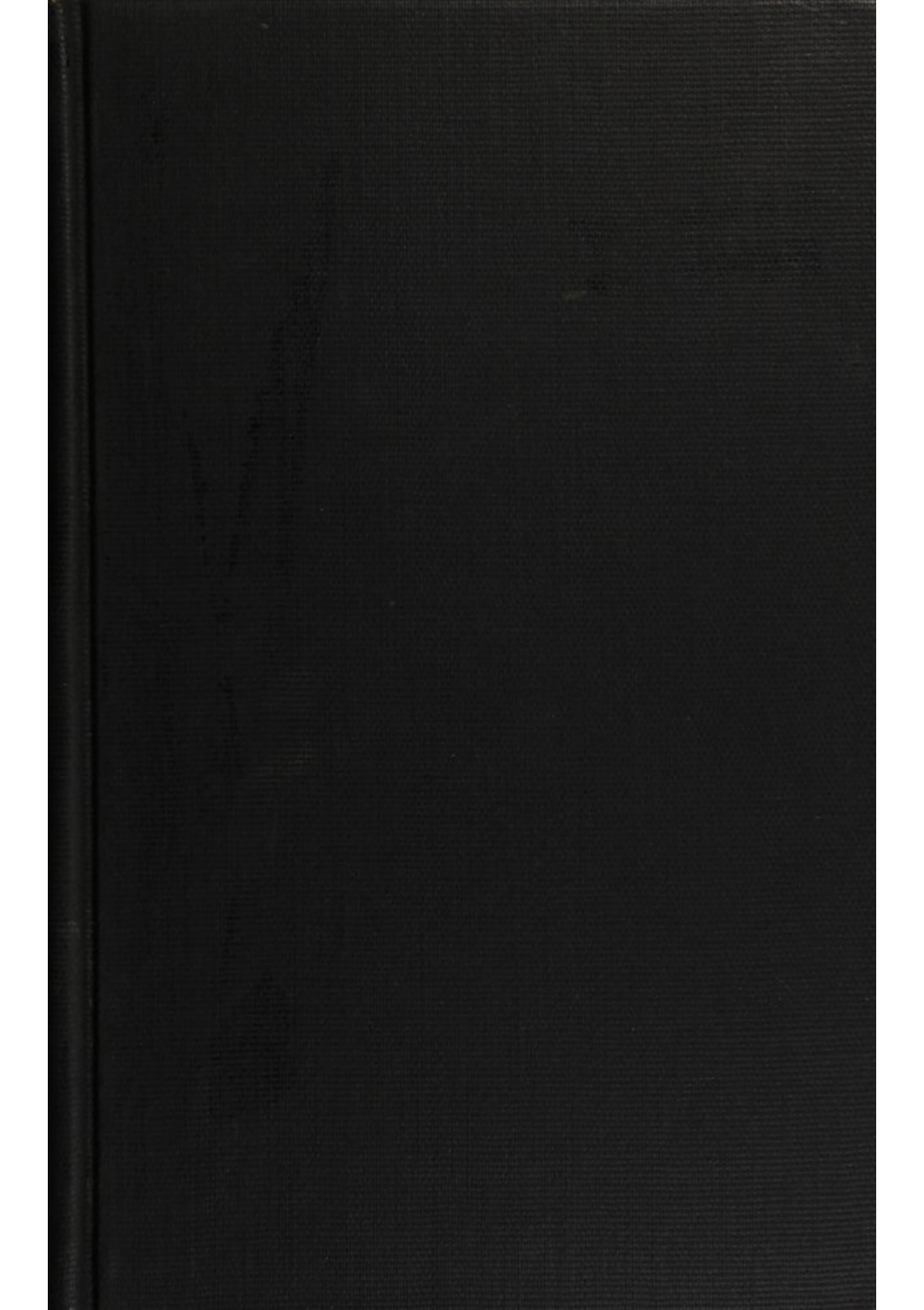
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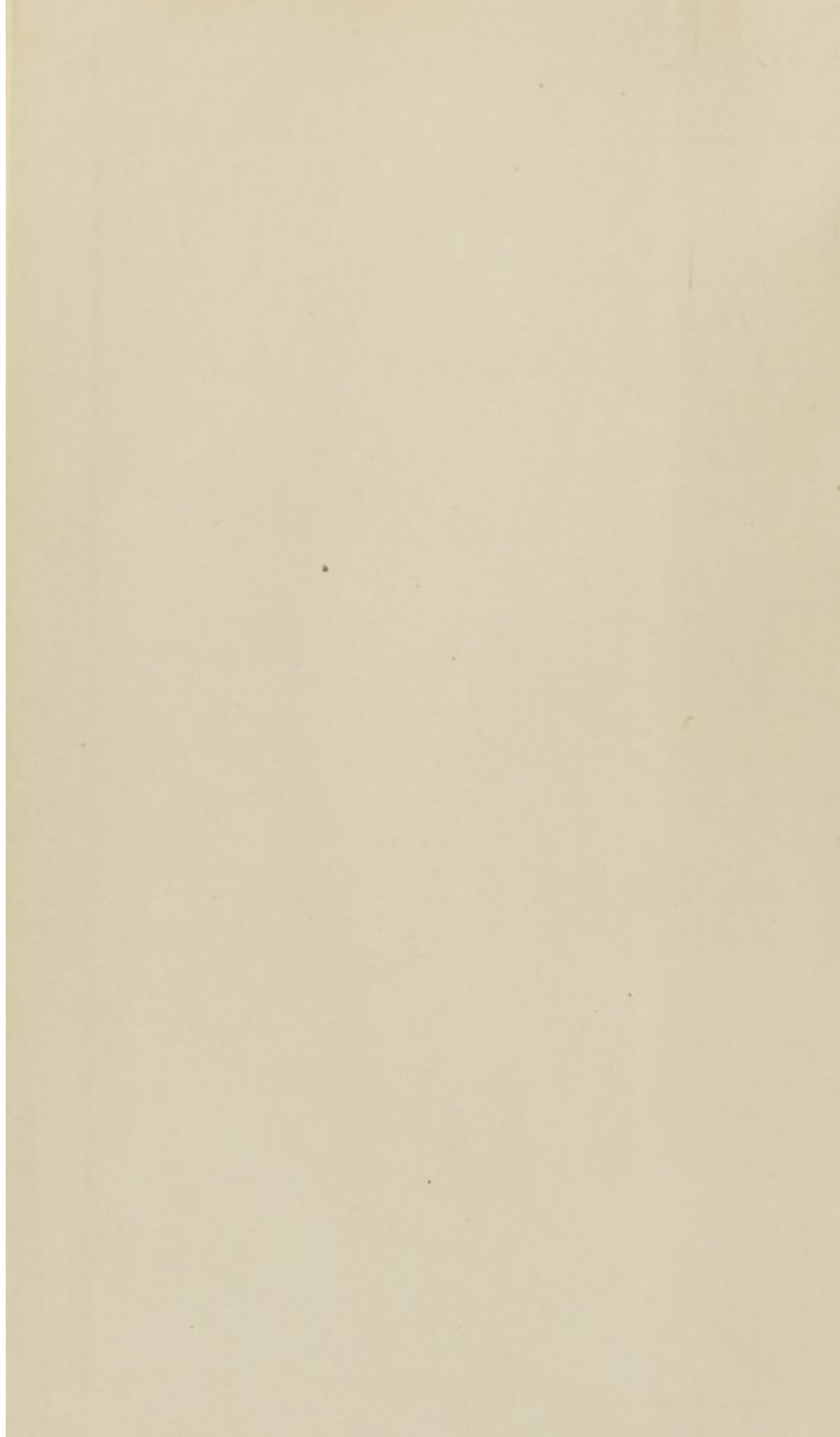
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AN
ORATION
ON THE
CAUSES, EVILS AND PREVENTIVES
OF
INTEMPERANCE.

DELIVERED AND PUBLISHED BY REQUEST,

IN THE TOWN OF

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

FEBRUARY 12th, 1831.

BY DANIEL DRAKE, M. D.

PROFESSOR OF THE INSTITUTES AND PRACTICE OF MEDICINE IN MIAMI UNIVERSITY.

COLUMBUS:

OLMSTED & BAILHACHE, PRINTERS.

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COLUMBUS, OHIO, 16th FEBRUARY, 1831.

SIR:—As a committee on behalf of a large number of the members of the Ohio Legislature, and citizens of the Borough of Columbus, we have the honor to request, that you will furnish us, for publication and gratuitous distribution, with a copy of the Lecture upon Intemperance, which you delivered in this place on Saturday evening last. We must be allowed to say, that we deem it a finished specimen of eloquence, upon a most important subject.

Accept assurances of our esteem and friendship,

T. C. FLOURNOY,
ISAAC COOK,
ROBERT SAFFORD.

DR. DANIEL DRAKE.

COLUMBUS, FEBRUARY 17th, 1831.

GENTLEMEN:—The Address of which you have done me the honor to request a copy, for gratuitous distribution, was hastily written, without a view to its publication; and several parts of it bear a near resemblance, to portions of that which I delivered and published at Cincinnati nearly three years since. As you suppose, however, that the publication of this, may do some good, to one of the great interests of society, I am constrained to disregard the unfavorable influence which its publication may exert on my literary reputation, and herewith transmit you the manuscript.

I have the honor to be,

Respectfully, your ob't. servant,

DAN. DRAKE.

To T. C. FLOURNOY,
ISAAC COOK,
ROBERT SAFFORD, Esq's.

ORATION ON INTEMPERANCE.

Intemperance is not a special vice of the present day, or of our own country. On the contrary, there is reason to believe, that it prevailed more in the last than the present century; and while no people on earth ever had a greater abundance of Ardent Spirits, or obtained them at a lower price, perhaps, no nation, where they are a common beverage, ever abused them less. It must be admitted, however, that in America, as in Europe, Ardent Spirits are so often used to excess, as to justify the establishment of Temperance Societies. To infer from the existence of such associations, that Intemperance is peculiarly an American vice, would be fallacious. They more properly indicate a great energy of moral principle in our nation, and prove that it is not besotted. That drunkenness, at the present time, is less than formerly, is no argument against efforts for its further suppression, as philanthropy should aim at the desirable, though unattainable, result, of its total extermination.

It was feared at one time, that efforts to this end, would be unproductive; but experience has already shown this apprehension to be groundless. It is now generally admitted, that the use of Ardent Spirits, among the respectable classes of the eastern, middle and western states, has greatly diminished. The morning "bitter," and the glass of "grog" before dinner, are no longer taken, except in taverns; which are, truly, the citadels of this, as well as many other vices. But even there, it begins to require a certain degree of hardihood to be seen drinking; and, of course, many persons are deterred, who formerly indulged themselves without restraint. The drinking at the dinner tables of our Steam boats, has signally diminished, which, when we consider the multitudes who travel in them, is a most encouraging symptom; from our private dinner tables, the potation of whisky and water "when you are half done," is almost banished; our ships, occasionally, depart on long voyages without a supply of Ardent Spirits; the quantity imported from foreign countries is lessening, and the distillation at home has greatly abated.—although our population is rapidly increasing. A gentleman of observation, who has lately traveled over almost every part of Ohio, informed me to day, that the tavern keepers every where complain, that travelers no longer drink as they lately did; finally, our canal commissioners and contractors, have shown, that labourers, and these too in situations the

most exposed, can be found to work without that drinking, which was once considered essential.

These are ascertained facts, and they should encourage the benevolent to persevere. They demonstrate the practicability of greatly diminishing the amount of drunkenness in the land, and warrant the expenditure upon that object of still stronger efforts, than it has yet called forth.

In furtherance of this interesting object, tracts, sermons and discourses, which should present the causes, effects and remedies of Intemperance in every variety of aspect, have been considered as among the most efficient means; and it must be granted, that they are at least innocent: should they do but little good, they can do no injury.

Before proceeding to enumerate the exciting causes of this vice, I propose to say something of the desire for Ardent Spirits.

Man is endowed, by the Creator, with certain appetites, the regulated gratification of which, is necessary to his existence; and to the successful execution of the functions which he is required to perform in society. These desires are numerous; I shall, however, mention but three of them: *Hunger, Thirst* and the *Propensity for Stimulants*.

The first leads us to take the food, which is necessary to the nourishment of our bodies; the second, the water, which is requisite to the healthy constitution of the blood; the third, such stimulants, either solid or fluid, as impart activity to our systems. *Mere* hunger, seldom or never makes us gluttons;—thirst never makes us drunkards.

It is the desire for stimulation that makes us both gluttons and drunkards. Bread and meat, will satisfy the appetite for food, before we have taken them to excess; and water quenches thirst without disturbing the economy of our minds or bodies. It is the innate love of excitement, that constitutes the root of the evil, by tempting us into excesses in stimulation. To this distinct and original principle of our physical constitution, we should refer those abuses, which call for the associations, which distinguish the present age, above all which have preceded it.

In the savage state, the means of gratifying this desire, are few and feeble, in civilized life, they are diversified and abundant; and we find the desire for their use, correspondingly energetic. Their action upon us increases the appetite for them, and too often raises it to a state of morbid and ruinous importunity. This is conformable to an original law of our nature.

In savage life, man has but few functions to perform, and but little stimulation is necessary. In the civilized state, his duties, both physical and moral, are manifold and complicated. They demand the exertion of all his intellectual faculties and passions with his

various bodily energies, and call for a sustained and diversified excitement, in all his organs. But this condition requires stimulation of various kinds; and without more of it than we find in savage life, the civilized state could neither have been created nor sustained. The more highly cultivated and intellectual portion of civilized men, are, it is true, sufficiently stimulated by moral causes and incentives: but these, in every country, constitute but a small part of the population; and the majority depend, *mainly*, on stimulants which act upon the body; and *must* have them, or the tone of society would fail, and its complicated operations begin to languish. Now the means of this adequate, moral and physical excitement, are created by the very civilization which they contribute to develop and advance; in which no one can fail to perceive an example of that wisdom and harmony, which are every where exhibited, when we attentively and philosophically, survey the works of God.

But, if these views be correct, on what can the friends of sobriety sustain themselves, in their warfare against Intemperance? I answer, on the same basis, upon which the moralist rests his efforts, against the inordinate indulgence of any other propensity. The ground is not broad, but firm and enduring as the laws of nature. As long as man stimulates himself moderately, and with such articles as do not impair his health, or pervert the faculties of his soul, he violates no moral or physical law, and suffers no immediate or prospective injury; but the moment he selects and indulges in such as do either, he is a transgressor, and must suffer the penalty of his violation. He does not raise in his system an excitement favorable to the duties and objects which lie before him; but an irritation utterly detrimental to their successful execution. Philosophy and ethicks do not, then, forbid all stimulation; but occupy themselves in regulating the selection and quantity of stimulants. They recognize an innate necessity for excitants; but distinguish between the *salutary* and the *pernicious*—prescribe the extent of indulgence in the former, and, labelling the latter as poisons, advertise the whole world to avoid them as destructive. They say, “*if you eat thereof you shall surely die,*”—and is not this enough?—“*if you drink thereof you will perish;*” and what deeper warning could be given?

I am aware, that these views are not consonant with those, which prohibit every kind and degree of stimulation. But the advocates of the latter system, are better moralists than physiologists. They do not understand, that the love of stimulation, is an original and necessary principle of our nature; and should, therefore, within proper bounds, be gratified. They who refrain from every kind of stimulants, if any such there be, would still more easily refrain from those, only, which are pernicious; while many

persons might be induced to forbear from the latter, who would not consent to relinquish the whole. But he who abjures the pernicious, is out of danger; and *safety* is all that the friends of Temperance can desire. Why then should they insist on more? By excessive requirements, they pass into severity; and diminish their influence, by attempting to extend it too far. They become ascetics, rather than moralists: anchorites, instead of devotees in a good and great cause. They make proselytes, it is true; or rather, they are applauded, by those, who from peculiarities of constitution, or great elevation of moral feeling, are indifferent to physical stimulation: but the mass of mankind are not with them, nor ever will be. Nature interposes, and her power cannot be overcome. She calls for stimulation, but not for that which works out her destruction. Our errors, in selection and indulgence, are what make her importunate and reckless. If we supply her in moderation, with stimulants that do not vitiate her, she remains subordinate and harmless. It is our *improper* administrations, that rouse her into phrenzy, and place her on the throne of our intellect, a drunken and desolating fury.

As moral beings, we should oppose the motives of the soul, to the desires of the body; the spirit to the flesh; the pains which come from inordinate indulgence, to the pleasures of the indulgence. As rational beings, we should observe, what do us harm, and what do not: and proscribe the former, while we tolerate the latter; which, from being substitutes, become preventives. Here then is the spot, where reason and the moral sense should make their stand: the defile where the friends of Temperance should marshal their forces; the pass-Thermopylæ, where they should meet the conflict, and struggle for the victory—the triumph of the sentiments of the soul, over the propensities of the body!

Of the various salutary stimulants, I may briefly mention tea and coffee, cider, beer and the milder wines, most if not all of which, may be safely and conveniently employed, when stimulants are necessary to promote the activity of our systems, and will render more pernicious drinks unnecessary. Few constitutions, however, require the aid, even of these, much less of Ardent Spirits, which should be proscribed, outlawed and banished forever, from the catalogue of our daily drinks. He who excludes this, is in comparative safety,—he who drinks it, knows not the hour when his ruin commences. He *may*, it is true, escape its desolations; but he plays a deep and desperate game, on which he stakes his health, his fortune, his character, and the happiness of all who glory in his distinction, or hang upon his skirts for support and protection. And what does he gain, for these mighty and fearful risks? the vulgar and vanishing stimulation of a glass of grog!

The causes which give activity to the propensity for stimulants,

are many and diversified. Some are moral, others physical. A part are universal, but the greater number are local and special; operating in particular places, or on certain groups of society. It is to these *causes*, that the friends of Temperance should direct their attention. Prevention should be the object: drunkenness is seldom cured, but has often been averted; and will continue to disappear, in the ratio in which its causes are laid open and rooted out.

Habitual drinking of Ardent Spirits is the first and greatest cause of Intemperance, which I present for your *condemnation*. While I assert the necessity for stimulation, I will equally assert, that except for aged persons, who have confirmed habits of daily drinking, the use of Ardent Spirits is superfluous and generally prejudicial, *even when taken in moderate quantities*. The ordinary stimulants, physical and moral, which act upon us in society, are sufficient, especially for boys and young men, whose systems are more excitable, than those of older persons. It has been said, however, that the daily but *moderate* use of Ardent Spirits, by young men, is at least safe, and may sometimes do good, by satisfying their curiosity, and generating the indifference, which comes from familiarity. All this is false and fatal. Physicians well know, that the repetition of a stimulant increases the desire for its action, and calls for augmentation of the dose. Moreover, the comparative absence of drunkenness in the respectable society of Friends, where daily drinking was never tolerated, is conclusive against the theory. A few weeks since, there died, in Cincinnati, a member of that society, who, for several years, had been the *only* intemperate person, born to such membership, in the city, although the society is considerably numerous, and much diversified as to the sources of emigration. This single fact is worth a volume of theories.

Dinner and supper parties promote Intemperance. I am aware, and admit the fact with pleasure, that the laws which prescribe drinking at these parties, have much relaxed; and that no one is now, as in former times, *compelled* to drink. But drinking is expected; and to go beyond the limits of what is called a puritanical sobriety, is no discredit. It is undeniable, therefore, that they encourage Intemperance; especially large evening parties of gentlemen only. I am far from wishing to propose their abolishment; but more reliance might safely be placed on intellectual stimuli, in literary communities; and Ardent Spirits should be banished, for the sake of example, not less, than the dignity and temperance of the distinguished men who generally compose those colloquial parties.

Gambling must not be overlooked, in scanning the causes of Intemperance. It is chiefly operative in towns and cities. Every gaming house is a centre of fluxion, for the idle and those who

relish dissolute associations, not less than those who find a morbid delight in the chances of the game. Could the number of those who frequent gaming houses, as actors and spectators, in our towns and cities, be presented aggregately, it would make society shudder. They are all candidates for drunkenness. Drinking is the inseparable habit of every gaming table; and drinking to excess, at such a spot, is no discredit—but the reverse. It is the order of the day, the fashion of the time and place, the spirit of the age. The rule is, “*drink*;” the penalty of its violation, contempt and ridicule.

Idleness is a fruitful soil for habits of Intemperance. Man is an indolent animal. By nature he loves repose. Exertion is a forced state: the offspring of necessity, or the instigation of some passion, more powerful than the love of ease. Children, although constitutionally active, in the pursuit of amusements, are averse to labor, and require stimulation and discipline, to form habits of industry. I have been amazed to observe, how little fathers and mothers are aware of these truths; or, if aware of them, how little they are governed by the conviction. On this point, admonition is more necessary to the rich than the poor. Among the latter, children are often obliged to work for food and clothing—among the former, it is not uncommon, to see them grow up in ease and idleness. Youth is the era of life in which our habits are formed; and he who grows up in indolence and riches, may live and die in idleness and poverty. When extravagance and dissipation have squandered his inheritance, even the stimulus of want, may not break his established habits. This subject is of such deep interest, to all of us who are parents, that I cannot refrain from dwelling on it a moment longer.

INDUSTRY, promotes the health and bodily growth of children;
Indolence, impairs both.

INDUSTRY, renders their studies easy and pleasing;
Indolence, makes them truants.

INDUSTRY, is a substitute for genius;
Indolence, renders genius ineffectual.

INDUSTRY, preserves our inheritance;
Indolence, squanders it away.

INDUSTRY, inspires society with confidence;
Indolence, repels its confidence.

INDUSTRY, provides for casualties;
Indolence, renders us helpless under them.

INDUSTRY, makes provision for old age;
Indolence, loads it with cares and embarrassments.

INDUSTRY, provides for our children;
Idleness, fails to do this, limits their opportunities, blasts their

prospects, and, when we die, leaves them dependent on a heartless world.

INDUSTRY, gives us the means of charitable and patriotic donation: *Idleness*, prevents our co-operating in works of beneficence, and inflicts on us the character of sordidness.

INDUSTRY, contributes to give us long life, while it condenses into a short one, the fruits of *many* years:

Idleness, abridges life, and renders the longest unproductive of happy results.—Finally,

INDUSTRY, has transformed this vast and beautiful region, into a cultivated and populous country;—so abundant in comforts, and so noble in its public works, that when abroad, one is proud to say, in the manner of an ancient Roman, “I am a citizen of Ohio:”

Idleness, would have left it a thinly peopled wilderness, without developed resources, destitute of the arts of civilized life, and inhabited by a few helpless adventurers; still grappling with Indians and beasts of prey, on the very spot where the eminent representatives of a million of freemen, are deliberating on the public good!

In no respect, can indolence be the parent of temperance, virtue or prosperity. All its tendencies are to vice. The idler is a prey to every folly. None is so much exposed to temptation: None yields himself up with so little resistance. He is the sport of circumstances. He walks into the snare, because he is too lazy to go round it: He suffers the net to descend upon him, rather than raise his finger to turn it aside. If any thing moves him, it is the love of dissolute pleasures; in the midst of which he luxuriates, and whence, having once entered, he seldom has the virtuous energy to return.

Fashion is a powerful cause of Intemperance. It is not limited to any particular class of the community, or state of society; though most operative in cities and in the highest circles. Fashion is rooted in that principle of human nature, which makes “man an imitative animal;” and involves that sentiment, which leads him to respect public opinion. Few persons, therefore, are raised above the influence of fashion, and that few, are none the better for their forced and unsocial elevation. It is one thing, however, to set fashion at *defiance*; another to become its *victim*. Fashion, to a greater or less extent, is, the taste and opinions of the world embodied. It is, therefore, always entitled to attention, if not to respect. It is characteristic of good sense and sound principle, to examine into the requirements of fashion, and conform to them, as far as they accord with nature, propriety and convenience. It is the vain and frivolous, only, that yield a blind submission. Good taste rejects all that is absurd or ridiculous: bad taste swallows the whole without examination. Fashion exerts the greatest

domination over young minds; and in youth, acts upon both sexes, in nearly the same degree. Education being equal, the weakest minded are the greatest devotees of fashion; but in early life, it imparts delight to every grade of intellect, though in varying degrees. Young persons, are not aware of the delusions of fashion, and should be admonished, against yielding to its absurd demands. I do not know a harder master. It has no heart, no conscience, no stability. It governs without law, and sentences without a hearing. Its changes, like epidemic diseases, come and go, when we least expect them; and often with a social devastation which might carry out the metaphor. No perspicacity can foresee its caprices, or prepare to meet them. The edicts of the morning, are reversed before the evening lamp of pleasure and dissipation is extinguished. — That which it lauds to-day it scorns to-morrow, and ridicules those who joined in the praise. Such is its character, and this character should be made known to our sons. They should be warned, never to deliver themselves into its power. If once reduced to servitude, they are on the road to ruin. If the fashion of the club or coterie to which they belong, says, “*drink!*” they cannot refuse; if fashion says, “prefer Ardent Spirits to tea or coffee, or fermented liquors,” they acknowledge the preference; if fashion says, “pour into the fatal chalice, the sweets and spices, that honey over the poison,” they comply; if fashion says, “drink again, and again repeat the draft, raise your spirits, elevate your soul, exalt your feelings, send abroad your heated fancy, become or believe yourself a genius, mount into the clouds and look down with smiles and contempt, on the plodders that walk the valleys of the earth;”—you drink, you rise, and you fall headlong, to grovel, in scorn and infamy, beneath the footsteps of those whom you despised. *Such* is the issue of a life of fashionable drinking.

Time was when fashion, on this point, governed our young men in the spirit of a tyrant. It was held, that drinking and riot are indications of talent, and a sentence of contempt, rested on those who declined to participate to excess. The spirit which presided over those convivial parties, pronounced all who held back, to be nothing more, than nature’s down right common places—Drones or bigots. Dunces, if they would not drink to stupidity; smart fellows, if they did. I can recollect when this test of genius was more relied on than at present. It reminds one of the ancient ordeal for witchcraft.—If the young man would not drink freely, he was a fool—if he did, he became a brute:—Verily, a sad dilemma. I am happy to know, that nobler views of the character and destiny of youth are beginning to prevail; and trust that our sons of genius, will, soon, have invention enough, to manifest their superior endowments, in some other mode than scenes of dissipation and uproar.

Sunday drinking is a fruitful source of Intemperance. He who appropriates the Sabbath, to the society of taverns and coffee houses, is already vitiated in his moral taste, and ends his career a sot. He there dissipates a part of his fortune, or of the earnings of the week, and with it, goes his habits of application, and his powers of self denial. Better were it for such an one, that he should be altogether denied the privilege of a day of rest; for he might, then, escape this deep contamination. As a general fact, the people of the United States, are pre-eminent in their observance of the Sabbath; and long may they continue to merit this distinction! The nation, which dedicates a seventh part of its time, to retirement from the cares and contentions of business—which recurs at stated periods to a sense of its moral accountability—which devotes itself, on the Sabbath, to religious exercises, and the study of books of sound morality—which assembles, at the end of every week, around the family fireside, and purifies the domestic relations, by imbuing them with appropriate devotional sentiments and moral feelings—is in the way of duty, which is the way of happiness. About such a people, there is an atmosphere of moral and social grandeur, which must repel a host of crimes and follies. Let me, then, exhort such of you as are guardians and masters, to look well to the conduct of your children and wards, on the Sabbath day. Let innocent amusements be invented—let attractive and suitable books be placed before them—let fathers remain at home, and instruct them in the first principles of religion, and the simple precepts of moral and social duty:—Above all, let SUNDAY SCHOOLS be encouraged, patronized and extended; not merely as scenes of religious exercise, but as seminaries of literature, religion and morality, united. If not sent to such schools, many poor children never learn to read, but grow up in ignorance; and before they attain to manhood, fall into most of the vices, which beset the footsteps of those who spend the Sabbath in idleness, and in wanderings among the haunts of dissipation and profligacy. But it is not the poor, only, who may be benefitted by Sabbath Schools. To the rich, through a certain age, they are scarcely less beneficial. They diversify the existence of the child, and reconcile him to the salutary restraints, of the day of rest and meditation. They connect his literature with religion, and the principles of moral obligation; they civilize and soften his heart. I know of no institution, which might be made to exert so much power, in the great work of moral elevation—of none, so worthy the attention of those who labor in the mighty enterprise of ennobling a whole nation!

As a means of preventing Intemperance, Sunday Schools, indeed, deserve unlimited confidence. I am aware that *children* do not often contract habits of drinking; but when suffered to go at large;

on the Sabbath, they form those habits of vice and vicious companionship; which, as they grow up, too often lead directly and powerfully, to dissipation and drunkenness.

Volumes would be necessary, to delineate the calamitous effects of Intemperance.

Ardent Spirits are a poison. A fit of drunkenness, is a paroxysm of acute disease, which, arising from any other cause, would be regarded with dismay. Habitual drinking generates chronic maladies, which, ultimately, extend to all the organs of the body. It inflames the stomach, the liver and the brain; which are, finally, disorganized. It poisons the whole nervous system; disorders the senses, and palsies the muscles. Thus the entire man, is at length transformed, from a condition of health and vigour, to a state of loathsome disease; and the grave is, at last, the only purifier.

In the mind, the sad effects of Intemperance are equally conspicuous. It impairs the power of observation, weakens attention, renders the memory treacherous, excites the imagination, and subverts the understanding. Neither the observations nor the judgments of one in this condition, are to be trusted; they may be correct, but are always liable to be false.

Even Madness may be the offspring of the habitual use of Ardent Spirits; although deep intoxication may have been seldom perpetrated. Incessant irritation of the brain, at last perverts the reason, and sets up the creations of fancy, for the realities of observation. The perceptions become disordered, and the individual is delivered over, to strange and terrific phantasies. In this condition, he is successively the victim of every kind of delusion, and exerts himself on those around him, as he would upon strangers and enemies. His friends are transformed into foes, and the dearest objects of his former love, become the prey of vindictive and murderous designs. Unable to distinguish between right and wrong, and, mistaking the creations of his own shattered intellect, for actual facts, he acts accordingly, and commits outrages the most shocking to humanity. In this melancholy condition, which bears but little resemblance to a fit of intoxication, and frequently occurs after a suspension of the practice of drinking, he is actually *insane*; and should no longer be held responsible, for his actions. This view of the case has not, however, been generally taken; and hence the history of our jurisprudence, furnishes examples of punishment, not compatible with the prevailing wisdom and mildness of our penal laws. Our criminal courts have confounded the *insanity* of drunkards, with their fits of *intoxication*, from which it is distinct: and punished the offences of both states, in the same manner. A more searching analysis, would have prevented such an

error. The mental alienation of habitual drinkers, is of that kind, which brings them under the judicial maxim, that *he who is insane shall not be punished*. The proper place for such an one, is a hospital, instead of a prison; and the time *must* come, when he will find that destination. Our courts of justice are not at liberty, to sit in judgment, on the remote causes of insanity, and discriminate among its varieties. The man who is *non compos mentis* from disease, *however* produced, is no longer an accountable being, and should be confined, but not punished.

Even the delirium of a *fit of drunkenness*, should be plead in mitigation of punishment; for the individual often does that, when intoxicated, from which he would recoil with horror, in his sober moments; and this should be the test. But drunkenness itself, not now recognized by the law, as a crime, should be punished. It is an offence against the peace and dignity of society; against the wife and children, who may, by this practice, be reduced to beggary, and thrown upon the public charity for support. The drunkard himself, may come to the same end; and, finally, subsist for years, on the earnings of the industrious and temperate. Hence it is, that society acquires the same right to punish drunkenness, that it can claim to punish any other outrage. It inflicts legal penalties on no one, who does it no injury. Blasphemy and irreligion, it leaves to a higher tribunal; while it punishes the slightest and every aggression, upon its interest and happiness. Drunkenness in all its stages, is one of these, and should be met with appropriate penalties. The personal rights of those who practice it, should be restricted; their political consequence abridged; their children placed under guardians, and their property transferred to trustees. By the fear of these penalties, thousands would be deterred from becoming intemperate; while the friends and families, of those who might still drink to excess, would be screened, in part at least, from the calamities, which, in the absence of all protecting legislation, never fail to overtake them.

The perverting effects of Intemperance on the heart, are not less, than on the head. It transforms equanimity into petulance; aggravates impatience into irascibility; engenders suspicion; blasts the domestic affections; and converts a good husband and father, into a capricious and cruel scourge. It generates a taste for dissolute society, with its diversified obscenities; vulgarizes the feelings; inflames every resentment; introduces the language of profanity, and ends, by establishing habits of falsehood and treachery.

On our actions and pursuits, the influence of Intemperance is equally deleterious. It speedily breeds an indifference to business, which at length rises to ruinous neglect. A total disregard of property not uncommonly ensues, and the earnings of former years are speedily dissipated. Economy is replaced by prodigality.

ty, and the maxims by which property is acquired and preserved, are trampled under foot.

In this reckless condition, the attractions of the gaming table, too often begin to exert their influence, and the victim of Intemperance, thus acquires another impulse on the road to ruin.

Gaming, as we have seen, is a cause of drunkenness, but in towns and cities, it is equally a consequence of that habit. Nothing, indeed is more common, than to see the drunkard become a gambler; and at last fall a prey to their united consequences.

He who adds gambling to drunkenness, renounces all the interesting objects of life. He no longer goes abroad to gaze on the beauty and loveliness of nature; to traverse the fields or forests, inhale their fragrance, and invigorate his mind by the contemplation of their ceaseless variety. When the setting sun fires the whole Heavens with beams of red and yellow light, which dazzle and delight the eye of taste, he is already in the 'den of thieves;' and feasts his *distempered* sight, on the colours of his *cards*. When the stars come forth in beauty, to illuminate the clear blue canopy, and elevate the lover of nature into feelings of poetry and devotion, *he* sits toiling with inflamed and watery eyes, amidst smoking lamps, whose oil is consumed, before his guilty passion is satisfied. When the morning dawns, he staggers forth, but not to refresh himself in its balmy breezes, or enjoy the songs of animated nature, that float upon them; for he is insensible to the whole. Even the purple splendors which clothe the east in glory, fall unheeded on his *stupid* eyeballs. Still less does he watch the rising sun, and, with the great poet, exclaim—

'Hail, holy light, offspring of Heaven, first born!'

No! ah, no! He delights to dwell in darkness; the light which cheered him once, cheers him no longer; it displays his shame: he skulks along narrow alleys, to avoid the companions of his virtuous days; and seeks his desolate home to, play the drunken despot, or prepare, by a few hours of disturbed and morbid slumber, for another night of debauch and knavery. Thus he sacrifices to his guilty pleasures every elevated enjoyment, arising from the view or the study of nature; and equally alienates his heart, from all communion with Nature's God.

In the same degree, he loses the gratifications which flow from the study of books. His mind is not enriched by the lessons of science: his language is not refined by works of literature: his feelings are never fired by the sublime and thrilling examples of history.

He is equally estranged, from the rational gratification, imparted by the knowledge and practice of the useful arts. He is ignorant, or neglectful, of every kind of professional skill, except that

of his new and despicable calling; for the debaucheries of which, he foolishly barter away the dignity and happiness, which flow so plenteously from a participation in the useful pursuits of human life.

Still further, he loses the enjoyments of virtuous society, and accepts for the companionship of the high minded and faithful friends of his youth, the treacherous and drunken associates of the gaming table.

Thus it is, that whatever may be his winnings at play, and however his constitution may bear up under habitual stimulation, the victim of drink and cards, inevitably relinquishes those enjoyments, which a man of unperverted taste and sound moral feeling, would never put at hazard, much less forever renounce.

These negative losses, however, are of but little moment, compared with the positive desolations of heart and character, which his indulgencies generate. Thus, it is well known that the drunken gamester comes, at length, to view the obligations of religion, and the attributes of the Deity, with indifference or disgust; and at last surrenders himself up, to habits of unmitigated profanity.

Cunning and knavery, are equally the offspring of his evil passions. No man plays with another, without having the conviction, that he is that other's equal. Whenever, therefore, he finds himself a loser, he naturally concludes, that his opponent is a cheat, and, forthwith resolves, himself, to cheat in his own defence. Thus, all who lose, are tempted to defraud; and beginning as men of honor, though not of temperance, they terminate their career as knaves and swindlers.

Broils, assassinations and duels, are other fruits of this tree of death. Drinking arouses the angry passions, and losses generate resentments and revenge. Hence personal combats, as fierce and furious, as those among wild beasts, suddenly spring up: The more sober and powerful grow violent, the drunken are overthrown, and the floor is drenched in blood: or, if revenge postpones its fatal blow, the parties at length meet, on what might be, ironically, called the field of honor, and society, perhaps, has the good fortune, to be rid, at the same moment, of two of its monsters.

But this happy result,—happy for the surviving; dreadful, indeed, for those who thus enter eternity, covered with unrepented crimes—does not often occur; and a more protracted catastrophe is in reserve, for the martyr of vice. His business being suspended, both his fortune and his good name, are at length destroyed. For a time he may supply his wants, by an encouraging course of success; but this only serves to determine his fate; for it feeds his cupidity, and deepens the awful fascination, which binds him to his wicked pursuits. At length, his tutelary goddess, capriciously, withdraws her smiles, and bestows them on his opponent. But

his prudence is now annihilated, his understanding impaired, his appetites perverted, his passions inflamed, his will subjugated to his dreadful propensities; and with the glass in one hand and his cards in the other, he drinks and plays still deeper and deeper.

When the victim of drunkenness and gambling, is an insulated being, the ruin thus induced, is less affecting. But it too often happens, that he is both husband and father; and having expended the proceeds of his days of business, and sold, for the wages of iniquity, the venerated heritage of his fathers; having cheated his guilty companions; and, with lies and deceit reduced his credulous friends to poverty; he comes, at last, like a famishing beast, to fix his fangs on the hard and scanty earnings of his wife and children. Regardless of the vows of wedded love; dead to the sobs and entreaties of the beautiful, but faded form, that kneels before him; insensible to the fate or feelings of the innocent children that cling to his knees, and in voices of love and obedience, beseech him to remain at home; he seizes, without remorse, the little fund designed to purchase bread for him and them, and prepares to escape to the scene of his vices. In vain do the tears of anguish fall upon his robber-hand, or sighs and prayers ascend up to Heaven; unmoved by the cries of love and horror, he is intent on nothing but his booty, and looks not back, till he sees it lodged on the fatal board. But his days are numbered. His race is run. The hand of death is upon him. A raging fever kindles up in his corrupt and cankered system, and ends his mad career: or phrenzy seizes on his "burning brain," and his own arm raises the poison-bowl, or wields the dagger, that consigns him to the tomb, and leaves his family the heritage of his disgrace.

YOUNG MEN! shut not your eyes to the hideous aspects of drunkenness, here dimly shadowed out. Let them alarm you. Walk not in the paths which are beset with such spectres. Frequent only the abodes of Temperance. I have not described what has, but occasionally, befallen a young man in the lowest walks of life. Not one of you can say, can truly say, that *he* may not become the ridiculous, the humiliated, the scorned victim of drunkenness. Therefore, drink *no* Ardent Spirits. Make it the rule of your lives. If none of you drink—all will escape the drunkard's fate: *whoever* drinks, may sooner or later be lost. I warn you affectionately, in the midst of this respectable assembly—within these holy walls—I exhort you solemnly, to distrust your firmest resolves against drinking *too much*: *rely only on the resolution, that you will NEVER drink.* He who never drinks, has little temptation to resist, and is safe; the habitual drinker must combat a desire, which every day becomes more importunate, and combat it successfully, or he perishes. The struggle is for victory or death! the habit, or the gay and animated form of opening manhood, *must* be destroyed. If

you drink from fashion, how unspeakable your folly: if from desire, how appalling your danger! A young man, perhaps an only son, loaded with the honors of the first seminaries of his country, and about to ascend the theatre of that country's noblest operations, engaged in the daily ingurgitation of gin or whisky! what a sorrowful spectacle! what a gross absurdity! Claiming the applause of the good and great—but trammelled in the habits of the degraded and sensual! Aspiring to fortune, influence and fame,—but yielding a voluntary submission to the tyranny of a vitiated appetite! In the proud consciousness of cultivated intellect, almost enrolling himself with the angels that never die,—but stooping to drink of that, which sinks him below the brutes that perish, and are no more!

FATHERS! permit one of your own number, to speak to you with freedom on this momentous subject. Look not with approbation or indifference, on the first departure of your sons, from the line of sobriety. Strive, both by precept and example, to inspire them with a horror of Intemperance. Wash your hands of their ruinous indulgences, by an earnest and affectionate protest. Keep your skirts unpolluted with their blood, by pointing out the destruction, which awaits their erring footsteps. You desire them to be good and great men, or at least, virtuous, respectable and happy men; let your desires lead to active efforts; urge them onward in the paths of Temperance, and frown, with paternal indignation, upon every deviation. You give up your days to labour and anxiety, your nights to watchfulness and meditation, that you may earn a fortune, and establish a name. Before either is acquired, you find the sun of your existence declining; and you turn your departing eyes, upon those who are destined to inherit the products of your toil. Would you not wish them to be worthy of the heritage? Would it not embitter your last, lingering hours, to know and feel that your estates would be speedily dissipated in hotels and gaming houses? that your very name would become a byword and a reproach! yet such will be the issue of your protracted labours, your deep schemes of gain or ambition, your bright anticipations, and your ravishing hopes, if the sons, who are to succeed you, sink into habits of Intemperance.

MOTHERS! You have a still deeper interest in this matter; for you suffer still heavier affliction, from the drunkenness of your sons. In what other way, short of committing robbery or murder—and drunkenness may lead to both—could your happiness be so mortally wounded? On whom, but them, do you rely, when their fathers are mingled with the dust? But what reliance can be placed on a son addicted to Intemperance—with its disgusting consequences—idleness, extravagance, disobedience and treachery? Better for you, far better, would it be, to stand alone on the earth,

exposed, like the last tree of the mountain, to every tempest,—un-
allied, unnoticed, unpitied and desolate—than to rest under the
calamity inflicted by a drunken and reckless son; with no husband
to interpose the protecting hand of conjugal love, or wield the rod
of paternal authority.

FATHERS and MOTHERS! You have daughters, the *tender* pledges
of your virtuous love. They are flowers of the prairie; whose un-
folding beauties, you have beheld with a delight which no com-
pass of language could express. In the feeble hours of infancy, you
have watched away the longest and the dreariest nights, over the
cradle in which they lay scorched with fever, or writhing in convul-
sions. You have given them the first lessons of instruction—con-
ducted and guarded their tottering footsteps in the open air—de-
fended them from every assault of vice and violence—and sought
for them the ablest teachers in all the branches of useful knowledge,
and every accomplishment of mind and body. You have laboured
to fashion their sentiments and manners, after the best models of the
age. You have led them with pride, over the threshold of socie-
ty—and perhaps resumed your suspended relations with its gayer
circles, to accompany them, to defend them from treachery, to
guide them by your wisdom, and to drink deeply of a gratification,
which, in the world's wide waste, flows not from a purer fountain.
But to what good end have you done all this, if your daughter
must be exiled from your arms, to the loathsome companionship of
a sot? If she is doomed to leave the happy and cheerful paternal
mansion, venerable by every early association—its books, its little
decorations by the hand of domestic taste, its enlightened visitors,
and its thrilling scenes of family affection,—for the dreary and
echoing walls of the drunkard's house, to wither, in solitude, a
transplanted and neglected flower?

PARENTS! As you value the happiness of your daughters, I call
upon you to discourage the Intemperance of young men. As the
number increases, the chances of consigning the blooming objects
of your love, to the society and authority of drunkards, will like-
wise increase. Discourage Intemperance, not only in your
own sons, but in the sons of your friends and neighbors; who, in
the order of nature, must become the husbands and companions—
good or bad—of the daughters, whose destiny is to fix the charac-
ter of your declining years. Do all that you can, in this respect;
and if fate should at last return upon you a broken hearted daugh-
ter, to die in the chamber which gave her birth, the consciousness
of having performed your duty, will console you under this, the
last dreadful calamity, which can fall upon old age.

To all who can realize the horrible consequences of Intempe-
rance, it must be astonishing that there are men, and men of some
influence too, who discourage by sneers, or more decorous means,

the efforts of the present age, to repress drinking and drunkenness, I cannot but regret, that any should be so misguided; or so lukewarm, in a cause of such great magnitude. He who has the smallest influence on others, should feel his responsibility. No expression of his opinions, can ever be without some effect. He is the repository, however limited, of a moral power; and, should be held accountable to society for the manner in which he exerts it. Public sentiment should arraign him for every abuse, and mete out its indignation according to the measure of his transgressions. Can any man deny, that Intemperance is a vice? that it is a vice which brings ruin upon the individual, and wretchedness on those dependent on him? How, then, can any man justify himself, for dropping even a solitary drop of cold water, on the genial fires of benevolence which glow in the bosoms of those who devote their days and nights to the suppression of drunkenness? Should they not rather sustain the flame; and labor to render it perpetual. What would be said of a man, who might rail against the efforts of our Legislature to limit the number of thefts and murders which disgrace the land? He would at least be denounced, as a fool or a misanthrope! What is said of him, who looks with displeasure, on the laws against gambling? That he, himself, is a secret though not a sleeping partner, in the midnight abominations of the gaming table! Why then should society tolerate those, who array themselves against exertions to suppress Intemperance?—a vice, the effects of which are but feebly embodied, in gambling, robbery and murder. Either the head or the heart of such an one, must be wrong. If a *good* man, he is a *weak* man: if strong in intellect, he is perverted in moral feeling. But, perhaps, he may be perverted in his bodily feelings. Aye, he may, himself, possibly, be inclined to the very habit he thus indirectly encourages. He may, at least, be *suspected*, and should be listened to with caution.

Every age brings forth its carpers; every scheme of philanthropy or patriotism, rears up its own blind or interested opponents. They would retard that, in which they do not participate; not because it is bad, but because it is good, and they are too indolent, or too selfish, to lend a helping hand. They are, however, but drift upon the mighty current of benevolence, which they may agitate, but can never arrest.

The *great* men of the land, should look to their example. Our Legislators—the men who fill high offices—the distinguished of the learned professions—the aristocracy of wealth—the men of our chief cities—the community of self-styled gentlemen—the *magi* who wield the wand of fashion, at whose movements we see manners and customs, rise and fall, as if by enchantment;—these are they, who govern the destinies of the multitude—who wield

‘a power greater than that of the throne.’ From *their* lips proceed precepts, which all beneath them adopt as rules of conduct: by *their* example, will the actions of the nation be regulated. These are the men, among whom reformation should commence—where sobriety, and self denial, and purity of manners, like purity and propriety of language, should be cherished and perpetuated. *Their* precepts should fall upon the millions below them,

‘Pure, as the fleeces of descending snow!’

They should stand forth, as bright examples of Temperance and virtue; as burning and shining lights in the firmament of society, to guide the benighted footsteps of those who have no light in themselves. When the wealth and knowledge of a people, lend themselves to the practice or countenance of vice, a moral overthrow is at hand. Another Phaëton has ascended the chariot of the sun, and great social desolation may be expected. While the men of wealth and the men of letters, preserve the integrity of *their* manners, the national dignity is safe, and the virtue of the people uncontaminated. The stream which is pure and unpolluted in its fountains, can never afterwards be poisoned in its depths. Again, I say, let those who wield the sceptre of moral and social power, look well to themselves. They are models for imitation—their footsteps are trodden over, by long trains of followers—their conversations are rehearsed—their maxims of life spread abroad upon the breath of the people—they live not for themselves only; for their lives modify, if they do not mould, the destiny of the countless numbers, less favored than themselves.—If *their* example is bad, they inflict upon the age to which they belong, a curse, which descends to the third and fourth generations; if good, they exalt the nation, and perpetuate its happiness.

Nations like individuals have had their rise and fall. But why should they? The individual man has his day of bodily perfection, then declines, and descends to the tomb. Such is the law of his being. Human wisdom may prolong, but cannot perpetuate his existence. But nations are not under such a fiat; and, *still*, they rise and fall. To assign all the causes of these vicissitudes, would require the analysis of their whole history. It may however be averred, in general terms, that they rise by their virtues and sink by their vices and follies. Without wisdom and virtue, no nation ever rose: *with* them, no nation would ever sink. Every vice is an element of national decay. Multiply vices, and, at a greater ratio, you augment the tendency to decline. They are so many modes of diseased action, in the great social body; which may still remain sound in parts, but the hand of moral death is upon it. Its perpetual verdure begins to fade; its fruits fall, unripe and bitter, from the boughs; limb after limb, is blighted, and tumbles to the earth; the trunk itself ceases to grow, and becomes

hollow at the heart; but it lives on, a perishing, though, never dying victim, of disease and desolation!

Such has been the growth and decline of nations; and such it will be, till they learn wisdom and walk no more in the paths of folly. Let no one presume to treat this subject with scorn or levity. I would ask such an one, if such there be, to say whether national degradation and downfall, would not come from multiplying to a great extent any single class of vicious men? The number of those who sacrifice every thing to the pleasures of a luxurious table, or the hazards of the gaming table;—of those who labor to repress the spread of intelligence and religion;—of those who employ unhallowed means, to encompass wealth or attain political power;—of those who encourage and indulge in idleness;—of those who drink themselves into sots and dumb brutes! What, I would, again, inquire, would befall the nation, in which either of these vices might become universal? Why, it would sink! Though raised so high in the moral firmament, as to attract the gaze, and guide the footsteps of the whole earth, it would fall, and fall to rise no more!

What then are the duties of patriotism? the dictates of beneficence? the requirements of religion? the demands of self interest, properly understood? To oppose wisdom to folly, and virtue to vice: To explore the fountains of crime, and dry them up: To throw across the pathway of every vice, a solid phalax of virtuous men, who should say, at the beginning of its career, 'thus far shalt thou go, but no farther.' To look, like prudent physicians, to the forming stage of the moral disease, and arrest its development: To single out the infected, and brand them with a mark, or exclude them from society; that the sound may not be corrupted by their contact! By doing this, we shall rest the destinies of our young and beloved country, on its morals cemented by wisdom. Such a foundation will be imperishable. On it we should raise the pyramid of our liberties. Let us inscribe on its walls, the motto—

TEMPERANCE!

INDUSTRY!

INTELLIGENCE!

RELIGION!

It will then defy the revolutions which have prostrated those of other lands; and endure from generation to generation; a proud monument of that national grandeur, which passeth not away like a dream, but shines brighter and brighter, unto the perfect day!

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