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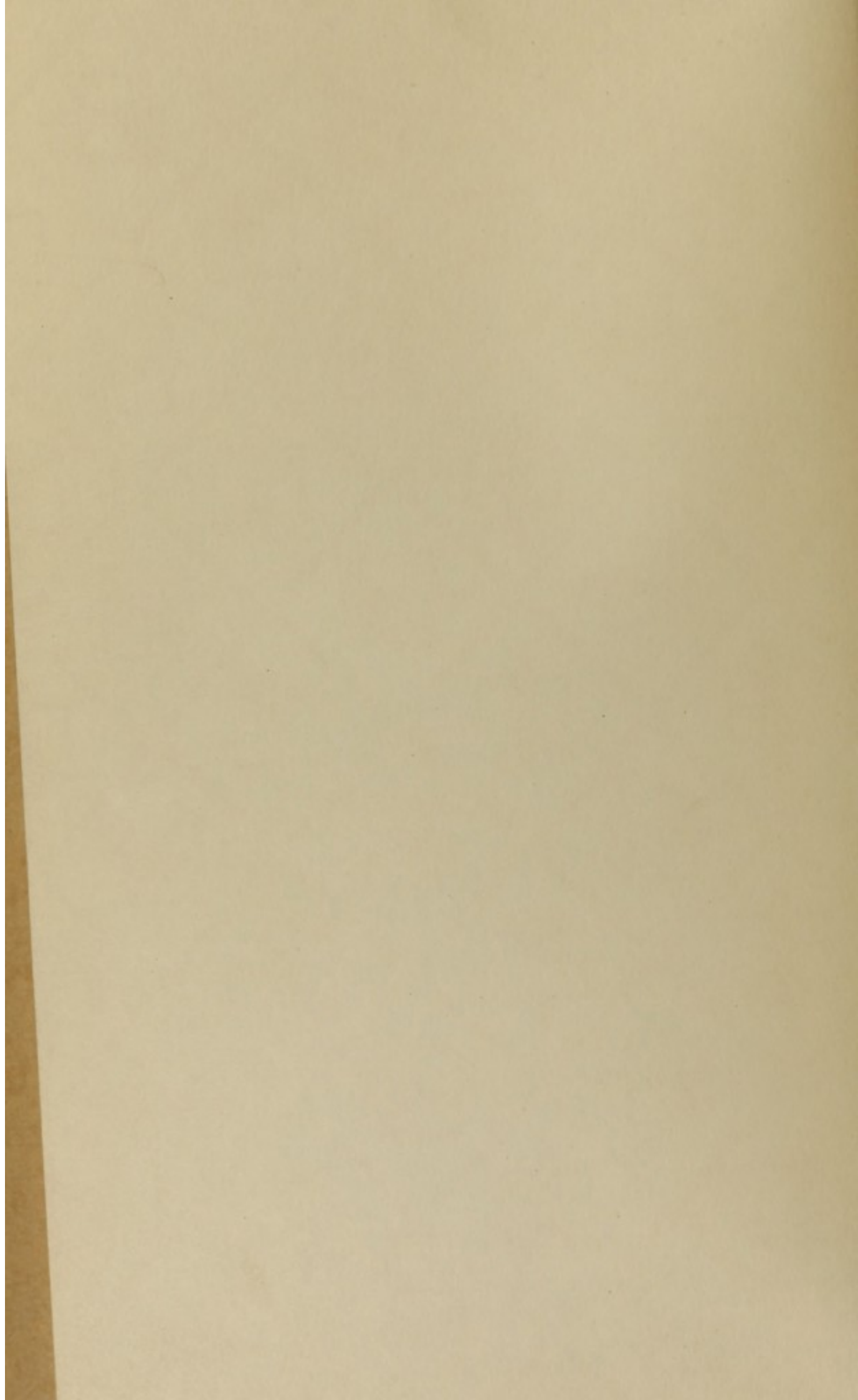
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O'FLAHERTY

A MEDICAL ESSAY ON DRINKING







A MEDICAL ESSAY

On Drinking,

BY THOMAS J. O'FLAHERTY, M. D.

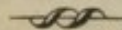




A
Medical Essay

ON
DRINKING,

BY
THOMAS J. O'FLAHERTY, M. D.
IN



What does not drink effect? HORACE.



Do not require that things should be as you would like, but rather
wish them to be as they are, and your mind will be at rest.

EPICETUS.



HARTFORD:
Hudson and Skinner, Printers.

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DISTRICT OF CONNECTICUT, ss.

L. S. BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the twenty-seventh day of December in the fifty-third year of the Independence of the United States of America, Thomas J. O'Flaherty of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as Author in the words following, to wit: "A Medical Essay on drinking, by Thomas J. O'Flaherty, M. D.

"What does not drink effect? Horace."

"Do not require that things should be as you would like, but rather wish them to be as they are, and your mind will be at rest. EPICTETUS."

In conformity to the act of Congress of the United States, entitled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned."—And also to the act, entitled "An act supplementary to an act, entitled 'An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned,' and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

CHARLES A. INGERSOLL,

Clerk of the District of Connecticut.

A true copy of Record, examined and sealed by me,

CHARLES A. INGERSOLL,

Clerk of the District of Connecticut.

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PREFACE TO THE LATIN AND ENGLISH EDITION.



TO THE READER.

Medical Institutions have established, time immemorial, the necessity on the part of the Candidate for a Degree, of writing on some subject connected with the Profession. A salutary requisite no doubt. Independently of this exercise furnishing presumptive evidence of his attainments, it affords his genius an opportunity of contributing his mite towards the elucidation, or decision of Moot points in the various departments of Medical Science. Looking into the numerous branches of the Sanative Art, and the multiplied ills with which poor humanity is beset, I selected a subject with which unfortunately the Civilized world has become too well acquainted. I have no pretensions to originality, or superior information. The expression "what have we that we have not received, and if so why should we glory," is strictly applicable to every descendant of Adam. Yet how many modern Professors do we meet, who under the imposing influence of their accidental elevation, too often dupe the generous and confiding Pupil into a belief of their substantial claims to discoveries, or inventions, which as frequently as justly, when published, expose the fraudulent impostors to contempt and chastisement? The annals of Literature never produced a more disgusting and heavy Calendar of Plagiarism than the present age. At no period have the sons of men been more remarkable for their pretensions to pre-eminence, and more ambitious of employment for which they are, if at all, but slenderly qualified. How many Sciologists does not every Profession hold up to the public eye? Our Classical Instructors in general are satisfied with knowing how to translate a Greek, or Latin Author, without being able to retranslate it into the original Language. How can such Individuals fashion the youth of this generation into profound, critical and finished scholars? No wonder that owing to this lamentable cause, and the

short time allowed to the pupil for the supposed completion of his Academic and Collegiate course, so many superficial scholars are to be found among us. Our National and State Legislatures ought certainly to do something for the radical cure of this evil. *It is their province.* But it may be asked, why if I could not introduce original matter into so hackneyed a subject as Intemperance, should I have chosen it as a Theme for an Inaugural Dissertation, and why have I written in Latin? This is my answer. There is not a day in which taking the whole mass of the human family into account, thousands do not fall victims to the besetting, besotting and bestial vice of Drunkenness, but as the observer with a transient glance only ascertains the stupefaction, and the universal prostration of the Toper's energies, and from the reiterated representation of such a scene passes by him with a kind of apathetic shrug, merely as a monument of misfortune, it is with the hope of exciting a more vivid, efficient and solemn impression on such a beholder that I presume to publish this little treatise. *I accordingly lay open the subject,* shew the interior, detect the desolating ravages of this monstrous and unnatural propensity, and describe the Physical, Moral, Intellectual disorganization and wreck of the metamorphosed creature.

I have written in Latin, because the Faculty and Trustees of my ALMA MATER laudably hold out to her ALUMNI, as an inducement to their cultivating an intimate acquaintance with the learned languages, a Premium of Ninety Dollars to the Author of the *best* Latin Thesis, which should at the same time be conspicuous for the manner, and style in which the subject was treated. I contended for the prize, and they have unanimously thought proper to adjudge it to me. The Records of my college, the Prints of that day and the subjoined Certificate amply testify the assertion. Many of the Trustees and all the Faculty were anxious to see the work published. Wishing to gratify them, my numerous friends, and several Medical Students, who are not acquainted with the Latin, but are desirous to know the contents of this Essay, I resolved to translate the original. *Scholars* experience the difficulty, the impracticability, and occasional impossibility of infusing the spirit and character of one language into another. I endeavoured, as well as I could, to "hold the mirror up to nature."

Happy shall I feel if this humble effort be in any way instrumental in dragging from the awful precipice the deluded votaries of Bacchus, or in holding out a plank to such of them as have fallen into, but are not irrecoverably ingulphed in that abyss, from which, but few return. I am fully aware that

a large volume could be written from the text, I could not, however, consistently exceed the prescribed limits of a Medical Dissertation.

For the rest the Poet's remark shall plead my apology.

Whoever thinks a finished work to see
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er will be.

Reader, I now bid you farewell, but before I leave you, do allow me to introduce this little work to your attentive perusal. May you well weigh, and be deeply impressed with the importance of the observations contained in it so that your conduct may ensure you peace of mind in this life, and an everlasting load of glory in the next.

Yours Respectfully,

THOMAS J. O'FLAHERTY.

SCALE OF TEMPERANCE, AND EXCESS IN DRINKING. LIQUORS; AND THEIR CONSEQUENCES.

TEMPERANCE.

70	Spring water,	Health, Riches.
60	and Milk,	Evenness of mind, Reputation.
50	Table beer,	Longevity and Happiness.
40	Cider,	Cheerfulness, strength
30	Perry,	and Nourishment
20	Porter, or Ale,	when used only at meals
10	Wine,	and in moderation.

EXCESS.

	<i>Liquors.</i>	<i>Vices.</i>	<i>Diseases.</i>	<i>Punishments.</i>
10	Punch,	Idleness.	Sickness, Vomiting.	Debt
20	Toddy,	Lies, Peevishness.	Morning nervous tremors, Bloatedness, Fiery eyes.	Black eyes, torn clothes.
30	Grog,	Quarrelsomeness, Fighting.	Red nose and Face. Swoln and ulcerated legs.	Ragged apparel, wretched diet.
40	Mint Julep,	Knavery.	Jaundice, Pains in the limbs.	Starvation.
50	Bitters or Cocktail,	Perjury.	Burning heat in the palms of the hands and soles of the feet.	Infirmity.
60	Taken in the morning,	House breaking.	Dropsy, Epilepsy, Madness.	Poor-house.
70	throughout the day,	Murder or	Palsy, Apoplexy.	Penitentiary.
80	and kept up till night.	Suicide.	Hæmorrhage from stomach or bowels.	Branded with hot iron.
			Death.	Gallows.

WHAT DOES NOT DRINK EFFECT?

Every kind of Being formed by the hand of Deity has peculiar functions, or powers, which are termed Physical. Even the vegetable family exhibit the various phenomena of life. They are generated, supported by an accession of new and reviving particles, and feel the beneficial, vigorous impulse imparted to them by a fluid circulation. By means of a truly wonderful, secretory process they evolve a peculiar substance which may be considered the *maximum* point of vegetative perfection.

They finally droop their heads, when a spontaneous, or inherent change commonly called DEATH, puts an end to those operations, by which alone they had been preserved.

Such a connexion can be maintained *without* a nervous system, which when present gives rise to another order of Beings of an extremely, essentially different character.

This class comprehends Sensation, Thought, Appetency, Volition, Passion and Intellect.

Even worms and the Moluscous Tribe which shew in their conformation the mere elements of a nervous structure give indications of such a course of operations, which

are developed in proportion as animals rise on the scale of life, until they all meet and are concentrated in MAN, the great focal point of Heaven's creative power. On Him alone of all the animals formed of the dust of the earth was speech bestowed.

Many of the brute and feathered tribe have been taught to imitate this glorious prerogative to a certain degree, yet they never *could*, and never *can* make a *rational* use of it.

Who taught "Poor Pol" the favourite words, "good day?"
 Why does Poor Mag, our very words essay?
 Art's own instructor, the great spring of Mind
Hunger, thus prompts to imitate mankind.

They feel not the powerful stimulus of the DIVINE MIND, which Man received, when he became transformed into a living soul by means of

The vital spirit sent from Heaven's high throne
 To live in Him and reign in Him alone.

By means of this Principle we can distinguish every object, that comes within the range of consciousness; yet owing to the inexplicable tie between Mind and Matter, the operations are permitted to go on through a Nervous medium, and depend upon it to a *certain* extent. They have been therefore called in the latitude of language, the functions of the Nervous, Animal or Vital System. That there exists in us a Principle, sentient, percipient and rational, entirely distinct from matter, and different from any nervous operation, but which, in strict accordance with the established laws of Nature, has a *peculiar* connexion with the nervous class, can be fairly inferred from the different states or conditions of our system.* The *mind* of a Patient, who has suffered,

* Now all our powers are lodged in our mind and body; the former we hold in common with the Gods, the latter with the brute creation.—SALLUST.

OWID closely imitates Moses' history of Man's formation, thus

(for instance) the amputation of a leg, or arm, continues as sound and vigorous, as when the body enjoyed perfect symmetry and health. We are here naturally inclined to adopt the opinion of Cicero, the enlightened Philosopher of Antiquity.

“It is sufficient for us,” says he, “if we understand what is done, altho’ we be perfectly ignorant of the cause, or manner.” To expatiate on the nature of the Soul would be as useless, as it is foreign to our present purpose. Is there an honest, upright man, who, on appealing to his conscience, can for a moment doubt that the tide of sensation flows from the ocean of Deity?

The explanation of human actions, (so far from its being the province of the Physician) comes not within the limited compass of ignorant, though arrogant humanity.

Now how truly lamentable is it to see *Mind*, that brilliant emanation of the Divinity, immersed in the mire of

Than these a Creature far more glorious still
Whose holy soul none but a God could fill
Was wanting yet—empowered with sovereign sway
The Man was made, a spark of Heavenly ray
Impressed by HIM, whom Heaven and Hell obey.

He introduces *Pythagoras* discoursing in the following manner:

The deathless soul in varied form abides
Is fond of change, in Protean shape it hides.
When horrid death frowns out the lamp of life
The numerous sins to which poor flesh is heir
Attend us to that land where ends all strife,
And many crimes by fire are purged and clear.

Each undergoes his punishment. VIRGIL.

PLATO looked upon the body as the prison of the soul. He records this saying of SOCRATES. I will no longer remain with you, but shall set out for the regions of the Blessed.

The body serves as a punishment and clog to the soul.—SENECA’S *letters*.

Unhappy I, who will free me from the body of this death?—St. Paul.

We could, if requisite, cite an innumerable band of Sacred and Pagan Writers on this subject.

bestial dissipation, (uncongenial no doubt to its ethereal essence) and nearly extinguished by the noxious miasms of the deadly bowl!

As no Individual ever became in a single day, a systematic Toper, and as every disease may be traced to a predisposing cause, it may not be considered out of character and place, if we here detail the symptoms of the beastly vice of Intemperance. We shall previously, however, attempt a brief sketch of the effects, which ALCOHOL produces, and the difference between them, and the power, which OPIUM exercises, over the human body.*

Alcohol equally spreads the work of deadly devastation over the brute and human family. Injected into the Cellular Membrane, its effects are not as powerful, as when it is taken into the stomach. When forced into the Jugular veins, it most violently disturbs the fountain of life. It throws the Cerebral mass into inordinate and tumultuous action. A comatose state ensues. The extreme filaments of the nerves are first affected, and owing to the sympathetic links of the Stomach and the Brain, many Physiologists believe that the revolutionizing power of Liquor, and the propagation of its effects originate rather in the absorption, than in the electric and stimulating principle of this fluid.

OPIUM† shews not its narcotic effects *until* absorption

* All kinds of intoxicating liquor (Brandy especially) are included, in this Essay, under the general term *Alcohol*. Chemists are in the habit of viewing this word as Arabic. May we not ascribe its etymology to two Greek words Alken olein, which signify *to destroy strength*?

† OPIUM is the inspissated juice of the White Poppy; it is also extracted from the black species of the plant. It is derived from *Ops Opis*, who was considered by the Poets the same as Cybele, or the Great Parent, *Earth*, or as synonymous with fruit, bread, or corn, which gives *strength* to man. Hence Virgil calls it "the poppy fit for bread." Cakes composed of it and flour were served up at the tables of the Ancients.

has taken place ; but when injected into the absorbent system, its properties are much more suddenly developed, than when it is introduced into the stomach.

ALCOHOL displays its phenomena in a more prompt and active manner. It is a certain stimulus, and the manifestation of its power is almost instantaneous. Its effects vary in different persons. A general torpor, and stupidity, however, are its faithful concomitants. Opium induces immediate somnolence. It throws the inferior extremities of the body into unnatural spasms, induces paralysis, and inflicts on its victims, when launching into the sea of untried being, the most excruciating tortures. ALCOHOL excites a violent, gastric inflammation. OPIUM acts differently.

Many suppose that Alcohol operates on the brain, not by absorption, but by mere sympathy.

The following may be regarded as the most prominent proofs of the tenability of their doctrine.

1st. Animals killed by Alcohol are found on *post mortem* examination to have their stomach in a state of high inflammation, and the liquor acts so promptly, that there can be scarcely any time given for its absorption.

2d. A vomit often removes a fit of intoxication.

3rd. On analysing the urine of persons, after death, who drank the *tincture of Rhubarb*, there is no Alcohol detected in it.

4th. By adding the Carbonate of Potash to the Rhubarb conveyed by the Circulation, and Ureters into the bladder, a precipitate of Rhubarb is thrown down.

Compression, Concussion and Alcohol affect the brain in a somewhat similar manner.

INTOXICATION

MAY BE DIVIDED INTO THREE STAGES.

FIRST.

The face becomes red; the eyes sparkle; mirth and hilarity expand the countenance. The contracted soul now opens to the genial influence of the merry God. Eloquence pours forth its electrifying flood. Care vanishes. Merriment, friendship and love succeed. Profound silence, or the revelation of one's own, or of a neighbour's secret now takes place. The conversation of the votary becomes tiresome. His tongue falters.*

THE SECOND STAGE

is marked by savage yells, or monstrous laughter. Conversation becomes insipid. Obscene and disgusting songs assail the ear, or (what is extremely rare) hymns and prayers are addressed to the throne of Grace. Oaths are thundered forth in wild profusion.

Now the Coward for battle arms
Careless of life, or war's alarms.

The bowl, the bottle, glass, or chair, or whatever infuriate anger meets on the way, serves as an instrument of vengeance.

* It is supposed that the Vertebral Artery when preternaturally distended presses upon the *Ninth Pair* or *Lingual Nerve*; and that this gives rise to the stammering, or paralysis of the tongue, of the Drunkard, of those, who are affected with an inflammation of the brain, or are under the confounding influence of fear.

Aghast I stood, with hair on end
My tongue its office would not lend.

When this Artery collapses, for want of the natural and efficient stimulus of the blood, the tongue is relaxed. The loss of voice accompanies any serious injury offered to the Cervical portion of the Spinal Marrow, connected with this nerve. The sense of Taste is not thereby necessarily destroyed. It comes from the third branch of the *Fifth* pair of Nerves.

The bacchanalian champions *accommodate* each other with black eyes, and the "*claret*" flows from the *capital*.

Now the unmanly tears run down
That shew the beast, the wretch, the clown.

The eyes look wild; the vision is double; the pupils are much dilated. The lower lip protrudes; the jaw falls; the mouth foams.

Reason flies off, and Madness holds the reins.

The Radial and Carotid Arteries are quicker and more voluminous than natural. The face, which is now of vermillion hue, becomes bloated. The Cervical veins are turgid. The breath emits an intolerable, mephitic odour. Headache, acid eructations, nausea, giddiness, stumbling, falls and insensibility succeed.

The face now becomes pale and contracted. A vomiting of acid fluid occurs; the muscles become relaxed. The sphincters no longer act as bars to the waste-gates of the system. The headache is intensely severe; the senses are suspended. Sleep seems, through pity, to visit the wretch, and bathes him in profuse perspiration.

This untoward son of Bacchus at length opens his blood-shot eyes; his head is racked with pain. His tongue and throat are coated over with a slimy mucus; his thirst is incessant; a total loathing of food, and a sense of universal lassitude supervene. The voice is hoarse; yawning frequent; a cough and vomiting ensue. The hands tremble; lowness of spirits; deep-fetched sighs. The poor being feels an internal commotion, and is disconsolate until he grasps again the Hell-brewed bowl. His bodily powers depressed by the preceding debauch involve the mind, and prostrate in the dust this precious ray divine.

THE THIRD STAGE,

though in point of order the last, is by no means the

least. It is closely allied to Apoplexy. The senses and the mind are bewildered and obscured. The face is livid, or pale. Respiration becomes sterterous. No longer can the patient support himself on his feet. He foams at the mouth, and at this critical period perhaps gives up the ghost; or continues for several days in a total loss of voice, like a dying, or a dead man, until the reactive energies of Nature opposing, but in vain, the foul invasion of the fell destroyer, eventually give way.

CONSEQUENCES OF CHRONIC INTEMPERANCE.

The miserable toper, who thus swills the foaming bowl, is peculiarly subject to attacks from "the unholy alliance" of acute diseases, which prematurely embark him on old Charon's *tender*; while his neighbour walks down the long and peaceful valley of healthy Time, and happily enjoys the shade of his vine and fig-tree.

Total want of Appetite, Heartburn, billious vomiting and a hawking, morning cough attended by the expectoration of frothy, viscous sputa are now observed as well as hepatic derangement, dropsy of the limbs, and of the thoracic and abdominal cavities—Diabetes; hoarseness, and an obstinate cough, which generally terminates in a fatal, pulmonary affection. The rose, grog-blossom, or a leprosy like disease is occasionally seen in full bloom on Bibo's nose, and it soon pervades his body. Those who have run the course of Intemperance so far, become bloated, and the Bardolphian complexion now yields to a pale, cadaverous hue. The breath is extremely offensive. It may be compared to rotten meat, strong cheese, or the noisome odour, exhaled from a whiskey barrel, which has been for some time emptied of its contents. Haller, and other Physiologists maintain that the breath of such individuals is highly inflam-

mable, and can be readily ignited, by bringing a lighting candle in contact with it.

The hair becomes prematurely dry and grey. The mode of walking of these incurable Bacchanals is somewhat remarkable. They generally bring down the foot quite full, or flat to the ground, as children do, from an apprehension of falling.

Need we, in the enumeration of those ills to which the Drunkard seems an heir, mention Cholic, Gout, Palsy, Epilepsy, Apoplexy, and, the most appalling visitation of all, Mania, which but too often brings up the rear of this destructive band.

In a word, this wretched creature suffers as much from this ungodly host, as did the Great Napoleon, the bright ornament of France, from the villainous alliance of his murderous tyrants.

It may not be amiss to introduce here three instances of men, whose devotion to the bottle cost them their lives and four cases of spontaneous, or human combustion which occurred, and are recorded in the annals of Medical Science.

CASE FIRST.

L. M. aged twenty-seven years; the last three of which were marked by the scrupulous manner in which he offered his libations to the rosy God. He had been long suffering a slow martyrdom from Acidity, flatulence, vomiting and other gastric affections, all which were aggravated in consequence of a three month's incessant frolic, previous to his embarking from this weedy shore of Time for Eternity's haven. His feet and legs were much swoln. He was twice tapped in the course of a month.

A *post mortem* inspection revealed the following ap-

pearances. The liver was less by half than what it should have been; it was quite indurated, and contained numerous patches of dark tubercles, each of which was the size of a garden pea. The parenchymatous substance was similarly diseased. The tubercles exhibited no purulent tendency.

The Gall bladder was contracted, and scarcely presented the slightest trace of secretion. The Pylorus was thickened, and much indurated.*

CASE SECOND.

W. X. This son of Misfortune, was sixty-three years old, and, although he officiated for the last fifteen years, as the zealous High priest of the blushing God, he enjoyed a wonderful share of good health. For the last eighteen months of his earthly career, he felt the rude, combined and overwhelming assaults of Anorexia, (total inappetency for food) sickness of the stomach, Indigestion, Waterbrash, and Vomiting. This deadly group daily gained ground upon him. Every thing in the shape of food was no sooner swallowed, than rejected from his disordered stomach. Pure Cogniac, however, and Wine were relished, and agreed tolerably well with his morbid palate. A band seemed as it were to extend across the Epigastric region from the right to the left Hypochondrium. His feet and legs were tumefied. Four days before he visited the tribunal of Minos, he was assailed by a fatal lethargy; and during that period, it was extremely difficult to perceive the least arterial action, or evidence of respiration. He at last was numbered with the dead. On cutting into the abdomen, a large quantity of effused serum was found. The liver was preternaturally enlarged, especially the

* See First Volume of the Medical Transactions of the Dublin College.

left lobe, on the surface of which were seen numerous tubercles, as large as hazel nuts, of a yellow hue, made up of granules, without, however, elaborating a puriform secretion. The parenchyma of the right lobe presented a similar aspect. The liver lay altogether in the left Hypochondriac region. The stomach was so diminished, that it could scarcely contain a hen's egg; its coats were much thickened. It had completely lost its natural organization. Its walls were generally three inches thick. Its structure resembled a schirro-cartilaginous substance. The Pylorus would hardly admit the introduction of the little finger. The Gall bladder was pale, contracted, empty, and only half its natural size. When opened it presented no morbid derangement.

CASE THIRD.

In the month of March, 1826, I dissected a man, who was about 40 years old; he had until the hour of his death cultivated a most intimate acquaintance with the bottle. His liver was enormously enlarged, and disfigured by schirrus and abscess. The Gall bladder was corrugated, and contained reddish bile. The stomach was larger than natural, and in the highest state of inflammation. The Pylorus was contracted and indurated. The mucous glands of Brunner were tumified and hard, and had almost entirely blocked up the entrance into the Duodenum. A puruloid matter flowed from the urethra, strongly resembling the discharge in virulent Gonorrhoea. I did not dissect the urethra. The lungs were hepatized, and the bronchial vessels much contracted. The Spleen embedded in disease was twice its healthy size. The Pancreas was considerably enlarged, and nearly in a state of solution. The intestinal tube was in several places marked by a chronic

inflammation. The left Kidney near its concave arch, abounded with small ulcers. I did not open the brain, as I intended to save the bones of the skull.*

SPONTANEOUS OR HUMAN COMBUSTION.

FIRST CASE.

A woman of the low class, who for three years had used spirituous liquor to such excess that she had scarcely taken any other nourishment, having sat down to sleep one evening, on a straw chair, was consumed in the night time. The next morning, no part of her was found, except the skull, and the extreme joints of the fingers. The rest of her body was reduced to ashes.†

SECOND CASE.

The Countess Cornelia Bandi of Cesena in Italy, aged 62 years, and in good health, was accustomed to bathe all her body in Camphorated spirits of Wine. Having experienced a sense of drowsiness, one evening, she retired to rest; and her maid remained with her, until she fell asleep. Next morning, when the girl entered to awake her mistress, she found nothing but the remains of her body in the most horrible condition. At the distance of four feet from the bed was a heap of ashes, in which the legs and arms were alone untouched. Between the legs lay the head. The brain with half of the posterior part of the Cranium, and the whole of the chin had been consumed. Three of the fingers looked like burnt coal; and the rest of the body

* The brain of Drunkards is often found uninflamed.

† See Transactions of the Medical Society, Copenhagen, Denmark, A. D. 1692.

was reduced to ashes, which when touched left on the fingers, a fat, fetid moisture. A small lamp, which stood on the floor was covered with ashes, and contained no oil. The candles on the table were melted. The bed was uninjured; the bed clothes were raised up and thrown on one side. The furniture and tapestry were covered with soot which insinuated itself into the drawers, and soiled their contents.*

THIRD CASE.

GRACE PETT, wife of a fishmonger in Ipswich, England, aged about 60, had contracted a habit, in which she long continued, of leaving her bed to smoke a pipe. On the 9th of April 1744, she got up as usual. Her daughter, who slept with her, did not perceive her absence, until next morning; she goes down stairs, and finds her mother dead, in the kitchen with her head near the grate. Her body resembled a burnt log of wood. The girl ran in great haste, and poured water on the body to extinguish the fire. The peculiar odour which exhaled from the mother's corpse almost suffocated the neighbours, who ran to her relief. The trunk resembled a heap of coals covered with white ashes. This woman it is said, drank a large quantity of liquor on having heard the joyous news of her daughter's safe return from Gibraltar. There was no fire in the grate. The candle had burned down to the socket of the candlestick which stood near her. Close to the consumed body lay the clothes of a child, and a paper screen which sustained no injury from the fire.†

Her dress consisted of a cotton gown.

* See Bianchini and others.

† Vide Transactions of the London Philosophical Society. Vol. 43. Page 463.

FOURTH CASE.

MADAME LE BOISSON at the *mellow* period of eighty, had been long in the habit of sacrificing to merry Bacchus alone, totally regardless (more shame for her) of the other and better Deities, such as Ceres, Minerva, and Co.

She was sitting at the fire in her arm-chair. The servant maid as she entered the parlour, seeing her mistress in a blaze immediately gave the alarm.

Though long in stupid gaze, her hair erect,
The horrid scene her powers of speech had check'd,
At length the magic chain of silence broke
Fire! Fire! she cries; and neighbours did invoke.

Many endeavoured to extinguish the fire with their hands; but in vain, for it adhered to them like so much oil, or blazing brandy. Water was thrown on the body, but this only served to encrease the fury of the flames. Finally all the flesh disappeared. Her skeleton was exceedingly black, and remained entire in the chair. One leg only, and the two hands detached themselves from the rest of the body. It is not known whether her clothes caught fire from the grate. She was found in her usual attitude and place.*

Some writers assert that there is an Alcoholic impregnation of the body, and that actual contact with fire is then necessary to produce combustion: others say that it is the result of the electric fluid. The probability is that several gases are generated in the viscera of Drunkards, (which their halitus indicates,) by the decomposition of the Alcohol, which they are continually swilling. From the preceding instances, we may form at least an idea of the lamentable effects of this beastly propensity.

* Vide Le Cat.

From such premises we may readily infer the prominent symptoms of

MADNESS FROM DRINK,* AND DELIRIUM TREMENS.

This foul fiend frequently attacks the pertinacious toper. A simple fit of intoxication will, at times, owing to a peculiarity of Constitution, induce these diseases.

The Countenance assumes a strange appearance. The blood-shot eyes exhibit less fierceness in this complaint than in Phrenzy. (inflammation of the brain) The face is turgid and red. The Temporal and Carotid Arteries communicate a bold and impetuous pulsation. The skin is hot and dry: tongue parched: bowels irregular: vomiting urgent. The malady now advances. The nerves are thrown into wild commotion; the unhappy victim cannot raise his hand to his head. An insusceptibility to the influence of sleep—His Knees tremble; and in his delirium he staggers and falls. He roars most lustily, tosses about the bed clothes, smashes the furniture, and endeavours to fling himself from the window, or house top.† He often stoops to take up pieces of Silver, which he imagines he sees on the floor, or catches at flies and spiders that exist in the distempered atmosphere of his imagination. He frequently changes the position of his bed. His mind occasionally strikes alight, and pours forth a fiery

* Well might the unfortunate Patient, exclaim with Hercules after the death of his offspring—

With ills I overflow,
There is no room for more.

† I have repeatedly seen such unfortunate men in the Insane ward of the Alms House, Philadelphia. They fancied that a blood-thirsty foe pursued them, and they most lamentably injured their head, hands and legs in endeavouring to break through the iron grate of the window.

flood of genius.* He beholds, or, (what is the same thing to him) he thinks he beholds an armed foe advancing, and that the whole house is tottering about his ears. Fear now seems to rivet him to the wall, or bed.

As when mad Pentheus sees the Furies' band
The double Sun and Thebes twofold to stand
Or, Agamemnon's Son, Orestes driven
Across the stage by torments sent from Heaven
Flies his mad mother armed with snakes and fire
The vengeful Three blockade his door with ire.†

Such are thy works, thou certain curse of soul;
Thou plague to health, thou deleterious bowl! —

Who can supply Philanthropy with a fountain suffi-

* Where is the man in whom the foaming bowl
Inspires not genius and a flow of soul?

But what a heart-rending reflection, that men of the brightest genius, unmanned by grief, ruined by hope, or stript of their property should drain the bowl, as a Panacea for all their woes!!! *Can* it remedy the evil?

† Mantua's favorite bard probably had in view the following passage of Euripides', Orestes—

Oh dearest Mother! hear a son's request;
Drive off those bloody imps, this hellish pest;
See! See! they move, they strike, I am undone;
Their aim is death, ah! whither can I run?

A similar vision is attributed to Alemaeon by Cicero in his fourth book of Academic Questions.

Whence comes this awful, this terrific flame?
Fire! Fire! Here! Here! at me, at me they aim!
Help! Help! Great Jove! Oh! drive this plague away;
Its gloomy power will quench the light of day.
See how this witching, fire-girt band advance!
Their torches wield!—a death in every glance!—
Oh! vice most dire, can Man thee clasp and love
And laugh to scorn the wrath, the bolt of Jove
Cannot Great Mars, and Time himself thee move?

ciently large to pour a flood of tears on such scenes of misery ?

MODE OF CURING

THIS FATAL MALADY MAY BE CONSIDERED THREE FOLD.

- 1st. To remove the drunken paroxysm.
- 2nd. To restore the Patient to reason, when he labours under Mania.
- 3rd. To destroy the unnatural propensity to Drink.

FIRST STAGE.

During the intoxication, it will be advisable to take off the Cravat, Garters, Boots or Shoes of the brutalized being; in fact whatever is calculated to impede the regular circulation of the blood must be instantly removed. The head and shoulders must be raised, so as to free the vessels of the brain from their unnatural congestion. The stomach should be evacuated by irritating the throat with the feather end of a quill, or by means of an appropriate pump.* If no relief can be procured by this plan, it will be necessary to subject his head to cold water pumped upon him, or poured from a vessel at a certain elevation. Prudence should regulate us here, especially if we have to deal with Cerebral Congestion, or an Apoplectic Diathesis.

Whatever can make a stronger impression on the patient, than the Exciting cause, will often cut short the paroxysm. A pistol fired off quite close to the ear of the stupified unfortunate has been known to revive him. Let him be suddenly plunged into a cold bath.

* A large dose of Vinegar, or Mustard and Warm Water will generally act as a prompt emetic.

A flagellation with nettles, or thongs will be apt to rouse him. Let his body be well rubbed with a flesh-brush, Brandy and Red Pepper, or Turpentine. An elevated position of the Head is of primary importance. A perspiration should be induced. Whatever can rouse his passion (thus creating a new action in his nervous system) should be put in force. Venesection *regulated by the state of the case* will at times be necessary.

This constitutes the general treatment of the *First Stage*.

SECOND STAGE.

HOW TO RESTORE THE MANIAC TO HIS REASON.

The pulse ought not to influence our practice in *this* stage: for by boldly pushing venesection, and other depletory measures, you will soon send the wretched sufferers across the Styx. We should ever bear in mind that the health and strength of such beings are in a large majority of cases fairly broken down. Our first object should be to administer stimuli, and to see that the stomach retains them. Among the most valuable of these may be reckoned the Neutral Mixture, Hot Brandy-toddy; Brandy and Opium, Camphor and Opium, Calomel and the Acetate of Opium, an *old* opium pill, wine, wine whey, &c. The torpid energies of this viscus however will not always respond to this Class of Medicines.* We then should have recourse to *external* stimulation. We ought to enlist the greatest discrimination in the use of emetics. Should prudence recommend them, the stomach must be well washed out. The brain being now the grand focal centre of

* For all the nervous energies of the system seem now to be concentrated in the brain.

nervous action, and the former being thus deprived of its wonted susceptibilities, a much larger dose than ordinary will be required. It not unfrequently happens that you must repeat it twice, or three times. The ejection of a liquid, pitch-like matter may in those cases be hailed as a favorable prognosis. The stomach may be tranquillized by a Decoction of the Black Snake root, Porter, Infusion of Orange peel and Quassia. The Patient should be confined to a dark chamber, as the sight of objects only irritates and distracts. His indulging in sleep is considered auspicious, for every acute cerebral attack, but especially this species of Mania, is characterized by an obstinate and harassing wakefulness. The Tincture of Hops will occasionally compose the stomach, and superinduce a comfortable sleep. A single ounce of blood drawn from the system is sometimes known to produce Syncope. Notwithstanding, when the tide of the circulation rolls impetuously towards the head, we must recur to moderate depletion. Cupping the temples, and blistering the nape of the neck will be very serviceable.* We must now be extremely cautious, lest our Patient sink into a typhoid state. To meet this indication, the exhibition of Camphor and Opium, the Musk Mixture, Wine whey, and Ammonia will be indispensable. Should the skin be hot and dry, the tongue dry and coated, the eyes wild, and the tendons be manifestly convulsed, the Carbonate of Ammonia, and the more diffusible stimu-

*The patient will occasionally tear or throw off the blisters. In such case the concentrated oil of Horse Mint, or Nitric Acid diluted with an equal portion of water and applied to the nape of the neck are good substitutes. To prevent the corroding effects of the Acid, it will be proper to dust the part with soda, or potash, and then to wash it freely with water.

lants must be brought into immediate requisition.* We have stated, and it cannot be deemed improper (owing to its importance) to repeat it, that Emetics are fraught with danger, the jaded powers of the confirmed sot demanding rather a stimulating than a depletory mode of treatment. In fact, many after having taken an Emetic immediately set sail for the other world.† It must of course be observed that those, who thus withdrew from this nether planet, and are now, I hope, enjoying the verdant lawns, and crystal streams of a blooming eternity, never spared the bowl.

When Greece scattered abroad on the earth, the luminous rays of Virtue and Glory, nothing was more abhorrent to her great soul than the beastly vice of drunkenness. Her constant care was to impress her sons with the abominable loathsomeness of this crime.‡

* When the *delirium* and a tendinous affection exist, Opium and Camphor may probably with greater safety be administered than the vinous preparations.

† Take Tinct. Asafœtid, 1 ounce.
 Tinct. Opii, from 3 drams to 1 1-2 ounces.
 Comp. Sulphuric Aether, 3 drams,
 Comp. Spirit Lavend, 1 ounce,
 Spring water, 4 ounces.

Of this Mixture a large table-spoonful should be given every two hours, or oftener, until the Patient falls asleep. The laudanum must occasionally be increased, or two ounces of Paregoric substituted. No fermented or distilled liquors should be prescribed. Large draughts of the decoction of Quassia may be taken. The salutary effects of this formula have been satisfactorily confirmed by the experience of Professor Barton. Jefferson Medical College Philadelphia.

‡ The Spartans were in the habit of ordering their slaves, whom they previously intoxicated for this purpose, to be brought before their children, who had thus an opportunity of witnessing the filth, folly and wretchedness of the poor, degraded Helots.* It is said that this custom originated in the following circumstance. The Philosopher Anachonis being asked, how the vice of Drunkenness may be avoided, answered, by constantly bearing in mind the foul and indecent conduct of intoxication.

* See Seneca relative to Alexander's death.

In the early days of our Republic too, this vice was seldom seen. Industry and Justice smiled o'er the land. Our citizens just freed from the galling yoke of English Slavery enjoyed the first fruits of Victory, Liberty, and Life. They no longer paid tribute to a Political Pharaoh. In the fervour of gratitude they unlocked their hearts to Him, who safely brought them through the Red Sea of Hyper-egyptian Servitude. Moderate in their desires, and habituated to atmospheric vicissitudes, those sons of Wisdom were not easily captivated by the magic of Luxury. Their fruitful harvests were to them a rich source of pleasure and content. Their houses shone in all the splendor of morality, and exhibited trophies that were gloriously won from the proud, oppressive foe. They conscientiously avoided Idleness as the pregnant source of ill. The Goddess of Plenty with a becoming prodigality poured from her Golden Horn, the vivifying fruits of Liberty and Virtue upon this happy land. Our Public Councils flourished. No parliamentary sophistry was then used to cajole the people. Honesty had temples erected to her in public and in private life.

At length the sons of our Revolutionary Worthies

If we are justified in comparing the small with the great, it is really a source of surprise that a certain King in these days, another Nero, who never can equal Alexander in brilliancy of exploit, or towering elevation of Intellect, should far exceed him in fathoming the Herculean bowl. The Capacity of his stomach is unquestionably greater than that of his head: although for Royal Customs' sake "this dandy at sixty" and more, is dubbed the *holy and venerable head of the Church*, and Defender of the Faith! "Defender of the Faith" reminds us of *another equally appropriate* expression, "Holy Alliance!" How long will Europe, the Mother of Arts, of Science and of Heroes suffer such barefaced impudence and impiety to go unpunished? Rouse up, for shame! The mouldering props on which Tyranny built her fortress are fast giving way, and will, we hope, ere long, be forever prostrate in the dust. Liberty Divine frowns indignantly on those, who instead of striking for their rights, patiently slumber in vassalage and chains.

entertained a somewhat different view of things. Coming into the immediate and comfortable enjoyments of their paternal estates, they emulously vied with each other in wantonly dissipating them. Some fired by Commercial lust, in order to build up by a single speculation a Babel tower of Wealth, saw their floating Capital shivered by the Whirlwind, and sunk in Ocean's furious deep. Others, whose pursuits were less laudable, squandered away the residue of their fortune in a variety of ways. They built Palace-like houses, bought up lands at an unjustifiable advance, were served in Gold and Silver plate. Their equipage smacked more of would-be Royalty, than resembled the decent, uniform of Republicanism. The most fashionable and expensive Coaches were now the rage. Inextricable debt was the natural consequence. Invitations to the *Court* were now importunate. The splendid furniture and enchased plate with the gaudy Ensigns Armorial fell victims to the auctioneer's hammer. Perplexing cares ensue. Frequent libations are offered to the rosy God to avert them. Places of evil repute, and improper society are now eagerly resorted to. Cards and Dice are the order of the day. A difference arises; a fight ensues.* What is more natural? You would almost swear, that the Centaurs and Lapithae (those mutual and deadly enemies recorded by antiquity) had come to life again.

For play begets mad ire and horrid strife,
Ire leads to hatred, and to loss of life.

Such is the course in which unfortunately too many of our youth are engaged.

Do not some of the Fair sex also drink deep of the Bacchanalian spring? In what age do we live? How

* Such strife 'midst men is bad, great Hesiod says.

must Morality shudder? Can such a deplorable state of things be denied? Who is so wilfully blind to such a demoralizing scene as not to acknowledge it? Who will set bounds to this withering evil, which saps the very foundation of life, liberty and religion.

As this Hydra-headed monster attacks every class and age in our society, it becomes our most sacred duty to put forth every effort to crush it. The professional man, the *Christian*, who presses not into his service, for the eradication of this, and several other vices, the combined powers of Medicine, Philosophy, and Religion, should have his name expunged from the muster roll of the Sanative Art, Philanthropy and Patriotism.

A *vegetable and farinaceous diet*, often removes the distressing thirst, which Animal food occasions, and frequently restores the taste to its natural standard. The French nation are preeminently conspicuous for such a diet; and hence probably their great longevity. A *Mercurial salivation* by renewing the secretions of the stomach and tongue often subverts this morbid relish for the bottle.* The Circean bowl into which a certain portion of *Tartar emetic* has been previously dissolved may be presented to the craving toper. A total abstinence from Tobacco should be most religiously enforced. Tobacco and the Brandy-bottle are often inseparable friends. A confidential companion should at a seasonable time blow the trumpet blast of Truth into the miscreant's ears, and fill him with the horrors of a sudden death, everlasting perdition, loss of happiness, fame, fortune, and family.

* A purgative course persevered in for some time has succeeded in some cases—*Salts* answer well. I have known them to remove in one instance, an inveterate predilection for tobacco. A similar effect may be produced by the exhibition of *Ipecacuanha*, or *Tartar Emetic*, which enters in disguise into all the *Quack specifics for Intemperance*.

It is the sad lot of some to indulge in a carousing frolic on a certain hour, day, or month. Such a disease does not materially differ from those complaints, which assume a daily, monthly, or periodical type.* Those individuals ought to change their society, home, and pursuits. They should hunt, and take much exercise on foot, or horseback. A trusty friend ought to accompany them, and furnish a supply of spiced bread, or dainty food, and divert their minds by pointing out to them the varied scenery of Nature, &c., until breakfast or dinner time. Some little luxuries may now be served up; but let glasses, decanters, and even water itself be carefully kept out of view. Inveterate Drunkards generally have a favourite glass, pitcher, or chair. Such articles should be industriously removed, or as it were, unintentionally broken. In a word, every link, which supports this morbid concatenation, should be sundered.

Some physicians recommend that a pipe of Cogniac should be laid before the intrepid toper, as if it were calculated to strike him with a sense of shame, and thereby excite his disgust.

It possibly may remedy the evil.† With due deference, however, to their superior judgment, I would say with the Poet

Trust not, fair youth, too much,

and with the Prince of Prudence and of Peace, I would conclude thus,

“Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.”

Fear, or *Shame* will now and then root up this moral Boa-upas. In Ireland, my native country, several of the Common order, who, (as well as the Conscientious, and

* This has been noticed by Rush, and I have repeatedly seen it in practice.

† See Rush.

higher patriotic classes) are unjustly scourged by the Draconian laws of England, and goaded into crime, (Heaven *reward* the oppressor) swear on the Evangelists against drink, in presence of their Clergyman, or a Magistrate; and the obligation often produces the most salutary result.

A son of Bacchus once drank a tumbler of this *Toffana Water*,* (the name is not inappropriate): a certain quantity of Tartarized Antimony had been designedly thrown into it by a good natured friend; A violent vomiting succeeded. The morbid relish had never again returned. Whenever he saw any fluid, that wore the semblance of liquor, he was irresistibly reminded of the dreadful nausea he once experienced.

This curative plan is somewhat like that pursued by Moses, who weaned the children of Israel from the irrational crime of Idolatry, by forcing them to drink of their Golden God, or Calf, which had been dissolved in Nitro-muriatic, muriatic acid, or by means of a preparation of sulphur.†

Into how many calves, hogs and asses are not frail mortals changed by Circe's magic bowl‡!!

A certain votary of Bacchus was in the habit of drinking on a very large scale, (often had he been nearly within reach of old Charon) and in his revelry had ever

* An execrable wretch of this name, and inventress of this diabolical mixture, used to accommodate with it such *virtuous, husband-loving* matrons, as grew tired of their ancient lords—she vended it under the imposing title of “Manna of St. Nicholas, Baris.” Haunted by her Demon conscience, she entered a Convent to atone for her sins in sackcloth and ashes, but was fortunately torn from it, and *racked* to death.

† Consult the writings of Stahl and Bergmann.

‡ My worthy and learned friend Dr. Eberle of Philadelphia informs me that he has known a few inveterate cases of Intemperance to yield to the use of Elicampane root, used as a Masticatory, or drunk in decoction. The cure was attributed to the nausea which the plant excited.

made himself ridiculous. His negro slave marked, and successfully mimicked him. The master having heard an immense roar of laughter in the kitchen, the door of which had been secured, slyly creeps down stairs, peeps through the key-hole, and perceives *Cuffy* imitating *Massa* to the life. With averted eyes he felt the virtuous emotion of shame, and thus became totally reformed.

A pet goat, that was usually fed at the table of her Master, once followed him to a tavern. The latter returned home with his clay well moistened, his custom always at twilight grey. Poor Jenny was on this occasion in no better plight. I beg of you, gentle reader, not to blame the innocent creature, for I can assure you, taking the nature of the beast into consideration, that this naughty trick was played upon her by some worthless wretches. Nay more, I firmly believe that he, who forcibly intoxicates even a goat, commits as great a crime, as if had wantonly killed it.

The Sun had now held forth his lamp of day—
Earth shone resplendent from its brilliant ray;
When lo!—the master towards the Inn did stray.

The faithful goat, notwithstanding her serious indisposition, attends her unworthy lord. Master goes in, but Jenny, as far as looks and attitude could justify an inference, protested against doing likewise. Was she not right? The Master looking on the animal and reading his own condemnation in the eyes of this unshaven philosopher, hurried out of the dramshop and was thus cured of his intemperance.

"Thus ridicule shall frequently prevail,
And cut the knot when graver reasons fail."

Drunkenness, and the other bad habits of the rising generation ought not to astonish us, when we behold the conduct, and hear the admonitions of Fathers.

Gambling is held up to the view of the children by day and night. Immense sums are staked. The loser thunders out ungodly oaths. He becomes frantic with rage. He drinks and invokes kind Fortune's aid. He loses again ; he storms, and raves ; a loss ! then *mends his drink*. Buffeted by a sea of anger and of Wine, he at last glides into the harbour of a brief repose. He again sets sail, and carried down for a time on the full tide of success, an adverse gale assails him, and threatens immediate ruin. He is now driven and dashed upon the shoals of disappointment ; he is swept off and swims in the overwhelming waves of despair.

What is to become of his children ? Are we to suppose that they can stem the strong tide of bad example, and avoid a moral wreck ? The father now plunged into the maelstrom of ruin, a bankrupt in hope, in fortune and in fame, utterly disregards the education of his children. To them, how glorious the idea of being emancipated from Academic thralldom !! They are now forsooth their own masters. They now drown their moral precepts in the oblivious bowl. Dogs and fine horses constitute their amusement. Having *put on the man* in this semi-barbarous state of intellectual developement, they know, or pretend to know every thing. They sail on their father's track, and are thus ingulphed in misery.

A melting source of woe is this indeed ! But what shall we say of parents, who are formed of better materials,

Who know much better, yet much worse pursue ?

Who give their sons most destructive counsel, contaminate their minds with the love of mistaken freedom, and loudly declare that the beardless boy of sixteen should not be subjected to admonition, and salutary discipline ?

Can good arise from such a state of things ? Pray,

“lend me your ears,” and from the following fact, judge of the monstrous consequences of this doctrine.

A school-boy, not long ago, in a sister state was corrected by his teacher for some impropriety. Fired with indignation, at the thought of having his *honor thus* wounded, he returns to the Academy the following day, meets his Instructor, who was a Clergyman, discharges a pistol at him, and inflicts a mortal wound on the unfortunate gentleman!! A jury of twelve men, who tried this sacrilegious murderer, (posterity will scarcely believe it) acquitted the criminal!!

What will *Men* do, when *boys* commit such deeds? What prompted the wretched Desha to the double crime of robbery and murder? Why does the infernal, cowardly practice of duelling so frequently occur? Why does fraud, why does villainy so much abound? Because parents do not model the plastic minds of their children by precept and example, into obedience and virtue, mistaking, as unhappily too many do, mere licentiousness for well regulated liberty. Therefore does the demoralizing spirit of desolation pervade the land, for none there is, who will act righteously.

Oh! Legislators, Parents, Physicians, Masters, Teachers of youth, and Expounders of the Word of God, if you *will* live acceptable to yourselves, to your Country and your God, you *must* do something to improve the morals of the rising generation.

Let the sot be degraded from every kind of Office. Let his testimony be inadmissible in law. Let the management of his property be vested in his family. Let him be denied the rights of suffrage and of citizenship—because

He, that to Bacchus will his fame resign,
A nation's cause to tyrants will consign.

Let an enormous tax be imposed on taverns. Let an

insupportable duty be laid on Distilleries. Let him who is found drunk in a Public house, or in the street, be thrown into prison, and severely fined.* Let those who are caught even drinking in such a place be equally punished. In a word, every measure, which can tend to purify the age, in which we live, should be strenuously enforced. Fathers, the cause and origin of the vicious mind emanate from you.

Why to the Healing Art is so much given?

O, wretches say, and know the views of Heaven;

What is poor man? or wherefore into life

Is he thus flung? To steer thro' waves of strife,

What plan is best? Where Avarice check and bind?

What use is Gold? What's lawful for mankind?

Your debt to country and dear friends well know,

Hear God, act well your part with man below.

Most worthy Persius! Good, would mankind be

If such a code in practice we could see.

Let fathers gather their families around them, and offer up prayer, morning and night, to the throne of mercy. In the husband's absence, the mother, or eldest son should perform that most important duty. Every Teacher ought daily to commence the duties of his school by supplicating

* Were all the drunkards of North America to enter the tented field, they would far outnumber the army which Napoleon led into Russia, and be more than sufficient to protect our shores from the allied and despotic invasions of all Europe. According to an estimate, it appears that even a *tithe* of them if arrayed under the banner of Military Sobriety would annihilate the power of the Crescent, and would throw around the Greek Cross a redoubt as formidable as inaccessible to Mahometan infidelity and fury. If reformed into Apostles they could shortly christianize the earth.

We read in the Boston Medical Journal that ninety-five thousand paupers (the majority of whom were reduced to such misfortune by the brandy bottle) were admitted within the last five years into the Philadelphia Almshouse. Four thousand gallons of Spirits, besides a proportionate supply of Wine, Porter, &c. (for without them, life could not be prolonged) were consumed during that period.

The Cask when new will long retain the scent

Such is the mind, on vice or virtue bent.

The city of New-York contains 3300 dramshops—What a source of moral pestilence and death!!!

Deity. The New Testament should be a text book in every Institution, for

In soil run wild the thorn and cockle rise
Thus youth uncurbed in folly seek the skies.

It is by perseverance alone that boys can become useful and good. Every school, or Academy should give each pupil a certificate, signed agreeably to merit, without which no student should be allowed to matriculate in any of our Colleges. Let him also be previously examined in the Twenty-four books of the Iliad and Odyssey, the first five books of Livy, as well as in the other principal prose, and poetic authors of Greece and Rome. He ought to be acquainted with Mathematics or at least with the elements of that Science.*

This course should be considered as essential for obtaining even an Honorary Degree. If *justly* expelled from one College the student should ever after be inadmissible into another. Those, who aspire to the Profession of Law, Medicine, or Theology ought to pursue an elementary course somewhat like this.† Such a system would be apt to limit the redundant numbers of Aspirants to each of these Professions, and would eventually make the successful candidate more respectable; especially if every State in the Union would silence, and morally bind up the hands of Quacks by a special law.

A man may here object—you thus shut the door of preferment, and public utility against many sons of Genius, and you provide only for the rich.

I briefly answer—The present, is, to a certain extent a question of National importance: the morals, reputation and salvation of the whole country are mainly con-

* We may fairly say that such a course of study would furnish youth with wisdom, the aged with comfort, the poor with riches, and the rich with appropriate elegance, and ornament.

† It is a well known fact that the Candidates for Holy Orders in the Catholic, English, and Presbyterian Church, are well educated.

cerned in it. It is, moreover, impossible for any plan of reformation to meet with universal approbation. Only try the plan, and how many excellent citizens, famous physicians, celebrated lawyers, and industrious, I hope, pious, and eloquent preachers shall we thus find within our confines? Let but Quacks betake themselves to something else, and encroach not on the precincts of those Professional Groves, which should be held sacred.*

Let every youth before he enters upon the study of Pharmacy undergo a thorough examination before an appropriate College, in the works of Horace, Sallust, Virgil, Cicero's Orations, first three books of Livy, Lucian's Dialogues, and three books of the Iliad. Let him, after having served five years' apprenticeship to this branch of the Profession be regularly examined on it by the same College.

Let Mechanics, however well versed in their respective trades, be excluded from employment, if their conduct be marked by immorality, and a total disregard of the sacred injunctions of the Sabbath. Let those who

* The Sublime Ossian, Inspired Milton, Immortal Shakspear, Poetic Pope, Melodious Moore, Great Byron and thousands besides kindled their Promethean torch on the Splendid Altar of Roman and Grecian Genius, and thereby lit up a soul throughout Nature's works. Need I mention the salutary effects of a classical education on those, who have been, and now are transcendently conspicuous for their Morals, Piety, Forensic, Medical, Parliamentary, and Pulpit Powers, not only in this land of the Free, but in France, Spain and, as it must be universally acknowledged, in Ireland "the Island of Saints and of Scholars!"

How widely versed were they in Classic Song!

Away then with the profane, the uncouth and illiterate, who wish to remove from our affection, and the suitable recesses of Intellect, the sacred Nine, and to have them slumber in the shade of Ignorance and would-be-philosophy.

Such sticklers for a mere English Education shew their Beotian taste.

I do not envy, but I must confess

That their huge mass such nonsense on us press.

behaved themselves faithfully and soberly for a certain number of years, obtain an honourable and pecuniary reward from their employers. Such a provision ought to extend to servants in general. Let masters and fathers suppress every thing like vanity, or folly in the presence of young persons. Falsehood, Obscenity, or improper language should never be mentioned before them. Their youthful minds should be regularly occupied with the best histories of Europe, of their own country, and with moral and religious works. They will thus insensibly acquire a taste for literature, and the Community may become eventually reformed and happy. *Remember*, that domestic examples have a pervading, and most impressive influence; and that *Nature* never advises *one* measure, and *Philosophy* another.

It may be proper to notice in this place the various kinds of Beverage, which are palatable, and more salutary than Alcoholic preparations.

In this section of the world, the habit of drinking generally commences in Spring and Summer, in consequence of the excessive heat, it encreases in Autumn and gradually becomes inveterate, until the poor victim arrives at the Winter, or *land's end* of life.

Can any thing be more absurd than an effort to extinguish fire with oil, or moderate intense bodily heat by the internal use of spirits? Do we not know that they contain no nutriment, and augment the irascibility of the temper? The False staff like courage and strength, which they inspire, are quite evanescent, and uniformly succeeded by debility and stupor.

Their *judicious* administration is notwithstanding highly beneficial, for, when our physical energies are suddenly oppressed, and there is a tendency to syncope, their salutary effects are sufficiently obvious. When the

body has been long exposed to the combined action of moisture and cold, the internal and external exhibition of Spirits will often break up the forming stage of fever. The same end will be answered by Spirits of Turpentine, Tincture of Red Pepper or Mint tea. When these are not at hand, the body should be well rubbed with a coarse towel, or flesh brush.* Europeans, who visit the West Indies, and confine themselves to pure water, know by happy experience that they can by this prophylactic means much better obviate the oppressive heat of that climate, and are much less liable to the diseases peculiar to it.

Those who object to its insipidity may improve it by a dash of good cider. This may disagree with some constitutions, especially where there is a Rheumatic, or Gouty predisposition. Immersing a red hot poker, or burnt toast in it will be apt to diminish its offensiveness. Beer is a good succedaneum. This however will not keep in the summer for any length of time, owing to the acetous fermentation, which is then so rapidly evolved.

This grateful beverage may be economically made according to the following formula.

TAKE a bottle of good porter—Treacle, or brown sugar one pound—Spring water ten bottles—Let them be well mixed. Then bottle, and after they have stood in a cellar three or four days, loosely corked, throw a raisin, and a small spoonful of Ginger into each bottle. They will shortly be fit for use. The Effervescing Draught is a delicious refrigerant, and well adapted to remove sympathetic headache.

TAKE of Carbonate of Soda half a drachm—Tartarie

* We should have recourse to these first, unless there be a crying necessity for the preceeding measures.

Acid 25 grains.—Dissolve each separately in about four ounces of water; then mix, and take it during the effervescence. TAKE of Tartaric Acid 30 grains—Tartrate and Carbonate of Soda, each, 2 drachms—Water 8 ounces, Mix as before.* TAKE of Carbonate of Potash half a drachm—Distilled vinegar enough to saturate it—Spring Water 6 or 8 ounces—Mix them.

Persimmon beer is both pleasant and healthy. Water, Molasses and Vinegar constitute a palatable drink. When the perspiration is profuse, and a sense of debility exists, cold water is highly dangerous: when however the thirst is distressing, *and the skin is hot and dry*, we may venture on a moderate use of it†. The face, hands, and throat internally should be first washed with it. When the Stomach is suddenly filled with this fluid, immediate death may be, and often is, the consequence—the tone and strength of this organ are annihilated by the direct, sedative influence of the cold liquid. Cold Camomile Tea is a good stomachic, and tends to allay thirst.

The tepid baths at night should be our care,
The cooling waves, at morn, our nerves repair.
The more one drinks, the more he wants to swill
Is true as fate, as Jove's unerring will.

The agricultural and labouring classes may conveniently and profitably use some of these, or similar preparations, all of which are much better than liquor in its various forms.

* If a second dose of this pleasant beverage, be taken, about half an hour after the first, it will be sure to produce a Cathartic instead of an aperient effect unless indeed peculiar causes prevent such an operation.

† After washing the hands and face, it will be prudent to gargle with the water for some time, in order to detach the thick and slimy mucus from the throat; a re-action being thus established in the secreting vessels, and the alimentary canal gradually accustomed to the impression of cold, we may with safety indulge in a small draught.

The following recipe makes a very palatable beverage known by the name of Cider wine. Its cheapness and comparative innocence when regulated by prudence give it a decided preference to many other of the "thin potations."

Take two gallons of Molasses—one pound of bruised Cinnamon, and three ounces of Logwood. Boil them in a clean brass kettle over a slow fire for one hour. When strained pour this fluid into a barrel, which contains seven gallons of good whiskey and twenty-two gallons of sweet cider.

Let the whole be stirred twice a day for eight or ten days, then beat up eight eggs in a quart of fresh milk, and having poured this in, bung up the barrel. Let it not be moved for three weeks. Adding three ounces of powdered Allum to it, when racked off, will impart an astringency and tartness to the wine.

Finally our Yeomen ought to take a pride in imitating the hardy sons of old Rome and Carthage. Braver, or better men than whom the world never saw. Every Scholar knows the astonishing marches they performed, and the appalling fatigues they endured under an oppressive load of arms and equipage. Their usual drink was vinegar and water.

The one-eyed chief who rived the power of Rome
Smote her proud heart, nigh brought her to the tomb
Such drink had used—He, as Great Nap of late
With magic speed, in spite of better fate
The fiery mounts had cleared, though Nature frowned
From hoary Alps, he yet maintained his ground.

TO CONCLUDE,

We must have recourse to Religion. Many through her powerful inspiration deserted the maddening orgies, and brutal insignia of Dissipation, and as valorous soldi-

ers of the Cross unfurled the brilliant banner of their Redeeming King. The Preachers of the Incarnate Word by their morals and exhortations powerfully co-operated in this glorious revolution. What arguments against Drinking are more intelligible, and truly irresistible than those with which the Book of Life abounds; particularly the Epistles of St. Paul, the inspired Prince of Orators.

As when from Pindus' heights the torrent roars
And rushes reckless through the plains—then pours
The mountain-rocks uptorn, which scatter wide
The work of death, on Desolation's tide.
Wild beasts and herds and woods ingulphed lie
The foaming vale with shrieks confound the sky.
So He, the thunders of his Christian King
With might terrific, wields, and low doth bring
The towering holds of *Legion*—in their stead
The Saving Cross erects its sublime head.

More ruinous in its effects than even the mountain torrent is the life-sapping bowl. Transient is the loss from the former, which the hand of Time can cure: but eternal reprobation will bind in chains of fire, if we believe in Truth Divine, the devoted and impenitent toper.

You Ministers of Christ, you anointed of the Lord, throw open the Armoury of Heaven, put on the breast-plate of good works, the helmet of Salvation, the Lightning sword, the shield of Faith, and beat off the fiery darts of this Arch-fiend from the human family. Bring forth the banner of Israel's Great God. Flinch not in the ranks of sacred duty. The Lord will aid you, and, while YOU point out the way the truth and the light, by your words and deeds, HE by the sanctifying influence of His Grace, in Siloam's sacred wave, will heal the lost children of Debauch.

Where are those Drunkards? What are they? Are

they not robbers and worse than Madmen? Have we not seen that they destroy their resources, reduce themselves, their wives and children to ruin, misery and starvation? Do they not forever blast their own hopes of a glorious immortality? Do they not invariably shew forth a total wrecklessness of religion, attack Deity, and pull down, as far as their blasphemous impiety enables them, the Altar and the throne? Does not almost every day's Gazette bring us the awful tidings of murder perpetrated by those incarnate demons? Why are such monsters permitted to stagger about, as so many personified exemplifications of depravity and hell? Why do not their neighbours, why do not their fellow-beings rise as an insulted, and justly infuriate mass, and drive out from among them those scape-goats of the Congregation?

To see a human creature, Co-heir of the Crucified Jesus, a candidate for the imperishable enjoyments of Heaven, in spite of such brilliant destinies decreed by the eternal Godhead, cruelly mar, and annihilate these prerogatives is a tragedy revolting to Humanity, desolating to Christianity, and sufficient to start the ocean flood of affliction from the all-seeing eye of Divinity himself. No wonder that He repented to have made man. No wonder that the loving, the divine Jesus exclaimed to his heavenly Father to have the "*bitter cup*" pass away.

When He was thus outraged by the impiety and impenitence of man, Universal Nature shuddering at the sight of beholding her God pouring out his heart's blood from the dignified Cross of Calvary's Mount, shrouded herself up in nearly all the darkness and Chaos that preceded the creative fiat of Omnipotence. When the drunkard reflects that his conduct stabs the life-pulse of

Deity, ought he not immediately to stop his career? But no, unfortunately for him, like another CAIN, or a JUDAS, he believes his crime too great even for Heaven to forgive, and tortured and torn by the lashings of his Conscience, the final suicidal act buries him in hell! Awful as is the Catastrophe, as Christians we must believe it. Even the tender, amiable, broken-hearted partner of this deplorable being must acknowledge it; and O! Merciful God, when we contemplate the vicious imitateness of our Nature may we not cry out, where, Oh! where, will this contamination end?

For what purpose do we boast of an imperishable Magna Charta, a matchless Constitution, if Liberty be thus insulted, Religion profaned, and Licentiousness triumphant?

But to what congratulations and gratitude are not the Members of the Temperate Societies indebted! Dissipation will not presume to exhaust its contemptible quiver on them, for their plans founded upon the Everlasting Rock proudly brave the impotency of the attack, and receive the strengthening smiles of an approving heaven. Go on in this blessed work of regeneration: you have the goodly fellowship of Church, of State, of Medical Science, of the Moral World to support you. You have female beauty and virtue to honor you. Your Cause is just, it is strong, it must prevail, and spread a most salutary influence not only throughout the State, but eventually tear thousands besides from temporal and eternal death. Yes, Gentlemen, persevere to the end and you will not only save yourselves, but your neighbours as yourselves.

Cling to that Religion, which is rooted in glory, the splendid circle, the powerful watchword of the Divinity—a religion, whose lustre takes its rise in the obscu-

city of a rude manager, and which like the studded brow of the firmament strikes the blind skeptic with the constellated bands of blood-stained Martyrs, immaculate Virgins, learned Confessors, sanctified Patriarchs, inspired Prophets, and blessed Apostles—a religion, whose symbol forms the towering apex on the crowns of Emperors and of Kings, and which without any arms, any assistance, but by the mere manifestation of its inherent power has triumphed over Superstition, withered infidelity, torn up the pillars of Paganism, and burst upon the empire of Mind with the true light, and pure waters of everlasting life.

If young Ladies would form a Society founded upon a solemn determination and mutual pledge to discard every Suitor, who should betray the slightest partiality for the bottle or gambling-table, what a moral revolution would then present itself! What a rich harvest of Virtue and goodness would then smile on thousands of families!

It was thus in the olden time of your Colonial vassalage that the patriotic mind of America, unclouded by the paralysing miasms of Intemperance estimated her power, roused into formidable action her mighty energies, called forth her Washington, Moses-like, to lead her sons, through the hardships, the red waves and blaze of the battle array, and crushed the roaring lion in this land of promise.

How truly numerous and matchless are the advantages you enjoy! What a circle of Fame from the day-break of National Independence down to the present hour has surrounded you! What region on the map of the world has raised so abundant a crop of Political and Social happiness? What means are better calculated to preserve it, than Temperance and her kindred vir-



tues? Let not the toilsome exertions, and brilliant exploits of your fathers be in vain. Let you then, who unfurled the star-spangled banner of American Might, who trampled upon an oppressive foe, who dissipated the foul emanations of a mouldering Monarchy that polluted the serenity of your national sky, henceforward arm yourselves with spiritual patriotism to battle for your privileges, as citizens in the honourable and happy republic of Eternity. You have twice shewn what you could do against temporal powers, prove now to your God, your neighbour and the world, what nerve you possess in your spiritual combat against Dissipation. Put on the uniform of Christian comeliness, gird up your hearts and loins with uncompromising zeal, and you must come off victorious.

Thus it is that in the Universal review of Nations, when the flag of each floats in the Judgement-hall of the most high God, that of America will throw an inextinguishable halo around the republican army of its supporters. They are freemen, and the terror of Despots at the present day, and in the hour of Universal Retribution may they be honoured with the prize of a glorious immortality.

