

AN

H. Patton

ADDRESS

DELIVERED BY THE REVEREND H. PATTON,

AT A MEETING HELD IN THE VILLAGE OF KEMPTVILLE,

May 12, 1830,

FOR THE

PURPOSE OF FORMING A TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

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Mr Freeman Clothier
from
The author

ADDRESS, &C.



MY FRIENDS.

In rising to explain, and enforce by argument, the objects for which this assembly was convened, I beg leave to trespass upon your patience a short time, while I address to you some remarks upon one of the most detestable vices, that ever disgraced the morals of any Country.—All of you I doubt not, know to what I allude **INTEMPERANCE** like a brooding pestilence has spread its baneful influence over our land, and there are few families into which it has not entered in some shape or degree.

The use and abuse of ardent spirits have proved the prolific source of so many evils, that we are loudly called upon to oppose some powerful barrier to their further progress. As long as Intemperance is so common and occurs so frequently as it does, at present, so long must the religion and morality of the country labour under a foul stigma and so long are we liable to be branded with the appellation of an intemperate and immoral people. To render this accusation less justly applicable to us, by endeavouring to suppress all Intemperance, is the main object of Temperance societies.

They are voluntary associations of men, who unite together for the noble purpose of concentrating the moral energies of the Country, in order to banish from amongst us a monster of iniquity who is daily adding to the number of his hapless and wretched victims. But if men of virtue and morality will unite in firmly opposing this demoralising vice, if they will upon every occasion reprobate the prac-

tice of spirit drinking, and hold it in open detestation, it must finally grow into disuse, the drunkard will be ashamed to show his face and if not finally reclaimed, he will at all events be obliged to seek the covert of darkness for the gratification of his vitiated appetite. Then our ears will no longer be painfully wounded by the profane language, nor our eyes offended with the disgusting spectacle of those who seem anxious to counteract the benevolent designs of their Creator, by debasing themselves beneath the level of those brutes who were intended by Omniscience to be vastly inferior to man in the great scale of creation. Then also we might apply to the practice of the few habitual drunkards, that would remain amongst us, the Apostles observation, “they that be drunken, are drunken in the night.” But at present this foul vice stalks abroad with shameless front in the full blaze of the noon day’s sun, as if no degree of infamy were attached to the practice of it. The drunkard feels no compunctions of conscience, he experiences no sensations of shame, when glorying in his debauchery and telling over his drunken adventures. Nay, he seems even in many instances to pride himself upon his excesses and to boast of the quantity of liquor that he can pour down his throat. The evil then has attained to an alarming height, when that vice which ought to make the committer of it, ashamed to shew his face, is now made a matter of boasting. When such is the state of morality in our country, will any man, I do not say of religious, but

even of moral principles deny that there exists an urgent necessity, of devising some method by which a stop may be put to so alarming an evil. If it be admitted that it is necessary that something should be done to check the progress of Intemperance, we obtain a concession in our favour and an argument for the Institution of a Temperance Society amongst us. These Societies have been attended with beneficial and salutary consequences in other places, & why then should not one produce some good effect in this neighbourhood, where there certainly exists a great necessity of employing some means to avert from us the evils which are the inevitable effects of intemperance.— But perhaps those who are at present averse to joining such a society may have their objections removed after I have detailed to them more particularly some of the evils of Intemperance. These I shall notice in considering its effects upon the property, health, and life, reputation and temporal and eternal happiness of the drunkard.

That drunkenness is necessarily injurious to a man's property will I doubt not be generally admitted. In whatever condition of life the drunkard may be situated, the ruin of his temporal possessions must be the necessary consequence of his Intemperance. If he is a farmer you may easily discern his habits of Intemperance by their effects; Are his fences so completely disordered, that he is totally thrown down; are his crops choked with weeds, are his neighbours cattle running over his farm, do his own cattle resemble Pharaoh's lean kine, do you see him creeping about in a listless manner, with slouched hat and ragged clothes, cursing and swearing at his teams and out of humour with every one about him? If you observe all or most of these signs, you may immediately say to yourself this man is a drunkard, and having formed this conclusion may easily picture to yourself a sketch of his future life. In the first place you may be sure he is in debt, he is a constant attendant upon saturday and other courts, he spends a great deal of time in this manner unnecessarily, and loses a great deal more during the time that he is under the influence of the inebriating poison. Upon every public occasion is sure to be drunk.—At Town meetings, at Militia Musters, when working on the roads, at raisings or bees, or wherever there is a company collected together, there you be sure to see the drunken farmer reeling about, rendering himself ridiculous and plunging still deeper into the gulf which has already nearly swallowed him up. The next thing that you hear of him, is that his farm is mortgaged, that executions are out against his property, that the Constable and the Sheriff's frequently visit him, and at length the remains of his once flourishing property are put up at Sheriff's sale in order to pay his debts. In the mean time his family being dispossessed of a house in which to live, become a burden to his relations, or are cast unfriended upon the charity of the publick, while he, the author of their woes becomes a vagabond and a wanderer upon the face of the earth, and at length terminates his wretched existence by some disgraceful death, and frees the earth from the presence of a miserable being, who had long been a curse to himself, and a disgrace to all connected with him. This brief sketch is not exaggerated, in a thousand instances it falls far below the reality. Indeed the pen cannot describe, nor is Ink black enough to enumerate half the dark catalogue of those miseries which befall the unfortunate votaries of Intemperance.

Again, is he a merchant, his mind becomes so completely disordered, that he is totally unqualified for conducting his business, his credit becomes impaired, he gradually loses his custom, his creditors begin to press him, and he is finally compelled to abscond from the country, or to spend many of his days in prison. Is he a mechanic, you can never get your work done, he promises it shall be finished by such a day, you go for it, but he is not at home, you enquire where he is, and find that he has spent the day at the tavern—you go again and find him sleeping off the effects of his excess, however he tells you, he is sick and has been so unwell that he could not finish your work, he has had a fever, the rheumatism, a cholic or some other complaint, while in your own mind, you are well assured that he has only been visited by an attack of the whiskey fever.—In a short time afterwards you hear that the tavern keeper and the mer-

chant obtain an execution upon his property which is divided between them, while the unfortunate wretch is left entirely destitute, and compelled to witness the misery he has brought upon his helpless and innocent family, who are necessarily made partakers of his misery.—Thus we see how destructive Intemperance is to the *property* of the drunkard.

It is equally injurious to his *health*. Many indeed, seem to think it is not so hurtful as it is generally represented to be, yet that it is so, is a fact confirmed by experience and by the testimony of the most respectable physicians. "They uniformly assert that the use of ardent spirits, in any case may (with very few exceptions) be pronounced an abuse reprobated by every consideration whether human or divine." In a report of the committee of the Philadelphia medical society, published in 1829, we find the following sensible language.—"Your Committee in enquiring into the destructive effects of drunkenness, and the deep stake which the society has in preventing them, have not felt any great room or necessity for an enlarged discussion.—The disastrous consequences of this degrading practice are unhappily but too apparent to every one who witnesses with a humane interest, the good and evil fortunes of his fellow creatures. We behold them in the destruction of health, strength, riches, and respectability, and according to the views which Religion has given us of the counsels of the supreme, in the future misery of an immortal soul." The Committee then proceed to enumerate many diseases which are occasioned solely by the use of ardent spirits and mention others of which they are the indirect cause—they assert also that "in times of pestilence, those who indulge in intoxication, are more severely affected and retain less stamina to resist the onset of the malady." Again they say that in cases of wounds and fractures, it is much more difficult to cure the man of intemperate habits than the sober man. The Author of the *Journal of Health* (a work published in Philadelphia by an association of Physicians,) hold the following language—"The bloated face, and trembling hand,—indigestion and dropsy, diseased liver and kidneys, are com-

mon and acknowledged effects of intemperance. By this word intemperance, we do not mean merely drunkenness, but the practice of daily stimulating beyond their healthy and regular beats, the heart and blood vessels, by potations of vinous, malt, or distilled liquors. It is not perhaps so generally known, say they, that the man of intemperate habits, is prone to madness, and of course liable to become the inmate of an hospital or lunatic asylum. The instances of temporary madness in drunkards are very common; after some days they may recover by proper medical treatment, but if they return to their evil habits, they are exposed to fresh attacks which finally prove fatal. A wound or a fractured limb which in common healthy constitutions would soon heal, will often expose to frenzy the habitual drunkard, and be the immediate cause of his death. The chances of recovery from any disease whatever, are infinitely less for the drunkard than the sober man. When the small pox prevailed so extensively in this city (Philadelphia) in 1823-4, we never knew of a drunkard who recovered from an attack of the natural disease, that is where neither vaccination nor inoculation had been practised.—He for the most part died delirious."*

These quotations from a very respectable Medical publication, prove the ruinous effects of intemperance upon the health. Indeed its disastrous consequences are so obvious, that it is almost superfluous to quote the authority of Physicians on the subject. Every individual has unfortunately too many opportunities afforded him, of witnessing its destructive effects. More than half the accidents that we read of in the papers, or witness ourselves, happen in consequence of this vice, and more than half the crimes that stain the morals of any country, and that bring the unhappy authors of them to an untimely end, may be traced to this source of iniquity. The testimony of Sir Matthew Hale (a Judge, whose name will ever be esteemed one of the ornaments on the list of the English Bench) fully bears out my last assertion. That eminent Judge says, "The place of Judicature, which I have long held

* *Journal of Health*, Vol. 1, No. 1.

in this kingdom, has given me opportunity to observe the original cause of most of the enormities that have been committed for the space of near twenty years, and by a due observation, I have found, that if the murders and manslaughters, the burglaries and robberies, the riots and tumults, the adulteries and other great enormities that have happened in that time, were divided into five parts, four of them have been the issue and product of excessive drinking, of Tavern and ale-house Meetings." Something similar to this is the testimony of Mr. Poynder. In his evidence before the English House of Commons, that Gentleman said—"Nearly all the convicts for murder, with whom I have conversed, have admitted themselves to have been under the influence of spirits at the time of the act, and I am fully persuaded, that in all the trials for murder which take place, with very few (if any) exceptions, it would appear on investigation, that the criminal had in the first instance delivered up his mind to the brutalizing effect of spirituous liquors." The late Dr. Millar observes, "I am convinced, that considerably more than one eighth of all the deaths that take place in London, in persons above twenty years old, happen prematurely through excess in drinking ardent spirits."—It is estimated also that in the United States, more than one ninth of the deaths that occur, are in consequence of drunkenness. And "it has been computed, that since the introduction of ardent spirits into common use, more victims have fallen by it alone, than by the sword and pestilence within the same period." These calculations ought surely to be sufficient to fill the humane and reflecting mind with sorrow, for the miserable infatuation of his fellow creatures, and at the same time should rouse him to endeavour, if possible, to stay the further progress of the pestilence. But having enumerated a few of its evils in regard to health and life, let us next enquire what are its effects upon the character and reputation of the drunkard.

Behold yon unfortunate being in human shape, staggering along the road, with dogs barking at his heels, and idle boys making sport of him, while the air resounds with his

curses and blasphemies.—That man was once a respectable member of the community; his mind was stored with useful knowledge; his society was courted by all who knew him, and his friendship was esteemed and desired.—His Judgment was relied upon in affairs of importance, and his friends and his neighbours solicited, and acted upon his friendly and judicious advice. Every one thought himself happy in being noticed by him, he was a blessing to his friends, and he possessed the esteem and goodwill of the whole neighbourhood.—But alas! behold the sad reverse! What is he now? The pest of society, a disgrace to his connections, and a curse to the whole neighbourhood. Those who formerly courted his acquaintance now shun him as they would a noisome pestilence—he is avoided by every respectable person, for no man of moral or virtuous principles would suffer himself to be contaminated by his presence. No one pays him the least respect or attention. His advice is no longer sought after, neither is his judgment depended upon. His friends mourn over his degraded state: his relatives are compelled to blush when his name is mentioned, and feel ashamed to own the relationship. In short he is exposed to mingled feelings of contempt and pity, from the wise and virtuous, and to the scorn and derision of foolish and worthless men.—Dreadful degradation! that one who was once so respectable, should become the laughing stock of idle men, the butt and jest of the profligate and abandoned.

Good God! is it possible that any man can listen to these details, without solemnly determining to renounce forever the use of a poison, which entails upon its hapless victims such lamentable consequences?—Can any unfortunate being, already entangled in the snares of this Serpent listen to these accounts, and yet hug still closer to his bosom the monster that is sucking his life blood from his heart. Can he sad return to his besetting sin, like the "dog to his vomiting, and the sow to her wallowing in the mire?" But I have not yet done; I have yet to consider its effects upon the *temporal and eternal happiness* of the drunkard. If the possession of moral and religious feelings, of a moderate share of pro-

perty, of good health, and unblemished reputation, are necessary to the happiness of an individual, the drunkard being destitute of all these must necessarily be unhappy. If to have feelings deadened against shame; if to be contemned, pitied, or despised by all around him; if to be diseased in body and mind; if to be ruined in circumstances and burdened with debts; if to be shunned by the virtuous, and derided by the profligate are sufficient to destroy happiness, the abandoned drunkard must be destitute of *temporal* happiness.

But there is a fatal consequence of intemperance, more dreadful than any I have yet enumerated, which is that it necessarily causes the irremediable loss of eternal happiness, it irrecoverably destroys the soul. Within the dark catalogue of vices practised by the sinner, there is not one more fearfully certain of leading to destruction, than this abominable practice of drunkenness. No sinner is so difficult to convert as the drunkard; none so inaccessible to argument; so dead to shame; so impervious to the reproaches of conscience, the persuasions of reason, or the threatenings of Scripture, as the drunkard. There is none who so frequently offends his maker by profaning his holy name, by mingling it with indecent expressions, by using it in Bacchanalian songs, and by consigning his own soul to perdition, as the drunkard. There is none who is so easily led on by Satan to the commission of crime—none who is so easily incited to deeds of lust and debauchery—none whose passions are more easily excited—none who is likely to be engaged in riotous outrages against the peace and safety of his neighbour, as the drunkard. Who then so likely as the drunkard to be consigned to the realms of unutterable woe. But that eternal misery must be the inevitable portion of the drunkard, is a fact that rests not merely on the deductions of human reasoning, but upon the basis of everlasting truth. If there is any dependance to be placed upon the veracity of the Scriptures, we must believe that no "drunkard shall inherit the Kingdom of God."

Alas! what end is there to the evils produced by intemperance, where shall I stop!—it would be easy to double or treble what I have

already said ^{of} by the miseries it occasions to the drunkard himself, but let what has been said suffice—I must however mention a few of the miseries it entails upon his unfortunate family, as well as himself. Truly unfortunate indeed are those hapless beings who are obliged to be dependant upon a drunkard, and connected with him by what ought to be the endearing ties of wife and children. We will suppose then while temperate, he was the husband of a loving and affectionate wife, the tender father of a lovely family of healthy and happy children. With a cheerful countenance and contented mind, his footsteps brushed away the early dew, and he inhaled the freshness of the morning air, as he walked to his diurnal occupations. His wife beheld his departure, though but for a few hours) with fond regret, her eyes wishfully followed him, and with a grateful heart she thanked the Almighty Father of mercies, that she was blessed with a sober, industrious, and affectionate husband. Light and cheerful was the untroubled heart of that loving wife, her affections were placed upon a husband whom she deemed worthy of them, and she felt an honest pride in calling him her own. At eve when with the ruddy glow of health on his cheek, he returned from his employments, the glad heart of his wife thrilled with the liveliest emotions of joy at the sweet music of his well known voice, and his beloved children bounded forth with playful gambols, to hail and welcome the return of their indulgent and happy parent. His evening repast finished, with his wife sitting beside him, and his innocent children amusing themselves around; until the time for repose should come, he related the several incidents of the day, or read to the beloved partner of his joys, some useful and instructive book.—Then having offered up their evening sacrifice of praise and gratitude, and having taught the infant tongue to lisp thanksgiving to its maker, they retired, to enjoy

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep"—

Thus happily passed his days along. The centre of a happy circle, cheerful, good natured and indulgent, the smile of gladness was visible on every cheek, every eye beamed with

joy, and every heart rejoiced at his approach. His family were happy in his company, and his presence was always a source of pure delight.

Cursed then be the fatal vice, that cast a blight upon this fair scene of domestic harmony and love. Yea forever reprobated be the malignant pestilence, that covered with the blackest clouds, a sky once so serene and fair; that caused his unfortunate yet affectionate wife, such unutterable woes; that made his children beggars, and himself an outcast from society. That pestilence was—liquor. In an evil hour he met with an enemy, in the guise of a friend; yes his own familiar friend in whom he trusted, deceived him. On some festive occasion he lured him to what he called a scene of innocent conviviality. The laugh and the joke went round, the sparkling glass was freely circulated, he formed new acquaintances with men celebrated for wit and humour, his new companions swore eternal friendship, the credulous fool believed them and added his laugh and joke to theirs. His principles indeed prevented him from immediately plunging into excess, he drank but moderately, yet the charm was upon him.—He sought their company again, again his spirits became exhilarated, again the song and the loud laugh were heard among them, the flattering language of his new friends soon made him fancy that he also was a wit, and his visits to their accustomed place of meeting, were again and again repeated. The more he estranged himself from his family, the more distasteful did he find the pleasures of domestic happiness. For a time indeed, he was unconscious of his danger. The tender solicitude of his wife, first took the alarm, but her mild reproaches were at first laughed off, as ill founded and owing only to her fond, though unnecessary alarm. By degrees however, as he became conscious to himself that these reproaches were just, he determined to refrain, still he thought it unnecessary to make an entire sacrifice of his pleasure, he would indeed indulge in them more seldom than he had done, persuaded that he always possessed sufficient moral resolution to free himself from the habit, if it became dangerous. In this fatal resolu-

tion he fell, by his occasional indulgences, he at length became an abandoned sot. He fell not however without a final struggle, but he commenced that struggle too late. He commenced it when the occasional indulgence had gradually become a confirmed habit, he commenced it when his feelings of sensibility had become blunted, and deadened; when his moral resolution was enfeebled, and when he was incapable of that high and energetic resolve, which was necessary to burst asunder the bands that were wreathed around him.—Lamentable change! where was now that once happy and loving wife, whose smile used to reward him for all his toils, and where those cleanly dressed and lovely children, the sight of whose innocent sports used to convey pleasure to his once parental heart. Alas! these fair scenes of bliss are vanished for ever.—That wife having for a long time nourished in secret the worm of unavailing sorrow that was preying upon her life, having often with the tenderest tears of love implored him to refrain and yet implored in vain, at last sunk beneath the pressure of her woes and died broken hearted. Those children once so clean and healthy, are now covered with the squalid rags of poverty, and are compelled to be dependent upon the charity of others for their daily support. Oh my brethren, if there is in this audience, any individual who is conscious to himself, that he has already acquired a fondness for what is termed jovial company and a cheerful glass, I would warn that man, I would most solemnly warn him, as he values his temporal and eternal happiness, to stop in time.—Delays my friends are in your case fatally dangerous, the enemy daily though secretly receives accession to his forces, he makes traitors of your affections and desires, he engages your passions in his service, and if you should not instantly rouse yourself to the combat, you will never be able to subdue him.—Believe me my friends, when this besetting sin, this infatuating vice has had time to entwine itself around your heart, to insinuate itself into your dearest wishes, to enter deeply into your every thought and desire, it will be hard, very hard to subdue it. In escaping from its power, you have to break through chains that

time and habit have closely rivetted about you, it to come in contact with it, for "its touch is (and strange infatuation) have even made death." But says the objector a little of it is dear to you. You have to contend against a powerful foe of deep malignity who has already made a strong lodgment in your soul. Instantly then apply yourself to the task of crushing the fell tyrant within you.

But it may perhaps be objected that a cheerful glass now and then can do no harm, that the evils which have been pointed out, are, the consequences of the *intemperate* and not of the *temperate use* of ardent spirits—and that therefore provided a person makes but a *temperate use* of them there is no need of *total abstinence*. Delusive argument! how often has such specious reasoning lured on the unhappy victim of intemperance, from glass to glass unconscious of his danger till it is too late, when he starts as from a trance and finds himself strangling in the folds of a deadly serpent, which had been insidiously entwined around him. I say not that every one who makes a moderate use of ardent spirits will eventually become an habitual drunkard. God forbid that such should be the case. But I say, and again repeat the assertion, that it is dangerous to advocate the moderate use of ardent spirits, since in too many instances it insensibly leads on to the immoderate abuse of them.

It is the temperate use of them that has filled our country with drunkards; for every besotted creature whom we behold, the pity of the good, and the derision of the profligate, was once a temperate man. When he first began to take the friendly glass, he had not the remotest idea that he should ever become a confirmed sot, he would have trembled at the thought, his feelings would have revolted at the supposition. No man sets out in life with the steadfast purpose of becoming a drunkard; he is led on to it gradually and from various causes. Man is so much the creature of circumstances, that any thing extraordinary occurring in his affairs, and affecting his prospects in life, will often make a drunkard of him, who had previously indulged only in a moderate predilection for strong drink. Like the fascinating lure of the Serpent, it is dangerous to look upon it, still more dangerous is

it to come in contact with it, for "its touch is death." But says the objector a little of it is necessary when a man works hard to enable him to endure fatigue. But is this assertion supported by fact; is it supported by the testimony of those, who having made the human frame the subject of their studies & should be best acquainted with its physical powers.—What say Physicians? The authors of the Journal of health, to which I have already alluded say, "That the labouring classes of whatever colour, and in whatever climate living, never stand in need of the unnatural excitement produced by ardent spirits. Whether on sea or shore, such persons will best preserve their health by entire abstinence from these drinks." "In physical strength, in the capability of enduring labour and fatigue, in the vigour and clearness of the intellectual powers, the individuals whose drink is confined entirely to water, far exceeded those who substituted for the pure element distilled or fermented liquors." Thus we see that the testimony of Physicians proves that strong drink does not make a man any stronger, it does not enable him to endure fatigue or labour as well as pure water, nor is it as beneficial to his health—

"Oh madness! to think use of strong wines,
And strongest drink our chief support of health,
When God (with these forbidden) made choice
to rear
His mighty champion, strong above compare,
Whose drink was only from the liquid brook."

But at all events says the advocate for the moderate use of ardent spirits, you will allow that a little is absolutely necessary, after long exposure to the cold, or to wet, or even to extreme heat. Indeed my friends, I will not admit it, and to confirm my view of the matter we will again refer to enlightened and conscientious Physicians. "They utterly deny the necessity of ardent spirits to the labourer, in heat and cold, and season wet and dry.—Substitutes more salutary may in cases of exposure to drenching rains, be adopted. Molasses, hot water, and ginger, followed by a warm and fine garment, are the best correctives of the chill. What is the effect of the

sudden flash of liquid fire compared with the genial warmth obtained by these milder means?" Thus much for their benefits in cases of cold and wet, let us next enquire what are their effects in case of extreme heat. Dr. Rush very justly remarks, "that we might as well throw oil into a house the roof of which was on fire, in order to prevent the flames from extending to the inside, as to pour ardent spirits into the stomach, to lessen the effects of a hot sun upon the skin." I have thus proved to you from the testimony of respectable Physicians, that ardent spirits are not necessary for the health, or to enable a man to endure constant fatigue, or to obviate the ill effects which result from long exposure to wet, cold or heat. Indeed in no ordinary circumstances of human life, is there any necessity even for the moderate use of them.

As a medicine when prescribed by a sober enlightened physician they may prove salutary. In any other case let them never be used.—Banish them from your houses, never let your children taste them, never encourage them by your own example to take their glass of bitters 2 or 3 times a day. Let your motto be "Touch not, taste not, handle not." If you will consent to adopt this maxim of the apostle as the principle upon which you intend to act, put your name upon the list of a Temperance Society. Promise to abstain yourself, unless by the prescription of a *conscientious* physician, give none of it to your friends or workmen, but above all never give a drop of the liquid poison to your children—you cannot be too cautious in guarding against even the remotest prospect of one of your children becoming a drunkard. • Better, far better, that you should follow that child to the early grave of unsullied innocence—yes though it were your only child, the delight of your heart, the prop of your declining years, the centre of your fond affections, the object of your tenderest solitudes, the being whom you fondly trust will perpetuate your name upon the earth, and transmit it to posterity, decked perhaps, with the wreaths of fame. Better that all these prospects should be thus prematurely blasted by a sudden death, than that that child should ever become a

drunkard.—Teach your children then by your example as well as precept, to beware of drunkenness as the most seductive and dreadful of vices.—Bid them

"Fly drunkenness, whose vile incontinence
Takes both away the reason and the sense;
Consider how it soon destroys the grace
Of human shape, spoiling the beauteous face,
Puffing the cheek, blearing the curious eye,
Studding the face with vicious heraldry,
It wakes the brain, it spoils the memory,
Hast'ning on age and wilful poverty—
It drowns our better parts, making our name
To foes a laughter, to our friends a shame.
'Tis virtue's poison, and the bane of trust,
The match of wrath, the fuel unto lust."

But, says the objector to Temperance Societies (though himself professedly a moral and temperate man) I do not fear for my children, I do not anticipate any probability of their ever becoming drunkards, though I should not join a Temperance Society. I am so averse to intemperance myself, that I endeavour to instil into their youthful minds a similar abhorrence of a practice so detestable.—Besides the drunkard, when reeling under the power of liquor is so degraded an object, that of itself it is sufficient to inspire them with feelings of disgust and horror, and these feelings I trust will effectually preserve them from ever becoming intemperate. This mode of reasoning may appear plausible, but it is not alas! supported by experience, for we have lamentable proofs to the contrary which shew us that men who once were temperate have yet become intemperate, notwithstanding the numberless examples they must have witnessed of the disgusting effects of intemperance. Still I do not deny, but, that under particular circumstances, the sight of a drunkard might be sufficient to fill the mind with such sentiments of abhorrence, as would effectually deter the spectator, from ever becoming a drunkard. But the moral feelings of the community at large must be different from what they now are, and those disgusting spectacles must be far seldomer witnessed than they are at present, before such effects are produced. Drunkards, also must be treated in a far different manner from what they are at

present, there must be a more visible difference in our deportment towards the temperate and the intemperate. Men of virtue and morality must no longer hold out the right hand of fellowship to the drunkard, with the same *apparent* sincerity and friendship, that they would evince in exchanging that token of friendship with a man whose principles and practices entitle him to respect. These great changes in the moral feeling of the country, can only be effected by some powerful association similar to this which we have met to form.

When these institutions are spread over the land, when they are supported by all the respectable part of the community; when men of all religious denominations join them, and every friend of morality supports them, then we may reasonably hope, that the use of ardent spirits will cease to be fashionable, habitual drunkenness will be banished from the country, and then the occasional sight of one of those monsters of iniquity who has renounced the character of man, by becoming a beast, may even be attended with salutary consequences to the rising generation. The ancient Spartans were accustomed sometimes to make their slaves drunk, and in this state "to expose them before their children, in order to deter them from so brutal a species of debauchery."* So long as the drunkard was an object of contempt, and drunkenness was an unfashionable vice, the occasional sight of the degrading consequences of intemperance might produce the desired effect. But when it is a vice that occurs daily, and when become familiar with it, the feelings of disgust which it at first occasioned gradually wear away, and we soon cease to be shocked at the sight of a drunkard. This inevitable result of becoming familiar with any vice is well expressed by the poet, and is peculiarly applicable to this particular sin of drunkenness—

"Vice is a monster of such hideous mien,

"As to be hated, needs but to be seen,

"But seen too oft, familiar with her face.

"We first endure—then pity—then embrace."

This shews the necessity of discountenance—

* Goldsmith.

ing even the moderate indulgence, of what so insensibly leads to the immoderate abuse of an infatuating poison. No man who occasionally indulges in a friendly glass or two with a neighbour, can tell how far he may be led on. He cannot promise himself, that he will always possess such government over his appetites and desires, as to stop in time, and refrain from indulgence, when that indulgence becomes dangerous. He cannot say "thus far will I go and no farther." The progress of this fatal habit may be compared to the bursting of the bank by which any body of water is confined. The liquid element at first insinuates itself, through some small crevice, or chink, but in time by loosening the earth around, the once small crevice gradually becomes larger and wider, until at length the whole body of water pressing onwards with accumulated weight, forces a passage, bursts through with irresistible fury and violence, and deluges the whole plain below. Such also is the gradual yet destructive progress of this fell pestilence. The transition from one glass to another, from feeling *well* to feeling *better*, are in many instances so imperceptible, that a man is often lost, before he is conscious of his danger. The first approaches of this insidious enemy are treacherous and almost imperceptible, its advances are concealed, secret, but sure; it gradually extends its baneful influence over the whole man, until at length its dominion becomes firmly established and the accursed monster reigns triumphant over the shattered wreck of what was once a man. In how many thousand instances has this fatal vice cast its dark and malignant shadows over the paths of those who commenced the fair morning of their lives in the clear sunshine of hope and innocence. But by unfortunately coming in contact with this monster it quickly blasted their fair prospects, and blighted all their fond dreams of future respectability and happiness. It is a vortex, a whirlpool within whose eddying circles, he who once ventures, is hurried round and round, until approaching too near the centre, he is engulphed by the absorbing waves; and finally and irrecoverably lost. It is a contagious disorder which will infect a whole

neighbourhood, sweeping away before it, health, happiness, reputation and property; and leaving behind it, disease, misery, infamy, poverty and death. Who then will stand up to advocate the moderate use of a plague so terrible? Who that values his character as a friend to religion, morality and temperance, will not boldly and patriotically step forward and assist in pulling from his throne a tyrant who exercises his malignant influence with such remorseless tyranny?

But says the *temperate* objector, to a *Temperance Society*, I am afraid the Society will not have the beneficial results that you anticipate, I do not think it will do any good, you will not persuade habitual drunkards to join it, or if they do they will not faithfully adhere to their promises. This often repeated objection (which I have found ready in the mouth of every one, who disapproves of the plan of establishing a society of this kind here), must be met in part, by the equally oft repeated answer, that to reform habitual and confirmed drunkards is not the main object of the society. To reform every abandoned sot in the country, would be an herculean labor, which we do not expect to accomplish. If we can by the aid of God's blessing reform only a very small proportion of them, we shall do much good.—And that it is not quite an impossibility is evident, from the good effects that have resulted in the United States from these institutions.—From a very able speech delivered in Prescott by Mr. Norton about a month ago; we learn that there are in “the state of New York, no less than 200 of these societies, including nearly 30,000 members. That by their efforts more than 700 habitual drunkards have been reclaimed during the past year, that more than 50 distilleries have been stopped—and that the consumption of ardent spirits has decreased more than 200,000 gallons.” These statements prove that they are attended with beneficial effects, and that some drunkards *may* be reformed. Still however had the reformation of confirmed sots been the main object of Temperance Societies, I candidly confess, I should not stand here as an advocate for them. But this is not their principal object, it is not so much to reclaim the intemperate, as to pre-

serve those who are already temperate, from falling into the power of the fascinating but deadly serpent. Viewing it in this light the advantages may be incalculable. Most of the present generation of drunkards may indeed descend into their graves unreclaimed, but when they are gone, if we can fill their places with a temperate race, we shall effect much.—In the present state of society there is no prospect of doing this. It seems as if a race of drunkards were regularly trained up to supply the places of those who drop off the stage of human existence. No sooner does one fall than another is ready to stand in his place.—The stripling no sooner begins to ape at manhood, than he thinks he can best evince his manliness by imitating the vices, rather than the virtues of his elders. Hence we too often see young men who consider it quite manly to get drunk and swear, they see others doing so, and they consider it quite fashionable to do the same. But let intemperance be once properly discountenanced, let the practice of drinking ardent spirits become unfashionable, and we shall no longer behold with sentiments of pity, boys yet in their teens acquiring a fondness for this beastly practice.

Again, joining this society will be attended with salutary consequences to those who are anxious to become temperate, but want sufficient fortitude to resist the importunities of mis-called friends, who often in despite of their better judgment lead them on by their solicitations to those excesses which they say they would gladly shun. If such really be the case, let them join the society, solemnly promise that they will not drink, and they will then be furnished with a sufficient answer to resist the unfriendly solicitations of those who falsely call themselves their friends, I say falsely, for it is not possible that a real friend can wilfully seek to lead his friend to inevitable ruin.

Again, there are others who are conscious to themselves of the evils of Intemperance, who will point out most feelingly the miseries that result from it, who often inwardly resolve against it, and are yet led away by peculiar temptations from their purposes of amendment. Such persons by entering their names on the

records of a society, and promising that they will wholly abstain from the use of liquor, may, from a sense of honour and consistency be enabled to refrain. The celebrated Arch-deacon Paley, speaking of the practice of arming ourselves with some peremptory rule of this kind, says—"I own myself a friend to the laying down of rules to ourselves of this sort, and rigidly abiding by them. They may be exclaimed against as stiff but they are often salutary. *Indefinite* resolutions of abstemiousness are apt to yield to *extraordinary* occasions, and *extraordinary* occasions to occur perpetually. Whereas, the stricter the rule is, the more tenacious we grow of it, and many a man will abstain rather than break his rule, who would not easily be brought to exercise the same mortification from higher motives.—Not to mention, that when our rule is once known, we are provided with an answer to every importunity."*

Let such then be the firm and determined resolution of all who are here present, I earnestly call upon you if you possess a single spark of benevolence for the welfare and happiness of your fellow creatures; and as you value your own happiness, which may yet be endangered, if you still intend to continue the moderate use of ardent spirits; I call upon you I say, wholly to abstain from them, and unite as with one heart and one mind to banish Intemperance from our neighbourhood.—I call upon all of you without distinction of sect or party, to aid in the mighty effort. It is a common cause, and it will require our united exertions. Let every conscientious person promise to aid us in the great contest. Abstain from the accursed thing yourself, give it not to your friends, give it not to your laborers, and finally *sell it not*. Sell it not exclaims the merchant! sell it not echoes the Tavern Keeper! that would be too great a sacrifice, we make too much profit by it. Perhaps you do. But let the merchant conscientiously consider, whether he can clear himself in the sight of God, from the guilt of being accessory to the death and eternal perdition of his fellow creatures, when he sells to them by the whole sale this poisonous liquor. And let the conscientious Tavern Keeper consider whether he is clear from guilt, when he retails to the drunkard, the inebriating draught which deprives him of reason, and has in numberless instances produced sudden and instantaneous death.

These are considerations worthy of their most serious reflection, and upon which they should candidly deliberate before they ever sell another drop of liquor, unless they know that it is intended for some medicinal purpose. I would advise them to reflect seriously upon these things that so when they have come to a decision they may act with a clear conscience whatever their decision may be.

It is true that Merchants and Tavern Keepers, generally make a profit by selling liquor, but when it occasions the evils I have enumerated, when it causes the immediate death of the drunkard, there is blood upon the profit, "it is the price of blood." No man knows, when he sells a quart of liquor to a miserable sot, but that it may cause his instantaneous death, and then at whose door lies the guilt?

Such cases have occurred in other places in numberless instances, the blood of 10,000 such unfortunate beings, cries aloud for vengeance upon those who made a gain by their miseries; who ministered to them the cup of poison, and made themselves rich, by supplying the miserable victims of intemperance with the "accursed thing."—No matter in what way the poison is administered, the Scripture says, "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and maketh him drunken also."—But I am persuaded, that if all would unite in promising not to sell any spirituous liquors, the pecuniary sacrifice would not be very great, and one would possess no advantage over another in the way of custom.—And whatever money was saved in this way, by those who formerly laid it out in liquor, would be expended on other things, for the support and comfort of their families, and upon which the merchant would have a better profit, than he has upon his liquors.

The saving of money, time and happiness, that would result from total abstinence, would

* Paley's Moral Philosophy.

be immense. Few of you, I dare say, have any idea of the sums that have been expended for this destructive poison, during the last year, even in this small village. By far the most enquiring I have learned, that there have been at least 4,100 gallons of different kinds of spirituous liquors sold here—of these 2,400 gals. are sold in the shops, and average run, brandy and whiskey together, 3s. per gallon, amounting to the sum of \$1,440. 1,700 gals. are sold at the taverns, and as some of these are retailed at the rate of 10s., 18s. and 20s. per gal., while some are sold in larger quantities at 2s. 6d. and 3s.—It cannot be considered an extravagant calculation to rate them all at 7s. 6d. per gal.—supposing they were sold at this rate, they would cost \$2,550, which added to the former sum, will make the enormous gross amount of \$3,990, or nearly \$4 for every man, woman and child in the Township. Is not this an alarming statement. You lately petitioned the Parliament to aid you in improving the roads from this to Prescott—suppose then that the Legislature had for that purpose, imposed a tax upon the Township to the amount of nearly \$4000, what loud and angry murmurings, and remonstrances would have been heard from every corner of the Township, you would have thought it utterly impossible to raise so much money, you would have had sorrowful complaints of bad seasons and damaged crops, of hard times and scarcity of money, and yet all this sum of money has been worse than thrown away. This money would have made an excellent road to Prescott, as well as improved the roads in different parts of the Township.

But as I have trespassed upon your patience so long, I shall only before concluding very briefly call upon each and every one of you individually to aid us in putting a stop to these evils. The more that join the better, it will shew the sense of the community at large upon a subject of vital importance. Almost every Town and village along the frontier are rising as by a simultaneous movement, to chase from among us the fatal pestilence. Let us emulate their example. The standard of Temperance is planted in the land, its banners are unfurled, and floating on the wind, let us rally around it. The trumpet has sounded, let us obey its call, America blew the blast and its sound has gone through the earth summoning the nations to the contest. Its reverberations reached the shores of Old England, Echo caught the sound and repeated it with a blast so loud and shrill that the whole Island started into action and now Temperance societies are forming in almost every part of the United Kingdom. Let us then join in the glorious struggle. We may not be able to effect much good, but we may do some. If we can but reform one drunkard and prevent ten of those who are now temperate from ever becoming intemperate we shall have no need to regret the personal sacrifice it may have cost us. The recollection, that even one individual has been by our exertions in the cause of virtue, rescued from the strangling folds, and envenomed fangs of a poisonous serpent will afford us that,

“Which nothing earthly gives, or can destroy.”
 “The souls calm sunshine, and the heart felt joy.”