

POETRY.

THE FAVOURED LAND.

I.  
Britannia sat musing upon her lov'd shore,  
The winds were asleep, and the waves kiss'd her feet,  
The sun had gone down, and day's splendour was o'er;  
And silence had hallow'd her lonely retreat;  
"So the sun of our glory," she sigh'd, "takes its flight,  
So the bright hopes of Britain seem shrouded in night."

II.  
"O land of the ocean and rock of the wave,  
The worship'd of Earth and the favour'd of Heav'n,  
Where the beautiful dwell with the free and the brave,  
Where providence smiles, and an Eden is giv'n:  
Thou hast shone 'mid the nations like Europe's bright star,  
A beacon when dark tempests threat'ned afar."

III.  
"Yet a nation of freemen seem clanking their chains,  
A fam'd land of heroes are crouching like slaves,  
The peasant's bold song is now hush'd on thy plains,  
And the rough seaman's tear mingles with the blue waves;  
For faction has crippled the loom and the plough,  
And thy white sails of commerce flap heavily now."

IV.  
"Yes, Mammon now mocks the star'd Englishman's sigh,  
The oligarch laughs at gaunt poverty's tear,  
The songs of the pamper'd dromedary's cry,  
And where plenty smiles famish'd faces appear;  
Proud wealth seems to lord it o'er heav'n's favour'd land,  
And the temple profanes rais'd by freedom's own hand."

V.  
"And when will the spirit awaken again—  
What breath shall re-ignite the patriot flame—  
What voice shall arouse the bold sons of the main,  
To wipe off the stain that now darkens their fame?  
O when will prosperity gladden our isle,  
When commerce shall flourish and liberty smile?"

VI.  
Through the gath'ring gloom burst the star of the night:  
"That orb," said Britannia, "a sigh seems to be,  
That my country again shall shine forth in her might,  
And her own moral energy render her free—  
Behold the bright symbol appears in the skies,  
And the phoenix again from its ashes shall rise!"  
—Morning Advertiser. JESSIE HAMMOND.

THE WINE QUESTION SETTLED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ANTI-BACCHUS."

CHAPTER I.

[CONTINUED.]

Supposing they commend an unfermented wine, it cannot thence be concluded that they also commend that which is fermented. Supposing they commend a drugged wine, still it would not follow that they commend those which contain an alcoholic poison; and supposing they extolled a wine with one or even four per cent of spirit, it would be rash to conclude that, therefore, they exhort us to drink port and sherry brandied up to twenty or twenty-four per cent of poison. Every reasonable person will admit that a difference in the beverage is quite sufficient to neutralize the injunction to drink it, supposing such to exist. If wine is commended in Scripture, still we must remember that it is not any wine and every wine but the wine mentioned in Scripture that is commended. The term wine is one of the most vague and uncertain terms that any language can produce. In England without an adjective, aye, and more than that, without a test, it conveys no definite idea whatever. The adjuncts Port, Sherry, Madeira, or Tent can never inform us what kind of trash we are drinking. Until we have taken it to the chemist, or employed a test ourselves, we have no means of ascertaining whether these vaunted beverages are the produce of the vine, or a mere mixture of copperas, log-wood-chips, arsenic, and other ingredients. And will any one say that because the word of God speaks favourably of the fruit of the vine, therefore it commends every mixture, however poisonous, which the caprice or cupidity of man may covet or produce? Where, we may justly ask, has reason fled, when such sentiments are palmed upon the public in the name of arguments? If you say the Bible recommends wine, surely I have a right to ask, what wine? and, until you have answered this question, the commendation of Scripture is so indefinite that it is impossible to be obeyed. In drinking brandied port and sherry, I am not drinking the wines of Scripture. In drinking the trash called wine, which has been manufactured at Madeira, I am not drinking the wine of Scripture. In drinking the stuff, which the cupid of the wine-merchant has doctored, I am not drinking the wines of Scripture. In drinking the comparatively strong wines of France, or any other climate of a lower temperature than Palestine, I am not drinking the wine of Scripture. In drinking the fermented liquors or distilled poisons of the moderns, I am not drinking the wines of Scripture. Until you can bring me the identical wines mentioned in the word of God, 'tis worse than irrational to plead the authority of revelation to induce men to poison their health and morals by those modern adulterations called wine. You might as well say, that because incense was burnt on the altar of God, therefore we ought to fumigate our houses with tobacco, or because the balm of Gilead is commended, therefore we ought all to drink green tea, or chew opium! as to argue that because our Lord drank of the fruit of the vine, therefore we ought to drink every extract of the still, and every kind of poisonous trash which modern avarice may choose to compound, and call wine!!

I think these observations prove that the subject before us is far from being unimportant, for if we succeed in showing the character of the wines of the ancients, then we shall be able to compare them with our modern beverages, and thus be able, from history and science, to decide how far our tastes and theirs corresponded, and to discover whether or not the principles of total abstinence are sustained by any other argument than that of expediency.

Indeed, the sentiments which I am now advancing but for prejudice, or the want of reflection, would have suggested themselves to every thinking mind. Philosophy has discovered that alcohol is a poison, and physiology has demonstrated that as a poison it must be injurious to the human body. No human being with alcohol in his frame can be in a state of health.

The medical man, who denies this fact, is a mere quack, who has never learned his profession, and ought to lose his certificate and be articulated against. We are now arriving at a period when the people will understand their Bibles too well to commit their souls to the guidance of ignorant parsons; when they will understand the law too well to put up with petty-foggery lawyers; and when they will be too well versed in dietetics and physiology to entrust their health to selfish physicians, whose conversation and prescriptions prove that they are ignorant of the first principles of their profession. Education and science will make every man a judge of his lawyer, his parson, and of his doctor, and thus be an effectual remedy in future against that certificated and chartered ignorance which has wantonly wasted so much property, poisoned so many bodies, and ruined such multitudes of immortal souls.

Alcohol then is a poison. Every book on medicine, on poisons, or on the nature and qualities of substances, will attest this fact. And, need I add, that the multiplicity of doctors, drugs, and diseases, the latter increasing rather than decreasing, notwithstanding the vast and almost astounding number of those who are licensed to preserve the national health awfully demonstrate that alcohol is a poison. Now what is a poison, but that which, if taken into the body, wages war with health and life. And this is the very thing that alcohol is every moment doing through the length and breadth of the land. Our prisons are thronged by those whom this accursed spirit has demoralized. Our workhouses swarm with those whose prospects in this world have been blasted for ever by this fiery scourge. Our hospitals teem and groan with those whose health it has ruined for ever, and the grave, during every minute of the hours allotted to interment, gapes wide to receive the bodies of those intemperate, or self-styled moderate drinkers, whom alcohol, in the form of beer, wine, or distilled liquor, has slain. The fiery flying serpent of Moses was a benignant seraph, compared with this burning venomous viper, which men, calling themselves Christians, are every day, aye, and some every hour, hatching in the still or mash-tub. But I need not produce arguments on this topic. There never was a truth more evident to the eyes of all who will open their eyes, than this fact, that alcohol is a poison. To occupy time on this subject would be as idle as on a clear summer's noon to attempt to prove that the sun is shining. Taking our stand then by this great truth, that alcohol, or the spirit of modern beer, wine, and other intoxicating drinks is a poison, we would ask, where is the man, who, after ascertaining this fact, will have audacity enough to assert, that a God of love has ever recommended any beverage in which it existed? The Bible affirms that "God's tender mercies are over all his creatures;" and there is not an animated being, from the smallest animacule to the mighty elephant or whale, from the polypus to an archangel, whose whole conformation, mode of existence, and preservation does not fully illustrate the truth of these inspired words. And will any one, then, be impious enough to aver, that while the paternal eye of Providence never sleeps, and never loses sight, no, not for a moment, of any living inhabitant of this lower world, that while the same watchful tenderness incessantly labours to supply the means of life, to its countless myriads of dependant offspring, and has furnished for the preservation of all, such numerous safety valves, and multitudinous means of attack, of defence, and individual security from harm; will any one, I say, with these facts before his eyes, be bold or blasphemous enough to declare that this same benevolent parent has ever recommended to human beings a beverage that poisons both the body and the immortal spirit? On mankind Jehovah has bestowed especial tokens of favour. Nothing is more evident, than that man is the favourite of the universe. Creation, providence, and redemption, fully demonstrate the truth of this assertion. And not only is his immortal spirit an object of deep solicitude to the heart of divine love, but his frail body is regarded with an almost equal affection, for even that the resurrection will stamp with immortality. Human life is dear to the Deity. The profusions of providence, the guardian hand of omnipotence, the commands of Moses and of Christ, and, in a word, a large proportion of the doctrines, duties, and threatenings of revelation, are pledged to minister to human life; and dare any human being, who puts in the least claim to scientific knowledge or Christian feeling, assert, that God has ever recommended a drink which is destructive of human life? Either alcohol is not a poison, or else God has never recommended it. That it is a poison, science, history, and daily observation most fully attest; and therefore no alternative is left to any devout philosopher or Christian, but to conclude, that God has neither produced it by his providence, nor commended in his holy word any beverage in which it exists. Hence, from what logicians call a priori arguments, it could be proved, that our merciful Creator and Redeemer has nowhere in the sacred volume mentioned with approbation any wine or other liquor in which this deleterious poison was found.

I am not going to rest my conclusions on arguments such as these: I here adduce them to show that a very little reflection, and reverence for the character of our benevolent Creator, would have restrained our opponents from those reckless assertions, which reflect so deeply upon the consistency and benevolence of the Deity. Here, perhaps, as in every other pursuit, reverence for God is one of the surest handmaids to truth. He who, in the investigation of any subject, first sits down and consults his own appetites, is almost certain to err, while he who considers the homage that is due to his Creator is likely to be influenced with that modesty which is one of the brightest ornaments of a disciple of truth. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

I may here be told that poisons are good as medicines, and that in this character alcoholic drinks may be prescribed and used. To this it may be replied, that poisons are never given to produce health, but always to produce disease. Yes, strange as it may appear, the physician who gives you a poison as a medicine, when you are diseased, gives it not to make you well, but actually and truly to make you ill. The case is this; there is a disease already in one part of your body, and your medical attendant hopes, that by producing a new disease in some other part of your frame, he may perhaps succeed in withdrawing the distemper from the spot in which at present it is lodged; and therefore he administers to you a poison for the sole purpose of making you ill. The man must be the merest quack that ever rolled up a pill, who supposes that poisons can directly promote health. I make these remarks to justify an expression already advanced, "that no human being with alcohol in his

body can be in a state of health; and hence not only the folly but the wickedness of taking this poison as a daily beverage, and the little less than blasphemy of the man who asserts that a God of love, who commands us to "do ourselves no harm," has ever recommended us to use so deleterious a drink.

But I have another a priori argument, and I may here observe, that a priori arguments were those alone which first impressed my own mind, and led to the discovery of the historical and scientific facts contained in these pages. In addition, then, to the self-evident fact, that a God of love cannot recommend his children to drink poisons, it appeared to me equally clear, that the wines of the ancients must of necessity have been very different from modern port, sherry, champagne, or any other of those beverages; for it is allowed on all hands that distillation is a comparatively modern discovery: until the ninth century of the Christian era it was unknown, and therefore, until that period, alcohol, or pure distilled spirit was not in existence. It should also be observed, that until the sixteenth century ardent spirit was not in general use. Now it is notorious, that all modern port and sherry wines are mixed with from twelve to sixteen per cent of alcohol; but as in the times of Christ, David, or Lot, there was no alcohol with which to increase the strength of their wines, it must follow, as clearly as any mathematical conclusion, that the wines of Palestine, in ancient times, very much differed from those of England in our day. I will presently show, that the wines of the east, if allowed to ferment, could not have had in them more than four per cent of alcohol, while modern port and sherry are often brandied up to twenty-two or twenty-six per cent. What a novice, then, in science, history, and logic, that man must be, who argues, that wines two thousand years ago exactly corresponded with those of our own time. He must believe that wines were brandied before brandy was in existence! We shall not be surprised if such a reasoner should assert, that St. Paul travelled around Illyricum on a railroad, and that our Lord used to cross the Lake of Tiberias in a steam-vessel. He may tell us that wine is wine, and therefore that all wine is alike, but such an assertion and argument would betray his judgment and intelligence; because, on the same reasoning, we may say, a coat is a coat, and a bottle is a bottle, and therefore that the coat without seam worn by our Lord, was exactly the same in cut and form with that worn this day by any first-water Bond-street dandy; and that the leather bottles of Palestine were made of glass, and, both in material and form, were the very counterparts of the port-wine bottles of England. The moderation man who uses this species of argument, proves, that the inspirations of his wine have by no means clarified his reasoning faculties, and that, although teetotalers may be simpletons, yet their tipping opponents are not one whit before them in the perspicuity of their perceptions.

(To be continued.)

DEATHS FROM DRINKING COLD WATER.

[From the "Temperance Recorder."]

Yesterday the changes rung in this village, that a man had died of drinking cold water. What do you say now, Mr. Kittredge? How do you answer that, was the inquiry, from one and another, whom we happened to meet. We answering by saying, that, if the man was not a rum-drinker, then he was not dead, that we never knew a man, and doubted whether a case could be found of a man, who died of drinking cold water, who was not a rum-drinker; that a man who did not drink rum did not crave water, as one who did—and if he did, he would have more discretion than to drink enough to kill him. We knew nothing of the character or habits of the man, who had died, but felt confident, that, if he had died, as stated, he must have been a rum-drinker, and probably a hard one. This morning we took pains to obtain the facts, and find, that a man did die yesterday in this village at Hebert's, very suddenly; that he was very intemperate, and had for two or three months drank from a pint to a quart of rum daily. Yesterday morning, he took a dram before breakfast, went to work in the field, and came up to dinner sick; that he called for something to drink and took a glass of rum, and soon another, and soon called for another, but in attempting to drink, it strangled him, so that he could not swallow it. He thereupon took a pitcher of water and drank freely of that. It is said also, that he drank at the pump, and poured a quantity of cold water on to his neck and into his bosom. He was soon found on a pile of oats dying, and soon was a corpse. Now what killed him? Cold water, if you please. A man gets drunk and falls into a mill pond and is drowned; a man gets drunk and cuts his throat with a razor; a man drinks a quart of rum and then two quarts of cold water, and dies.—What kills him? The water drowns him, the razor or the cold water kills him, if you please. But, if he had not drunk the rum, he would not have fallen into the mill pond, or cut his throat, or drank two quarts of cold water at a time.—And the man of whom we speak, would, no doubt, have been alive now, but for rum; and from the best information we can get, we are inclined to believe, that he would have died, if he had not drunk the cold water. He was burnt up with rum. But, even, if the cold water killed him, he drank it to allay the raging fury of the rum fever within. If cold water was the immediate, rum was the primary and real cause of his death.

Our advice to all men is, during the hot

weather, to drink no spirit or cider—to labor moderately in the heat of the day, to cool themselves gradually, and then they will be in little danger of drinking so much cold water as to kill them. Water will kill a mad dog, water will kill a horse, when he is very warm, and water will kill a rum-drinker, but cold water men have little, if any thing to fear from it. We wish to be understood. We do not mean to say, that it is impossible for a man, who drinks no spirit, to drink cold water, so as to hurt, or even kill him. Such a thing may be, but it is not very likely to be for the best of reasons. The cold water kills from the great and sudden change, which it produces. The rum drinker has the most internal heat, and therefore the sudden change produced by the water is the greatest. He is more thirsty, and therefore the more likely to drink indiscreetly. We hope this case will operate as a solemn caution to all. Sudden death is calculated to affect the mind—and we think this case a solemn warning to all men to drink no ardent spirit, and to be prudent and temperate in the use of water. We hope they will profit by it.

P. S. Since writing the above, we learn that the man, after he drank the water, was told to drink some rum or it would kill him; this he at first declined, but afterwards drank part of a glass. So that it appears that before taking the water he had filled his stomach with rum, and then drank rum on the top of water. If water is injurious, and rum will counteract its effects, as people imagine, he was a fair experiment. No man can say he died for want of rum.

Mr. Editor—Previous to the cholera, an interesting female presented herself at my door for work. Her appearance indicated the most touching sorrow; work was given; her countenance lighted up with a joyous expression—"now I shall have bread for my children." A deep interest was excited; she told her tale; she had known better days; her husband, father and brother all once had farms near Albany, were happy and comfortable. But they began to trade with a man that sold rum, a member of the church too; the kegs were replenished very often. Then began sorrow and contentions, neglect of families and farms; they all three became drunkards, and the dealer in rum has their farms. The whole tale would move a heart of stone. During the prevalence of the cholera the husband of the wretched mother spoken of came home drunk; he found his wife a corpse. I saw her in her last agonies. There was no husband at hand to bring medical aid when first attacked. The fell disease soon completed its work, and her eldest child died and followed her to the grave within twelve hours. The remaining child is now supported by the contributions of the public at the orphan asylum. The husband took off the stove I furnished his wife to keep her and her little ones from freezing, and doubtless either sold or pawned it for rum. Oh! if the rum-seller could only picture to himself the wretchedness, the blasting of all the social affections, the desolation brought around the fire-side, and the evils entailed from generation to generation, from the sale of a single glass of rum, he would pause before he could bring himself to be instrumental of causing so much misery to the human race. A single glass in the onset is the exciting cause and creates the appetite which the grave alone too often terminates. Let the youth of our country take warning by this fact; let them avoid the first glass, for in it is a serpent which may sting them to death.

MANLY CONFESSION.

A member of the late Temperance Convention at Utica, related to me the following anecdote:—"Several years since I was in business in Albany, as a grocer. One evening, a man arrived from the country with four barrels of whiskey, which he sold to me at the customary price, I think something less than thirty cents per gallon, and wished for a hogshead of Jamaica rum to take back with him. I told him that I had not the rum on hand, but was expecting every hour to receive some from New-York, and if he could wait till the next day, I would supply him, to which he assented. I had the whiskey rolled into the cellar, transferred into an old rum hogshead, and manufactured, and on the following day sold it to the same man I had bought it of, at an advance of about 75 cts. per gallon."

The utmost reliance may be placed upon this statement, and as it evinces a willingness to make all the atonement the nature of the case admits, we wish there were many more to imitate this example of leaving the business and making confession.