

# THE GLEANER.

And Northumberland, Kent, Gloucester, and Restigouche Schediasma.

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*Nec araneorum sane textus ideo melior, quia ex se fila gignunt, nec noster vilior quia ex alienis libamus ut apes.*

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## THE GLEANER.

### TEMPERANCE.

We take the following extract from an eloquent speech delivered by the Hon. Thomas F. Marshall, at the Tabernacle, in Broadway, New York, on the 4th ult.

The experiment then has been made,—and I verily believe that man, with all his powers, is the only animal that, once sickened by the use of alcohol, will ever try it again.—And most wisely is it thus arranged,—for if it were not so—if the appetite had been implanted in animals, and the substance provided by nature to satisfy it, the whole animal creation would perish. Most kindly then has nature hidden the substance; most wisely has she placed it among her most recondite arcana, and at the same time failed to implant in the nature of the lower animals the appetite which should tempt to its use. But has nature then left man so dangerously exposed—and are we to argue from this that nature is unkind to him than to the animals below him? Think not so—for along with all the appetites and passions that man may have, nature has given to him that which she has given none else: she has given to him the power of looking in upon and examining the nature and structure of his own organization, and the nature, and structure, and use of everything by which he is surrounded in this universe in which God has placed him. Admit then that nature has given to man this appetite—and the skill to discover the food which shall satisfy its craving: she has also given him Reason to guide and control him. Admit this, and say if nature has been unkind to man. If she has given him reason to act, and power to avoid, has she been unjust to him? I think not,—and the very existence of it demonstrates at once how carefully she has guarded him from this appetite, and given him power for self protection and salvation. Is it not, gentlemen, adding dignity to human nature—and is it not a proof of the high estimate (and I hope there is no impropriety in using the expression) which God, the creator, has placed upon the nature he formed when he left man exposed to dangers and difficulties, and at the same time armed him with power to shield himself from them? Is not nature wise and just? If she has exposed men to dangers which other men do not encounter, she has not left him to the guidance of a blind instinct,—she has given him a more powerful defence—a mightier weapon, and strictly will she hold him responsible for its use.

Rash were we may then for an apology, lay not the sin of drunkenness at Nature's door. No! Drunkenness is man's own work, it is peculiar to himself. It is not found anywhere else in the whole universe,—and a drunken man (and I suppose Temperance has not so far advanced in this city but that such men have been seen) I should think would be the hardest thing in the world for the philosopher to classify—since we are upon philosophy! It is harder to say to what genus he belongs than anything else which has been the subject of my experience,—and I have had ample opportunity for examining—yes, and for feeling it too. A drunken man is not a man any longer certainly,—he has neither the features, the intellect, the heart nor the form of a man. He has no longer the erect countenance of a man. That face and that form, which were shaped to be erect and to look to heaven, are the face and form of man no longer. Why, he can't walk like a man. It fuddles his brain, blurs his eyes, dulls his ear, swells his body and dwindles his legs!

But of all the ills it works—Oh! of all the rain it brings upon man—look upon the death it inflicts upon the heart and the moral constitution of the human race. Here are its most terrible triumphs. We might forgive it all the rest,—if it only made us sick, if it only spoiled our beauty, if it only hurried man to a premature grave, if we could measure its ruin by dissipated fortunes, by ruined health, and by destruction of life—O then we might forgive it! Men must die at last, and any agency which only precipitates that event by a few years, or months, or weeks, we may overlook as no great evil. The mere dissolution—the decomposition of the physical elements of which our nature is so strangely composed—the scattering of that mysterious and wonderful link which binds the mind and body—which must eventually take place—is not so much to be deplored, and the agency which precipitates it might be forgiven.—What does a man mean when he says 'himself'? What do I mean when I use the words *I myself*, and call myself a man—what do I mean? Is it merely his clay? Oh no!—When I say *myself*—when I allude to what is called *me*—I mean

that *divine particular*, which revelation tells us was breathed into man at his birth by the Author of his being. I mean that which the divinity has implanted within him—the reason and the heart; not only the power by which he thinks, and imagines, and demonstrates, but all that world of moral emotions of which he is the monarch and the lord. I mean all those fine feelings and sympathies which make him human—all which make him holy—all which make him, and as we all hope and as we all believe he is, eternal. The ruin of this—the prostration of *this* it is which makes alcohol man's greatest curse, and renders its crimes to the eyes of man altogether unparadonable. It is the peculiar effect of alcohol, no other poison does it. Arsenic kills a man, but as long as he lives—while he can draw a single breath—he is a man still. Other poisons produce death; but so long as man can breathe under their power, so long he will love his wife—so long will he love his child and his friends; and though he sink into the arms of death under the influence of a poison too strong for his nature, still his moral nature triumphs, love survives, and the man bids defiance to death and the grave! Alcohol does what nothing else can do, it overflows, with a destructive flood, all that is noble in human nature. It annihilates the immortal mind and the deathless soul! *That's* what it does!

What other vice—what other crime, or poison, or pest on earth can turn the heart and the hand of man against weakness and innocence? Make a man a robber—throw him into the fierce collisions of life by which he must be surrounded—let him surrender himself to their influence—make him the enemy of man, make him a robber or a murderer—and yet, robber and murderer as he is, at his own hearthstone he is a man still! He loves his wife—his child clings to him for care and support. That high chivalry of mankind which makes the feebleness of woman her best defence—which makes her weakness her greatest strength—which gives her a claim on man for defence and support—*nothing* destroys it but alcohol. Nothing else on earth can raise the muscular arm of man against the weak, shrinking, helpless form of woman! Nothing else severs the parental tie that binds him to the offspring to which he has given existence; nothing destroys it but alcohol. In disease, in poverty, in crime, in the presence of death, the fleeting wretch may be pressed to the earth; but the infant who owes to him his existence still hangs on him—is still bound to him by a strong and indissoluble bond, which grows stronger the more deeply he is steeped in misery and wretchedness. Nothing destroys it but alcohol. This *unhumanizes* man; it blots out the image of his God, strips him of his glory, and obliterates from his heart every trace of his great original.

But gentlemen, I might descant for ever upon this subject—and perhaps I have already descanted too long. But I might go on forever through all the relations in which it can be reviewed, and show that the use of alcohol is an *unmixed evil*, without one single advantage to balance it—to weigh even as the lightest dust against the numerous social and individual evil it inflicts on the human race. And I have shown that Nature is not responsible for it. If we trust to reason for its support temperance must go down, and the banner of Temperance must wave triumphant from the palace to the hamlet. But its triumph has not yet come. It has still to go through strong conflicts, to encounter terrible enemies. Let not the cause of Temperance, ye who are members of its societies, ye who are the priests of Temperance principles, let it not mingle itself with any other cause whatever. Above all things on earth, eschew all political alliance. The cause is too high for law. Make no statutes, nor attempt to make any, on the subject. It began in weakness—leave it, unaided by human enactments, to the mighty instruments which God himself, the author of this great revolution, has selected in the first instance as the means of its support. Let politicians as politicians, and legislators as legislators, *alone*. If they join you as some have done, O! in God's name open your arms wide to receive them, but don't go to them. Let them vex the walls of the national legislature, and weary the very atmosphere with the din of their party contests. Keep the Temperance ear sealed up against them. Persecute nobody. Look rather with compassion and sympathy on the unfortunate wretches who yet have not power to break their chains; but O! don't make laws against them! God knows they are under a law hard enough already. This cause is too high for law. Like the nymph of Diana (of whom I have somewhere read among the classic poets of antiquity) who, pursued hard by some deadly enemy to her purity and honour, looked up and invoked the

protection of her tutelary goddess, and prayed that she may be shielded from the impending evil—we are told, according to the fable that she was turned into a fountain of pure, gushing water; and to find a still more certain refuge from harm, according to the inventive spirit of Grecian poetry; we are told that she flowed under ground; to escape still farther from her dread pursuer she flowed on and on through the wide ocean—escaped from her beautiful but dangerous land and arose in another as pure and bright as when first she left her own Greece. Let the Temperance cause imitate the example of Arethusa. Let it flow on—for it has to come in contact with the muddy waters of political strife—pure and undefiled as she, through the salt sea, and refuse to mingle its bright stream with its dark and turbid waters!

Gentlemen, there are several remaining points of interest in which this subject might be considered; and it may not be inappropriate, before such an audience as is here assembled, to glance at and assail that stubborn habit which we call 'fashion'—the most formidable obstacle to be encountered in the progress of the cause. But as it is within the limits of possibility that I may while in New York, again speak upon this subject, I shall postpone many things I would like to say until another occasion.

With regard to myself, I have already spoken somewhat too long—far more than I would have done if I had not known from various sources, that some little of my personal history was already known, chiefly from the Public Press, in this city of New York. God knows that I should feel no disposition to vaunt of what I have done, even if nothing but the truth had been told, and far more than was true *has* been told of me—and this too is one of the consequences of *temperance*. Bad as it is in its best estate—and bad enough it is, God knows—a man always has enemies enough to make it worse. But I am modest and humble enough to confess, here before you all, that my case was bad enough; and if my example may not be set up as a model for the imitation of any human being on any other subject, it may on this.—If it could bring back to that cause in which we are now engaged, and of whose blessings I have had such experience, any human being, he is perfectly welcome to all my experience; and it is a wide and fearful one. And oh! if there be in my hearing one single high toned, courageous, noble young fellow, who has commenced this thing, though he may not be a drunkard now—though society may not treat him as such—though his friends may not consider him a drunkard, and though the ladies of his acquaintance may look upon him merely as a gay and social fellow—though he may only indulge in a glass now and then to show that he is a man of spirit, that he is not under the influence of fanatics and preachers, that he has nothing gloomy about him—though he think it only an evidence of glowing and chivalrous manhood—will he pardon me if I come to him and ask me to let me, if he please, warn him, solemnly, impressively, on this subject, and give him the benefit of my experience? Why, I am not more of a fanatic now than I was before. I am as gay a fellow to day as ever in my life. I am as utterly free from any feeling of gloom or depression, or fanaticism as ever in my life. Temperance gloomy? Why it is the gayest, most cheerful thing in all the world. Temperance gloomy? Why, it is the cause of health—perfect and unclouded health and enjoyment!—and from that spring flow all the pleasures and virtues of our nature. It is the very cause and source of cheerfulness and gaiety. Let any one who doubts this try it.

Our pledge is perpetual, and it is the only one worth any thing. But let any one who drinks just enough daily to disturb the circulation of the blood quit it altogether for a single month, and see how he will feel. Oh! what a change it does work in his merely physical sensations!—in the mere sensations of his animal being—in its restoration of quiet, blessed sleep—of regular meals—of steady and healthful nervous action! Then let him return to his drink, oh no, don't let him do it, but let him watch another who will do it; let him go into his room the morning after a night's debauch, let him feel his pulse, look at his eyes, talk to him. Let him hoist the curtain from his eastern widow—if he is fortunate enough to have a window that looks to the east—and tell him that God's glorious sun is coming, attended by all the magnificence and bright glory with which it rises wheeling up from the other hemisphere and gladdens earth with its rays, and *he can't see it!*—or if he does, he can't feel it. There is no response in his breast to that grandest and most elevating phenomenon of the universe!

Go again to that man when he is sober: turn

the same eyes to the same scene, and he will bound from his couch with grateful acknowledgments to that God, or Nature, or the power—call it what you please—be you priest or philosopher; he thanks that power from the bottom of his heart for having organized so fine a system—for having established so fine a connection between mind and matter, and given to him the power to see and feel with a glow of joy the gorgeous beauty with which Heaven clothes the Universe! Why, if a man was consulting only his own animal pleasures he would be a Temperance man.

An argument in favor of Temperance might well be addressed to Epicurus himself. No voluptuary would ever touch alcohol if he really knew what pleasure is. If he does, he must give up all other pleasures. It changes his nature, and he cannot enjoy that and others to. God has made man such as he is—and he has made himself. And if he will persist in torturing from nature, by his own ingenuity, poison which was never made for him, and in thus changing his whole being for the sake of the solo pleasure of drinking alcohol—he must give up all others. Let him do it. He will soon see which is wisest, he or nature! Let that man who has any imagination—who has any poetry in his soul, give up alcohol: if he wishes to taste and enjoy all that is beautiful and sublime in Nature or in morals—he must give it up, for he cannot enjoy them both. And how can he renounce these for the love of alcohol!

Oh, how canst thou renounce the boundless store  
Of charms which nature to her vot'ry yields!  
The warbling woodland, and the resounding shore,  
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields;  
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,  
And all that echoes to the song of even,  
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,  
And all the dread magnificence of heaven,  
O! how canst thou renounce and hope to be forgiven!

### AGRICULTURAL.

SETTING GATE POSTS.—Messrs. Editors.—As I was about setting a gate post, the Cultivator came from the office. I sat down to peruse it, and cast my eye on an article giving directions how to set posts. The writer says—Dig your hole something larger than your post, then take water lime and sand, make it into mortar, pick up small stones, throw it into it, set down your post, take a shovel and throw in your mortar, fill up the hole and let it stand until it gets hard before using. It struck me that it was an improvement, but after a little reflection, I thought I could improve upon it. I therefore set down my post, which was 8 by 10 inches, gathered small stones, filled up the hole with them, made my mortar so that it would pour, filled the hole a little rounding with it, so that no water could stand near the post, smoothed it off, let it stand two or three days, and hung my gate, where it has been two years as firm as the tree before it was cut down, in a solid body of cemented stone two feet square. As water lime is an article that but few people keep by them, I would say that I have no doubt but mortar made of common lime and sand would be a great improvement in preserving the post as well as keeping it firm.

P. OTIS.

UNIFORMITY IN THE TREATMENT OF STOCK.—I know no greater mistake that farmers commit, in respect to their animals, than in their variable and capricious treatment of them, sometimes filling them to repletion, at other times subjecting them to the most severe treatment,—taking them for example, from the pastures in the autumn in high condition, and by hard usage in winter reducing them to mere skeletons before spring. The animal constitution always suffer essentially by such reverses. It is said that a sheep is never fat but once. There is a great deal of truth in this assertion. Perhaps it is to be received with some qualifications, but I know how very difficult it is to raise an animal from a low condition.

The farmers prejudice very greatly their own interest in suffering their milch cows to come out in the spring in low condition. During the time they are dry, they think it enough to give them the coarsest fodder, and that in limited quantities, this, too at the time of pregnancy, when they require the strongest and the most nourishing food. The calf itself, under this treatment of the cow, is small and feeble. He finds comparatively insufficient support from his exhausted dam,—and the return which the cow makes in milk during the summer is much less than it would be if she came into the spring in good health and flesh. It requires the whole summer to reco-