

Water vs. Whisky.

Editors Press:—Water is the natural drink for man, and may always be taken in moderation when thirst is present. It performs important purposes in the animal economy, and is absolutely indispensable to life and health. Water is the only fluid which does not possess irritating, or at least stimulating, qualities, and in proportion as we rise from table beer to ardent spirits, in the same ratio we educate the stomach and bowels for that state of morbid sensibility which must eventually weaken the digestive organs in such a manner that they cannot perform their respective functions, and indigestion and dyspepsia is the consequence. If we would enjoy health, all stimulants should be avoided as common drinks. They may be useful as medicines, when nature falters and droops and cannot resuscitate herself; but as a beverage, stimulating drinks should be avoided. When stimulants are taken, the machinery of the system is hurried and driven too fast, and although by this means its activity and power may seem to be increased, yet a reaction must follow, and a corresponding debility must ensue, then another stimulating draught is called for to bring the system up again, when another reaction must follow. By this course the natural vigor of the constitution becomes gradually and oftentimes imperceptibly impaired. Hence, if we would preserve a healthy system instead of provoking nature to unnatural action, we must famish her with sufficient healthy nourishment, and let her regulate her own mode and speed of action. Give her nourishment and she will furnish her own stimulants, which will be far preferable to any promptings which art can invent, sustain her in her natural action, and not to force her to unnatural speed, which is weakening to her innate powers. To live naturally is to live healthily; to live artificially, is to tempt and foster disease. By stimulating, the nerves are excited, and, in due time, become so irritated as to set up an habitual state of morbid sensibility. From too frequent potations of spirituous liquors the appetite and powers of digestion are extinguished and the stomach irritated in proportion as the inebriate takes his libation the more frequent, till even the presence of food cannot be borne without pain, and a very small quantity of the burning fluid which he used to swallow so freely and with so much gusto, now quickly makes him inebriated. These are facts, and facts are stubborn truths which we see every day, and whoever has watched the dram-drinker's progress will bear me out and support the position I have taken. The too frequent use of ardent spirits stupefies the mind, blunts the mental faculties, weakens the nervous system, destroys our finer feelings, and makes us less sensitive. Injuring our appetite, it makes us irritable, lowers us in the estimation of our friends; we lose our self-respect; it reddens the eyes, it bloats the face, it saps the foundation of health, it weakens our physical strength, it cools the ardor of our attachments, it alienates our affections, and lastly it tumbles us into the ditch, and degrades us below the brute creation.

I find by the reports made to the authorities, in many cities, that there is a wonderful increase in an important branch of manufacturing. In these factories are made a great variety of articles for several classes of society, from the genteel dandy tippler to the beastly drunkard, from the brainless stripling, with his first cigar and julep, to the aged veteran, in filth and rum. Here the green puppy (pardon the expression) is prepared to squander his father's frugal earnings; here are made broken hearts of wives and daughters; here are ruined the hopes of fathers and the stay of mothers; here are prepared men for the prison and the gallows; here is doubled our taxation, and our homes are filled with poverty and shame; here votes are manufactured for demagogues to buy; here are made gamblers, thieves, rowdies, loafers, idlers, drunkards, vagabonds, grief, despair, suicide, and murder. In those factories are made rags, ignorance, and starvation for our children, shame and sorrow for our friends, and beasts of ourselves. Lester Choss. Stockton, Feb., 1887.

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