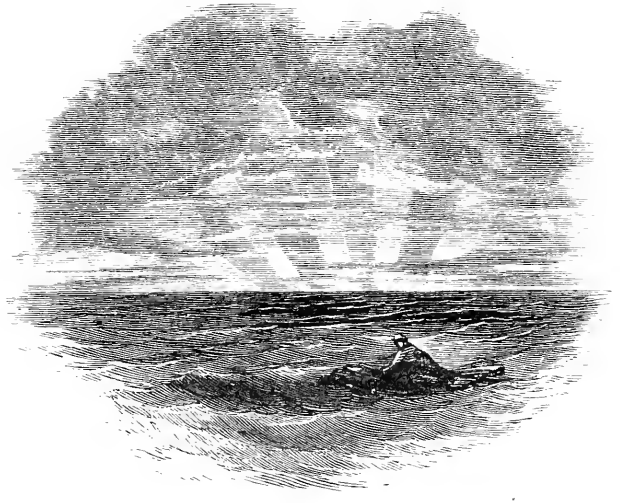
# ADDRESSES.



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1861.

# OFFICERS

OF THE

# MASSACHUSETTS TEMPERANCE SOCIETY,

## 1861.

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# PREFACE.

THE Council of the MASSACHUSETTS TEMPERANCE SOCIETY deem it of great importance to reprint, for general circulation, the following excellent ADDRESS ON THE DRINKING-USAGES OF SOCIETY, by the eminent divine and philanthropist, Bishop POTTER, so well known, not only in this city, but throughout the Union. It was delivered in a sister State, before a large and highly cultivated audience, — a portion of the community supposed by many to be free from the dangers which assail the poor and the imperfectly educated.

In this Address, the Bishop has conclusively, and in the most beautiful and fervid language, proved, that, in consequence of the deference paid by the rest of the community to the opinions and practices of the higher classes, the habit of self-indulgence among the latter has such a baneful influence as greatly to retard the progress of the Temperance Reform.

The APPEAL to the CLERGY of the CHURCH OF ENGLAND in favor of TOTAL ABSTINENCE commends itself to the prayerful consideration of every member of the Church of Christ. When we consider the immense influence of the ministers of the gospel among all classes of men, there is no doubt, that, were they generally to give this movement the aid of their example, a power would go forth against the mighty evils of intemperance, which would make itself felt throughout the world, and cheer and encourage the heart of all those who love their fellow-man.

# ADDRESS.

We have assembled, ladies and gentlemen, to contribute our aid in arresting a great and crying evil. We do not aim to promote directly that temperance which forms one of the noblest and most comprehensive of the Christian virtues. Our simple object is to prevent drunkenness, with its legion of ills, by drying up the principal sources from which it flows. To one of these sources, and that the most active and powerful, I propose to ask your attention this evening. The occasion, I need not say, is a most worthy one; one that merits the warmest sympathy and support of every patriot and philanthropist, of every follower of Jesus Christ.

For what is intemperance, and what the extent and magnitude of its evils? Of these we all know something. We all know how it diseases the body; how it disturbs the equilibrium of the intellect; how it poisons the springs of generous affection in the heart, and lays a ruthless hand upon the whole moral and spiritual nature. What drunkenness does to its poor victim, and to those who are bound

to him by the closest ties, you all know. All know, did I say? Let us thank God that few of you can know, or are likely to know, the inexpressible horrors which fill the soul of the inebriate, or the gloom and anguish of heart which are the portion of his family. You know enough, however, to feel, that, where this sin enters, there a blight falls on happiness, virtue, and even hope. Look at the palpable shame and misery and guilt which collect within and about one drunkard's home; and then multiply their dreadful sum by the whole number of such homes, which, at this moment, can be found in this Christian city; and you will have an accumulation of sin and sorrow, even at your doors, which no mortal arithmetic can gauge, but which is sufficient to appal the stoutest heart, and move to sympathy the coldest charity.

But whence does this vast and hideous evil come? To you, as a jury of inquest, standing over the victims it strikes down, I appeal for a verdict according to truth and evidence. Can it be said, that they who are now cold in death, with a drunkard's shame branded on their memory, "died by visitation of God"? God sends no such curse even upon the guiltiest of his creatures. He may send pestilence and earthquake; he may send blasting and mildew; but he commissions no moral plague, like drunkenness, to carry desolation to the souls as well as bodies of men. This evil, alas! is self-invoked and self-inflicted.

And how? Do men rush deliberately, and with full purpose of heart, into such an abyss? Is there any one so lost to self-respect, to all prudence and duty, so devoid of every finer instinct and sentiment of our nature, that he can willingly sink down to the ignominy and the woe that are the drunkard's portion? I tell you nay. Every human being recoils, with involuntary horror and disgust, from the contemplation of such a fate. He shrinks from it, as he would from the foul embraces of a serpent, and feels that he would sooner sacrifice every thing than take his place beside the bloated and degraded beings who seem dead to all that is noble in our nature or hopeful in our lot. These are victims that have gone blindfold to their fate. Gentle is the declivity, smooth and noiseless the descent, which conducts them, step by step, along the treacherous way, till suddenly their feet slide, and they find themselves plunging over the awful precipice.

And what is that deceitful road? Or which is the perfidious guide who stands ever ready to turn aside the feet of the unwary traveller? Here, ladies and gentlemen, is the great question. To arrest an evil effectually, we must know its nature and cause. It is idle to lop off branches, while the trunk stands firm and full of life. It is idle to destroy noxious leaves or flowers, while the plant still pours forth its malignant humors at the root. If we would go to the bottom of this evil, if we would lay the axe to

the very root of the baleful tree, we must see how and whence it is that unsuspecting multitudes are thus ensnared, never scenting danger till they begin to taste of death.

It will be admitted, I presume, by all who hear me, that, if there were no temperate drinking, there would be none that is intemperate. Men do not begin by what is usually called immoderate indulgence, but by that which they regard as moderate. Gradually and insensibly their draughts are increased until the functions of life are permanently disturbed, the system becomes inflamed, and there is that morbid appetite which will hardly brook restraint, and the indulgence of which is sottish intemperance. Let it be remembered, then, that what is usually styled *temperate* drinking stands as the condition precedent of that which is *intemperate*. Discontinue one, and the other becomes impossible.

But what is the cause of moderate or temperate drinking? Is it the force of natural appetite? Rarely. Nine-tenths, if not ninety-nine-hundredths, of those who use alcoholic stimulants, do it, in the first instance, and often for a long time, *not from appetite, but from deference to custom or fashion.* Usage has associated intoxicating drinks with good fellowship, — with offices of hospitality and friendship. However false and dangerous such an association may be, it is not surprising, that, when once established, it continually gathered strength; with

some, through appetite; with others, through interest. It is in this way that what we term *Drinking Usages* have become incorporated with every pursuit in life, with the tastes and habits of every grade and class of society. In the drawing-room and dining-room of the affluent, in the public room of the hotel, in every place of refreshment, in the social gatherings of the poor, in the harvest field and the workshop, alcoholic liquor was at one time deemed essential. Too often it is deemed so still. Many a host and employer, many a young companion, shrinks even now from the idea of exchanging the kind offices of life, without the aid of intoxicating liquors, as he would shrink from some sore offence against taste and propriety. Not to put the cup to your neighbor's lip, in one word, is to sin against that most absolute of earthly sovereigns, Fashion.

Here, then, lies the gist of the whole difficulty. Fashion propagates itself downward. Established and upheld by the more refined and opulent, it is soon caught up by those in less conspicuous walks. It thus spreads itself over the whole face of society, and, becoming allied with other principles, is planted deep in the habits and associations of a people. It is pre-eminently so with *drinking usages*. Immemorial custom; the example of those whose education or position gives them a commanding sway over the opinions and practice of others; appetite, with them who have drunk till what was once but com-

pliance with usage, is now an imperious craving, the interest of many, who thrive by the traffic in intoxicating drinks, or by the follies into which they betray men,— here are causes which so fortify and strengthen these usages, that they seem to defy all change. But let us not despair. We address those who are willing to think, and who are accustomed to bring every question to the stern test of utility and duty. To these, then, we appeal.

Drinking usages are the chief cause of intemperance; and these usages derive their force and authority, in the first instance, wholly from those who give law to fashion. Let this be considered. Do you ask for the treacherous guide, who, with winning smiles and honied accents, leads men forward from one degree of indulgence to another, till they are besotted and lost? Seek him not in the purlieus of the low grog-shop; seek him not in any scenes of coarse and vulgar revelry. He is to be found where they meet who are the observed of all observers. There, in the abodes of the rich and admired; there, amidst all the enchantments of luxury and elegance; where friend pledges friend; where wine is invoked to lend new animation to gaiety, and impart new brilliancy to wit; in the sparkling glass, which is raised even by the hand of beautiful and lovely woman,— there is the most dangerous decoy. Can that be unsafe which is thus associated with all that is fair and graceful in woman, with all that is attractive and brilliant

in man? Must not that be proper, and even obligatory, which has the deliberate and time-honored sanction of those who stand before the world as the "glass of fashion," and "rose of the fair state"?

Thus reason the great proportion of men. They are looking continually to those who, in their estimation, are more favored of fortune or more accomplished in mind and manners. We do not regulate our watches more carefully or more universally by the town-clock, than do nine-tenths of mankind take their tone from the residue, who occupy places towards which all are struggling.

Let the responsibility of these drinking usages be put, then, where it justly belongs. When you visit on some errand of mercy the abodes of the poor and afflicted; when you look in on some home which has been made dark by drunkenness,— where hearts are desolate, and hearths are cold; where want is breaking in as an armed man; where the wife is heart-broken or debased, and children are fast demoralizing; where little can be heard but ribaldry, blasphemy, and obscenity,— friends! would you connect effect with cause, and trace this hideous monster back to its true parent, let your thoughts fly away to some abode of wealth and refinement, where conviviality reigns; where, amidst joyous greetings, and friendly protestations, and merry shouts, the flowing bowl goes round; and there you will see that which is sure to make drinking everywhere attractive, and which, in doing

so, never fails, and cannot fail, to make drunkenness common.

Would we settle our account, then, with the *drinking usages of the refined and respectable?* We must hold them answerable for maintaining corresponding usages in other classes of society; and we must hold them answerable, further, for the frightful amount of intemperance which results from those usages. We must hold them accountable for all the sin, and all the unhappiness, and all the pinching poverty, and all the nefarious crimes, to which intemperance gives rise. So long as these usages maintain their place among the respectable, so long will drinking and drunkenness abound through all grades and conditions of life. Neither the power of law aimed at the traffic in liquors, nor the force of argument addressed to the understandings and consciences of the many, will ever prevail to cast out the fiend drunkenness, so long as they who are esteemed the favored few uphold with unyielding hand the practice of drinking.

Hence, the question, whether this monster evil shall be abated, resolves itself always into another question; and that is, Will the educated, the wealthy, the respectable, persist in sustaining the usages which produce it? Let them resolve that these usages shall no longer have their countenance, and their insidious power is broken. Let them resolve, that, wherever they go, the empty wine-glass shall proclaim their silent protest; and

fashion, which now commands us to drink, shall soon command us with all-potential voice to abstain.

Now, what is there in these usages to entitle them to the patronage of the wise and good? Are they necessary? Are they safe or useful?

Unless they can show some offset to the vast amount of evil which they occasion, they ought surely to be ruled out of court. But is any one prepared to maintain that these DRINKING USAGES are *necessary*,— that it is necessary, or even *useful*, that men should use intoxicating liquors as beverage? Do they add vigor to muscle, or strength to intellect, or warmth to the heart, or rectitude to the conscience? The experience of thousands, and even millions, has answered this question. In almost every age and quarter of the world, but especially within the last twenty-five years and in our own land, many have made trial of entire abstinence from all that can intoxicate. How few of them will confess that they have suffered from it, either in health of body, or elasticity of spirits, or energy and activity of mind! How many will testify that in each of these respects they were sensible gainers from the time they renounced the use of all alcoholic stimulants!

But, if neither useful nor necessary, can it be contended that these drinking customs are harmless? Are they not *expensive?* Many a moderate drinker, did he reckon up accurately the cost of this indulgence, would discover that it forms one of his

heaviest burdens. No taxes, says Franklin, are so oppressive * as those which men levy on themselves. Appetite and fashion, vanity and ostentation, constitute our most rapacious tax-gatherers. It is computed by Mr. Porter, an English statistician of distinguished ability, but of no special interest in the subject which we are now discussing, that the *laboring people* of Great Britain exclusive of the middle and higher classes, expend no less than £53,000,000 ($250,000,000) every year on alcoholic liquors and tobacco! There is little doubt that the amount, directly or indirectly, consumed in Pennsylvania † annually for the same indulgence,

* "My companion at the press," says Franklin, speaking of his life as a journeyman-printer in London, "drank every day a pint before breakfast, a pint at breakfast, with his bread and cheese, a pint between breakfast and dinner, a pint at dinner, a pint in the afternoon about six o'clock, and another when he had done his day's work. I thought it a detestable custom; but it was necessary, he supposed, to drink *strong* beer, that he might be *strong* to labor. I endeavored to convince him that the bodily strength afforded by beer could only be in proportion to the grain or flour of the barley dissolved in the water of which it was made; that there was more flour in a pennyworth of bread; and therefore, if he could eat that with a pint of water, it would give him more strength than a quart of beer. He drank on, however, and had four or five shillings to pay out of his wages every Saturday night for that vile liquor, — an expense which I was free from; *and thus these poor devils keep themselves always under.*" — See Dr. Franklin's Life, written by himself.

† In Western Pennsylvania, one of the most valuable products is bituminous coal. Great quantities are sent down the Ohio, and are paid for in whiskey. I was informed by a distinguished citizen of that part of the State, that every year shows a balance against the producers of coal, and in favor of the distillers!

equals $10,000,000,— a sum which, could it be saved for four successive years, would pay the debt which now hangs like an incubus on the energies of the Commonwealth. In wasting $250,000,000 every year, the laboring population of Britain put it beyond the power of any government to avert from multitudes of them the miseries of want. Were but a tithe of that sum wrenched from the hands of toil-worn labor, and buried in the Thames or the ocean, we should all regard it as an act of stupendous folly and guilt. Yet it were infinitely better that such a sum should be cast into the depths of the sea, than that it should be expended in a way which must debauch the morals, and destroy the health, and lay waste the personal and domestic happiness, of thousands. If the question be narrowed down to one of mere *material wealth*, no policy can be more suicidal than that which upholds usages, the inevitable effect of which is to paralyze the *productive* powers of a people, and to derange the proper and natural *distribution* of property. Remember, then, he who sustains these usages sustains the most prolific source of improvidence and want. He makes, at the same time, an inroad upon his own personal income, which is but a loan from God, entrusted to him for his own and others' good.

But these drinking usages are not only expensive; *they are unreasonable.* What is their practical effect? It is that others shall decide for us a ques-

tion, which ought most clearly to be referred only to our own taste and sense of duty. We are to drink, whether it be agreeable to us or not; whether we think it right or not; whether we think it safe or not. Moreover,— and this is sufficiently humiliating,— we are to drink precisely *when*, and precisely *where*, others prescribe. It has been said, that, in some parts of our country, one must either drink with a man who invites him, or fight. It is not long since, in every part of it, one must either drink when invited, or incur the frowns and jeers of those who claimed to be arbiters of propriety. And, even now, he or she who will not drink at all, or will drink only when their own reason and inclination bid, must not be surprised if they provoke invective or ridicule. And is a bondage like this to be upheld? Does it become free-born Americans, who boast so much of liberty, to bow down their necks to a servitude so unrelenting, and yet so absurd?

A German nobleman once paid a visit to Great Britain, when the practice of toasting and drinking healths was at its height. Wherever he went, during a six months' tour, he found himself obliged to drink, though never so loath. He must pledge his host and his hostess. He must drink with every one who would be civil to him, and with every one, too, who wished a convenient pretext for taking another glass. He must drink a bumper in honor of the king and queen, in honor of church and

state, in honor of the army and navy. How often did he find himself retiring, with throbbing temples and burning cheek, from these scenes of intrusive hospitality! At length his visit drew to a close; and to requite, in some measure, the attentions which had been lavished upon him, he made a grand entertainment. Assembling those who had done him honor, he gathered them round a most sumptuous banquet, and feasted them to their utmost content. The tables were then cleared. Servants entered with two enormous hams; one was placed at each end; slices were cut and passed round to each guest, when the host rose, and with all gravity said, "Gentlemen, I give you the king! please eat to his honor." His guests protested. They had dined; they were Jews; they were already surcharged through his too generous cheer. But he was inflexible. "Gentlemen," said he, "for six months you have compelled me to *drink* at your bidding. Is it too much that you should now *eat* at mine? I have been submissive: why should you not follow my example? You will please do honor to your king! You shall then be served with another slice in honor of the queen, another to the prosperity of the royal family, and so on to the end of the chapter!"

But, waiving the *absurdity* and *costliness* of these usages, let me ask if they are *safe*. No one who drinks can be perfectly certain that he may not die a drunkard. Numbers which defy all computation

have gone this road, who were once as self-confident as any of us can be. No one, again, who drinks can be certain that he may not, in some unguarded hour, fall into a debauch, in which he shall commit some error or perpetrate some crime, that will follow him, with shame and sorrow, all his days. How many a young man, by one such indiscretion, has cast a cloud over all his prospects for life! You have read Shakspeare's "Othello," the most finished and perfect, perhaps, of all his tragedies. What is it but a solemn Temperance Lecture? Whence come all the horrors that cluster round the closing scenes of that awful and magnificent drama? Is it not from the wine with which Iago plied Cassio? What is Iago himself but a human embodiment of the Great Master of Evil? And, as that Master goes abroad over the earth seeking whom he may destroy, where does he find a more potent instrument than the treacherous wine-cup? This dark tragedy, with its crimes and sorrows, is but an epitome, a faint transcript, of ten thousand tragedies which are all the time enacting on this theatre of our daily life. How many are there at this moment, who, from the depths of agonized and remorseful hearts, can echo the words of Othello's sobered, but almost frenzied lieutenant, "O thou invisible spirit of wine! if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!" "That men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! That we should with joy, pleasance, revel

and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!" "Oh! I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial, — my reputation, Iago, my reputation!" "To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange! Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil." In this land, and in our day, there are few cups which, for the young and excitable, are not "inordinate." Wines that are charged high with brandy, or brewed in the distillery of some remorseless fabricator, are never safe. Among wine-proverbs, there are two which are now more than ever significant of truth: "The most voluptuous of assassins is the bottle;" "Bacchus has drowned more than Neptune."

It is not the opinion of "temperance fanatics" merely, that adjudges drinking to be *hazardous.* It is so in their estimation who are close, practical observers and actors in life. Mr. Jefferson is said to have expressed his conviction,— the result of long and various experience,— that no man should be entrusted with office who drank. I have now before me evidence, still more definite, in the twofold system of rates proposed to be applied in one of our largest cities by the same Life Insurance Company. The one set of rates is adapted to those who use intoxicating liquors; the other, to those who do not use them at all. Suppose that you wish your life to be assured to the extent of

$1000, and that you are twenty years of age. If you practise total abstinence, the rate will be $11.60 per annum; if you use intoxicating drinks, it will be $14.70. At twenty-five years of age, the rates will be as $13.30 to $17; at thirty years of age, as $15.40 to $19.60. I have also before me the returns of two Beneficial Societies, in one of which the principle of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors was observed, while in the other it was not. The result has been, that, with the same number of members in each, the deaths in one, during a given period, were but *seventy-seven;* whereas, in the other, they were *one hundred and ten!* making the chances of life as ten to seven in their favor who practise *total abstinence.* This result need not so much astonish us, when we are told, on the authority of persons who are said to have made careful and conscientious inquiry, that, of all males who use intoxicating liquors, one in thirteen becomes intemperate.

Here, then, are results reached by men of business, when engaged in a mere calculation of probabilities. Drinking, according to their estimates, is hazardous,—hazardous to life and property, hazardous to reputation and virtue. Is it not wise, then, to shun that hazard? Is it not our duty? Is not this a case in which the Saviour's injunction applies,—"*If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee; if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee: for it is better for*

*thee that one of thy members should perish than that thy whole body should be cast into hell-fire"?* We all consider it madness not to protect our children and ourselves against small-pox, by vaccination; and this, though the chances of dying by the disease may be but one in a thousand, or one in ten thousand. Drunkenness is a disease more loathsome and deadly even than small-pox. Its approaches are still more stealthy; and the specific against it — total abstinence — has never failed, and cannot fail.

But let us admit for one moment and for the sake of argument,— (to admit it on other ground would be culpable,) — let us admit that *you can drink with safety to yourself. Can you drink with safety to your neighbor?* Are you charged with no responsibility in respect to him? You drink, as you think, within the limits of safety. He, in imitation of your example, drinks also, but passes that unseen, unknown line, within which, for him, safety lies. Is not your indulgence, then, a stumbling-block,— ay, perchance, a fatal stumbling-block in his way? Is it not, in principle, the very case contemplated by St. Paul, when he said, "*It is good neither to eat flesh,* NOR TO DRINK WINE, *nor any thing whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak*"? Yonder are the young and inexperienced, without habits of self-control, and with fiery appetites. Would you have them do as you do? Yonder is one who is just on the verge of the precipice that

will plunge him into shame and woe unutterable, are you willing that he should find in your daily potations a specious apology for his own? Or yonder is one who is already a bondman to this fearful vice, but who feels his debasement, and would gladly be once more free: will you do that in his presence which will discourage him from striking boldly for emancipation? Nay, it may be that he is even now struggling bravely to be free. He has dashed away the cup of sorcery, and is practising that which to him is the only alternative to ruin. Is it well, Christian,—follower of Him who sought not his own, and went about doing good,—is it well that from *you* should proceed an influence to press him back to his cups?—that *you*, by your example, should proclaim, that not to drink is to be over-scrupulous and mean-spirited?—that at *your* table, in *your* drawing-room, he should encounter the fascination which he finds it so hard to withstand, so fatal to yield to?

Nineteen years ago, I knew an instructor who stood in relations most intimate to three hundred students of a college. The disorders which occasionally invade such institutions, and the disgrace and ruin which are incurred by so many promising young men, result almost exclusively from the use of intoxicating liquors. This fact had so imprinted itself on this instructor's mind, that he made a strenuous effort to induce the whole of this noble band to declare for that which was then considered

the true principle,— total abstinence from *distilled* spirits. Fermented stimulants were not included; but it was pointedly intimated that intoxication on wine or beer would be a virtual violation of the engagement. The whole number, with perhaps two or three exceptions, acquiesced; and, for a few months, the effect was most marked in the increased order of the institution, and the improved bearing of its inmates. Soon, however, there were aberrations. Young men would resort occasionally to hotels, and drink champagne; or they would indulge in beer at eating-houses. The evil which, at one time, seemed dammed out, was about to force itself back; and the question arose, What could be done? Then that professor came to the conclusion, that, for these young men at least, there was no safety but in abstinence from *all* intoxicating liquors. He had often protested against including wine in the same category with ardent spirits. But the wine these young men drank was as fatal to them and to college-discipline as rum; and the simple alternative was between continued excesses, on the one hand, or total abstinence from all intoxicating beverage, on the other. Under such circumstances, this professor did not long hesitate. He determined to urge and exhort those for whose welfare he was so fearfully responsible, to the only course which was safe for them. But there was one huge difficulty in his way. It was the bottle of Madeira which stood every day upon his own

table. He felt, that, from behind that bottle, his plea in behalf of abstinence from all vinous potations would sound somewhat strangely. He was not ready to encounter the appeal from theory to practice, which all are so prompt to make,— none more prompt than the young, — when they deal with the teachers of unwholesome doctrine. He determined, therefore, to prepare himself for his duty by removing every hindrance which his own example could place in the way of the impression which he was bent upon producing. Did he act well and wisely? Ye fathers and mothers, who know with what perils the young are encompassed when they go forth into the world, would you have advised him to cling to his wine? Or you, who may be about to commit a fiery and unstable son to a teacher's care and guidance, would you prefer that this teacher's example and influence should be *for* wine-drinking, or *against* it?

But if, in your judgment, that professor stands acquitted,— nay, if you actually applaud his course, what, permit me to ask, is *your* duty? — yours, fathers and mothers! yours, sisters and brothers! yours, employers and teachers! There is not one of you but has influence over others, and that influence is much greater than you are apt to imagine. Is it not a sacred trust which should never be abused? O parents! do you consider, as you ought, how closely your children observe all your ways, and how eagerly and recklessly they imitate

them? Employers! do you estimate sufficiently your responsibility in regard to hirelings and domestic servants, who are prompt to adopt your habits and manners, but who seldom possess the self-control which your education and position constrain you to exercise? Your precepts, enjoining sobriety and moderation, pass for little. Your practice, giving color and countenance to self-indulgence, sinks deep into their hearts. One hour spent by you in thoughtless conviviality may plant the seeds of sin and ruin in those by whom you are attended! And the crowd of wives, mothers, sisters, daughters, that I see before me,—do *they* always consider with what wizard power they rule over man's sterner nature? It is our pride and privilege to defer to your sex. At all periods of life, and in all relations, you speak with a voice which penetrates to our gentler and nobler sentiments. Most of all is this the case when you burst into early womanhood, encompassed by bright hopes and fond hearts,—when the Creator adorns you with graces and charms that draw towards you the dullest souls. Ah! how little do you appreciate, then, the sway which, for weal or woe, you wield over those of our sex who are your companions and friends! Is that sway always wise and holy? Is it always on the side of temperance and self-command? Alas! alas! could the grave give up its secrets, what tales of horror would

it not reveal of woman's perverted influence,— of woman thoughtlessly leading men, through the intoxicating cup, to the brink of utter and hopeless ruin! One case of the kind was mentioned to me lately. It is but one of many.

A young man, of no ordinary promise, unhappily contracted habits of intemperance. His excesses spread anguish and shame through a large and most respectable circle. The earnest and kind remonstrance of friends, however, at length led him to desist; and, feeling that for him to drink was to die, he came to a solemn resolution, that he would abstain entirely for the rest of his days. Not long after, he was invited to dine, with other young persons, at the house of a friend. *Friend!* did I say? pardon me: he could hardly be a friend who would deliberately place on the table before one lately so lost, now so marvellously redeemed, the treacherous instrument of his downfall. But so it was. The wine was in their feasts. He withstood the fascination, however, until a young lady, whom he desired to please, challenged him to drink. He refused. With banter and ridicule she soon cheated him out of all his noble purposes, and her challenge was accepted. He no sooner drank than he felt that the demon was still alive, and that from temporary sleep he was now waking with tenfold strength. "Now," said he to a friend who sat next to him, "now I have tasted again, and I drink till

I die." The awful pledge was kept. Not ten days had passed before that ill-fated youth fell under the horrors of delirium tremens, and was borne to a grave of shame and dark despair. Who would envy the emotions with which that young lady, if not wholly dead to duty and to pity, retraced her part in a scene of gaiety, which smiled only to betray?

Let me not be misunderstood. I do not maintain that drinking wine is, in the language of the schools, *sin per se*. There may be circumstances under which to use intoxicating liquors is no crime. There have been times and places in which the only intoxicating beverage was light wine, and where habits of inebriation were all but unknown. But is that *our* case? Distillation has filled our land with alcoholic stimulants of the most fiery and deleterious character. Our wines, in a large proportion of instances, are but spurious compounds, without grape-juice, and with a large infusion of distilled spirits, and even of more unhealthy ingredients. As long ago as the days of Addison, we read in the Tatler (No. 131) that in London there was "a fraternity of chemical operators, who worked under ground in holes, caverns, and dark retirements, to conceal their mysteries from the observation of mankind. These subterranean philosophers are daily employed in the transmutation of liquors; and, *by the power of magical drugs and incantations*

*raising, under the streets of London, the choicest products of the hills and valleys of France. They can squeeze claret out of the sloe, and draw champagne out of an apple.*" The practice of substituting these base counterfeits for wine extracted from the grape has become so prevalent in this country, that well-informed and conscientious persons aver, that, for every gallon of wine imported from abroad, ten or more are manufactured at home. "Five and twenty years ago," says the late J. Fennimore Cooper, "when I first visited Europe, I was astonished to see wine drunk in *tumblers.* I did not at first understand that half of what I had been drinking at home was brandy under the name of wine."

These adulterations and fabrications in the wine trade are not confined to our country or to England. They abound where the wine flourishes in greatest abundance. "Though the pure juice of the grape," says our eminent countryman, Horatio Greenough (the sculptor), can be furnished here (in Florence) for *one cent* a bottle, yet the retailers choose to gain a fraction of profit by the admission of water or drugs." He adds, "How far the destructive influence of wine, as here used, is to be ascribed to the grape, and how far it is augmented and aggravated by poisonous adulterations, it would be difficult to say." McMullen, a recent writer on wines, states that in France there are "extensive establishments (existing at Cette and Marseilles) for the manufac-

ture of every description of wine, both white and red, to resemble the produce not only of France, but of all other wine-countries. It is no uncommon practice with speculators engaged in this trade to purchase and ship wines, fabricated in the places named, to other ports on the continent; and, being branded and marked as the genuine wines usually are, they are then transshipped to the markets for which they are designed, of *which the United States is the chief.* Such is the extent to which this traffic is carried, that one individual has been referred to in the French ports who has been in the habit of shipping, four times in the year, twenty thousand bottles of champagne, *not the product of the grape, but fabricated in these wine-factories.* It is well known that the imposition of these counterfeit wines has arrived at such a pitch as to become quite notorious, and the subject of much complaint, in this country at least." *

In the presence of facts like these, I ask, What is our duty? Were nine out of ten of the coins or bank-bills which circulate, counterfeit, we should feel obliged to decline them altogether. We should sooner dispense entirely with such a medium of circulation, than incur the hazard which would be involved in using it. And, even if we could discriminate unerringly ourselves between the spurious and the genuine, we should still abstain, *for the*

* McMullen on Wines, p. 172.

*sake of others*, lest our example, in taking such a medium at such a time, encourage fabricators in their work of fraud, and lead the unwary and ignorant to become their victims. But, in such a case, abstinence would be practised at great personal inconvenience. It is not so with abstinence from intoxicating drinks. That can subject us to no inconvenience worthy to be compared with the personal immunity with which it invests us, and with the consoling consciousness that we are giving no encouragement to fraud, and placing no stumbling-block in the way of the weak and unwary.

The question, then, is not, What may have been proper in other days or other lands, in the time of Pliny or of Paul, but *what is proper now, and in our own land.* The apostle points us to a case, in which *to eat meat* might cause one's brother to offend; and his own magnanimous resolution, under such circumstances, he thus avows,—"*If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no meat while the world stands.*" Thus what may at one time be but a lawful and innocent liberty, becomes at another a positive sin. The true question, then,— the only practical question for the *Christian* patriot and philanthropist, — is this: "Intemperance abounds! Ought not my personal influence, whether by example or by precept, to be directed to its suppression? *Can* it be suppressed while our present drinking usages continue? In a country where

distilled liquors are so cheap and so abundant, and where the practice of adulterating every species of fermented liquor abounds,— in such a country, can any practical and important distinction be made between different kinds of intoxicating liquors? If abstinence is to be practised at all, as a *prudential* or a *charitable* act, can it have much practical value unless it be *abstinence from all that can intoxicate?*" These questions are submitted, without fear, to the most deliberate and searching scrutiny.

Ladies and gentlemen, I conclude. Neither your patience nor my own physical powers will permit me to prosecute this subject. I devoutly hope, that, in the remarks which I have now submitted, I have offended against no law of courtesy or kindness. I wish to deal in no railing accusations, no wholesale denunciations. When Paul appeared before the licentious Felix, he *reasoned* with him we are told, of *temperance.* It is the only appeal that I desire to make. I might invoke your passions or your prejudices; but they are unworthy instruments, which he will be slow to use who respects himself; and they are instruments which generally recoil with violence on the cause that employs them. There is enough in this cause to approve itself to the highest reason, and to the most upright conscience. Let us not be weary, then, in calling them to our aid. If we are earnest, and yet patient; if we speak the truth in love, and yet speak it with

all perseverance and all faithfulness, it must at length prevail. But few years have passed since some of us, who are now ardent in this good work, were as ignorant or sceptical as those whom we are most anxious to convince. We then thought ourselves conscientious in our doubts, or even in our opposition. Let our charity be broad enough to concede to those who are not yet with us the same generous construction of motives which we then claimed for ourselves. And let us resolve, that, if this noble cause be not advanced, it shall be through no fault of ours; that our zeal and our discretion shall go hand in hand; and that fervent prayer to God shall join with stern and indomitable effort to secure for it a triumph alike peaceful and permanent.

It was a glorious consciousness which enabled St. Paul, when about to take leave of those amongst whom he had gone preaching the kingdom of God, to say, "*I take you to record this day that I am pure from the blood of all men.*" May this consciousness be ours, my friends, in respect, at least, to the blood of drunkards! May not one drop of the blood of their ruined souls be found at last spotting our garments! Are we ministers of Christ? Are we servants and followers of Him who taught that it is more blessed to give than to receive? Let us see to it, that no blood-guiltiness attaches to us here. We can take a course which will embolden us to

challenge the closest inspection of our influence as it respects intemperance; which will enable us to enter without fear, on this ground at least, the presence of our Judge. May no false scruples, then, no fear of man which bringeth a snare, no sordid spirit of self-indulgence, no unrelenting and unreasoning prejudice, deter us from doing that over which we cannot fail to rejoice when we come to stand before the Son of Man!

# AN ADDRESS,

FROM

## Members of the Clergy of the Church of England

TO THEIR BRETHREN OF THE SAME CHURCH.

# ADDRESS.

REVEREND BRETHREN, — We the undersigned, ministers of the Church of England, and total abstainers from the use of all intoxicating drinks as beverages, having, we trust, at heart, the glory of God and the welfare of our fellow-men, earnestly invite your attention to this appeal.

While heartily thankful to Almighty God for the efforts which are being made in our day to the religious and social improvement of the people in this land, we cannot close our eyes to the fact, that, at the same time, an agency is at work which well-nigh nullifies them all : we refer to the drinking usages of society ; against which, and every thing that tends to foster this fertile source of evil, we desire to send forth our earnest and conscientious protest. Parliamentary reports, registrars' returns, the evidence of the commissioners of lunacy, of parish-relieving officers, of physicians in hospitals, of chaplains in jails, as likewise the strong language of our judges on the bench, all unite in testifying that the

prolific generator of the varied crime and misery by which we are surrounded is intoxicating drink. On this point no difference of opinion exists. The fact is patent, and everywhere confessed. What, then, are we, the ministers of the National Church, doing to counteract this frightful and wide-spread evil? From the pulpit, efforts have been made; the schoolmaster and Sunday-school teacher have labored to instil principles of sobriety; tracts have been written and circulated, but with what success? Alas! an answer may be found by comparing our Sunday-evening congregations with the hideous assemblages to be found in our gin-palaces, public-houses, and beer-shops.

Hitherto we have been content to deal with drunkenness as with other vices; overlooking its preponderating magnitude and prevalence, and neglecting to employ any direct special and well-adapted agency to oppose its influence.

Such an agency, we believe, is to be found in the practice of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks; and, so far from its being opposed to the spirit of true religion, we conceive it to be in strict alliance with it, as an expression of that enlightened benevolence which prompted the apostle to abstain from any thing that caused his brother to offend. Neither is it to be regarded as a dangerous substitute for the higher principles of revealed truth. We believe in

our hearts, that the finished work of Christ is that alone by which salvation can come to the sinner. We look to the power of God the Holy Spirit, as being that alone which can regenerate the soul of man; but we also believe that God is pleased to make use of instruments, and that against special evils special instruments must be employed. Intemperance is a special evil. Is there an agency specially adapted for its removal? If so, upon its successful application, one impediment to salvation is banished out of the sinner's way. More than this we do not profess to accomplish; but we are sure, that, if we can make the drunkard sober, the tendency will be to lead him beneath the influence of gospel truth, and secure to him a better position with reference to the welfare both of body and soul.

*We abstain ourselves, because we believe that the drunkenness which prevails may be traced back to moderate drinking as its great cause.* We are convinced that moderate drinking, and not drunkenness only, supports the traffic. The traffic tends to foster drunkenness; and drunkenness produces bodily misery, social degradation, and spiritual death. So long as drink is supplied, there will be drunkenness. Which is most in accordance with common sense, — to supply the cause, and labor in vain to remove the effect? or to get rid of the effect through the banishment of the cause?

It is our belief, that, taking into consideration the widely extended influence of the clergy among all classes of society in this country, were they to adopt total-abstinence principles, the liquor traffic would receive such a check as would make a marvellous difference in the statistics of drunkenness. Would this be desirable or not in our parishes?

We abstain ourselves, because we are convinced that the force of example is stronger than that of precept. We see growing up around us numbers of young persons of both sexes, surrounded by temptations arising out of the seductive drinking usages: we set them the example of abstinence, on the ground that "prevention is better than cure." *We have found from observation and experience the impossibility of exercising an effectual influence over the working-classes, without setting them this example.*

Our duty as Christian ministers is to oppose evil by all lawful means. Is total abstinence unlawful? Is it unscriptural? We conceive it to be neither; and claim for it the sanction of St. Paul, on the well-known principle already adverted to. We do not attempt to prove that it is a positive duty, nor that there is any direct command in Scripture enjoining it; but we do affirm that we are acting not only in the spirit of the great apostle, but also in that of our gracious Lord, who "pleased not him-

self," when, for the sake of so manifest a benefit to our fellow-man, we practise total abstinence ourselves.

We do not believe in the nutritious qualities of strong drink: nay, we are sustained by the highest medical testimony in assuming the position, that intoxicating drinks are neither necessary nor beneficial to persons in health.* Our own experience bears us out in this statement; and we ask, if this be so, why should we or any of our brethren refuse to make the sacrifice of a little self-indulgence for so vast a benefit, social, moral, and religious?

We appeal to you, brethren, is it not drink, above all things, which tends to nullify the preaching of the Word; which keeps back numbers from the house of God; which degrades the masses of society, and mars almost every effort to win souls to Christ? Shall the fear of man, shall conformity with custom, shall a shrinking from self-denial, prevent you from furthering a cause, which, amid the greatest possible discouragements, has, through God's mercy, already been made productive of mighty effects, reaching through the body to the priceless soul?

Reverend and dear brethren, we beseech you to

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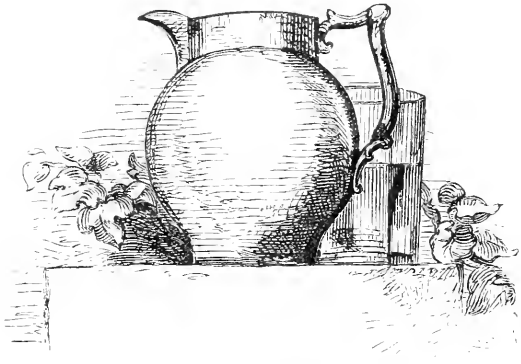
* "Here is the fundamental and fatal error, — men esteeming that to be food, and using it as such, which is really not food, but physic." — A Treatise on Alcohol, its Place and Power, by Prof. Miller, Surgeon in Ordinary to the Queen, for Scotland.

investigate the claims of the total-abstinence movement prayerfully, impartially. May the Holy Spirit lead you to such a conclusion as shall most tend to the glory of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ! Amen.

(Signed by Rev. Dr. CLOSE, Dean of Carlisle, and many others.)



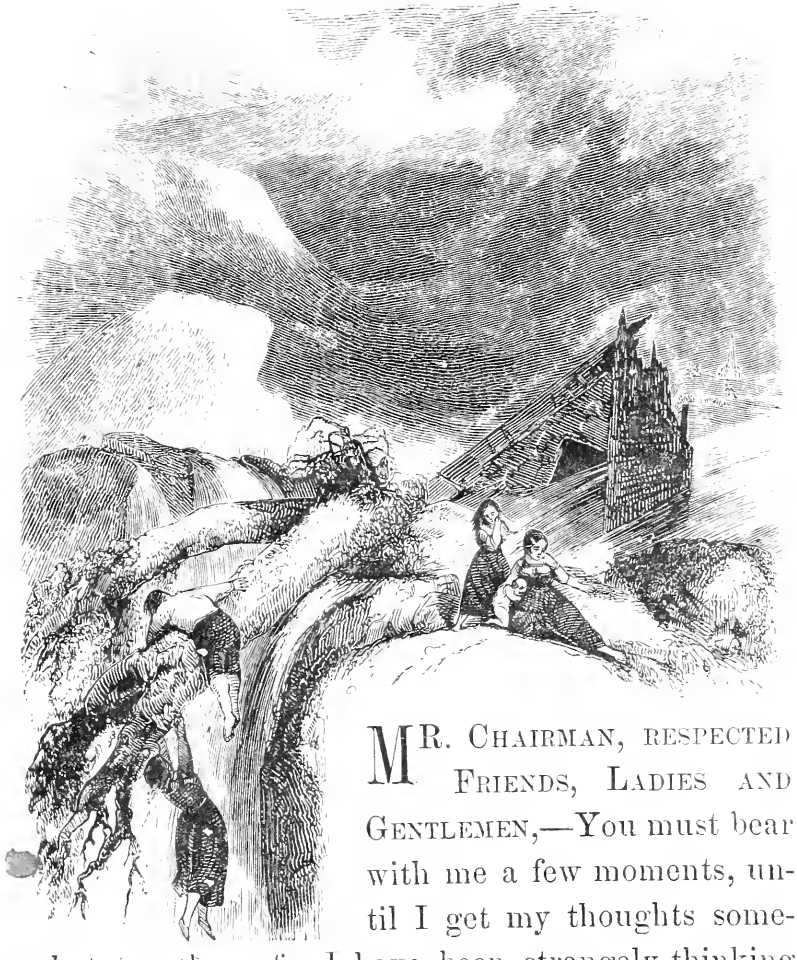
# SPEECH OF JOHN B. GOUGH

AT THE

# Reception Meeting at Tremont Temple,

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 17, 1860.

# ADDRESS.



MR. CHAIRMAN, RESPECTED FRIENDS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—You must bear with me a few moments, until I get my thoughts somewhat together; for I have been strangely thinking while sitting here, and hearing my pastor speak to me and of me. I am very glad he has spoken

of "Mary." Mary is under a weight to-night; and she will be glad to know that Christian sympathy is exercised toward her in her affliction.

The position I occupy to-night is a most embarrassing one to me, as you may well understand. I thought at first that I would prepare something to say to the people; and then I felt that it would be altogether out of the question for me to prepare any thing. You have given me a welcome home; and I am glad to be at home. I am glad to stand again in Tremont Temple. I spoke in the old Temple a hundred and sixty times, and I have spoken many times in this, — in 1855, '56, and part of '57; and it is peculiarly gratifying to me to see so many friends. I can see them in the audience, — old friends, tried friends, true friends. It is a gratification to me that my pastor has been selected to say the words of welcome to me. It is a great gratification to me that my old, true, and tried friend, Deacon Grant, who accompanied me to the first little temperance meeting, under the then Tremont Museum, sits by my side. I am glad, in the providence of God, that it is so. And what you have done to me, ministers of the gospel, and friends, to-night, I believe will strengthen me in the conflict in which I trust God will spare me to be engaged yet longer. I am glad to be recognized as a reformer by the ministers of the gospel. I have been laboring for some three years past in England,

Wales, Ireland, and Scotland; and although in those countries you find that the ministry are coming to the movement, yet we cannot in Great Britain, as we can in this land, lean upon the ministry, and find that they will sustain us in this work. I say, the position in which I stand is, for a few moments, an embarrassing one. I return you thanks for your kindness. What more can I say? I might cull out I do not know how many scores of expressions; I might have looked into Webster's and Worcester's dictionaries, and found every word to express gratitude, thankfulness, and have repeated them all to you: but they would not have conveyed to you what I feel in my heart of hearts, as I stand here to-night on the old *stumping-ground* in Boston, Massachusetts, United States.

I can bear kicks pretty well: I have got a good deal of India-rubber in me. God has given me — I thank him for it — a great deal of elasticity; but, when men speak kind words to me, I look about, and hardly know what to say. Therefore, if you imagine me to have said all you would wish me to say to you for this great mark of kindness, ministers of the gospel, president of this meeting, and all of you assembled here, I shall be very glad, and it will spare me the embarrassment of standing here and attempting to sputter out thanks, when the heart is so full that I have to keep it up at railroad speed, or else I shall break down under it.

I stand before you, ladies and gentlemen, to-night, as a trophy of the temperance movement. I am the servant of this movement; and I will be, God helping me, to the day of my death. But I stand here, also, as a trophy of this temperance movement. Last November, I had spoken in the City Hall of Glasgow to twenty-five hundred people. I was staying at the house of one of the merchant-princes of that city; and, when we came down stairs, his carriage was at the door, — silver-mounted harness, coachman in livery, footman in plain clothes. You know it is seldom teetotal lecturers ride in such style; and it is proper, therefore, that we should speak of it when it does happen, for the good of the cause. As we came down, the gentleman said to me, "It is so drizzly and cold, you had better get into the carriage, and wait until the ladies come down." I think I never had so many persons to shake hands with me. "God bless you, Mr. Gough!" said one: "you saved my father!" — "God bless you!" said another: "you saved my brother!" Said a third, "God bless you! I owe every thing I have in the world to you!" My hands absolutely ached as they grasped them one after another. Finally, a poor wretched creature came to the door of the carriage. I saw his bare shoulder and naked feet: his hair seemed grayer than mine. He came up, and said, "Will you shake hands with me?" I put my hand into his hot, burning palm; and he said, "Don't you know

me?" — "Why," said I, "isn't your name Aiken?" — "Yes." — "Harry Aiken?" — "Yes." — "You worked with me in the bookbinder's shop of Andrew Hutchinson, in Worcester, Mass., in 1842, didn't you?" — "Yes." — "What is the matter with you?" "I am desperately poor." I said, "God pity you: you look like it!" I gave him something, and obtained the services of Mr. Marr, the Secretary of the Scottish League, to find out about him. He picks up rags and bones in the streets of Glasgow, and resides in a kennel in one of the foulest streets of that city. When the ladies came to the carriage, and got in, I said, "Stop! don't shut that door! Look there at that half-starved, ragged, miserable wretch, shivering in the cold and in the dim gaslight! Look at him!" The ring of that audience was in my ears, my hands aching with the grasp of friendship from scores, my surroundings bright, my prospects pleasant; and I said, "Ladies, look there! *There am I, but for the temperance movement!* That man worked with me, roomed with me, slept with me, was a better workman than I, his prospects brighter than mine. A kind hand was laid on my shoulder, in Worcester Street, in 1842: it was the turning-point in my history. He went on. Seventeen years have passed; and we meet again, with a gulf as deep as hell between us!" I am a trophy of this movement, and I thank God for it.

When I was leaving England, five weeks ago last

Wednesday night, they gave me a farewell in Exeter Hall (and there are some in this audience who saw it); and the reformed drunkards who had signed the pledge at my meetings, during the ninety-five lectures I had delivered in that hall, subscribed the means to buy me a Bible. A Bible from reformed drunkards! It is one of the most precious gifts I have ever received. I have brought it here for you to look at. That is it.


A Bible from reformed drunkards, presented to me by a Judge of the Court of Sessions for Middlesex County! A Bible!

I had had a presentation of a Bible once before; and I told them, when they gave it to me, that I would put the books together. A Bible! Thirty years ago nearly, when I left England for America, I had this. Here they are! As much "glory gilds the sacred page" in this [the small one] as that. There has been more comfort derived from this than from the other. That was my mother's Bible.

When I was a boy twelve years old, and went from England to the United States to seek my fortune, she put that in my hand. Here on the cover I read, —

"Jane Gilbert, born Aug. 10, 1776.
John Gough, his mother's gift on leaving England.
Jane Gough."

My mother had nothing to give me but that. That book was lost for years and years and years; but at last it was found in a garret in Bristol by Rev. Dr. Choules, and his daughter kindly sent it to me.

I look at this Bible, and I find marks all through it. They are very old; the ink is very brown; but there are marks round such passages as these: —

"*Where the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, I the Lord will hear them; I the God of Jacob will answer them. I will open fountains of water in dry places.*"

And such texts as these: "*For thy Redeemer is thy husband, the Holy One of Israel.*" Mark after mark; and I love to look at them. That was the comfort of my mother, whose whole life was spent in battling for bread. Yet she had faith and patience and courage and love to the last. Her only child except myself, a sister, is present in this house, and, by the mercy of God, has been recently brought to receive the Redeemer of her mother as her Saviour and her King. I glory in this.

I speak of these things, because I have endeavored, as far as I have been able (I speak now of myself), to base the whole work of reform upon this book. *The Bible first*, and every thing else in subservience to this. And in Great Britain I have sometimes been pretty severely taxed because they sustain the drinking customs of society by the Bible. My great object (and you will allow me to speak personally just now) is to advocate a sure plan for the removal of the evil of drunkenness; and I believe that the plan we adopt, of personal abstinence, is the best: —

"Believing that the use of intoxicating liquor as a beverage is not only useless, but hurtful to the social, civil, and religious interests of the community, and that, while it continues to be used as a beverage, it will never be done away, we do therefore agree that we will not use it."

That I consider to be the basis, the grand foundation, of our efforts, — total abstinence from intoxicating beverages, and a hatred and antagonism to drink, wherever we find it, whether it is on the sideboard of the wealthy merchant, on the table of the clergyman, or in the dram-shop. Wherever I see the drink used as a beverage, I hold myself ready to battle it to the death.

Now, in England, we have objection brought against that principle from the Bible; and as my pastor has told you, and as you all know very well, I am not a learned man: I do not understand He-

brew or Greek. If you show me a Greek and a Hebrew word, they are both Greek to me; and, if you get them mixed up, I am sure I cannot separate them again. I respect learning in others, and I wish I had more of it myself; but I do not understand what you mean by *tirosh*, *yain*, or *oinon*. But unlearned men must have a position which they can hold against the learned; and I believe that the prudent position for a man to occupy is, not to advocate a question any further than he understands it. A person once came to me in England, and said to me, —

"Ah! Mistar Gough, — ah! — why — don't — you give — us — a *physico-logico* — lecture?"

"I suppose you mean," said I, "a physiological lecture; and the reason why I don't is, because I don't understand physiology."

If I should undertake to talk about the pathology of drunkenness, and the influence of drink on the brain, the stomach, and the blood, I might talk away very learnedly, and not understand a word I was saying; and, when I had got through, a gentleman who is a physiologist might upset me entirely with two or three hard words which I did not comprehend. He is wrong, and I am right; but he has got the sympathy of the people, because I have attempted to argue a question I don't understand, and have got beyond my depth.

I wish to say here, that *the clergymen of the*

*Church of England are positively doing more for the temperance movement than Dissenters;* and the same is true of their wives. I was invited to church with a clergyman, who is now the Bishop of Carlisle; and we had a discussion for about two hours. A titled lady was present, and she helped him. I was alone, and had to bear the whole brunt of the battle on the scriptural argument. "The Bible permits the use of wine," said he. "Very well," said I: "suppose it does." — "The Bible sanctions the use of wine." — "Very well: suppose it does." — "Our Saviour made wine."* — "I know he did." — "Why, we thought you were prepared to deny this." — "I do not deny it: I can read."

"Wine is spoken of in the Bible as a blessing." I replied, "There are two kinds of wine spoken of in the Bible."

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* "No man should adduce *this* instance in favor of drinking wine, unless he can prove that the wine made in the 'water-pots' of Cana was *just like* the wine which he proposes to drink. The Saviour's example may be always pleaded JUST AS IT WAS; but it is a matter of obvious and simple justice, that we should find out exactly what the example was before we plead it. There is, moreover, no evidence that any other part of the water was converted into wine than that which was *drawn out* of the water-casks for the use of the guests. . . . The common wine of Judæa was the pure juice of the grape, without any mixture of alcohol; and was harmless. It was the common drink of the people, and did not tend to produce intoxication. *Our* wines are a *mixture* of the juice of the grape and of brandy, and often of infusions of various substances to give it color and taste and the appearance of wine. Those wines are little less injurious than brandy; and the habit of drinking them should be classed with the drinking of all other liquid fires.

"The following table will show the danger of drinking the wines that are in common use: —

"Now, then, you are not a learned man: prove it." —"Well," I said, "I *know* there is." —"Prove it." —"I know there *are* two kinds of wine spoken of in the Bible." —"Prove it."

"I do not know that I can; but I will tell you what it is: the W-I-N-E that is spoken of as 'a blessing' is not the same W-I-N-E that is called 'a mocker;' and the W-I-N-E that is to be drunk in the kingdom of Heaven cannot be the 'W-I-N-E of the wrath of God:' so that, although I cannot prove it learnedly, I know it is so."

Now, there are others who go farther than I go: but you will please let me go just as far as I can understand it; and, if I cannot go any farther, don't find fault with me. I hold that the Bible

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"Brandy has fifty-three parts and thirty-nine hundredths in a hundred of alcohol, or . . . . . 53 39 per cent.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Rum | 53.68 | ,, |
| Whiskey, Scotch | 54 32 | ,, |
| Holland gin | 51.60 | ,, |
| Port wine, highest kind | 25.83 | ,, |
| ,, ,, lowest | 21.40 | ,, |
| Madeira, highest | 29.42 | ,, |
| ,, lowest | 19.34 | ,, |
| Lisbon | 18.94 | ,, |
| Malaga | 17.26 | ,, |
| Red champagne | 11.30 | ,, |
| White do. | 12 80 | ,, |
| Currant wine | 20.25 | ,, |

"It follows that a man who drinks two glasses of most of the wines used has taken as much alcohol as if he had taken one glass of brandy or whiskey. And why should he not as well drink the alcohol in the brandy as in the wine? What difference can it make in morals? What difference in its effects on his system? The experience of the world has shown that water, pure water, is the most wholesome and safe and invigorating drink for man." — BARNES'S NOTES.

*permits* total abstinence; and I would rather search the Bible for permission to give up a lawful gratification for the sake of my weaker-headed brother, who stumbles over my example into sin, than to see how far I can follow my own propensities without committing sin, and bringing condemnation upon any one's soul.

Another gentleman, who came to me for a long talk, said, "I have a conscientious objection to tee-totalism; and it is this: 'Our Saviour made wine at the marriage of Cana in Galilee.'" — "I know he did." — "He made it because they wanted it." — "So the Bible tells us." — "He made it of water." — "Yes." — "Well, he performed a miracle to make that wine." — "Yes." — "Then he honored and sanctified wine by performing a miracle to make it. Therefore," said he, "I feel, that, if I should give up the use of wine, I should be guilty of ingratitude, and should be reproaching my Master." — "Sir," said I, "I can understand how you should feel so; but is there nothing else that you put by which our Saviour has honored?" — "No: I do not know that there is." — "Do you eat *barley bread?*" — "No;" and then he began to laugh. "And why?" — "Because I don't like it." — "Very well, sir," I. said: "our Saviour sanctified barley bread just as much as he ever did wine. He fed five thousand people with barley loaves manufactured by a miracle. You put away barley bread from the

low motive of not liking it. I ask you to put away wine from the higher motive of bearing the infirmity of your weaker brother, and so fulfilling the law of Christ." I wish to say that that man signed a pledge three days afterwards.

I only mention this that I may give you some idea of the manner in which we have to advocate the movement in Great Britain.

Then there is a class of persons there, — and I believe there are some in this country, — who say, "Ah! you teetotalers are putting temperance in the place of religion." What do you think that Mr. Spurgeon said to his people? I refer to what he was reported to have said in the papers, and I believe it: for I have it from an eye-witness that he drank a whole bottle of champagne at a dinner, and ridiculed teetotalism; and, if he can ridicule temperance publicly, we may speak of him in public.

He said, "Drunkenness is the curse of Great Britain; *but total abstinence, my friends, is not the cure for drunkenness!*"

Why, there is not a booby in the kingdom who does not know better than that! Now, I advocate teetotalism as a cure for drunkenness: I do not advocate it as a cure for any thing else. A man may be a teetotal thief, a teetotal liar, a teetotal slanderer (and we have proved that, I think, within the past three years, pretty effectually); he may be a teetotal sabbath-breaker or a teetotal infidel:

but he *cannot be a teetotaler and a drunkard;* can he? The principle I advocate cures drunkards; it cures nothing else: and we say it is folly for a man to tell us that we are putting temperance in the place of the gospel, and undertaking to do that through its instrumentality which can only be accomplished by the grace of God. As the blood in my arm [holding it up] circulates upward, contrary to the law of nature, by the power of life that is in me; so the grace of God, operating upon a man's heart, changes the whole nature of the man. Teetotalism does no such work as that. *We look upon teetotalism as one of the grandest agents to remove one of the most terrible hinderances to the hearing of the gospel;* and, if we look into Great Britain, we shall see it. What is the great hinderance there to men's hearing the gospel?

Drunkenness stood more in the way than any other agency; and, if I advocate teetotalism, I advocate it as an agency to remove one evil, and only indirectly to do the other work. To give you an illustration. I spoke in Dundee to the outcasts of that town. The Right Hon. Lord Kinnaird and his lady were instrumental in getting up that meeting. It was *such* a meeting, I suppose, as you cannot see in this country; at least, I never saw such an one. If such an audience can be gathered together here, I should like to see it and to address it. The town missionaries had got together a large mass of men

and women, and you would have looked almost in vain to find one lingering trace of human beauty left. It seemed as if the foul hoof of debauchery had dashed it out. It was a horrid sight to look at,—rags, filth, nakedness,—a festering, steaming mass of putrefying humanity. A woman sat at my feet; and the place was so crowded, that I touched her. Her nickname for years had been "Hell-fire." The boys called her "Fire," and she was known by no other name in the vicinity of her wretched residence. Fifty-three times had she been convicted, and sentenced for from six days' to four months' imprisonment. The ex-provost of the town (George Rough) said to me, "I never sent *one* policeman to take her: she was never mastered by one man. She is a muscular woman, and she will hit right and left. She has been dragged before me, time after time, with the blood streaming from her face." The Rev. Mr. Hannay and Mr. Rough said to me, "If she kicks up a row, as she probably will, you will see one of the most comical rows you ever beheld. It is dreadful; but there is a comicality about it: she has such power with her tongue, that it is amazing. We have seen men, who could stand any amount of common swearing, run when 'Fire' began to blaspheme." She sat there at my feet; and, as I went on, she interrupted me a little. I told that audience what they had been, what they might be, what God meant they should be. I showed them that

they were thwarting God's good designs towards every one of them. I asked that mother if she did not remember sending that half-starved little child for a penny's worth of oatmeal and fourpence worth of whiskey. I asked that young man to remember what he promised when he married that girl, and to go and look at that bed of rags to which he had brought her. Some of them lifted up their naked arms, and said, "Oh! that is all true." By and by, the woman at my feet looked up, and said, "Where did you learn all that?" Then she looked as if she had some important communication to make to the people; and she said, "The man kens all about it. Would you give the likes o' me the pledge?" — "To be sure I will," said I. "Oh, no, no!" said some: "it won't do for her to take the pledge." I said, "Why not?" — "She can't keep it." — "How do you know?" — "She will be drunk before she goes to bed to-night." — "How do you know? — Madam," I said to her, "here is a gentleman who says you cannot keep the pledge if you sign it." The woman flew into a rage. Said I, "Before you fight about it, tell me, can you keep it?" The reply was, "If I say *I will*, I can." I said, "Then you say you will?" — "*I will.*" — "Give me your hand." — "I will." — "Then," said I, "put down your name." After she had done it, I said, "Give me your hand again." She did so, and said, "I will keep it." — "I know you will,"

I said; "and I shall come back again to see you." — "Come back when you will," said she, "and you will find I have kept it." Some three years after, I went back. Lord Kinnaird presided over the meeting. The woman was there. After the meeting, I introduced her to Lord Kinnaird, not as "Fire," but as Mrs. Archer, a very respectable Scotch woman. She had on her white cap, and her cloak pinned across her breast. He shook hands with her. I went to her house. I wish I could tell you what she told me; I wish I could make you feel as she made me feel. She said, "I am a poor body — I dinna ken much, and what little I did ken has been about knocked out of me by the staves of the policemen. They pounded me over the head, sir — I dinna ken how to pray — I never went to God's house these twenty-eight years — I cannot pray — but sometimes I dream" (and then her eyes filled); "I dream I am drunk, and I cannot pray; but I get out of my bed, sir, and I kneel by the side of it, and I never get back to it until day-dawn; and all I can say is, 'God keep me!' — I canna get drunk any more." Her daughter said, "Ay, mon; and I have heard my mother, at the dead of night, on the bare floor, in the bitter winter time, cry out, 'God keep me!' and I said, 'Mother, go to your bed;' and she said, 'No, no: I had a dream, and I cannot go and drink any more.'" That woman is now to be seen going every sabbath day to hear God's word preached, —

she who had not entered God's house for twenty-eight years!

Teetotalism is not religion; but I thank God it has removed a hinderance to many a man and woman hearing that truth which must be believed, and must be heard before it is believed.

They are doing a grand work in England. Mrs. Bailey, the authoress of "Ragged Homes, and how

to Mend them," republished in this country; and Mrs. Wightman, authoress of "Haste to the Rescue!" — are noble women. Mrs. Bailey found poor wretched creatures in such a state of degradation, that she went to work among the women first, teaching them how to make their homes more happy; but their cry was, "We can do nothing while our husbands drink." What did she do? Setting an

example to the women of Boston, she invited sixteen of the worst of them (and bad enough were they; for they used to go out into the fields near the Kensington Potteries, and pummel each other to a jelly for a pot of ale: their fists were used to beat out God's image), — she invited, I say, sixteen of the worst of them to come to tea. Very much embarrassed were they after tea. "I suppose," she said, "you hardly think any one has been caring for you for a great many years past?" — "Oh, yes!" they said: "we know well the policemen have been caring for us." She told them she had been caring for them. She began, and at last she had seventy-eight of these men teetotalers: seventy-eight of them signed the pledge. She works with religion as well as with temperance. She instituted evening readings; and I tell you, ladies and gentlemen, that to see seventy or eighty men, who are covered with scars that have been received in Satan's service, with fists that have been used for fighting folded in their laps, sitting there, great men, and hearing that little woman reading — what? — "A new commandment give I unto you, that you love one another even as I have loved you;" and then to see the eyes grow dim, and the great hard hand brush away the tear, and hear the great heaving sob that shakes the strong man from head to foot as he hears for the first time these strange, sweet words, — I tell you, this is a sight to stir the very soul. I say, sir, and I

appeal to these ministers of the gospel, that if there is a movement based on a lawful principle, that will bring men from the deep, dark depths of drunkenness, only to hear such words as these, it demands your sympathy, and the sympathy of every Christian minister and man, the wide world over.

I said, when I began, that I was a trophy of this movement; and therefore the principal part of my work has been (not ignoring other parts) in behalf of those who have suffered as I have suffered. You know there is a great deal said about the reckless victims of this foe being "brutes." No, they are not brutes. I have labored for eighteen years among them, and I have never found a brute. I have had men swear at me; I have had a man dance round me as if possessed of a devil, and spit his foam in my face: but I never found a man I would give up. It may take a long time to reach his manhood; but he is not a brute. I think it is Charles Dickens who says, "Away up a great many pair of stairs, in a very remote corner, easily passed by, there is a door, and on that door is written —

'WOMAN;'"

and so in the heart of the vilest outcast, away up a great many pair of stairs, in a very remote corner, easily passed by, there is a door, on which is written "MAN." Here is our business, — to find that door. It may take a long time; but begin and knock. Don't get tired; but remember

God's long-suffering to us, and keep knocking a long time if need be. Don't get weary if there is no answer: remember Him whose locks were wet with the dew. Knock on; just try it, — *you* try it; and just so sure as you do, just so sure, by and by, will the quivering lip and starting tear tell you you have been knocking at the heart of a man, and not of a brute. It is because these poor wretches *are* men, and not brutes, that we have hopes of them. I once picked up a man in the market-place. They said, "He is a brute: let him alone." I took him home with me, and kept the "brute" fourteen days and nights through his delirium; and he nearly frightened Mary out of her wits one night, — chasing her all about the house, with a boot in his hand. But she recovered her wits, and he recovered his. He said to me, "You wouldn't think I had a wife and child?" — "Well, I shouldn't." — "I have; and — God bless her dear little heart! — my little Mary is as pretty a little thing as ever stepped," said the "brute." I asked, "Where do they live?" "They live two miles away from here." — "When did you see them last?" — "About two years ago." Then he told me his sad story. I said, "You must go back again." — "I mustn't go back; I won't: my wife is better without me than with me! I will not go back any more! I have knocked her, and kicked her, and abused her: do you suppose I will go back again?" I went to the house with him.

I knocked at the door, and his wife opened it. "Is this Mrs. Richardson?" — "Yes, sir." — "Well, that is Mr. Richardson; and, Mr. Richardson, that is Mrs. Richardson. Now come into the house." They went in. The wife sat on one side of the room, and the "brute" on the other. I waited to see who would speak first; and it was the woman. But, before she spoke, she fidgeted a good deal. She pulled up her apron till she got hold of the hem, and then she pulled it all down again. Then she folded it all up closely, and jerked it out through her fingers an inch at a time; and then she spread it all down again: and then she looked all about the room, and said, "Well, William!" and the "brute" said, "Well, Mary!" He had a large handkerchief round his neck; and she said, "You had better take the handkerchief off, William: you'll need it when you go out." He began to fumble about it. The knot was large enough; he could have untied it if he liked: but he said, "Will you untie it, Mary?" And she worked away at it; but *her* fingers were clumsy, and she couldn't get it off. Their eyes met, and the love-light was not all quenched: he opened his arms gently, and she fell into them. If you had seen those white arms clasped about his neck, and he sobbing on her breast, and the child looking in wonder, first at one, and then at the other, you would have said, "It is not a brute: it is a man, with a great big warm heart in his breast."

I tell you it is a glorious work to get at these hearts: it is a glorious work to play upon a man; to play upon him till you make him sing, — ay, and sing sweet music too. A man came to me at Covent Garden, summer before last, and said, "Mr. Gough, I want you to come into my place of business." I replied, "I am in a little hurry now." — "You *must* come into my place of business!" So, when he got me there, — into a large fruit-stall, where he was doing business to the amount of two hundred and fifty or three hundred pounds (a thousand or twelve hundred and fifty dollars) a week, — he caught hold of my hand, and said, "God bless you, sir!" "What for? Have I ever seen you before?" — "I heard you, sir," he said, "in Exeter Hall, in 1853. I was a brute." — "No, you were not." — "Well, I was worse." — "No, you were not." — "Well, I was as bad as ever I could be." Then he told me some sad things, and went on: "God bless you, sir! See what a business I am doing! Look here! see that woman in the corner: it is my wife. La! how I have knocked her about! Would you go and shake hands with her?" — "I have no objection." — "Do, sir." I went up to her, and offered my hand. She held back, and said, "My fingers are so sticky with the fruit, sir!" — "La!" said the husband, "Mr. Gough, you don't mind a little sticky fingers?" "No, sir;" and I shook hands with her. Our fingers stuck together: they were more sticky than I had

expected. Again the man said to me, "God bless you, sir! I wish I could give you something. Do you like oranges?" — "Sometimes." He went to a shelf that was full of them, and began to fill a great bag with them. "That's enough, sir;" but he paid no attention to me, but filled the bag, and put it in my arms. "Go along with you!" said he; "don't say a word; go along with you! God bless you!" I had positively to hire a cab to get home.

The day before Christmas, I took an American lady — who is in this house to-night — to see this man; saying, "I am going to call on a gentleman whom I want you to see." I had spoken, on the preceding Monday evening, in Exeter Hall, for the eighty-first time; and, you know, when a man speaks eighty-one times in one place, on the same subject, he gets pretty well pushed for matter: so I told this story there. The first thing he said, when I entered his place of business, was, "Oh! you did give somebody a terrible rub last Monday; didn't you?" — "You didn't mind it?" — "Mind it? No: *I liked it.* The man next to me kept a-nudging me, and saying, 'That means you.' But, Mr. Gough, just look at that cellar!" — "I see the cellar." — "I want to show you this letter. I have a letter from Manchester, ordering me to send them five hundred pounds of fruit. Now, do you suppose anybody would have ordered that of such a fellow as I used to be? Look at that cellar! I spent a

whole Sunday in that cellar, on a heap of rotten vegetables, with a rope to hang myself by! I heard the bells chime for church, and knew when they were singing, and when they were praying, and when they were preaching. They little thought a poor wretch was down here fighting; for it *was* a steady fight all that day between that rope and me and my conscience. Now, sir, I lease that cellar, and clear a hundred pounds a year. Here come my children, just from boarding-school; four of 'em. Shake hands with 'em. Oh, how I wish you lived where I do!"

Perhaps you are getting tired of these incidents; but there is one more, of which I would like to speak to you, because it shows that we who work among the hardest and vilest outcasts are repaid by the fact that we are working for *men*. I was to speak in a certain place; and a poor fellow came with what is called a "fly," — that is, a one-horse cab, — to take me, some six miles, to the railway station where I was to speak. I noticed that he was leaning forward, and then took a handkerchief out of his pocket, and tied it around his face. I said, "Have you got a cold?" — "No." Then he tied the handkerchief up this way. "Have you the toothache?" — "No." He seemed to lean forward, and sit so uneasily, that I said to him, "Why do you sit forward in that way?" — "Why, sir," he said, "the window of the carriage is broken; and

I am trying to keep the wind off of you, sir." "The Lord bless you, my friend! what do you mean by that? Are you putting your head in that hole to keep the wind from me?" — "Yes, sir, I am." "And why?" He burst into tears: "It's because I owe every thing I have in the world to you. When I first heard you, I was singing ballads in the streets, with my half-starved wife following me with a baby in her arms. Now I have a comfortable home. God bless you, sir! I'd stick my head in any hole under heaven for you." And the next morning I breakfasted with him, at six o'clock. I have breakfasted and dined where they have had footmen, — with a great preponderance of calf, and top-knots, or whatever they call them, on their shoulders, — snatching your plate away before you got half through; but I have never had such a breakfast as that in my life. I believe that man and his wife had been up all night to get it ready for me. There was no floor except an earthen floor; the ceiling was of great rafters, blackened with smoke: but such a breakfast!

These are the men we are working for: and we defend the principle of total abstinence as a lawful principle; in the highest sense of the term, as an *expedient* principle; as a benevolent principle, calculated to do this one work of rescuing the drunkard.

And another thing you will allow me to say; though certainly I did not intend or expect to make a long speech. I came laboring under this heavy affliction which has been referred to, and I felt that it would be almost impossible for me to face an audience to-night; and therefore you must bear with me, under the circumstances, if I speak chiefly of these reminiscences of the past. I love this temperance movement. I ought to love it, and I must love it; and, in that day for which all other days were made, it will be seen that my love of the temperance movement has been, next to my love for the blessed religion of the Lord Jesus Christ, nearest to my heart. Do you suppose I can look at a scene like this, and not recur to the past? The past is ever before me: the past is to me one perpetual photograph, that will never fade out; that grows more and more distinct, the longer I live. The fire that scorched me in the distance seems to burn brighter; the iron that entered my flesh seems to be sharper, the further I remove from it. For the love I bear the temperance movement, I take no credit to myself. The temperance movement has made me what I am, if I am any thing, if I am worth any thing, in this world; and for the temperance movement I mean to work to the day of my death. And I pray you, that, when I die, I may die in the harness. I come back to you here. I see your young men plunged in dissipation. Oh, it is

pitiful to go through the streets as I have, in Boston, to-day, and see boldly and openly displayed the signs that tell us of the dreadful, horrible traffic that is carried on in spite of the will of the people! Who are these few men that *dare* to ignore the expressed will of the people? Who are they that *dare* to fill the lower parts of your city with the horrid stench of the accursed distillery? Who are they that *dare* do this, when the people say they shall not? Up, *up*, UP, men of Boston! Crush it out! You *can* do it! Can? some people say it is impossible. A great many begin and end all their effort by saying it is impossible. Do you remember the incident that occurred when Mr. Webster delivered his great oration at the foot of Bunker-hill Monument? The crowd was pressing up on all sides toward the platform; and the committee said, "Gentlemen, stand back." — "We can't," said the crowd; and they never attempted it. They continued to press up. The platform began to crack, endangering life and limb. "Stand back." "We can't stand back," said the people, and made no effort. Mr. Webster rose to his feet, and said, "Gentlemen, you *must* stand back."—"Mr. Webster, it is impossible to stand back."—"Impossible?" said Webster: "*on Bunker Hill, nothing is impossible!*" and down the hill they went. They felt they *could*, and they did. Impossible! — it is not our business to create results; we cannot create results: but it

is our business to work for results; and the highest position a man can occupy in this world is to stand as a machine, connected with his Maker by a band of loving faith, — God the motor-power, and man the machine. That is your business, — working where He will, when He will, as He will. No matter if you don't see a dram-shop closed; that is not your business: work as if the next blow was to dash to pieces the Moloch of drunkenness; and, if no results are visible till you lie down to die, die in faith that others are coming up to gather a full harvest on the field that you have planted and tended, and prayed over, but have not been able to reap. It is ours *to work.*

They say teetotalism is going out of fashion. I am sorry to say it is. They say in England, teetotalism is not *genteel.* I am very glad it is not: I hope it never will be. You never knew a movement, that became "genteel," but the gentility ate the heart out of it. By "gentility" I don't mean courtesy and politeness at all. I don't mean the qualities which constitute a gentleman. I am very fond of what the old lady called "the ginuflixions of life." But, in England, their notions of politeness and gentility are graded very much according to class. If you have ever ridden on an English railroad, you know that, just before they come to the station, they step along the platform and take the tickets. They come to the first-class cars:

"Tickets, gentlemen, if you please; — thank you, sir." To the second-class: "Tickets, please." To the third-class: "Tickets!" If a man is wheeling along a wheelbarrow, and a poor fellow with a fustian jacket is before him, he will say, "Now, then, stupid!" If it be a gentleman with a black coat, it is, "By your leave, sir." That is not what I mean when I say "politeness:" I mean such politeness as that of Washington; who, being bowed to in the street by a negro, returned the bow. "What!" said his companion: "would you bow to a negro in the street?" — "I will not be outdone in politeness by a negro, if I am President of the United States," replied Washington. I am no enemy to politeness; nor, when I speak of "gentility," do I refer to dress particularly. Some people think, — and especially young men, — that, if they put on a certain dress, they will become genteel. I have no objection to your dressing as you will: you may wear peg-tops if you please. I don't like them, and so I don't wear them myself: but I don't object to your wearing them; only pay the tailor. I have no objection to the ladies dressing as they will, if they don't take up too much room. I have no prejudice against a modified form; but it isn't pleasant, of a rainy day, to get into an omnibus full of ladies, with skirts stretching five feet and a half across: but, with proper limitations, I don't object to the ladies dressing as they please.

To speak seriously of this "gentility:" what is it? It is a contemptible slavery to which we subject ourselves. Talk of slavery! — what slavery is so degrading as this bowing and truckling and smirking and smiling, and kissing the foot and licking the hand of the circle of society in which we move? We can't say we have a soul of our own, unless we first ask the circle of society whether we may enjoy that privilege; we have no opinions, except as the "circle of society" gives us those opinions. "Mrs. Smith, how do you like our new minister?" "*I don't know till I ask Mrs. Harris.*"

This contemptible slavery in the United Kingdom exists to an alarming extent. I will give you an instance of it; and I believe you will recognize something of the same spirit here. A returned missionary was invited to preach two sermons in an Independent chapel in Huntingdonshire. The Independent minister was a very poorly paid minister, — more poorly than any man ought to be, that is not a very poor minister. There was no servant in his family: the husband, wife, and a daughter sixteen or seventeen years of age, provided as good a dinner as they could for the great man, — mutton, vegetables, and a plum-pudding (a very small one, but a very good one; one of the kind that all you men of family know; the kind, of which, when they are to have a party, they go around to all the members of the family, and say, "If you are asked to take

pudding to-day, you must say, 'No' "). When the visitor sat down to dinner, he said, "I will trouble you for a glass of ale." — "But we have no ale." "Then you can get it for me." — "We are teetotalers." — "You have no right to thrust your teetotalism upon others." (He had no right to thrust his beer into another man's house; had he?) "Well," said the wife, "my husband's position is well known: it would be ruinous to him to send out and get beer. He couldn't go to the public-house and get it; and, as the pastor's wife, I couldn't go to the public-house and get it." "I will trouble you for some ale." — "I will give you coffee and tea." — "I didn't ask for coffee or tea: I will trouble you for some ale." — "We have never bought any ale here, and our daughter has never been to a public-house." — "If you can't give me any ale, I must go where I can get it." And, to pacify the great man, they sent that child of seventeen out to a public-house, for the first time, to buy ale for a returned missionary!

Alexander Wallace of Edinburgh and his wife are people of another stamp. A guest said to her, "I suppose you will give me a whiskey-toddy." — "I suppose I shan't." — "If I can't get it here, I must get it out of this." — "If you want whiskey-toddy, you must get it out of this." — "I must have it to-morrow." — "You can't have it here to-morrow." "You *must* give it to me to-morrow." — "I won't."

"Then I can't preach." — "I can't help it." "Mrs. Wallace, if you don't give me whiskey-toddy to-morrow, I won't preach." — "Very well," she said: "then I shall go to the people in the morning, and tell them the reason why." And, bad as they are in some circumstances there, he didn't dare to risk that: and he did preach, and didn't get his whiskey; but he was as savage all day as a bear.

Teetotalism is *not* "genteel." No; but it is *respectable*. "Respectability" is another word which we often meet in England. Oh, these conventionalities! Why, a lady said to me, "We had a large meeting in this town last week: twelve hundred people were present; but there was not a respectable person there." — "Ah!" I said, "what a horrid state of things!" — "Oh, no!" "It *is* a very shocking state of affairs, to get twelve hundred disreputable people together at a meeting." "Oh, no! I don't mean disreputable." I made her tell what she did mean; and she meant there were none of the "gentry" present. I tell you, there is many a man, that stands behind a chair, more respectable than he who occupies it. Robert Burns, addressing once a man coarsely clad in "hodden gray," was asked, "Do you speak to the like of that?" — "Hoot, ye gumalow! I wasn't speaking to his clothes: I was speaking to the man that is in the clothes." Respectable! — I say that our principle is respectable, in the American sense of

the term; is becoming more and more respectable, even in the English sense of the term, every day.

But it is brought up against us, "*You are in such a minority!* — you will never do any thing, because you are in such a *minority!*" What is a minority? The chosen heroes of this earth have been in the minority. There is not a social, political, or religious privilege that you enjoy to-day, that was not bought for you by the blood and tears and patient sufferings of a minority. It is the minority that have vindicated humanity in every struggle. It is a minority that have come out as iconoclasts to beat down the Dagons their fathers have worshipped, — the old abuses of society. It is a minority that have stood in the van of every moral conflict, and achieved all that is noble in the history of the world. You will find that each generation has been always busy in gathering up the scattered ashes of the martyred heroes of the past, to deposit them in the golden urn of a nation's history. Look at Scotland, where they are erecting monuments — to whom? — to the Covenanters. Ah, *they* were in a minority! Read their history, if you can, without the blood tingling to the tips of your fingers! Look at that girl, of whose innocent stratagem the legend has come down to us, and see how persecution sharpens the intellect as well as gives power to faith! She was going to the conventicle. She knew the penalty of that deed was death. She met

a company of troopers. "My girl, where are you going?" She could not tell them a lie: she must tell the truth. It was death to go to that conventicle: to tell that she was going there was to reveal its place to these soldiers; and the lives of her friends were in her hands. "Let me go!" she said: "*I am going to my father's house. My elder brother is dead, and he has left a will, and I am in it; and it is to be read to-day.*" — "Go," said he, "my girl; and I hope you will have something handsome." These were the minority, that, through blood and tears and bootings and scourgings, — dyeing the waters with their blood, and staining the heather with their gore, — fought the glorious battle of religious freedom.

In a Scottish seaside-town, the other day, they were beginning a monument to two girls. In those days of persecution, one was fastened down low to a stake as the tide came up, and another above; and, as the lower one was struggling in the death-agony, one said to the other, "What do you see?" — "I see the Lord Jesus Christ struggling in the water, in the person of his disciple." These heroes and heroines fought and struggled in the grasp of cruel power; but the right always gains the victory, in God's good time. Minority! — if a man stand up for the right, though the right be on the scaffold, while the wrong sits in the seat of government; if he stand for the right, though he

eat, with the right and truth, a wretched crust; if he walk with obloquy and scorn in the by-lanes and streets, while the falsehood and wrong ruffle it in silken attire, — let him remember, that, wherever the right and truth are, there are always —

"Troops of beautiful, tall angels" —

gathering round him, and God himself stands within the dim future, and keeps watch over his own! If a man stands for the right and the truth, though every man's finger be pointed at him, though every woman's lip be curled at him, in scorn, he stands in a majority; for God and good angels are with him, and greater are they that are for him than all they that be against him.

Therefore I say to the friends of this movement, in Boston and in Massachusetts, this: I know not how much I myself shall work with you. Remember that no man is indispensable. Oh, if we could but be hidden ourselves! if we could get under the banner, and be hidden under its folds, only bearing it right in the van! If it is God's will that you and I, or any of us, shall work in this movement, we shall work: men nor devils can drive us away. If it is His will, and if he shall supply to us the strength, we shall work where he will, and when he will, and how he will. It is for us, as I have just said, to do this, and to leave the result in His hands. But there is encouragement for us in the fact that we

are right. Our object is to roll back the tide of drunkenness from the land. Our object is to dry up the fountains of drunkenness. Your object in Massachusetts is *to put a seal on the liquor-traffic*. You have put the seal of your reprobation upon it by your votes and your legislative enactments. Now, all you have to do is, in the fear of God, in one mighty phalanx, to move with that moral power that belongs to you, *and demand*, in this city of Boston, *that these places shall be closed*. If it is against the law of Massachusetts to work a distillery, there is power enough in this meeting to-night to blow such a blast as shall stop that distillery. If it is right to do it, there is moral power enough to do it in this city of Boston, if, with mighty moral force, we could rouse it to the act. Oh for more faith, more faith! — then we should have better work.

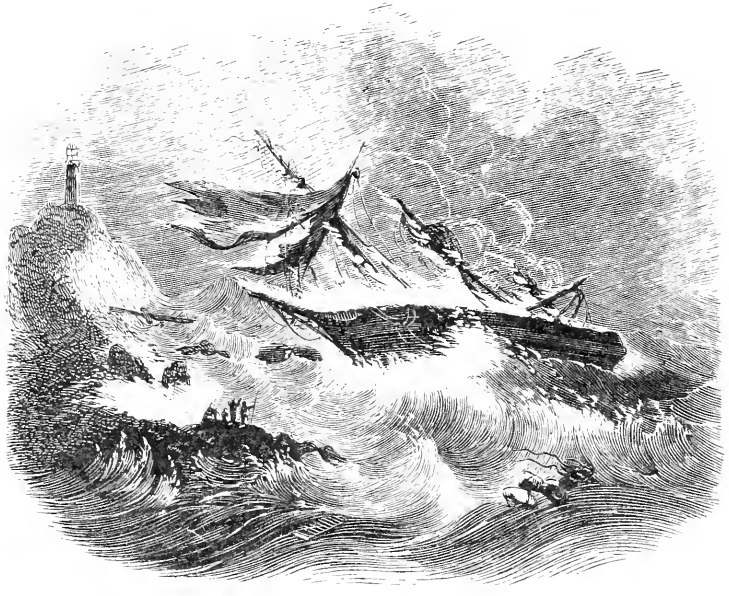
I will detain you but a few minutes longer. When I came here to-night, I told the brethren who accompanied me, that probably I should not speak twenty minutes: and I am somewhat embarrassed in speaking here, for the reason that I use arguments that have been used up; and it is like setting up a man of straw, and knocking him down again, to come to Massachusetts and employ such arguments as are needed in the United Kingdom. This only I wish to repeat: Though the accomplishment of our end requires a great effort, it is

*worth an effort.* It is worth something to save a man's life. I saw twelve men drawn through the streets of London by eight horses, and accompanied by a band of music. They had medals on their breasts. They had saved life: they were the men that had saved so many lives from the "Royal Charter," and were thus honored for their bravery. When a man risks his life to save another, they call him a hero. Mr. Gunn was driving an express-train on one of the Western railroads. The passengers were dozing and reading, and gazing through the plate glass at the scenery by which they were passing so swiftly. He noticed something on the line of the track; fixed his eye upon it, and saw it move. He rang the bell, and gave the signal for the breaks to be applied; and grinding along they went: and, as they approached the object, he found that it was a child, and that they must strike her. She was seated on the rails, playing with a dog, with her feet toward the inside of the track. He sounded the whistle, and rang the bell: but it was of no use; they must strike her. They were going slowly; but they *must strike her!* He crawled forward, clambered over the boiler, got round the smoke-stack, got his fingers on a ring in front, and, putting his feet against the ash-pan, threw forward thus his whole body, with one hand stretched forth to snatch the child from the fearful danger. But he saw that it was doubtful if he could reach her; and,

if he missed, she was lost: so, measuring his distance, with one sharp, quick blow he struck her,—knocked her out of the way; and, when the engine and train had passed on and stopped, she was picked up, with not one bone of her body broken, or a scratch, except one graze upon her forehead, where she struck upon the gravel. When the mother clasped her little girl, and pressed her to her bosom, she worshipped that man as the savior of her child. It was worth an effort to save the life of that child.

John Maynard was well known in the Lake District as a God-fearing, honest, intelligent pilot. He was pilot on a steamer from Detroit to Buffalo, one summer afternoon. At that time, those steamers seldom carried boats. Smoke was seen ascending from below; and the captain called out, "Simpson, go down and see what that smoke is." Simpson came up, with his face pale as ashes, and said, "Captain, the ship is on fire!" then, "Fire! *fire! fire! fire* on shipboard!" All hands were called up. Buckets of water were dashed upon the fire, but in vain. There were large quantities of rosin and tar on board, and it was useless to attempt to save the ship. The passengers rushed forward, and inquired of the pilot, "How far are we from Buffalo?" — "Seven miles." — "How long before we reach it?" — "Three-quarters of an hour, at our present rate of steam." — "Is there any danger?" "Danger *here:* see the smoke bursting out! *Go*

*forward*, if you would save your lives!" Passengers and crew — men, women, and children — crowded the forward part of the ship: John Maynard stood at the helm. The flames burst forth in a sheet of fire: clouds of smoke arose. The captain cried out through his trumpet, "John Maynard!" — "Ay, ay, sir!" — "Are you at the helm?" — "Ay, ay, sir!" "How does she head?" — "South-east-by-east, sir."



"Head her south-east, and run her on shore!" Nearer, nearer, yet nearer, she approached the shore. Again the captain cried out, "John Maynard!" The response came feebly, "Ay, ay, sir!" "Can you hold on five minutes longer, John?" "By God's help, I will!" The old man's hair was scorched from the scalp. One hand disabled,

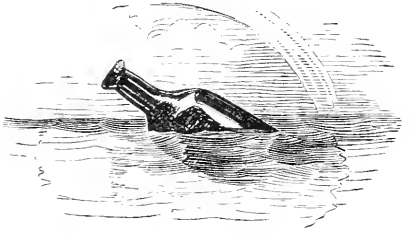
his knee upon the stanchion, and his teeth set, with his other hand upon the wheel, he stood firm as a rock. He beached the ship: every man, woman, and child was saved, as John Maynard dropped, and his spirit took its flight to his God!

He sacrificed his life to save the lives of others. It is worth a greater effort to save a man from moral ruin, to save a child from drunkenness, than from fire. Let me give you a case in illustration. A graduate of one of the universities of Great Britain came to me, shaking and trembling. He said he had "come to me as he would go to a physician." I said, "You must stop drinking." "I can't." — "You will die." — "I am afraid I shall. I give it up! — I can't." My wife and two gentlemen were present. I said, "What good does the drink do you?" — "No good." — "Why do you drink?" — "I must have it." Thinking that, being an educated man, he might give me some ideas, I asked him, "Will you tell me how you feel before you begin to drink, and afterwards?" I shall never forget it. He stood up, and said, "All I can say is, I must have it." — "Why?" "I feel as if there were *insects in my veins!* Oh, it is horrible! horrible! I touch my coat, I touch my hands, and I jump! Oh, I shall go mad — mad — mad! If I could not get it without having a sound tooth torn out of my jaws, bring the instrument, and wrench it out. I *must* have the drink,

you see: so I get it. And then I stand still, that I may not disturb its effect. That's what I want: I want relief, and I feel it. Quick, quick, hot, it sends the blood through my veins: the insects are gone, and I begin to perspire. Yes: I am better, better, better! It's what I want. It's coming! it's coming! it has come to me! — relief, like a flash of summer lightning; and it has gone, and I get another." — "Then," I said, "you will die." — "I am afraid I shall: can you save me?" — "Not unless you stop drinking." — "I can't die: I haven't offered a prayer to God for sixteen years." "You must give it up." — "I can't." I said, "God will help you." — "No, he won't." — "I will," said I: "my wife and I will take care of you four days, if you will. I have just four days to spare for you." We took him, though we could get no promise from him: we nursed him night and day. The third afternoon, he sat with me, his hand in mine; and I spoke to him of God and Christ and eternity. He said, "I am a man of some common sense, I believe; and I am very well aware that I can never be happy in another state of existence, or this; and that change I know I cannot work for myself. I am miserable; and I know I shall be miserable for ever and ever, unless I have some change worked in me: and I cannot work it myself; and I am damned!" I said, "Stop the drink." "It is of no use!" he replied; and he took my

hand, and kissed it, and the hot tears ran down upon it; *and he went out, and deliberately cut his throat.*

Is it not worth something to save a man like that? Is it not worth something to save your children from such ruin? I thank God, when I look at prohibition and moral suasion, that you have Bands of Hope and Cold-water Armies to save your children; and I feel that one great fault in Massachusetts has been the neglect of these Cold-water Armies, and permitting the movement, as regards children, to fall into desuetude. Let us, then, brethren, be at work for the young and the old; for the poor and wretched drunkard, steeped to his lips in degradation; and for the unpolluted child. Let us keep at work, — *one hand for moral suasion, and one for prohibition,* — work all together; basing all our efforts upon total abstinence as a rule, as a principle, and as a part of our religion: our motto, "*Excelsior!*" our hope, there is a better day coming; our prayer always, "God speed the right!"



## SOCIAL CLUBS.

In nearly all the larger towns and cities, young men form themselves into clubs of various kinds, to enable them to pass away the long winter evenings socially and pleasantly.

They are, many of them, among strangers, far away from the home circle and the pleasant associations which gather round the hearthstone of their childhood; and they find it difficult to get into society. Their time, after the business hours of the day

are past, drags heavily; and they are ready to take up with almost any thing that offers itself in the shape of amusement or recreation. A club of jolly good fellows has many attractions under these circumstances. While we would not do any thing to curtail the real enjoyment of the young, especially under such circumstances as we have detailed above, we would warn them against those which are injurious to either body or soul.

An old merchant related in our hearing, a few evenings since, his own experience and observation in regard to this matter. When he left home to go into business in the city, he felt lonely in the evenings, and longed for companionship. He was diffident, and had no influential friends to take him by the hand and introduce him into society. A friend invited him to join a social club. They spent their time in song and jest, eating and drinking and general jollity. He kept a list of all who belonged to the club during his connection with it, and has traced their histories since. Of forty-nine, but three remain now enjoying a green old age. Most of the others went to early graves, the victims of intemperance. Very few of them were ever successful in business, though some of them were young men of fine business capacities. Our venerable friend thinks the seeds of ruin were sown in the club-room. He said with great emphasis, "Had I an iron voice that could ring through the whole country, I would say

to every young man, Beware of the club-room, and especially the room of a drinking-club! Many a young man is ruined there before he is aware of his danger."

# THE USE OF TOBACCO.

While the general means for the preservation of health have been materially advanced in our society by attention to exercise, by the external use of cold water, by moderation in food, by the curtailment of dinner-parties, and more especially by the fast extension of abstinence from stimulant and intoxicating drinks, there is in one particular a decided and unhappy deterioration of our social habits, — the increased use of tobacco.

Many persons, and some of them wise and valuable men, impair their health and shorten their lives by this poison. If we look around in a company of our legislators, judges, and even of our venerable clergy, we see a certain number of them marked by pallid countenances, relaxed muscles, yellow-colored lips, and a languid, listless posture. We may set these down as chewers of tobacco. If we follow them to their homes, we find some of them complaining of lost appetites, pains in the chest, occasional palpita-

tions, daily indigestion; and, finally, some irremediable disease, which carries them to their graves. The number of persons of intellectual pursuits, who voluntarily place themselves in this suicidal list, is too great to be counted; and this country, we are sorry to say it, exhibits an immense proportion of such instances among its best men. In my experience, a great number of cases simulating disease of the lungs and stomach have been explained by the discovery of the habit of chewing tobacco; and the relinquishment of the practice has been followed by restoration to health.

Of the three modes of using tobacco, *smoking* is that which seems to have insinuated itself most extensively among the young men of our community. This practice impairs the natural taste and relish for food, lessens the appetite, and weakens the powers of the stomach.

Tobacco employed in this way, being drawn in with the vital breath, conveys its poisonous influence into every part of the lungs. These organs, by the countless number of cells which form their internal structure, have a surface greatly exceeding that of the whole exterior of the body. The lining membrane of these cells has a wonderful absorbent action, by which they suck in the air destined to vivify the blood. If this air is impregnated with the fumes of tobacco, even in a weak degree, the great extent of surface in which the absorbent action takes place

must necessarily produce an impregnation of the blood with the deleterious properties. The noxious fluid is entangled in the minute spongy air-cells, and has time to exert its influence on the blood, not in vivifying, but in vitiating it. The blood, having imbibed the narcotic principle, circulates it through the whole system, and produces, in consequence, a febrile action in most individuals, and especially in those of a delicate habit. The peculiar effects of the narcotic action must, of course, be developed to a greater or less extent; and eruptions on the skin, weakness of the stomach, heart, and lungs, dizziness, headache, confusion of thought, and a low, febrile action, must be the consequences. Where there is any tendency to phthisis in the lungs, the debility of these organs, consequent on the use of tobacco in this way, must favor the deposit of tuberculous matter, and thus sow the seeds of consumption.

The worst form in which tobacco is employed is in *chewing*. This vegetable is one of the most powerful of narcotics: a very small portion of it, — say a couple of drachms, and perhaps less, — received into the stomach, might prove fatal. When it is taken into the mouth in smaller portions, and there retained some time, an absorption into the system of part of it takes place, which has a most debilitating effect. If we wished to reduce our physical powers in a slow yet certain way, we could

not adopt a more convenient process. Who, among the chewers of tobacco, has not felt that deadly sickness which it occasionally produces? Those who have experienced these effects will not, I think, deny its great power of relaxing the whole animal system.

The more limited and local effects are indigestion, fixed pains about the region of the stomach, in some cases looseness of the bowels, in others torpor of these parts, debility of the back and of the reproductive organs. *In regard to this last point, much might be said of a striking character:* but, to the consequences already mentioned, we will only add affections of the brain, producing vertigo (an effect well known to most of those who are in the habit of chewing tobacco); and also affections of the mouth, generating cancer.

Tobacco is by some persons recommended as beneficial to the teeth; but, while it can have no material effect in preserving the bony substance of the teeth, it has a real influence on their vitality, by impairing the healthy action of the gums. These, and also the adjacent parts, are very subject to cancer, particularly the tongue and lips. For more than thirty years, I have been in the habit of inquiring of patients, who came to me with cancers of these parts, whether they used tobacco; and, if so, whether by chewing or smoking. If they have sometimes answered in the negative as to the first

question, I can truly say, that, to the best of my knowledge and belief, such cases are exceptions to the general rule. When, as is usually the case, one side of the tongue is affected with ulcerated cancer, it arises from the habitual retention of the tobacco in contact with this part. The irritation from a cigar, or even from a tobacco-pipe, frequently precedes cancer of the lip. The lower lip is more commonly affected by cancer than the upper, in consequence of the irritation produced on this part by acrid substances from the mouth. Among such substances, what is more likely to cause a morbid irritation, terminating in disease, than the frequent application of tobacco-juice? The want of attention to cleanliness often connected with this practice, and the consequent lodgment of the particles of tobacco on the surface of the lip, has, as already suggested, a great influence in these cases.

Aged persons are very liable to cancer, especially about the face; and, when an irritating substance is applied habitually, the skin becomes disordered, and takes on a cancerous action. This irritation may be produced, as already stated, by the use of tobacco int he interior of the mouth, by the habitual application of a cigar to the lips, and even by a pipe applied to the same parts. Few days pass without my having an opportunity of witnessing the verification of these facts.

Sir Benjamin Brodie, the distinguished physiologist and surgeon, thus gives his opinion on the use and abuse of tobacco-smoking, in a letter recently published in the "London Times:"—

The effects of this habit are, indeed, various; the difference depending on difference of constitution, and difference in the mode of life otherwise. But, from the best observations which I have been able to make on the subject, I am led to believe that there are very few who do not suffer harm from it, to a greater or less extent. The earliest symptoms are manifested in the derangement of the nervous system. A large proportion of habitual smokers are rendered lazy and listless; indisposed to bodily, and incapable of much mental exertion. Others suffer from depression of the spirits, amounting to hypochondriasis, which smoking relieves for a time, though it aggravates the evil afterwards. Occasionally there is a general nervous excitability, which, though very much less in degree, partakes of the nature of the *delirium tremens* of drunkards. I have known many individuals to suffer from severe nervous pains, sometimes in one, sometimes in another part of the body. Almost the worst case of neuralgia that ever came under my observation was that of a gentleman who consulted the late Dr. Bright and myself. The pains were universal, and never absent; but during the night they were espe-

cially intense, so as almost wholly to prevent sleep. Neither the patient himself nor his medical attendant had any doubts that the disease was to be attributed to his former habit of smoking; on the discontinuance of which, he slowly and gradually recovered. An eminent surgeon, who has a great experience in ophthalmic diseases, believes that, in some instances, he has been able to trace blindness from amaurosis to excess in tobacco-smoking; the connection of the two being pretty well established in one case by the fact, that, on the practice being left off, the sight of the patient was gradually restored. It would be easy for me to refer to other symptoms indicating the deficient power of the nervous system to which smokers are liable: but it is unnecessary for me to do so; and, indeed, there are some which I would rather leave them to imagine for themselves, than undertake the description of them myself in writing.

From cases, however, that have fallen under my own observation, and from a consideration of all the circumstances, I cannot entertain a doubt, that, if we could obtain accurate statistics on the subject, we should find that the value of life in inveterate smokers is considerably below the average.

But a still graver question remains to be considered: *What will be the result if this habit be continued by future generations?* It is but too true,

that the sins of the fathers are visited upon their children and their children's children. We may here take warning from the fate of the Red Indians of America. An intelligent American physician gives the following explanation of the gradual extinction of this remarkable people : One generation of them became addicted to the use of the fire-water. They have a degenerate and comparatively imbecile progeny, who indulge in the same vicious habit with their parents. Their progeny is still more degenerate ; and, after a very few generations, the race ceases altogether. We may also take warning from the history of another nation, who some few centuries ago, while following the banners of Solyman the Magnificent, were the terror of Christendom ; but who, since then, having become more addicted to tobacco-smoking than any of the European nations, are now the lazy and lethargic Turks, held in contempt by all civilized communities.

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