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Love is a mixture of sweet passion,  
A strength that never relaxes,  
An energy that never tires.



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THE

LIGHTS OF TEMPERANCE,

EDITED BY

REV. JAMES YOUNG,

GRAND W. PATRIARCH OF THE GRAND DIVISION OF THE ORDER OF  
THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE, IN KENTUCKY.

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"He shall drink neither wine nor strong drink."—LUKE i. 15.

"It is good neither to eat flesh, nor drink wine, nor anything  
whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is  
made weak."—ROM. xiv. 21.

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NINTH THOUSAND.

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LOUISVILLE, KY:  
HULL & BROTHER.

1854.

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## PREFACE.

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ANOTHER book, kind reader, is before you. This, probably, will not surprise you, in this book-making age. The wise man of old said, "Of making many books there is no end;" and verily, it may be applied to the present period. Thousands of productions, many of them of a vicious and immoral character, are scattered every year over our beloved country, and are readily devoured by the reading community.

As a citizen of this great republic, we can but regard with interest every subject which directly concerns its success and prosperity; whatever has a tendency to prevent the one, or destroy the other, should meet the decided opposition of every true patriot. To elevate

the characters and improve the lives of men in every department of society, is a work of patriotism and true philanthropy, which the moral and virtuous everywhere should be zealous to perform.

In various benevolent associations, we find valuable auxiliaries, which aid in bringing about these desired ends, and producing results the most gratifying. Among the most prominent, the Order of the "Sons of Temperance," together with kindred temperance organizations, occupy an honorable and elevated position. To reclaim the inebriate, and diminish, in any degree, the stream of intemperance which has deluged our land, aye, the world, is certainly a noble work—one which calls loudly upon the gratitude of thousands and millions who have been the beneficiaries thereof.

The fiery stream of alcohol is now consuming and destroying fathers, husbands, sons, brothers, by the thousand, yearly. To *put out*, effectually, this destructive element, is "our aim," and to bring joy to many deserted

homes our wish, by disseminating "the principles of temperance, benevolence, and brotherly love."

A sincere desire to advance the pure and elevated principles embodied in the great temperance reform movements of the age, as well as to supply what might be regarded a desideratum in the literature of the Order, throughout the South and West, prompted us to engage in the enterprise of publishing the "Lights of Temperance." How well we have succeeded in the undertaking, others must judge. The very able and distinguished contributors whose productions appear in the succeeding pages, have done their part well, and will doubtless meet the approbation of a liberal and generous public.

We send our bark abroad, freighted with *truth*, and adorned with bright luminaries, to meet, on the one hand, the opposition of the army of liquor-venders and liquor-drinkers, who are quartered upon the country; and, upon the other, to receive the aid and support of numerous friends, clad in the shining armor

of *total abstinence*, and linked together by the golden chain of love, purity, and fidelity.

We trust that our humble effort to do good will not be in vain; but that many may *rise up* from the degradation and wretchedness of drunkenness, and call us their friend—having furnished the “Lights,” by which they were enabled to escape and live

EDITOR.

LOUISVILLE, 4th of July, 1851.

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# LIGHTS OF TEMPERANCE.

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## THE SPIRIT OF PROGRESSION.

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BY REV. C. B. PARSONS, D.D.,

*P. G. W. P. of Missouri, and late Representative to N. D.  
from Kentucky.*

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THERE are few things more distinctly marked, and plainly visible, in the order of the Divine economy, as exhibited in the government of the world, than the laws of progression. Onward, and yet onward, side by side with the passage of Time itself, is the unwearied march of the moral, the intellectual, and the physical, of the world. Literature and science, the "Boaz" and the "Jachin" of the great temple of knowledge, tremble and bend beneath the ponderous weight of their own discoveries; while the physical of the universe, not a whit behind its fellows, exhibits the law and power of progression in every lineament

of its demonstration. Progressive science, in the present age, hath literally "run down" the works of nature, until side by side they stand, presenting equal claim to wonder and to admiration. The traveller, upon Niagara's cliff, as he gazes down the sweeping gorge, where Nature's mighty roar hath, for centuries, filled the world with awe, though his giddy brain reel under the influence of the vision before him, pauses ere he gives voice to his astonishment. Why? Because, far above his head, air-hung, as it were, and fearful, he beholds a parallel wonder; the iron arm of art is there, busy in spanning, enchainng, and binding together, the huge opening of the broad and fatal chasm, despite the angry terrors of the watery demon, which, as if jealous of the work, leaps and thunders far below. He hesitates between the two, and knows not which most to admire. Here, nature and art, in conformity to the divine arrangement, have met together, to contest the prize of a world's admiration, and a world's wonder.

The same may be said of many other places and events, where these two great powers are upon the course together, and running neck and neck for the laurel of supremacy.

The doctrine of progress finds its paternity in the works of creation itself, whose history presents a system of divine progression, which, (though God spake, and it was done,) recognizes six steps, or days

of gradation, ere the final consummation of the work, when the hills were firmly planted, and the mountains stood fast—when God saw, and said, that every thing was good.

What may be the ultimate design of an overruling and wise Providence, in these continuous manifestations of what seem to be his purpose and his will concerning man, in the present arrangement of things, we may not, with any degree of positive assurance, presume perfectly to understand. It is involved in the undiscovered future. Notwithstanding, it is easy to discover, from what has been, and what now is, that, in the very nature of things, the result must eventuate in the great advancement of human knowledge; the vast increase of human power; and the consequent enlargement of human happiness. The empire of mind, long shrouded in darkness, seems, just now, to be entering the dawn of its first bright and cloudless day. Man is awaking, at last, from his dream of centuries, in which long night of ignorance and superstition, visions only of knowledge and power flitted before him. Now, for the first time in all his history, he is permitted to see the truth as it is, and to commence the study, to know himself. His joy, in this, is equal to his astonishment; and, filled with a new hope, the young immortal begins to thrust aside the curtains of his long obscurity, and to rejoice in the opening splendor of the prospect which spreads out before him.

Already he looks forth from his dark embryo of years, and, feeling his inherent power to soar, plumes himself for his more elevated and upward flight, whence he may take a boundless view of the things which shall be hereafter. The spirit of progression seems to point the world from the present to the future, as abounding in the promise of prosperity, peace, and plenty, beyond aught that can now be known or conceived of. At the present moment, the world seems hastening on, with rapid and giant strides, toward its final destiny. What that destiny is, remains yet to be unfolded. But, if the past and the present be any criterion by which to judge of the future, then may it be safely calculated, that the next half century will develop improvements and discoveries sufficient to astonish and overpower even the spirit of credulity itself.

A foreign writer, speaking upon this subject, asks us to suppose ourselves floating back, upon the stream of time, say sixty years, and to make that the standpoint whence to look upon the present. What would have been the credence of a vision then, which should have exhibited but half the truth, as it has since been revealed? If the prophetic spirit had come upon us, and we had narrated but a moiety of the improvements and discoveries which human wisdom and human ingenuity have since wrought out and effected, who would "have believed our report?" If it had then been said that the time would come, when

men would rise from the earth, and fly through the air, as in the science of ballooning; or that metals would be found, which would float upon the surface of the water, and, at the same time, cause it to burn, as in the instance of Sodium and Potassium, it had been treated as the infinite of folly, and unworthy the credence of a sane mind. And, if it had been said, that ships would stem the most tempestuous seas and oceans, without sails or oars, and yet propel themselves through the waters, and against the strongest tides and currents, with the fleetness of the winds; and that carriages would run without horses, at the rate of more than six times the speed of those fleet animals, while, at the same time, they were laden with hundreds of tons burthen, the prophet had been pronounced either a madman or a fool.

But, more than this. If he had still gone on, and asserted, that, within half a century, men would travel hundreds of miles in a few hours, and cross the Atlantic in a few days; that bridges would hang by chains over the sea, while roads would be made under it, as in the case of the Menai Bridge and the Thames Tunnel; that turnpikes would be made of iron, and run *through* mountains, instead of *over* them; that men would travel with iron horses, whose boiling blood, and bowels of fire, would eat up the forests, and drink dry the rivers; that people would spin and weave, knit and sew, without hands—calculate by wheels, and solve the most abstruse

mathematical problems by machinery, (which last is claimed for the invention of Mr. Babbage;) and if, in addition, it had been said, that men would study rocks, instead of books, and give the history of beings who lived and died long before the existence of the present race of mankind; and, that they would become acquainted with other earths, and other suns, and, above all, converse together from the separating distances of hundreds, and thousands of miles, as if face to face; indeed, had a prophet proclaimed one half of what has since been verified, he would have been regarded as uttering the wild fancies and vagaries of a fatal delirium, and a fit candidate for the cells of bedlam. But such is the spirit of progression; and thus the world is rolling on to its ultimate destination. Like a huge boulder, torn by the earthquake from its mountain bed, it rushes down the steep and impetuous declivities of time, gathering new force and velocity at every bound. The voice of propriety, as well as safety, would seem to adopt the cry of the "Tocsin," and say, "Get ye from under the crumbling hills while the car of reform is rushing past. Linger not in the sloughs and mires of ignorance and folly, but travel with the age, lest ye be overtaken by the dark swell of oblivion, which rolls fearfully on, and which will soon overwhelm and enshroud the past.

Urged on by the ever restless spirit of progression, the march of intellect and the advancement of science are both marvellous and sublime. Nor is there the

slightest pause in the exercise of the propulsive energy. In the list of discoveries, each follows the other in such rapid succession, that the fatigued mind has hardly time to take breath, from toiling up the sublime ascent of one elevation, ere it is whirled away to look upon another, if possible, more grand and more majestic. Where, and in what is it to terminate? This is a problem worthy the solution of the curious and the wise. The great and surprising velocity which, as a motive power, attaches now to almost every department of human life, and which urges onward still, in the affairs of the world, with greater and yet greater speed, may well wake up the inquiry in the mind of the observant traveller, What is to be the end of all these things? Are the concerns of time about to wind to a close, and are these demonstrations to be regarded as the voice of warning? Or is it the blest harbinger of nobler days to come? Has the spirit of progression mounted the box, and taken the reins from the hands of the lazy old coachman of other years, Jehu like, to drive the last half mile of the route? Or has the moral, the physical, and the intellectual powers of the universe joined issue, to arouse the old phæton of the mind to harness anew for the immortal race? Whatever may be the inspiring cause, the whole world is evidently rushing on to some result unknown, and with a rapidity which baffles even the speed of thought itself fairly to conceive of.

In the field of physics science has been engaged, from time immemorial, in incessant toil and labor, for the attainment of one object—speed; the accomplishment of superior speed, in national, commercial, and communitive interchange. This object seemed to have been reached by the genius of Fulton, and, for a time, fame, by popular consent, awarded to him the crowning laurel of the achievement. The introduction of steam-power upon our lakes and rivers, and which has since spread out upon the broad oceans and seas of every clime, forms an era in the commercial history of the world, which must ever be regarded as an epoch of great interest. It was the commencement of a new period, the opening up of a new system, for commercial enterprise and increasing wealth.

This was considered, at the time, as the very apex of the pyramid of scientific glory; the *ne plus ultra* of scientific discovery. The spirit of progression had then performed its latest and most astounding task. And so it was, incomparably majestic, useful, and sublime, beyond any thing which had preceded it. The learned and the wise of the present time may wonder at the incredulous astonishment of their less favored ancestors, when they beheld the first steamer start off, and accomplish the then almost incredible speed of four miles an hour, against the forces of the tide; and they may smile to hear their sage predictions, that it could never be surpassed. But, as in some other instances, it was to be looked upon as one of

those mighty strides of the spirit of progression, which before-time were few and far between, but which since have gloriously encompassed the whole earth. It was the opening of the outer door of that sublime temple, whose inner mysteries, though to some extent brought to light, are yet more fully to be explored and understood.

With all his achievements, the giant of discovery is but an infant still; and though he has traversed the seas, and belted the earth, he has not yet attained to a moiety of his destined growth. What will be the final dimensions of his stature and his power, it would task the imagination now to conceive. To give embodiment to a principle in this regard, how must the genius of the boiler have smiled at the popular enthusiasm of this city,\* when, some years ago, a public dinner was tendered by its citizens to the Captain of the old steam boat Washington, in compliment for his having made the passage from New Orleans to Louisville, in the astonishing short time of twenty-one days. This achievement was then thought to be the very "*chef d'œuvre*" of steam enterprise, and one that could never be transcended. And when, in response to a toast, which proposed the health of the old hero of the Mississippi, he uttered the then startling prediction, that it was not unlikely, that some of that very company would live to see the

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\* Louisville, Kentucky

same distance accomplished in twelve days, blank incredulity sat upon every countenance, while one is said to have remarked, "This triumph over time and space, by the Washington, has turned the old man's brain." What would that incredulous man have thought, could he have looked upon the achievements of the present time? It was a triumph in that day, indeed, to make a trip from New Orleans to Louisville in twenty-one days, which, compared with the six months' voyages of the keel of previous date, seemed an annihilation of both time and space. How changed the scene from those times to ours. Now it takes but little more to go from New York to Jerusalem, while far less of leave taking and preparation is required upon making the journey. Such is the forcé of progression; and still it sweeps on to greater achievements.

The genius of the principle is at work in the present day, and in right good earnest. He has seized upon the untameable spirits of water and of fire, and, in iron harness bound, has yoked them to his triumphant car, where, leaping upon his seat of power, he laughs, as he throws the free reins upon his coursers' necks, and bids them outstrip the winds. And now his track is onward. He accompanies the careering storm; roams at large with the tempest; and travels with the lightning's speed. He looks incredulity in the face, and mocks at human obstacles; while, with indomitable zeal and purpose, he searches into the

laboratories of nature, and studies there the art of power. There seems no pause; there is no stay; and should science lag, or intellect grow dull, the voice of the master spirit is heard, like the mysterious command of the fated wanderer, crying, Onward! onward! onward!

It was in obedience to this principle, and under the dictation of its power, that Copernicus, in a past century, reined up the coursers of the morning, and, armed with science, like Joshua of old, commanded the sun and moon to stand still, and the earth to exhibit her rotatory motion. His theory was rejected in that day, as impossible to belief, and altogether incredible; and was pronounced by many wise and learned, as the chimera of a disordered brain. And novel as it may be, some remain of the same scepticism still. It seems almost incredible, and yet it is true, there are living in this country, this day, those who believe that the earth is flat, and if they should travel far enough, they would be sure to come to the "jumping off place." We do not make this statement to disparage the learning and general intelligence of our country, which we look upon as equal to any in the commonwealth, but simply to state a fact within our own personal knowledge. With such, of course, science is a profitless mystery and human progress a useless fable. But ignorance is the foil which makes the jewel of knowledge sparkle the brighter.

The great Newton played at bubbles, and won the prize of gravitation; while our own Franklin, with his paper kite, frolicked amid the lightnings, and, with the trumpet of science, commanded the thunderer down from his cloudy throne, to lay his crown and sceptre harmless at the philosopher's feet. But greater than these, in the lists of progression, stands the achievement of the German. Faust, improving upon the invention of John Guttemourg, from his obscure retreat, with his wooden tubes, rudely carved, set in motion that art of arts, the press, which first astonished, then conquered, and now rules the world. Demonstrating the truth of the French cardinal, and connecting with the sentiment a motive power, by which it is propelled throughout the civilized earth, that

“With the man that's truly great,

The pen is mightier than the sword.”

The wonderful success which attended the discoveries of Guttemburg and Faust, brought down upon the latter the accusations of the ignorant and superstitious, that he was connected with the evil spirit. Hence, the common saying, which has come down to our present time, and which, in nursery parlance, ascribes works of darkness to the “Devil and Doctor Foster.” Such was the origin of that superstition, which frightens children now both young and old.

These were the distinguished discoverers of mighty principles, which the present utilitarian age has reduced to practice and to profit. Progression has fixed its broad seal upon them, and impressed their forces and their uses into the common cause of universal advancement. Illuminated in the spirit of mind, by the discoveries of a Copernicus, a Newton, and a Franklin; and attracted to each other, and bound together, by the inventions of a Faust and his co-adjutors, the great family of mankind are so thrown into immediate association and fraternity, as to produce the most happy results; such, indeed, as have not been, before the present age, since the building of Babel, when the impiety of man provoked the vengeance of God, and the confusion of tongues drove the human family, in dispersion, to scatter over the face of the earth.

To use the words of a distinguished prince and statesman, in reference to these men and their works, we may remark, "it was the beginning of the end." They placed the torch to the pile—they kindled the blaze; but it was reserved for our own immediate time, so to fan the flame, as to demonstrate, to the astonishment of all, the full glory of the conflagration.

The nineteenth century seems to have been chosen in the order of things, as the period when the powers of progression should be exhibited more fully than in any previous day, when the very "age and body

of the time," should wear its form and pressure. And such has been the wonder-working power of this spirit, that we see now, without astonishment, the imprisoned sunbeam assume the matchless pencil of the limner, and behold the lightning bearer, obedient to human mandate, leap upon his wiry railway, and speed a courier and a news-boy round the earth. As upon the pathway of the magnet, city embraces city, and nation greets nation, demonstrating the object and the end of the great federal compact of universal nature, progression smiles and approves, for it is the manifestation of the divine law of fraternity, encircling and binding together the great brotherhood of man. Beholding these things, and looking forward to their probable results, the spirit of divination would be likely to say, "It is—it must be the foreshadowing of that blessed time, so long the subject of hope's promise, 'when the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the whole earth, as the waters cover the sea.'" The spirit of progression, by influence, seems to reply, in the words of the poet, "Consummation devoutly to be wished."

The same power has assumed empire in the kingdom of politics, and the dynasties of religion, where the watch-word is still improvement, reform, progression. But of these we will not now speak—only remarking, that, under its influence, the equal rights of man, as conferred upon him by his God, are recognized and sustained; while tyranny, of every

species, passes under condemnation, and totters to the fall.

Unshackled freedom—political, social, and religious, takes to itself its own inherent rights, and, spurning from its presence the kings and queens of earth, prepares, in its own strength, triumphantly to mount the throne of the nineteenth century. Pure and bright as the untarnished sunbeam, and immortal and immaculate as its own heavenly origin, it ascends the seat of power. There may it live and reign, and sway the empire of the universe, till the world shall end, and time's last note be heard, sounding upon the trumpet of eternal doom.

But all these wonders which have been revealed in the pathway of science, and which have stamped this present time as the intellectual age of the world, are thrown into an eclipse, so far as their practical good is concerned, when, compared with the excellence of that grand moral invention, the principles of whose action were discovered, and whose machinery was drafted and set in motion, by Hawkins and his compatriots, in 1841.

The sublime pillar of science had been erected by those great ones of wisdom and of truth, until its majestic height overlooked the whole world; but the crowning figure which should adorn its summit and declare its character, was yet wanting. While the physical, the moral, and the intellectual disputed for the honor of the place, the spirit of progression seized

upon the image of temperance, and bearing it swiftly aloft, placed it triumphantly upon the top of the stately pile. The three kindred geniuses, in whose strength of union the massy column had been reared, were at first disposed to reject it, as most unworthy to be the crowning figure; but when they beheld the fires of honesty and of honor heaving within its bosom, and the sunlight of reform beaming upon its brow, they bowed down before its lofty virtues, and confessed the propriety of the appointment: and, with one accord, they acknowledged that TEMPERANCE, while it most aptly represented the excellencies of all the rest, was, in itself, the crowning grace of human life.

This glorious link in the chain of progression, demonstrated, to the sceptical world, the complete solution, of that hitherto impossible and unsolved problem, that the inebriate was susceptible of reform, and that the drunkard could be reclaimed.

The moral doctors, many of whom had faithfully labored for the extirpation of the evil of intemperance, previous to that period, had deemed the malady an incurable one; especially, where it had taken a deep root, and assumed a stubborn form. Hence, their practice was, not to attempt the cure of the already infected—they were given over as lost; but, by the introduction of the vaccine of self-denial into the systems of the youthful and uncontaminated, to prevent the spread of the virus. In this manner they promised unto themselves, ultimately, to root

out the disease. And, strange as it may appear there are some in the present day, who, amidst all the blazonry of light by which they are surrounded, obstinately cling to this old mazy and imperfect system. But whether they are impelled to this by the witching sin of the social glass and secret tipple, which the system allows them, while they preach sobriety to others, we are not the judge, nor is it our province to determine. This plan, however imperfect and absurd in this day, was not without its benefits, so far as it obtained, in the day of its inception, and resulted in good to many. Long, very long, will the gratitude of thousands, perhaps, who were early prevented from imitating their father's vices, and so become lost, be felt for a Warren, a Grant, a Beecher, and others, the fathers of the system.

It was the silvery gray of the approaching morning—the first line of precursory light which heralded the coming day; the twi-light of that morning which was soon to break forth, and upon which many of these venerable men were to live and look. Their names are now enrolled in the lists of the order, and they rejoice in the effulgent brightness of its full-orbed glory.

The next step of progression in the temperance reform, was across the wave; among that noble and oppressed people, whose name is a synonym for generous feeling and warm heartedness, and whose sorrows and sufferings, from the hand of tyrant power,

now vibrate the richest sympathy in the heart of this nation. But the foot-prints of progression are there, imbedded upon the shores of the Green Isle; and though they be traced in blood, they shall yet conduct to blessing. Though a hundred Mitchels, and as many O'Donohues perish in the hulks of Bermuda, or die upon the scaffold's plank; while the glow of the Emerald emits a spark of life, the cause is not lost. Their patriot spirits will range the fair fields of their native land, and their lives cry in bloody martyrdom from the altars of liberty, until the great gathering of the clans shall answer the call—revive again the scenes of Clontarf, and foreign despotism be driven for ever from the soil.

Cæsar's armed spirit, when upon the fields of Sardis and Phillippi, which startled the guilty fears of a Brutus, and then, ranging hot through the battle, cried "Havoc, and let slip the dogs of war," was not more potent in deciding the fate of Rome, than will be the names and lives of those heroes of Erin, who have nobly perished for their country's cause. The story is not yet fully told. The spirit of progression is steadily unfolding the roll of destiny; and although it be written there in characters of blood, it is to be read of all, that, with France and the German, Ireland also is ultimately destined to be free.

The first step towards this glorious result, as well as the first step towards the emancipation of the human family in that land, from the bondage of moral

thralldom, was the great temperance reformation, in which Theobald Mathew first taught the enslaved masses that they could be independent of one tyrant, at least, and so opened up the way for their rejection of every other.

Theobald Mathew, the king of cold water, and the apostle of temperance—a name and a fame which shall live in the archives of the just, when political Kings and Queens have fled from their abdicated dominions, and thrones and dynasties have sunk in eternal ruins. Tramp! tramp! tramp! to the moral man, whispers the voice of invisible impulse, whose propulsive energies aroused to action, and armed by the spirit of progression, already point to the final issue, and foreshadow the ultimate moral and intellectual triumph of man. "Wait a little longer," says the song, for "there's a good time coming." This is most certainly true, at least, so far as regards the onward march of temperance and reform. Such is the influence of the principle contained in this progressive movement, that, even now, in the eighth year only of its existence, by popular consent, the distiller and his distillery are set down in the same category of public nuisance; while sovereign contempt rests upon the mean and stealthy bloat, who is willing to barter his character and his honor to become a vender of the foul poison.

It is in the nature of things, that the man who is mean and guilty enough to play the pander to

an insane and diseased appetite, by dealing out poisoned potations which destroy and kill, should be considered as an accessory to murder, and should be looked upon by community as standing in the same rank with the assassin and the thief. And such is the opprobrium which attaches to the dram-seller, at least in the estimation of all good and honest men.

A new axiom in the system of moral ethics has been thus traced, by the spirit of progression, upon the tables of public sentiment, which is, that no dram drinker, or dram vender, is entitled to be considered a gentleman.

If the second link in the order of progression stretched across the flood, and embraced the old world, the third returns again to the Western hemisphere, and exhibits itself in the land of the free; in the land of him, whose name is recorded upon the noblest shrine in the temple of fame, as it was the highest upon the Virginian arch.

There was a moral fitness in this providential arrangement of the spirit of progression; for, what name so proper, to lead on the hosts to the achievement of their moral freedom, as the name of Washington! And what land so fitting for the event, as the land of Washington! In America was the true place for moral freedom to find a home, in the kindly embraces of the political and social institutions of the land. In America the union was cemented,

and Washingtonianism was born upon that liberal and free soil, where no tyrant tread ere blasts the ground, or tyrant breath pollutes the air.

The rapid spread of the principle was like itself. The flame once lighted, its blaze illumined the land. Like the fires of the prairies, it swept on, resistless in its course, bearing down all before it, and purifying the moral atmosphere as it went, from the foulest malaria that ever escaped from the cells of disease and death, to afflict and destroy mankind. The day of moral redemption had arrived, and the American people were now to be saved even as by fire.

The time had come, when that nation, who, from their dissipated habits, had earned for themselves the opprobrium of the English Tourist, and received the galling appellation of a nation of drunkards, was to set the example of moral reform to its ancestral sire; when the very genius of the land was to hand back the gratuitous insult to the source of its emanation, and that too, through the "post paid" medium of those elegant appendages of the empire city of the world, "royal gin palaces and metropolitan pot houses."

Champions of the cause sprang up, as by magic, on every side; and, like the highland gathering of the clans, from "brake and bush," the cold water armies assembled and increased, until the bloated monarch of the still was routed and put to flight in every direction, and moral redemption, with political freedom, embraced and kissed each other. It was the tiger

leap of a roused intellect, into its seat of inherent power, when, in conscious safety, it smiled, as like the saint of Tarsus, it shook back again into the fire whence it came, the viper which had fastened upon it.

If names and places should be perpetuated and known, in connection with great achievements; if buildings and battle fields ought to be held in sacred remembrance, and be honored as the scenes of political and national triumph; then should the upper loft of that obscure building in the city of monuments, be consecrated to the spirit of reform, as the great moral altar upon which the offering was laid, whose temple is the confederated structure of this vast republic, whose high-priest is the spirit of progression, and whose incense fills the world.

But the work stopped not with this almost miraculous demonstration of moral power. Progression was enstamped upon its banners, and the propulsions of that mighty spirit urged forward still to greater triumphs.

The fathers of the old system laid the foundation, after much difficulty and laborious toil in clearing the ground, and the Washingtonians built the walls of the stupendous temple; but the girding power was lacking; and the princely dome, which was to preserve and reflect the virtues and the graces of the system, was to be furnished from another source. It is true, the structural arch, which was to uphold the

building, was noble—it was grand—it was beautiful to behold—but the keystone was wanting. There needed something to bind the whole together, and create for it a permanency of endurance, which, otherwise, it could not possess, and the lack of which threatened certain ruin. Progression applied to order to supply the deficiency, when, lo! in ready response, a nobler band of brothers than ever graced the army of the Cæsars, pledged to each other, and bound together by the most sacred ties, stood forth to view. The SONS OF TEMPERANCE, a gallant host, arrayed in the snowy emblems of their faith, and love, in obedience, brought forth the adorning keystone, and shouting Love, Purity, and Fidelity unto it, placed it triumphantly in its present glorious rest. There may it remain, the strength of cause, and the ornament of order, until the spirit of progression hath written reform upon the tables of the last drunkard's heart: until upon the wiry nettings of magnetic speed, vibrates from pole to pole, the glorious word, that the last inebriate is reclaimed, and the last tear shed on a drunkard's grave.

The Sons of Temperance are the legitimate offspring, and perfected order, of the Washingtonian system. Begotten of the spirit of progression, upon the body of their great paternity, they are acknowledged and ennobled by the genius of order. Not only do they stand, pledged to the Rechabithish vow of total and perpetual abstinence, but they are

banded, also, in an uncompromising and eternal warfare against the demon of the distillery, whether he appear in the palace or the poor-house—in the parlor of wealth, or the hovel of indigence. To wrest human victims from the reeking rottenness of the wasting pestilence, and to restore them to a soundness of body and of mind, constitutes their labor of love. That they are mighty to save, needs not to be told; the cause speaks for itself, in the happy looks of the reformed father, the joyous mother, and the children snatched from penury and want.

The structural grandeur of the temple, its beauty and its strength were perfect, when the keystone was placed in the arch, and the order consolidate and firm, embraced together in all its component parts. Its grace was acknowledged then, by all who were worthy, and its altars were sanctified by the voice of popular approval; and yet, in the adorning of the building—in the garniture of the order, all was not complete. There was something lacking still.

When the great architect of the universe had finished his stupendous work of creation, and man stood forth, at the divine command, in the moral image of his God, it seemed to occur to the Almighty One, that it was not good for man to be alone. So also, perhaps, thought the spirit of progression, in the erection of the Order of Temperance

The palace may be splendid to look upon, its gorgeousness and costly array may attract and please the eye of the beholder, and yet, without the presiding rule of its queenly mistress, it is an imperfect and hollow thing. It may, indeed, present the evidence of power and control—the bonds and barriers—the checks and balances of governmental rule and authority, but of pleasure, there is none. There is little of the beautiful, to attract and enlist the affections of the heart, in the exhibitions of naked power. The pill must be gilded with sweets, in order to recommend it to the taste of the patient.

That which was lacking in the Temple of the Sons, was the same with that which was wanting in the garden of Eden, to perfect the happiness of Adam, and, at the dedication of the second Jewish Temple, to content the people of Israel,—the presence of the Shekinah—the light of the Spirit—the glory of man; the interminglings of that genius of gentleness and true affection, which presides over, subdues, and mellows down, by its soft influence, man's sterner nature, and leads the lion to become the affectionate companion and defender of the lamb. This, too, was not withheld. From the side of recumbent order, as it peacefully slept upon the couch of its achievements, the spirit of progression took the image of beauty, and Union was born to the cause. Virtue, Love, and Temperance, the light and the grace of the confederate and combined order, in

holy embrace with Love, Purity, and Fidelity, appeared upon the sacred shrine. The result was magnificent in blessing, and splendid to behold; it was full of moral grace and natural glory. Unique, and without a parallel, save in the instances of the first creation, and the fabled goddess of the "mythologue," the crowning wreath of loveliness and of beauty, was made to grow out from the very brow of manliness and strength which it was designed for ever to honor and adorn.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TEMPERANCE, in every virtue, lovely like themselves, and in every philanthropic grace, noble as the cause of their espousal, like Eve from the side of Adam, and Minerva from the head of Jupiter, were born from the Sons, to be the light of their temple and the glory of their order—the moral Shekinah of the noble cause.

An army of Amazons, imbued with a spirit of moral patriotism, and far more lovely and noble than their ancient proto-types—the Daughters of Columbia—the Daughters of Temperance appear as the right and left hand supporters of the throne of the "Sons," and the gallant defence of the noble order.

If the Amazonian Queen in arms, astonished with the splendour of her presence and her power the wine-drinking king, and conqueror of the East, how much greater must have been the surprise of the old alcoholic monarch of sin, death, and shame, when,

Directed by the spirit of progression, the Daughters, who, in conquests, never fail, became the allies of the Sons, in prosecuting the war. There needed but this to make the organism perfect and complete. And now, as the orders blend together, and consolidate into one, ultimate dominion sounds a triumph from afar; and, as the word comes booming from the distant future, it tells of a world finally snatched from ruin, and saved from the drunkard's doom.

In the hope of this result, the spirit of progression sits proudly, now, upon its pyramid of moral power, still directing the campaign, and commanding the Cold Stream Guards (not of "her Most Gracious Majesty," across the wave, but of a mightier and more potent monarch—the king of moral freedom,) to march! march! march! until the final overthrow, and utter annihilation of the enemy, shall proclaim the last battle for ever fought and won. The period rolls on; the glorious issue is forming in the womb of time, and soon will burst to view; the embryo liberty—social, moral, and religious.

The charge of secrecy has been speciously urged against the order, by the emissaries of the enemy, and, at one time, threatened serious danger to the noble cause. But it was soon ascertained that the charge was not only false in itself, but in its authorship both base and unworthy—issuing, commonly, from the grog-shop or the gutter. There have been some exceptions, it is true, for men have been found reckless and bad

enough, even in high places, to assume hostility to the cause, and to sound a war blast against the order, even from the sacred desk. But in this there is nothing strange, nor aught that should move the surprise of any. In the olden time, it is said, "When the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, Satan came also among them." If, in the elder day, the arch enemy had the effrontery to appear in the sanctuary, among the sons of God, it ought not to be a matter of astonishment, if, in these bolder times, he is found, also, nestling amidst the folds of the surplice, and sometimes even perched upon the pulpit cushion.

Never, however, did the trumpet of the Gospel give a more uncertain sound, than when its tones were in rebuke of the Orders of Temperance; and never does the minister of Christ, to a greater extent, forget the spirit of his calling, than when he ceases to remember that temperance is one of the cardinal virtues of his holy religion. But extraneous causes sometimes operate strange results in the Christian course. For these, great allowance is to be made. We should feel a deep sympathy for the situation of that Christian minister, who was, professedly, opposed to the progressive movements of the cause of temperance, when we learned that he regularly took his wine himself at dinner, and sometimes, at other seasons, also indulged in potations a little stronger. Balaam would fain have cursed Israel, for

the sake of Balak's gold, for the miser's spirit corroded in his heart; but God forbid him, and he was afraid to do it. We have prophets now, bolder than Balaam, and some, we fear, who, when attracted by the fumes of Bacchus, stay not to ask permission of God, but irreverently bow down at once and worship at the heathen shrine.

Whether the slavish bondage of a wine-bibbing principle within, influence the course, because they love a "wee drop" themselves, it is not our province to declare, nor shall we pretend to say. If this latter be the true cause, then are they consistent with themselves, to say the least. For he who is depraved enough to commit a known sin, we should expect to find, also, bold enough to defend it. And how can he so well perform this task, as upon some specious pretence to make proclamation of war upon a cause, whose prosperity would render odious in the eyes of community his self indulgence. To barter thus with conscience, for the purchase and sale of wicked indulgencies, is infinitely worse than Popery itself.

The charge of secrecy, as a cause of discountenance and rejection from such sources, is as unworthy as the spirit of its superinduction. At first, it threatened mischief; but, from continued use, it has become profitless and stale in the hands of its inventors, where it remains harmless and dead. The community at large have discovered the falsehood of the charge, which returns to the authors of it the unrighteous

slander, and attaches public opprobrium both to it and to them. It is proper, however, to say, that such ministers are few and far between. In the midst of their brethren, the great body of the Christian ministry, who constitute a noble championship of the order, and the impregnable bulwark of the glorious cause, they appear like the black spots upon the disc of the sun;—their darkness is overwhelmed and subdued by the out-pouring blaze of light and splendor that issues from the surrounding luminary. But they are not without their proto-type. In the great and immortal struggle for American Independence, which resulted in the achievement of political and social freedom, for this vast Republic, there was a Benedict Arnold;—we look around upon the no less glorious temperance revolution, and grieve to find that “there are a few of the same sort left.”

There is no more of secrecy observed in the orders of the Sons and Daughters of Temperance, than is required to bind the con-fraternity together, and secure their identity as regularly organized societies, for the promotion of those excellent graces—morality, philanthropy, and active benevolence.

They constitute an inner circle of community, which the spirit of progression has set revolving, and which practical experience and observation have stamped with the most elevated impress of moral perfection.

A free sail and an open sea are now before the temperance expedition. Its broad pennant proudly flutters in the breeze, fanning defiance in the face of its foes. Its war ship is manned and conducted by the genius of the combined orders; the spirit of progression sits at the helm; and, wafted by the gales of popular approbation, its voyage is round the world.

Next to the cause of religion, and closely connected with it, the cause of temperance should find an advocate in every good man who desires the progressive prosperity of his land, and to see his country blest.



# THE VOICE OF WARNING.

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## AN ADDRESS,

BY REV. A. B. LONGSTREET, D.D., LL.D  
*President of Mississippi University, Oxford, Mississippi.*

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FELLOW CITIZENS:—I appear before you, by the solicitation of the Oxford Division of the Sons of Temperance, (No. 54), to recommend to your favor and support, the noble design of their admirable institution. A word discloses it: it is to banish from our heaven-befriended land, a vice, which is the parent of every species of vice, and the fruitful progenitor of every species of crime.

I need not name it—indeed, it has no appropriate name in our language, or in any other. To say that it has made thousands of widows, tens of thousands of orphans, hundreds of thousands of culprits, and millions of paupers, is but to give a few bold dashes of the brush at its picture, which hardly foreshadows its deformity.

He who would give you even a tolerable description of it, must conduct you from the hymenial altar of those widows, to the death-chambers and

death-gibbets of their husbands. He must paint the young and beauteous bride, as she gave her hand, her heart, and her patrimony, to one of these fancied images of perfection. He must conduct you to her new homestead, for which she forsook the endearments of her child-hood's home, her father's care, and her mother's heavenly ministrations. He must depict the alarms which came thundering into the sanctuary of her affections, when she received the first intimation that she was likely to become the drunkard's wife, and the drunkard's victim. He must touch, with delicate hand, the gathering eclipse as it came over the sunlight of her countenance, her sinking spirits, her silent musings, her heavy sighs, her trickling tears, her secret prayers. He must exhibit the more vehement throes of her tortured bosom, as she saw, from day to day, her gloomy apprehensions confirmed; her eloquent pleading, by their former loves, their once happy days, her weakness, dependence, his talents, his honor, their common offspring, the retributions of eternity—every sentence sanctified by love, and baptized with holy tears. He must expose her conflicting emotions, as she saw first her luxuries, then her comforts, then her necessaries, go to the grog shop; and her struggles in parting, one by one, with her trinkets, her ornaments, her costly jewels, endeared tokens of friendship and parental love, to appease the cries of her hungry children. He must bring you to the

closing scene, when, by her husband's dying bed—*bed!* did I say?—pallet of straw, or rags—she listened to his ravings in delirium tremens, until death stilled his writhings, and stifled his blasphemous execrations. The faithful delineator must do all this; and then he will have but half sketched the picture of misery to which some of these thousands of widows have been exposed.

He must next turn his pencil to those tens of thousands of orphans, exhibit before you the infant Newtons, Franklins, Fultons, Morses, Kents, Marshalls, Halls, Wesleys, Chalmers's, Ciceroes, Burkes, Henrys, Washingtons, Wellingtons, and Jacksons among them, whose stupendous intellects, bereft of parental care, and robbed of the means of culture, were lost to their country, and for ever lost—lost! did I say?—far worse than lost: turned to eating ulcers upon the body politic; transformed to sharpers, blacklegs, cheats, swindlers, robbers, assassins. He must show the softer sex of the throng; the Mores, the Edgeworths, the Hemans's, driven from their legitimate sphere, to the factory, the kitchen, the brothel. He must trace on the consequences of these perversions, from generation to generation—show you drunkards begetting drunkards, poverty producing poverty, ignorance producing ignorance, and crime producing crime, through successive ages. When he shall have done all this, he will have presented you but a poor picture of the inebriate's orphanage.

Turning, then, to the criminals, he must trace their foot-steps from the first to the last offence—show the plundered poor, the beguiled innocents, the ensnared youth, the rifled dwellings, the fired cities, the butchered worthies, the frantic bankrupt, the raving madman, the desperate suicide, on the one hand; and the long pursuit, the arrest, the prison scenes, the trial and condemnation of the authors of this mischief, on the other. He must exhibit to you whole families going to ruin, with the criminal and the victim of crime; and must give the precise measure of suffering which every member endured. He must carry you through the trial scene—the sleepless anxiety of fathers, mothers, sisters, and brothers, for many long months—the toil of preparation, diverted from productive channels; the heavy expense abstracted from indigent families; the tumult of feeling, as the case went from the advocate to the jury; and the thunder stroke, as they passed it to the judge, closed up with the word “*guilty*.” Then the strong appeals to the pardoning power: and, lastly, the tearing of hearts assunder at the execution of the sentence.

I witnessed once a scene which comes appropriately in place here. During the commencement exercises of Emory College, upon one occasion, the Governor of the State of Georgia,\* and his lady, with a goodly

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\* His Excellency, Charles G. McDonald.

number of other friends, were staying with me. All were light-hearted, cheerful, and happy, when a female form, plainly but neatly attired, entered my gate, and advanced to my door. I received her, and, upon her request to see the Governor, I conducted her to his room.

“Governor,” said she, “I am the mother of the man who is to be executed, four days’ hence, at Columbus, for murder. Hearing of his sentence in Maryland, where I live, I hastened with all speed to Milledgeville, to beg of you a respite of his sentence, till the meeting of the Legislature. There my money gave out; but not finding you there, I have followed you hither, having walked most of the way (sixty-five miles) to make the request. Governor, will you not suspend the sentence?”

“Madam,” said the Governor, his eyes already filled with tears, for no Governor ever had a kinder heart, “if I were to grant the respite, you could not possibly reach him with it, in your enfeebled and exhausted situation, in time to save him.”

“Yes I will, Governor; give it to me, and I will have it in Columbus before the hour of execution arrives.”

“Then you would have to travel night and day, for four nights, and three days and a half.”

“Only give me the respite, and it shall reach him in time. I shall see him, any how, before he dies; but I have no time to lose.”

“Madam,” said the Governor, “I most deeply sympathize with you, and it pains me to tell you, that I should violate my official duty to grant the respite. I have examined the case, and I cannot find a single mitigating circumstance in it, in your son’s favor.”

“Oh, Governor! my son is not a murderer at heart. His disposition is peaceable. He was not himself when he committed the deed. Oh, Governor! here, on my knees before you, I pray you have pity upon a poor heart-broken widowed mother!”

Our wives sobbed aloud, and the Governor and myself mingled our tears profusely over the bending suppliant. There was but one of the group that could speak, and that one bore the burden of us all, multiplied a thousand fold. The Governor raised her from her knees, and repeated, by a shake of the head, what he had already said.

And now went forth from that poor woman’s heart—what shall I call it? A *sigh*? It was not that. A *sob*? It was not that. A *groan*? It was not that; but an indescribable out-breathing of all that is eloquent in grief, and melting in sorrow. Her accents had caught the ears of the group in the adjoining porch, and produced a death-like silence there: and my habitation, so lately the scene of mirth, was like the court of death.

At length she broke silence:—

“If there is no hope, I must hasten to my child before he dies.”

She rose, and tremblingly advanced to the porch, followed by the sympathizing friend, but unyielding Chief Magistrate. She passed the crowd without seeming to notice them; and, as her foot fell upon the step that was to conduct her away from the habitation of hope, she cast back a melting look, and commenced her last appeal, with "Oh! Governor! for God's sake" --when she sunk to the floor. At length, rising, as if moved by the thought that she was losing the time which alone would enable her to see her son alive, she retired.

The Governor disappeared with her, his carriage soon followed, and though no questions were asked on his return, I doubt not, that he offered her the best solace that he could, in her extremity, without a breach of duty.

Now I ask, what is all the good that ardent spirits have ever done, compared with the pangs which this one poor widow has suffered? But her's was no uncommon case. Multiply her afflictions by ten thousand, and you will get the *exponent* of what one class, and that about the best of our race, have suffered from the use of inebriating drinks. Ah! God bless you, men, I fear we shall have a dread account to render at the court of Heaven, for our dealings with this class of the human family.

Of the very few miracles which Jesus Christ performed, unasked, while upon earth, the most notable one was his raising from the dead the *widow's*.

son of Nain. The highest compliment he ever passed upon munificence, was upon that of a poor *widow*. And his precepts abound in special charges in their behalf. He may, at last, avenge them *of their adversary*; and many of us may be ranked among their adversaries who little dream of it. How far he may indulge us in a habit, the direct tendency of which is to shorten human life, and throw our companions and offspring penniless upon the world; how far he may hold us acquit of the sins which, though unpractised by us, are the legitimate fruits of our example; how far we may be allowed to withdraw the means which he has given us for the support of our dependants, and the poor about our doors, to waste them in the purchase of liquid fire; how far we may be held accountable for making laws, pronouncing judgements, prescribing for the sick, hearing and preaching sermons, with brains bewildered by the fumes of alcohol, are matters far beyond my ken; but deserving of a much more serious consideration than they generally receive.

Returning to the order which I was pursuing, when I stepped aside to adduce the case just referred to, let me ask, who can portray the pauperism which has resulted from the use of intoxicating drinks; with its consequent evils? It is not only beyond the bounds of human computation; but it is far beyond the bounds of human conjecture or human conception.

Now, gather together the evils at which I hinted under these four general heads, and tell me, whether there be not something humiliating in our relative positions at this moment?

I am before you, exerting the humble powers which God has given me, to persuade you, my countrymen, to lend us a helping hand in removing from our country, the vice which is the parent of these half told miseries. In *this country*, in *this place*, amidst houses of worship, in sight of your newly-erected temple of science, should *argument* be necessary, to convince any human being, that he should lend all his strength, moral and physical, to drive the monster from the land?

In this country, the people are the fountain of all power; and, as is the fountain, so will the stream be. If they are ignorant, besotted, immoral, so will their representatives be. If such be their representatives, wretched must be their laws, and wretchedly must they be administered. Without sound laws, and a rigid enforcement of them, there can be no security of life, limb, property, or reputation. Without this security, industry will languish, commerce will be paralyzed, and all the avenues of wealth will be closed up. These conclusions follow as naturally from the premises, as the demonstrations of Euclid from his axioms and postulates.

I said, if a people be ignorant, besotted, and immoral, these would be the results. I might have said, if

they be besotted alone, these consequences would follow, for ignorance and vice are the certain offshoots of drunkenness. Even *wisdom*, drunk, is folly the most baneful.

Are these things true? No man of sense doubts them. Then let them be stereotyped upon your hearts; and read them on your election days, when you see tens and hundreds of your countrymen staggering to the polls, as completely bereft of reason as the child of three years old, casting their votes, upon which the honor of the State, and the destiny of the South may depend! Bidders for the demagogue—blisters upon the bosom of the country. If you can see these things, and do nothing for the cause of temperance, let one word in the English language never fall from your lips,—“patriotism.”

“But,” says one, “I love my country just as much as a Son of Temperance does.” That may be so; but love of country is not patriotism; it is only an element of it. The drunkard loves his children as much as the sober man; but what credit is due to his love, when he raises not a finger to save them from ruin—nay, when he knowingly and wilfully brings on their ruin? And what does the country gain by your love, when you see a poison running through all its veins and arteries, and will not offer it an antidote which you hold in your hands?

The Sons of Temperance show their love by their works; do the like or lay no claim to patriotism.

The times now are peculiar. The South has need of all the talents that God has given her—of moral and physical power, to its utmost reach; and of sleepless vigilance in the exercise of them.

A strange, unnatural, unprovoked crusade is opened upon us from the North, which reduces the crusade of Peter the Hermit to a very common-place affair. In his day, Europe was Christian; Palestine was pagan. At that time, the Christian world held the tomb of a *saint* in high veneration. What must have been their reverence for *the sepulchre of the Saviour*? No common blood ran in the veins of the European and the Saracen. They were not reciprocally indebted to each other for the blessing of liberty. They were bound together by no common interest, no common religion, no solemn compact. And yet, the world read, with amazement, the rise and progress of that fanaticism which moved all Europe to the rescue of the Holy Land, and the Saviour's tomb from the hand of infidels.

But this modern crusade is by friend against friend, brother against brother, and Christian against Christian. It sunders the most sacred bonds that ever bound man to his fellow man. It legitimates every kind of warfare; tolerates every kind of insult; and justifies every kind of defamation. The leaders in it, a motley group of whites and blacks, men and women, saints and sinners, are plying every instrumentality, lawful and unlawful, to force us to do

what it is impossible for us to do, without spreading strife, misery, and death, all around us.

In such a band there is, of course, a character for every work. One to explain away the interposing Scriptures; another, to undermine the barriers of the constitution; another, to extract the sting of conscience; another, to disarm the law of its power; another, to recruit in our kitchens; and another, to set all law, human and divine, at defiance.

They have discovered, that the relation in which their fathers placed us, is sinful; and they are determined, if possible, to harass us into repentance for it! They have found out that we are in the depths of misery and distress, and they are going to force us, by pains and penalties, to the blessedness which they enjoy. That we are in thick moral darkness; and they are going to enlighten us, by unchurcing us, and banishing us from the sacraments!

What we are to do, in this emergency, it is hard to say; but we all know, full well, what we ought *not* to do. We ought not, at such times, to be addling our brains with intoxicating liquors. Away with them, people of Mississippi, as you regard your character, your property, your country, your hearthstones, your wives, and your children! Away with them, if not for ever, at least until the cloud, which now hangs darkly over us, shall have spent itself or passed away.

We have to contend against a moral force, which, unopposed by strong mind, well endowed from all the stores of science, will be more fatal to us than an open enemy one hundred thousand strong. Let us commence the manufacture of such minds. Let them be cast, refined, polished, tempered, and stamped immediately, for the abolition market; if not needed there, they will be prized in any market, and invaluable for domestic uses.

In the days of British aggression, we had our Washingtons, Jeffersons, Madisons, and Henrys, all of Southern birth and growth; and we need such, in these times of anti-slavery aggression. They are at hand, by hundreds, in the youth about you, if they can be properly trained. But, to have them thus trained, fathers must come away from whiskey barrels, and guardians eschew grog-shops; venders of spirits must have magnanimity and patriotism enough to forego their baneful traffic, for their country's honor, their own security, and the happiness of our posterity.

Your State has done her part, to give us the minds we need. She has reared the edifices, and supplied them with the moral machinery necessary to their construction. She has done her best, to remove every hinderance to the success of her enterprise; and now, she looks, as she has a right to look, for the hearty, zealous co-operation of her sons, one and all.

*Citizens of Lafayette*, she has honored your county, by making it the seat of her beauteous structures, consecrated to the arts and sciences. She has, therefore, special claims upon you. Will you not warmly and zealously respond to them?

*Citizens of Oxford*, she has brought her treasures to your door, richer, by far, than *gold*, *frankincense*, and *myrrh*, and she presents them to your children. Will you not, to a man, second her aims? She gathers near you the sons of the South, drawn from distant points, and parental guardianship, to drink of the stream of knowledge which now flows at your portals. They come, in the confidence of their sires, that they will find a friend and counsellor, if not a guardian, in every citizen of this vicinity. Is there a man among you, who will recompense her favors, and their confidence, by doling out liquid poison to these youthful votaries of science?

And, Oh! ye first-born sons of the University; ye who are soon to go forth as specimen-coins of the currency in which she deals; ye, for whom all this pains-taking, anxiety, and solicitude: if there should be found here a man so reckless of his country's laws, so dead to her vital interests, so regardless of the impending danger, so hostile to you, and so inhuman to your parents, that, Arnold like, he will betray his country, and, Judas like, he will betray you, for a few pieces of silver; will you advance the price of his treason? Are you—the hope of the

State, of the Church, and of us who are soon to pass away, leaving tender descendants behind us, to your care—are *you* to become the patrons of grog-shops, and the companions of dram-sellers? You cannot be, without soiling your character with many blots, darker and more eye-offending than even this. You must turn away from the martial music of Homer, and the sweet warbling of Virgil, to listen to the dolorous gurgle of the death-draught, as it descends from the puncheon to the quart pot. You must forsake the companionship of Newton, in his evening rambles among the far-off worlds, and withdraw your ear from his teaching upon the wisdom and power that made them; to sneak under night's sable mantle, into the drunkard's haunts. You must fling down the implements by which he rose to Fame's loftiest peak; to gather up the filthy drippings of the still-worm. You must abandon the lecture-room of Davy—nature's laboratory in miniature, where she is seen, Kaleidoscope like, exhibiting, with a few simple elements, beauties and wonders, in endless variety of form and combination, with every turn of the chemist's hand; and thus to understand, from these exhibitions, his marvellous wisdom and power, and through them, to command your love, your praise, your worship. All this you must do, or you must do what, if possible, is still worse. You must colleague with slaves, to smuggle into the temple of science the fatal liquid, and here

begin the work of your own undoing, and the destruction of as many as are weak enough, or wicked enough, to consort with you and your negro companions.

A drunken revel, thus got up, is no very uncommon thing in colleges; and it is passed off with a titter, as nothing more than a harmless recreation. But if we mark it, from the first whisper into the slave's ear, to the last hiccough of these youthful bacchanals—if we consider the parties with whom they begin, their relation, the time, the place, the circumstances, we will find it hard to conceive of any thing more revolting than one of these "college frolicks." In the name of reason, common sense, and common decency, I pray you, my young friends, banish them from the Mississippi University. If there be those among you, who can thus desecrate the temple of science, and degrade themselves, do you, who are made of better material, set the seal of your indignation upon them, and avoid them as you would death and contagion. Leave them to the companionship of slaves and tipplers, the brotherhood of their own choosing, until the authorities of the college can overthrow their tables, and, with the whip of discipline, drive them out of the temple.

Let us, my friends, one and all, old and young, unite our exertions to put down the monster vice of which we have been speaking. We can do it, and we can do it by the very instrumentalities now

an operation; the best of all which, in my judgment, is the institution of the Sons of Temperance.

I speak knowingly upon this head. I was one of the very first missionaries of the Temperance cause in the Southern States. About three and twenty years ago I joined the first Temperance Society ever formed, I believe, in the State of Georgia. Our plan was, to supplant ardent spirits by less noxious drinks, particularly by wine. It seemed to me a laudable, but desperate undertaking; but I approved the object, joined the society, and went forth an active laborer in its cause. In the course of two or three years, I had the pleasure of seeing many thousands added to the Society, and a systematic organization of them into a State Temperance Society, with auxiliaries in almost every county in Georgia.

Let me not be understood as laying claim to leadership, or even to the most efficient agency in this great work. In these respects there were, at least, two of my fellow laborers, who were entitled to precedency over me: the Rev. A. Sherwood, of the Baptist Church; and the Hon. Joseph H. Lumpkin of the Presbyterian Church. It was soon discovered that our plan was defective. The poor, who could not indulge in the use of wine, felt that the pledge operated unequally upon the members; and, for that reason, refused to join us. It was, therefore, proposed to extend the pledge to all intoxicating liquors. Many espoused the proposition, and, upon it, founded

a new society. Of this number were the friends just named. I did not follow them, only because I feared that we were running too fast for the existing state of public opinion. It was not long before I discovered that their society was running far ahead of mine, and I rejoined them.

Time rolled on, and rolled up a new order of our faith, called the Sons of Temperance. These had their secrets, and therefore, I was, for a time, distrustful of them; but I saw that they were doing wonders in the good cause, and that they numbered, in their fraternity, some of the most gifted and the most pious in the land. Confident that nothing was to be feared in such a community, I joined them also. And now, retracing our progress, I marvel that we have been so slow in our advances to our present position.

Christ had given us a clue to the best method of conquering vice, in the organization of his Church, eighteen hundred years ago. The uniting of people, of one faith, into one community, where the wisdom of all could be collected, and where their plans of operation could be systematized, arranged, and methodized, apart from the intrusion of adversaries—where kind counsels and brotherly admonitions could be interchanged, without offence, or the pain of public exposure—where the reformed offender could find friends who would overlook his faults, receive him as a brother, and extend to him a helping hand in time of need.

The first Temperance Society advanced one step towards this model, and there stopped. The Washingtonians approached a little nearer to it, and then stopped. The Sons of Temperance have come as nearly up to it as the end of their institution, its elements, and the circumstances surrounding it, would permit; and their success has been in direct proportion to their advancement to this standard. The three societies have all been good; but, comparatively, they have been *good, better, best.*

The organization, then, is as perfect, I take it, as it can be made, by human agency alone; but there is still one thing needful to make the resemblance between it and its archetype complete. Every member must feel that he has something to do in the great work. There must be no drones in the hive—no lukewarmness in the cause.

Let every man, then, be up and doing—every one, in every division of the Sons of Temperance; and, old as I am, I may live to see your noble efforts crowned with complete success, at least, in this the favored land of Heaven.



# THE CAUSES OF INTEMPERANCE

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BY HON. EDMUND DILLAHUNTY.

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ONE of the first causes of intemperance we shall notice, is the false standard of respectability that obtains among us. A notion too generally prevails, that every thing is disreputable to which the term *labor* can be applied. Honest toil is voted vulgar and undignified; and we are disposed to graduate a man's merits by what he *has*, and not by what he *does*—by his *possessions*, and not by his *actions*. The mere exterior is too often looked upon as the best criterion of a gentleman. We seem to have forgotten, that it is not the *stations* that we fill in life, but the *manner* in which we fill those stations, that entitles us to praise or censure, applause or abuse; that it is merit, alone, that gives claim to consideration and respect. We seem, also, to have overlooked the fact, that merit is often concealed by poverty, and vice by the gildings of wealth; that the man whose hands are hardened, and whose clothes are soiled from the daily labor by which he gains his honest living,

may have a more generous heart—a heart filled with nobler impulses to good, and that sympathizes more deeply with the wrongs and sorrows of others, than that of him whose splendid equipage may serve but to wash a villain's heart. Why is it, then, that the honest laborers—the industrious mechanics, are so often excluded from our parties of amusement and pleasure? Is it because their hands are harder than their hearts—because they have paid more attention to the inside than the outside of their heads? or because they cannot, perhaps, bow with so good a grace as the courtier? or, like him, pour into the ear of some fair, but too credulous lady, an impassioned tale of love, that may be as false as the false heart of him who utters it.

Is it not to the skill and industry of the mechanics, at whom those would-be aristocrats sneer, that they are indebted for the most of their pleasures? for the splendid palaces in which they reside? the gilt coaches in which they roll in “pomp and glorious circumstance?” and the cushioned sofas whereon they recline, at ease, their voluptuous limbs? It was the fall of the hammer, the sound of the axe, that aroused the wild beasts from their lairs, to make way for the habitations of civilized man, in this free country.

And cannot the different *trades*, as they are sometimes foolishly called, in derision, boast of names that are jewels in the casket of a nation's glory?

Did not Franklin, whose epitaph can never grow dim while the lightning blazes athwart the heavens, wend his way from the humble condition of a journeyman printer, to that sublime height from whence, as the eagle bathing his plumage in the eternal sunshine, he looked down on other men? But the time would fail us, to tell of a Rittenhouse, a Fulton, a Morse, whose names will be as deathless as their immortal spirits.

We frequently hear it said, Such an one "does not move in the first circle." This is mere cant, and means just nothing. We have no first class, and second class. Merit is the first class, and the rest it is not worth while to place. Real worth, whether found in a palace or a hovel, should be the only dividing line in society. Our government recognizes none of these aristocratical distinctions. But we have a pseudo-aristocracy that prevails to an extent at which even our proud step-mother herself would blush.

Let us not be misunderstood here. We have no prejudices against wealth. No wish to array one class of society against another. None. We scorn the base demagogue spirit, that would buy the favor of the poor by plundering the rich; that would elevate the indolent and worthless by spoiling enterprise of its legitimate reward. It is the foolish aping of foreign manners; the assumption, on the part of a few, of exclusive gentility, of which we complain, and which

should be met with scorn and indignation by every true friend of his country.

The practical effect of this false standard of respectability, which we so much deplore, tends to evil in this way. All of us are disposed to be circumspect in our deportment, in proportion to the estimate we put upon the character we have at stake. Convince a man that he has no character to lose, and he becomes indifferent as to the moral consequences of his conduct. And this estimate of character, depends no less upon the opinions of others than upon our own. If all others were blind, we would take no pains to adorn our persons, and would have no need of rich plate, fine carriages, and fine houses. We would not, then, see the young ladies sacrificing their ease, their comfort, their health, and, oftentimes, their lives, to ridiculous fashion. To the sensitive, to the well balanced mind, public opinion was more terrors than the penalties of the law. But he who is taught, by public opinion, that his character is of very little worth, and that he is degraded by his calling, has no manner of respect for that tribunal which degrades him; and thereby he loses his highest motive to his duty. He soon persuades himself that his crimes are made venial by the loneliness of his condition; and justly concludes that, as his merits escape praise, so his faults should escape censure.

Therefore, to degrade the occupation of the laboring classes, and to lessen their self-respect, is to

blunt their perceptions of right and wrong, and to take away from them the highest motive they can have to forbear vicious indulgencies, and to put restrictions upon their appetites. Teach the laboring man that, in public estimation, he has no character to lose by getting drunk, and you not only take away from him the inducements to be temperate and sober, but you actually offer to him inducements to fly to the bowl to drown his sorrows, and forget the wrongs and indignities he innocently suffers. This erroneous estimate of worth, in character, is the upas tree to the morals of the country. Beyond this, these artificial distinctions in society tend to multiply a certain class of men, called adventurers, who, unqualified for any of the learned professions—too proud to work, because it is looked upon as disreputable; and yet too poor to live without it—are turned upon the world to live by their *wits alone*. It requires not the gift of prophecy to foretell the probable destiny of such young men, who, with passions warm by nature, and uncontrolled by education, are exposed to the fearful temptations of idleness and want. They who, but for this false notion of gentility, might have adorned a shop, or reflected credit upon a trade, become loafers at the grog shop, or, what is little less degrading, the mean dependents upon the bounty of some great man for the mere privilege of bread; and, when thus debased, God only can foresee the depths of depravity and crime into which they may sink.

To counteract these tendencies to evil, our order brings the promises of its aid. This is the platform upon which we all must meet, with no other inequality than that which merit gives. Here we are taught that man is our brother, and that the human family should be linked together by the sympathetic cords of kindness and love. The humblest mechanic here takes his seat, side by side with the highest dignitary of State. Here we learn, both from precept and example, that honesty and integrity constitute the true nobility in man; that to toil for an honest living is no disgrace, but a recommendation; that no man is to be the less respected, the less entitled to the enjoyment of social privileges, because he drives the plough, and shoves the plane, smites the anvil, or makes the marble start up beneath the chisel of genius.

Inactivity is the violation of the laws of the mind, which must be constantly employed, either for good or evil. God has decreed, that an immortal spirit can never be quiescent. The mind, like the wicked spirit the enchanter had power to call up, must be furnished with employment, or it turns upon him to whose command it is subject. While the mind is occupied, it has no vacant cell for the reception of a vicious guest. Activity is no less the law of virtue, than of happiness; while idleness is the parent of both vice and misery. If the seducer can get her whom he would ruin, to pause and listen, he makes sure of

his victim; and, if the devil can persuade any man to be idle, he will soon find some work for him to do.

And here we take the liberty to say to every father, no matter what fortune he may be able to bequeath to his son, that he bequeath to him also, habits of industry, and knowledge how to labor. This is a part of an education that cannot possibly be of any disadvantage to him in any station in life.

Besides, labor gives vigor to the mind, as well as to the body. He who is able to confine himself to labor, despite the allurements and fascinations of pleasure, that haunt our thoughts in the sportive hours of childhood, has acquired a firmness, forbearance, and stability of character that augurs well for the future. Such a victory, at such a time, over the passions, is more justly deserving a statue than the brilliant exploits of the conqueror, whose glory is perpetuated by monuments of human bones. Constant employment is the only successful mode to avoid contracting bad habits, or of freeing ourselves from the influence of such as have already been contracted. There is no situation in life, better calculated to foster principles of virtue, than the pursuits of agriculture; where the thoughts are ennobled, and the feelings purified, by coming in contact with nature in her grandeur and simplicity. Indeed, the tinkling of the anvil, the shaving of the plane, the sound of the hammer, and the hum of busy machinery, are all highly favorable to the promotion of virtue.

A second cause of intemperance is our general love of excitement. Everything connected with us, whether duties, pleasures, or business, is on the railroad, steam-car system. Our nerves seem to work by steam. Men must journey quick, marry quick, get rich quick. We cannot content ourselves to toil on till evening for our reward, but must be blessed with immediate fruition. With this anxious, restless feeling has come a wild spirit of speculation, that disregards all the maxims of prudence laid down by our fathers, and puts to peril the comforts of age, and the support of helpless women and children.

This fever for speed has been attended with advantages. It has aided in developing the physical resources of the country; has conveyed intelligence upon the wings of the lightning; has multiplied steamboats and steam-cars; but has multiplied steam distilleries, and the steam of the grog shop. The stimulus of alcohol has been called in to sustain this unnatural and undue excitement, against which we should guard, without checking that laudable spirit of inquiry and investigation, which improves the social and intellectual condition of our race.

Another fruitful cause of intemperance is the use of ardent spirits in families. The father, who daily, or occasionally, indulges in his dram, cannot but expect his son will do likewise. And though the father, whose moral principles are fixed, *may be* able to resist the growing influence of such a habit, the son, differently

circumstanced, of more tender years, with stronger passions, and those passions less disciplined in the school of forbearance, will become the slave, and not the master of this habit. The young man, who thus commences his career, *may, possibly,* escape the drunkard's fate. So, during the eruption of the volcano, we may venture up the mountain's side to make some brilliant discoveries, and *may* return unhurt. Yet a celebrated ancient philosopher sacrificed his life to such a curiosity. There is as much danger in the one experiment as the other.

Whatever may be the example of the parent, whether for good or evil, the child looks upon it as worthy of imitation. At the very age in which we are fixing our principles, and forming our habits, we want no better evidence that any thing is right, than that it is the practice of our parents. And to whom should we look for models, but to them? A man might as well attempt to destroy his identity, by merely changing his dress, as to try to free himself entirely from the effects and influence of early associations. The impressions that are marked upon the young mind, the hand of time may disfigure, but cannot erase. Almost universally, they determine the destiny of the individual, either for weal or woe. What a lesson does this teach to parents, of the solemn duties they owe to their children! To the father, then, we would say, if you cannot forbear the use of ardent spirits, on your own account, forbear for the sake of your son.

But if you will persist in setting so dangerous an example before your sons, prepare, betimes, your heart for the endurance of that pungent anguish, that bitterness of spirit, that gnawing of remorse, for which neither heaven or earth has any consolation; when, in old age, the ghost of thy son shall arise with the stain of blood upon its front, from a drunkard's grave, and shall thunder in thy ear, Thou art my murderer! A fiend would relent, or drop a tear of sympathy over the agony of a heart thus riven by the thunderbolt of grief.

It is to the *example* of the parent, more than to his *precepts*, the child looks for instruction. In vain may he deliver long lectures on morality to his child, if his practice contradicts his teachings. The child cannot understand the force of arguments, drawn from the nature and fitness of things; but he can easily detect the inconsistency of that parent, who, to-day, enjoins reverence to God, and, to-morrow, blasphemes his holy name; who, to-day, exhorts to temperance and sobriety; and, to-morrow, wallows in drunkenness. If, then, the father would have his son temperate, let him be temperate himself; if he would have him be virtuous, let him look well to his own example.

Another cause of intemperance is to be found in our social and fashionable parties. Along with the young, the brilliant, the joyous, the lovely, the beautiful, the gay, that throng the festive halls, where joy lights each eye, and smiles betoken the gladness of the

heart, comes the tempter, like Satan among the sons of God, to do his fiendish work.

To the banqueting of love, the wicked elf, unbidden, comes to mar its pleasures. He who had the firmness and forbearance to resist the enticements of the grogshop, yields to the tempter, when the deformity of vice is masked by the smiles of lovely woman. He is overcome, not by the vice, but by the charms of the seducer. In a moment of excitement, with a heart overflowing with the poetry of love, he drinks the accursed poison, because it is offered by a fair hand, not caring that the flowers and the roses he thus dallies with, conceal a reptile whose sting is death. He fears not death, if woman is his destroyer; and the rose-buds of love, with a withered fragrance, breathe over his grave, like angel's sighs, their perfumed breath. The spell is now broken; the scruples to the first indulgence have been overcome, and the unfortunate young man, like a vessel broken loose from its moorings, to be driven, without chart, rudder, or compass, before wind and tide, becomes the slave of circumstance, and lies at the mercy of accident. Chance now controls his destiny. In all human probability he becomes a drunkard; and what, beyond that, the heart will not permit the tongue to speak. As we look onward, and see whither his footsteps tend, we turn away from beholding him, and blush with shame for the honor of our race.

Young lady! are you not startled at the thought, that the sparkling glass with which you tempt the gallant, chivalrous, high-toned gentleman, at your side, may be that which will decide his fate, both for time and eternity? Such is the nature of man, that he has no power to resist the influence of woman. The serpent knew this, when he laid the plan to mar Eden's bliss. Man may have the fortitude to endure any pain, privation, or suffering; may have the courage to charge up to the cannon's mouth; the firmness to stand, unawed, amid the thickest carnage of the battle-field; and may be able to meet death, without shrinking back; but, we repeat it, he has no power to resist the silent eloquence with which woman's soft blandishments, and sweeter smiles, speak to the warm and generous heart.

But this influence was given to woman, that it might be a blessing, and not a curse, to man. Woman was designed to be a comforter, a solace for man in his afflictions, and not to multiply his difficulties, and heap fresh calamities upon his head; and, to her credit be it spoken, that her influence has, most generally, been so employed. If woman banished man from Paradise, she was the mother of a God; and was the last that lingered to weep over the cross of her crucified Saviour. She has visited, as an angel of mercy, the abodes of wretchedness and despair; to relieve the sufferings, and supply the wants of haggard famine; to pour the balm of

consolation into the hearts of the afflicted; and to gladden with sunshine, and strew flowers along the pathway of life. Her influence has been exerted to chasten the desires, purify the thoughts, moderate the passions of the sterner sex, and thus leave the impression of her own purity upon society, that, like gold, seven times purified in the crucible of the refiner, it might reflect back, perfectly, the image of God, as he looked down, with complacency, upon mankind, his creatures. We have no fears for the success of any enterprise in which woman is engaged; and that cause may well be despaired of, that is pressed down by the weight of her curses. Man may have toiled, and toiled in vain; but, like the north-wind and sun, in their experiment upon the traveller, when lovely woman lends her co-operation, then it is "the work moves bravely on."

Happy are we, to see, that the cause in which we are engaged, calls forth her approving smiles. And well does it deserve her patronage; for, to her interest, her protection against the most dangerous foe to her peace and happiness in this life, it looks with constant eye; and her smiles shine upon nothing impure and unholy, which that pure light should blush to see! Here is to be found her dearest hope, her surest promise of temporal good the world contains.

But one of the most alarming qualities of intemperance, is, that it is insidious in its advances, and

secret in its attacks. Before its victim is aware that any danger is at hand, he has fallen into the power of the enemy. It sounds no alarm until the citadel is taken. It is not an enemy without the wall, but a traitor within the camp. It has all the poison of the serpent, but wants its warning rattle. It lulls to sleep, and cries, *Peace*, when there is no peace. It strangles those whom it embraces with fondness, and leaves its poison wherever it imprints a kiss. Before the man is aware of it, he has fastened upon him a habit that he cannot shake off; has contracted a disease nothing else will relieve, but that poison which produced it; has created an appetite, nothing but alcohol will satiate. He has passed that point whence his steps can be retraced; and, with the speed of lightning, moves down the inclined plane to vice. He is upon the avalanche; and, though conscious of his danger, has no power to escape.

When a man wakes up from his dream of security, and finds himself beridden by this habit, as by an incubus, he tortures his ingenuity to invent excuses for its indulgence. He soon deludes himself into the belief, that it is necessary for the preservation of his health; to supply some inherent defect in his constitution, or to counteract the effect the heat, or cold, dryness, or moisture, of the atmosphere, may have upon his body. Here, again, the power of the destroyer is manifest, in that it holds the reason

spell-bound, and makes the mind upon which it exercises its sorcery, the dupe of an artifice too shallow to impose even upon a child. It makes the man not only deceive others, but himself.

The crisis in the drunkard's life, is at the very incipency of the use of ardent spirits; for, after the appetite has been so far vitiated, as to have acquired a relish for the taste and stimulus of intoxicating drinks, in nine cases out of ten, his fate is as irrevocably sealed, as if he already slept in a drunkard's grave, with infancy for his epitaph; poverty, wretchedness, want, obloquy, and shame, the legacy bequeathed to his family. We repeat it, the point of danger, to every man, is at the very commencement of the use of intoxicating drinks. It is the breaking loose of the first flake of snow from the mountain peak, that causes the avalanche, which, gathering strength as it rolls on, at length buries whole hamlets and villages in ruins.

Disguise it as the pride of man may, the best security is the absence of temptation—"the best safety lies in fear." No one, with the reason of man, ever dreamed, when he commenced the use of ardent spirits, of becoming a drunkard. But, unfortunately, before he suspects that danger broods nigh, he passes the bound whence his steps can never be retraced. Total abstinence is the only tower of strength, the only citadel of refuge, the only place of security against the danger of drunkenness. See

that pleasure party, so sweetly gliding along the placid bosom of the lake, with thoughts as tranquil as the sleeping element upon which they ride; as bright as the mellow radiance which the evening sky flings back over the expanse of waters. Not a breath disturbs the calm; not a speck dims the prospect; not a sound is heard, but the echo of their wild, merry laugh, as it dies away upon the far distant shore of that lake, which, cradled in the bosom of mountains, and lulled to rest by zephyrs, sleeps with the quietude of an infant's slumbers. Imperceptibly, to themselves, they are moving on to death; and yet, they dream not of danger. But, hark! what sound is that, which breaks in upon their delusive dreams of security, and arouses them to a sense of the fate that awaits them? It is the roar of the cataract they are fast nearing! Death, immediate and inevitable, stares them in the face! One wild shriek of despair, and all is over, as they leap, with the thundering tide, down the awful precipice.

Let us all, then, set our faces against the vice of intemperance. The age in which we live, the relations that we sustain to each other, and to mankind, and the exalted privileges that we enjoy, demand it at our hands, and bid us onward, in a work that promises so much of good, without any alloy of evil. If we fail in this duty, let us bear in mind that we are weakening the staff of age, drying up the fountains of domestic bliss, multiplying widows and orphans

in the land, and filling their hearts with sorrow, and their habitations with poverty and mourning. Let not the moderate drinker fold his arms in fancied security. To him we would say, tarry not where you are, but, while you are yet free, flee away; for, though you see it not, feel it not, hear it not, a volcano threatens to open at your feet. Slumber not in your delusive dreams of safety, lest, when the cry is heard, announcing the approach of the enemy, you awake and find, that, while he slept, the strong man has been shorn of his strength; and now, without the power of resistance, bows his neck to the oppressor's yoke.



# SECRETS OF A SECRET SOCIETY;

OR,

## AN EXPOSITION

OF THE

### ORGANIZATION AND OBJECTS OF THE ORDER OF THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

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BY LEROY M. LEE, D.D.

*Of Richmond, Va., and G. W. P. of Virginia.*

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“A GOOD NAME IS BETTER THAN RICHES,” is the recorded opinion of one of the wisest and wealthiest of monarchs. The abstract correctness of the opinion is not to be disputed. But, in practice, the world gives its support to the very opposite sentiment: in its wisdom, a bad name is less to be deplored than poverty. Fame is not always preferred to fortune. Rank, health, life, are perilled in pursuit of wealth, and the sacrifice is applauded as a prudential enterprise. Crime and gold, if not affiliated, possess very strong affinities; and are linked in bonds, as close and strong as those which poets surmise, to bind poverty and virtue.

There is an enigma and a charm in a name. A too philosophical poet has said, "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." Let him try it; and if it do not "waste its sweetness in the desert air," he will divest it of all the charms that love and poetry have breathed on its fame. The press never circulated a greater falsehood, than he who said, "There's nothing in a name." Every thing is in the name; and the more that's good in it, the better. A good name, in man or brute, is an inheritance more precious than rubies. But a bad name, like a loathsome disease, has an infection that medicine cannot reach, and whose only remedy is the grave and oblivion.

"You had as well kill a dog, as give him a bad name." The author of this proverb was a true philosopher; and deserves the immortality that its frequent repetition, and universal application award him. But, however true in itself, or correct as to dogs, it was never intended, by its philanthropic discoverer, to be restricted, either in its study or its application to the canine race. If there be more than a step between a bad name and death, in a dog's history, there's a very short race for life, any how. One of the greatest misfortunes that can befall these sagacious friends of the race of "two-legged bipeds without feathers," is to give him a bad name. In this respect, there is a great resemblance, however humiliating it may seem, between men and dogs.

Nor are societies of men exempted from this common and dreadful fatality. A two-legged biped, or a society of them, fares no better, in this respect, than their four-footed companion. A bad name is, to man, a precursor of impending ruin; as it is a fore-runner of death to dogs. He who brings it upon himself is a suicide of fame and character. He who inflicts it upon another, is their murderer. A multitude of facts, illustrating the profound wisdom of this proverb, will be remembered by the thoughtful reader. It will be singular if a painful experience do not recal it, as a problem of experimental philosophy, to many. In its grave and truthful light, we may discover the reasons for the decline and fall of many a man, and many a well-devised and promising enterprise to do good.

But there is another aspect in which the philosophy of names, bad ones, especially, may be studied. There is the wisdom that invents them; the independence that affirms their logical accuracy; the manliness that persists in sticking them, as "show bills," in the sight of passers-by; and the intellectual acumen with which they are uttered, as an answer to all arguments, an exponent of all the principles, motives, and objects, entering into the combination of which they are put forth as the expression and development. The craft of dislike; the skill of hatred; the oracular feeling that curls the lip, and shakes the head; the philosophy of a shrug of the shoulder; the philanthropic self-love, that escapes investigation by a blank stare, or a coarse

epithet; these, each in their turn, have exerted a giant potency in checking the progress of benevolence, and crushing the hope of usefulness in the soul of compassion.

There is a one-ideal epithet, that, to affiliated efforts in the cause of humanity, plays the part of a world-wide maelstrom, engulfing every enterprise that fails, or refuses, to publish its good deeds from the tops of houses, or in the thronged market places, where men congregate to hear, and to tell some new thing. It is a Secret Society! some one whispers: the key note is caught, and the tune sung out, with a relish that satisfies inquiry, and compensates the conscience, that, in such prejudices, seeks absolution from the guilt and shame of refusing its aid to a generous and noble effort to awaken kindly instincts, and guide to a better life.

There seems to be a peculiar gratification to some minds, in applying the epithet of *secret*—a very harmless one, even in its worse sense, however—to any combination of men, for whatever object united, who transact their business with closed doors. To their fears or fancies, such a society is a mystery of iniquity, and the mother of abominations. Every body has something to object against such an organization. And the objections are as multiform as their authors, and as crude as the ignorance that prompts them. The principles of the Society; the objects it aims to accomplish; the modes of its operation; and the

persons who guide its affairs, and labor for its interests; are alike and indiscriminately arraigned for censure and condemnation. If these fail to convince those who urge them, of the virtue of their hostility, a last and all-comprehensive objection erects its awful form, in frowning and impatient hostility, against every possible combination of objects and interests, that brings the words *secret* and *society* into juxtaposition with each other.

To a society that is positively secret—secret in its principles, its objects, its modes of operation, its movements, and its members—there may be some ground of objection; that is, supposing the *existence* of such a society could be known; but, there is, clearly no room for opposition, unless one is ambitious of fighting a phantom of which he knows nothing. Such a society is, *par excellence*, a secret society. And, unless one be in its secrets, he displays his own folly in opposing it. Between such a society, and a society that only has its secrets, without attempting, or even desiring, to conceal its principles, objects, or movements, there is a vast difference. In the one case, except the bare fact of its existence, every thing is hidden and mysterious; in the other, nothing is concealed that is of importance to be known, in order to understand the objects of the enterprise, or the means by which it seeks their accomplishment.

At this point, and to this extent, we perceive the difference between the Order of the Sons of

Temperance, and other fraternities that stand out with marked and distinguishing prominence before the public mind. Its name is the unmistakeable exponent of its objects.

Without intending an odious comparison—for they are esteemed too highly to be discredited here—it may be asked, with confidence and emphasis, Can the same be said of Odd Fellowship and Free Masonry? Apart from information derived from other sources, what ideas of objects or utility do these titles convey? They have a reputation for the observance of the law of kindness, that entitles them to the respect and confidence of the world; and might be taken, by the sternest opposers of secret organizations, in extenuation of any secrecy with which their affairs may be managed. But, what do their names import? They may be very simple, and very significant, to the initiated; but they are profound and bewildering enigmas to those without the pale of their mystic rites, and emblematical signs and symbols.

Taken alone, what idea, or ideas, do the words Free Masonry, or any, or all of the terms put together, by which the fraternity is distinguished, convey to the mind? If one supposed they were hammerers of stone, the very first procession he might witness would correct the impression. And then, that other strange name, that led the countryman, while gazing at its initials, to cry out, "I. O. O. F.—one hundred

fools!" What does it import, but a set of fellows, independent enough to be odd in an orderly way? And what a fine time they must have, all to themselves, when each is employed in doing odd things! In the apt words of an Irish song,

"Their whirligig revels, make all the blue devils  
Escape from the *lodge* through a hole in the roof."

But the title of the Order of the Sons of Temperance, like the mouth of America's greatest statesman and orator, "speaks for itself." It needs no commentator. Its title trumpets its object. Each word is a volume; the sentence, a history of noble aims, generous activity, and manly resolves. Its motto is an emblazonry of principles that angels might pause to admire, and combine to promote. Its character, like the hands of a clock, are on its face, and denote the utility of its design, and the regularity with which it labors in the field of its merciful and magnanimous mission.

It will not be denied, that its meetings are strictly private; that, like kindred institutions, it has its own secrets—and it has an unquestionable right to them, and, what is better, its members know how to keep them—but that, in any justly objectionable sense, it is a secret society, cannot be affirmed without a disregard of all the proprieties of language.

An outline of its organization and objects, and of its measures of antagonism to all that intoxicates, as

well as its modes of strengthening the bonds that bind the friends of Temperance to their ennobling object; if it fail to convert its enemies into friends, will, at least, it is hoped, attract and interest that large class of every community, who bewail the ravages of intemperance, and hope for the day, when purity, fidelity, and brotherly love shall have a sway coequal with their merits, limitless as society, and endless as the life-time of God.

The Order of the Sons of Temperance was established in 1842. In the then existing state of the Temperance Reformation, it was felt to be a necessity, and may almost claim to be an invention. It at least confers the benefits, if it do not possess the merits of a discovery. It was the offspring of love and fear: love, for the cause of temperance; and fear, that the system of operations, then and previously relied on for its success, was incompetent to the full and permanent achievement of the enterprise.

The object of the organization, was to infuse a new and more powerful element of vitality into the hearts of its friends; to strengthen their hands, consolidate their energies, and transmit the influence of a more systematized plan of operations, and a more solemn imposition of the pledge through all the ramifications of social life. It sought to achieve, by orderly rules, uniformly applied, and sacred forms, impressively administered, the reformation of the

inebriate; and to sustain and strengthen him through the fiery hour of his manly but trembling resistance, to a habit insatiate in its demands, and ever clamorous for augmenting gratifications.

A thousand mournful histories proved the inefficiency of popular stimulants and periodical excitements, to stay the ravages of intemperance, and recover from the corrupting influence of the liquid fire seller, the unfortunate subjects of the vicious habit of drinking. The public meetings, common to the times, and instrumental in accomplishing an amount of good, never to be disclosed in time, were yet defective to the full extent of all the trials, temptations, and necessities common to a sudden abandonment of the sole stimulus of thought, feeling, and activity. The earnestness of eloquence, the stirring power of anecdote, the energy of a successful experience in throwing off the shackles of intemperance, galvanized drunkenness into spasmodic sobriety, and kindled the enthusiasm of hope in the breast of despair. Multitudes signed the pledge, and, for a moment, stood erect in the manliness of a resolve to be free. But they were weak through habits of indulgence, and powerless in a central isolation, between the vices renounced and the virtues they sought. They were left alone on the margin of a desolation their own habits had produced; and, without a hand to guide them to the good land of steady habits and virtuous enjoyments, that stretched out and around them

instinct with life, and brilliant as a dream of childhood. Never before were they so utterly alone, helpless, and dependent. Counsel, encouragement, and support, were needed to confirm their resolutions, and establish them in the principles of the new and better life, at whose portals they stood in the tremulousness of hope and fear.

It was the uncensurable fault of the plan of operations then in vogue, that it left them in loneliness, took them from the gutter, and placed them on the side walk of the street, sobered, it is true, but helpless and alone; destitute, but under the pressure of want; reeking with the shame of past vices; and burdened with the sorrows that had accumulated and converged upon and against the resolves of the present moment. Its organization was incomplete. It counted upon manliness, where manliness was debased and destroyed; gave precepts for a stern and virtuous independence of character to vitiated tastes, perverted feelings, and a will in chains; exhorted the corpse of drunkenness it had galvanized into the seeming of life, to the activities of sober existence, and the emoluments of a vigorous and self-sustaining abstinence. It had no halls of social intercourse; no elements of fraternal fellowship; no regulations for the expression of sympathy and care for the saved, but weak and exposed; no organized means for the identification of the reformed drunkard with the cause that reclaimed him; no bond of union, that could operate as a law of

social influence between the reformed, and those who never fell; no associates to cheer the loneliness of his new position, to encourage his noble purpose, and sustain his faltering steps in the ascent to self-respect and public confidence. At the moment of his greatest need, when everything was perilled, and a thousand cravings, emboldened by a long indulgence, were rushing, with rude clamors, against the resolution, poised with so nice an adjustment over the gulf of ruin, when hope stood on tiptoe, with outstretched wing for its flight, and the raven of despair flapped its wings in his face, and shrieked its hellish death song, "Go drown it in the bowl," in the depths of his soul; even then, it had no eye to pity his helplessness, no hand to guide him to a place of security and repose.

It was the pressure of these necessities, and the desire to provide a remedy for them, that gave birth to the only really efficient organization for the cure of intemperance, yet produced by the philanthropy of the age.

It is not impossible, but some yet more successful agency to compass the destruction of the severest scourge that has ever cursed humanity, may be developed from the enlarging benevolence of the times. But, at present, the Order of the Sons of Temperance may fearlessly challenge a comparison with every preceding effort; and as its principles and modes of operation are brought more fully to the light, it will be found to possess every element requisite to

permanent and universal success. Let it be judged by its principles and its fruits. And if a prejudiced judgment condemns it, because, for self-preservation, and the better promotion of its noble objects, it possesses the element of secrecy in its practical machinery, its friends, for the sake of the cause, will submit to the decision. But they will stand by their principles, and still, "hand in hand," strive to bring the intemperate and the moderate drinker within the charmed circle of their operations.

But, before the judgment is made up, and the decision rendered, justice demands a calm and honest examination of their principles, and the plans adapted for their efficient operation. The Order courts the largest publicity, and closest scrutiny of its principles. It conceals nothing that the world has a right to know. Its Pledge, its Constitution, its By-Laws, are open to the inspection of all. It covets an examination of these, as an introduction to its arcana. Its only secrets are its modes of entrance to the Order, and the form—an impressive and solemn one—by which it administers the pledge of total abstinence; and nothing of these is secret, but the language and mode of performing the ceremony.

Every member, on his admission to the Order, is presented with a copy of its Constitution and By Laws; and is authorized to submit it, for examination, to any one who may desire to know the character, objects, and operations, of the Order. All

that pertains to the organization, with the exceptions above named, will be found in the pamphlet. The information is as minute and full as can be desired, as preliminary to a determination to enter into its fellowship. Mere curiosity can ask no more; and hostility is not entitled, even, to such an advantage. An analysis of its character and designs, cannot damage the Order, and may attract a more earnest consideration of its capability to promote the success of a cause, already enshrined in the hearts of all, who, in any department of benevolence, labor for the good of humanity.

The objects sought to be secured by its institution, are clearly avowed in the Preamble:—

*“ We, whose names are annexed, desirous of forming a Society, to shield us from the evils of intemperance, afford mutual aid in case of sickness, and elevate our characters as men—do pledge ourselves to be governed by the following Constitution and By-Laws.”*

The objects of the Society are declared to be three-fold. Each is especially worthy of the consideration of those who are, or have been, addicted to strong drink. But the first, most prominent, and most ardently pursued object of the association, is the suppression of “the evils of intemperance.” Every principle of the Constitution hinges upon this point. Every other development of the Society, is subsidiary to this glorious enterprise. Mutual aid,

and the elevation of character, are adjuncts growing out of the necessities of the reformed, and essential to the success and permanence of the Society.

It was the absence of these features that neutralized preceding plans of reformation, and created the necessity of periodical excitements and spasmodic efforts to keep them alive. But here a unity of feeling, an identity of interest, the affinities of a common brotherhood, bind the fraternity together, and pledge them to a zealous devotion to whatever secures the harmony, and promotes the usefulness of the Order. "The good of the Order," comprising the aggregate of its members, and their conjoint influence in the spread of principles, antagonistic to intemperance, is an object of weekly inquiry and constant effort. But it is in the pledge, the checks by which fidelity to it is guarded, and the means by which its adherents are multiplied, that we perceive the safe-guard and efficiency of the Society; the benevolence that promoted its creation, and the sagacity that provided, in the interior of the edifice, the means of its purity and perpetuity. The pledge is too clear to be misunderstood; too comprehensive to be evaded; and too full to admit any plea for its violation, but an honest confession of delinquency. It is a pledge of sacred honor.

*"No Brother shall make, buy, sell, or use, as a beverage, any spiritous or malt liquors, wine, or cider."*

The intent of this pledge, as explained by the highest judicial authorities of the order, "is to prohibit the manufacture, purchase, sale, and use of all alcoholic, or intoxicating liquors, as beverage, whether enumerated in the pledge, or not." It is a pledge of total abstinence; and the only one available for the suppression of "the evils of intemperance." It lays the axe at the root of the evil; and neither spares nor pities the monster vice, either as consummated in drunkenness, or in any of the forms of its use leading to an issue so deplorable. Sobriety must ever follow in the wake of this pledge. The Order, in the aggregation of its members, or as a unit, rests upon this principle of total abstinence as its basis.

The history of the Temperance Reformation, from its first associated effort against spiritous liquors, through all the transformations of the pledge, with its partial and varying success, shows that this is the only safe and hopeful element of efficiency. It was but beating the air, to fight against any one agent of intoxication to the exclusion of the rest. Each was an enemy; the whole a deadly evil, against which philanthropy, for the sake of humanity, was compelled, as its ultimatum, to wage a ceaseless and uncompromising hostility. It is on this rock the Order erects its edifice of fraternity, and strengthens the cause by all the appliances of its systematic arrangements and consolidated energies.

All the machinery of the Order revolve around this object as its central orb. Its salient point is the pledge. Its constitution and by-laws, its forms and ceremonies, its secret and public movements, its brotherly concord and untiring zeal, are the outward manifestations of its inward and resolute hostility to the use of whatever can intoxicate. The entire system is constructed upon the principle of aggression. The Society is the shield of its members. They enter it for self-preservation; and employ its agencies as means for delivering others from the enticements and thralldom of the cup.

It has two systems of operation to compass the destruction of "the evils of intemperance:" First, by inducing individuals to adopt its pledge; and, secondly by watching over them with a brotherly regard, when they have entered its fellowship.

As to the first, every member is an agent of the Order. He is a pledged advocate of Temperance: a workman for the good of the cause. Sensible of the evil he has escaped; constantly impressed by the workings of the system, with the advantages it offers to all who desire, or need an ark of safety from the desolating flood of intemperance; confirmed by each recurring weekly development of the excellency of its agencies, for the promotion of sobriety, the elevation of character, and relief of distress, he is constrained by a generous and noble desire to do good, to commend it as worthy of the confidence of all who, for

self-preservation, as an example to others, or for the rescue of the unhappy victims of ebriety, seek to do good in this line of benevolent activity. It is to this individual zeal and activity, that the unexampled success of the Order is to be attributed. And here, also, is the element of its permanence and universality.

In the second place: It has an established, and well digested system of rules for guarding the purity of its members, and encouraging fidelity to the pledge. In this, it differs materially, and advantageously, from other and older forms of promoting the cause of temperance. Where its pledge is assumed, the reclaimed is not left to the weakness of his own resolutions, to endure for a season, then plunge into his old habits, or gradually subside into a life of which, in too many mournful instances, the last state is worse than the first. Here, he is watched over, and cared for, by those who sympathize with his weakness, and know how to relieve and protect it. If he fall, they fly to succor and to save him, reinstate him in his position, gather around him as a wall of defence, and watch over him with the increasing anxiety of a brotherly regard. They shield him from the machinations of those who seek to entrap and destroy him; and from the screen of the self-secure, and, as yet, unfallen votaries of Bacchus.

As it aims at the full recovery of men from the evils of intemperance, and the love of strong drink,

it has a yearning pity that suffers long, and, in all its sufferings, is kind. Its aim, its generous and magnanimous aim, is to save; and it persists in its efforts, until the wretched object of its care breaks the last restraints of its love, and, in the self-will of his burning lusts, plunges the fiery stream, and sinks to the doom of degradation and death, allotted to drunkenness by an established law of heaven. It is a legitimate result of these efforts, that those engaged in them are confirmed in their detestation of a cause that brings evils, so unmixed and overwhelming, upon individuals, families, and communities.

Beyond these things, it may be alleged, in arrest of judgment against the Order, and its condemnation as a secret society, that all the business legitimate to its regular meetings, and prime objects, are defined in the bye-laws of the organization. The subjects, and the order of their introduction, are specifically stated. If any of these should seem vague and indefinite in their meaning, they are not so in operation. Nor do they conceal any thing, sinister in object, or secret in intention. They are only intended to avoid a stringent application of general principles, and to provide for the introduction of subjects, harmonious with its great leading features, that may not be strictly within the purview of its rules and regulations; and oftentimes are brought on by emergencies, which human sagacity can neither anticipate, nor prevent. With two exceptions, entire latitude of discussion, especially

to the aspects and relations of temperance, is tolerated.

Only two subjects—politics and religion—are contraband. As to each, as no test is demanded, no interference is allowed. Political affinities and distinctions are merged in the desire to do good to the intemperate, and to spread the sound and ennobling principles of the Order.

Religious dogmas are excluded from discussion, but the religion of the Bible is the stay of the Order: it mingles with its services; absorbs, for the time, at least, the selfishness of sect, and stirs the heart's charities to labor for man, as man; and for the recovery of the fallen, and the relief of the destitute. The Order both seeks the aid of religion in the accomplishment of its objects, and gives back all the influence it gains from success, to the promotion of sound morals and pure religion.

Brief as is its history, it is not without a multitude of facts, to illustrate and establish the religious tendency of its measures. The Division room is often the direct way to the Church. Fidelity to the Order, compelling a decent regard for the proprieties of life, induces respect for the Sabbath, and guides the feet, previously accustomed to the haunts of vice, to the teachings of the pulpit in the house of prayer.

If these are its tendencies; if its principles are developed in such results; if its measures

bring good and not evil to men and society; it must be apparent, that, in those features of the organization which involve the element of privacy, or even secrecy, if the distinction be insisted upon, there is nothing that can damage character, or prove injurious to the interests of society. Indeed, if universality could be given to its principles; if all men could be brought within its influence, and under its control; it would introduce a condition of things that, polished and perfected by Christianity, would transform the world into an Eden of truth, harmony, and love.

The objects and principles of the Order, and the mode of propagating them, are condensed and concentrated in the expressive words,

“LOVE, PURITY,

AND

FIDELITY.”

These words constitute the motto of the Order. They are also comprehensive of its principles, the basis of its union, and the rule of its action. They are not accidental, but elemental; and expressive of all the objects sought to be accomplished in the institution of the Order.

As a mere motto, they are striking and euphonious; and suggestive of aims and feelings that, at once,

ennoble and elevate the character of those who adopt them as a rule of self-government. As exhibited in the habits of the Order, they are way marks to guide the erring through paths of sobriety to a sure refuge, with a charmed circle, over which friendship presides, and where, from a common danger, each seeks, in love and fidelity, to promote the purity of the other.

It would be difficult to find three words more appropriate to the objects of an organization, in any line of human effort, than are those on which we are now commenting. They are the touch-stone of the Order. Its principles, objects, and measures, will always be found to correspond with the talismanic words emblazoned on the folds of its banner. They are the visible emblem of what is inherent in the system: the outspoken words of its secret soul. They are the notes of the sweet music that joy, for deliverance, ever sings in the glowing and grateful heart of one who has been reclaimed from the miseries with which strong drink makes its victims familiar. They are a living joy to the reformed inebriate; and a life song to his family. His wife thinks of them when she hears his foot-fall on the threshold, when the day's work is done. His little ones experience their blessedness of meaning, in his altered habits, gentle words, and tender care. The beam out of the wall of his once haggard home, catches the general joy; and every thing about him wears

the aspect of quiet pleasure and contentment, as when one

“Gathers

The drapery of his couch about him,  
And lies down to pleasant dreams.”

We are ignorant of the circumstances connected with the adoption of this beautiful motto; but we can imagine the influences that guided the mind in the selection. Whether those engaged in the work of finding a motto to define the objects, and distinguish the feelings of the association, were reformed drunkards, or men not given to wine, or strong drink, and yet, anxious to save those who were, it matters not. The motto, itself, is a declaration of all the feelings, motives, and principles, presiding over its organization, and inspiring its subsequent operations. There is a life and vigor in them, that must render the cause immortal. Let us analyze them:—

## LOVE.

THIS is the impulsive cause of its existence and activity. Strong drink was raging. It was victor over thousands. Every circle of life was invaded. It dissolved the strongest bonds of society, and broke ~~see~~ noblest hearts of humanity. It had laid multitudes in the drunkard's grave; and multitudes stood on the same perilous verge, with its fire waters in

their hands, and a drunken leer in their eyes. They were staggering into eternity, insensible of guilt, and without fear of God. Humanity shuddered at the sight, and asked, Will no one pity? can no one save?

In that hour Temperance was born. It was begotten of pity and love. These took the trembling infant, baptized it in a font of tears, and consecrated it to peace, order, and humanity. The child, nursed by philanthropy and religion, grew strong, and waxed valiant in fight. It was devoted to a mission of benevolence; and well and nobly has it toiled in its allotted sphere. Its trophies are happy homes, cheerful families, and smiling friends. But the Sun of Temperance was waning; its principles, though widely diffused and glorious, lacked the energy of consolidation, and the perfection of systematic organization. It was zealous; but its zeal needed direction. It was successful; but its success, to be permanent, needed concentration. It waged a warfare against intemperance; but its conquests were left as prisoners at large in the country of the foe; and it demanded, for their safety, a refuge and a resting place. These demands prompted the movement for a combination of effort and influence, for the promotion and perpetuity of the cause of Temperance among men: and the Order of the Sons of Temperance presented its charmed circle, within which the thirst for strong drink might be extinguished, and from whence might

issue an influence for reformation and sobriety, that no reverses could subdue, and no difficulties check. Love prompted the movement; it pervades all its agencies; and still wings the zeal with which its members "fly to succor and to save."

## PURITY.

DRUNKENNESS is an enormous evil. Its defilements are legion. In every aspect of it, and in all its relations and efforts, it is

"A monster of so dreadful mien,  
As to be hated, needs but to be seen."

But it must be "seen" from the stand point of virtuous and sober life. Men, wallowing in the mire and filth of intemperance, have no just conceptions of purity. Snow water cannot wash them clean until they are sobered, "clothed, and in their right minds" In their debasement of "soul, body, and spirit," drunkenness is no crime, but the independence and glorification of human nature. To sign the pledge, is to sign away their liberty. They are free men, and mean to be free—even to get drunk. They are slaves of strong drink, without consciousness of slavery; and they will not, by taking the pledge of total abstinence, bring themselves into bondage to any man, or any society of men. Such is the

reasoning of those who are dupes of the "monster." They neither see, nor know, nor feel, the "mien" he wears; and they do not, cannot, "hate" him. But, let *love* conquer them. Bring them into contact with an Order whose rule is "TOUCH NOT TASTE NOT, HANDLE NOT THE UNCLEAN THING." Introduce them into the charmed circle of an association animated by love, and governed by purity; and how powerfully are they transformed in mind, morals, and manners. The remembrance of former impurities is a grief to their souls, and a barrier to their return.

There sit those who have been purified from intemperance. They sing the song of their redemption, and shout a welcome to the new comer. They gather around him, grasp his hand, and congratulate him on his escape from a land that is polluted, into a place of security, and to a brotherhood of love and purity. They are in a new world. Its atmosphere is clear, its climate healthful, its fruits pleasant to the eyes, and grateful to the taste. It is a world of sober men. A Society of generous feelings, virtuous habits, and pure principles. They are at home, free, tranquil, and happy. Love led them to the threshold, and asked admittance; purity examined them, and pronounced them worthy, adorned them with its emblems, and registered their names as members of a fraternity animated by love and aiming at purity.

## FIDELITY.

“IT is required of stewards that a man be found faithful.” Every Son of Temperance is a steward of the mysteries and principles of the Order. Its mysteries are simple private safeguards, to prevent imposition: its principles are public, known and read of all men as conservative and saving. They involve a pledge of personal abstinence from all that can intoxicate, and a promise to make the influence of their own sobriety, as far as possible, a means for the reformation and safety of others. By all the personal benefits of temperance, therefore, they are bound to be faithful.

They are also debtors to all others, to maintain the principles of the Order, in love and purity. Whether he be a reformed drunkard, or one who was never given to strong drink, in either case, fidelity is a matter of duty and safety. His personal interest and happiness, require him to be faithful; and, in fidelity, he exhibits, in an unmistakable character, the integrity of the Order, and the harmonious working of its principles.

But fidelity involves a duty to others. There are those who were once intemperate. The desire for strong drink may not be dead, but only asleep within them. The monster appetite may be roused again, and, when awake, “strong drink is raging.” Many

have fallen. All are exposed. Safety is found only in fidelity. He that hesitates, is far gone in the road to ruin. He that wavers in his principles, may soon stagger in the streets. "Be not high-minded, but fear," is a prescript of revelation, applicable to every duty and relation of life. A good example is powerful every where. Fidelity is a great virtue. It has its own reward. And it blesses others. If one stumble, a weaker brother may fall—fall foully, fatally, irrecoverably.

How important, then, is fidelity. How full of meaning is the word. How delicate and affecting its relations and influences.

Again: Fidelity is due to the Order. The cause is a good one. Its aims are almost religious. It is a powerful auxiliary to the extension of Christianity. It seeks to remove one of the greatest and most prevailing barriers to the spread of pure religion known to civilized life. It proffers blessings to every class of society, and to all the relations and conditions of humanity. To these objects every influence is important, and every one has influence. A hair will obstruct the rays of light, and cast its shadow on the ground. Every example, though its influence be minute as a hair, is powerful somewhere. It is a serious question—shall it be for good, or for evil. The example of a Son of Temperance is a good one. It is impressive and powerful, in proportion to his fidelity to the principles of the Order.

Our motto, then, is comprehensive of our principles. Separate, its terms are beautiful and attractive; united they are significant and powerful. LOVE, PURITY, and FIDELITY,—“a concord of sweet sounds,” a combination of generous influences, a trinity of glorious principles.

In this outline of the principles and objects of the Order, very little has been said of the beneficial feature of the system. It comprises a field capacious enough for an independent essay; and deserves, at least, a passing notice in any exposition of the objects of the organization. To “afford mutual assistance in case of sickness,” is an elemental principle of the fraternity, and is prominent in its practical operations. *Assistance* comprises monetary aid, and brotherly attentions and sympathy. For the one, a fund is raised by fees of initiation, and a small weekly contribution; for the other, members are detached by the presiding officer, to wait and watch with the sick. If a member die, the Order buries him; paying, at least, a portion of his funeral expenses. It pays, also, a portion of the expenses of burial, if a brother lose his wife. These are the facts bearing upon this excellent feature of the system.

But they are not to be appreciated by a mere statement. They are significant of the benevolence that enters into the composition of the Order. But their real value is to be discovered and studied at the bedside of suffering, in the house of poverty; where want

is stronger than an armed man; and whence the habits of intemperance, have excluded comfort, companions, and sympathy. It is in such a place, that the Order penetrates as with a sun beam, and its messengers minister there as angels of mercy on a mission of love. There the beautiful motto has a voice that speaks to the heart, and all its utterances are kind and fraternal.

Beyond the actual and pressing necessities of the reformed drunkard, there is a positive need of some such element as this, in an organization seeking to save him from his vices. Drunkenness is a loathsome iniquity. It is repulsive to a sober mind; and excites a feeling of repugnance in every breast. Benevolence in its aims to arrest the habit, loves not to come too near to its victim. Before any thing effectual can be done for the reclamation of the intemperate, however, he must be not only sobered, but assured of the friendly sympathy of those who seek to succor and to save him. Every element of the Order is adapted to the production of this impression; and in its practical developments, it is confirmed and perpetuated. He feels that a pure desire for his personal welfare, is the impulsive cause that prompts those who only know him as a drunkard, to enter his dwelling, and toil for his restoration to manhood and virtue: that they come not to spy out the poverty of the land, nor to reproach him for the desolation his vices have wrought: that brotherhood stretches

out the hand to save, and purity points to a path of safety, a home of happiness, and a life-time of virtuous enjoyments.

It need not be surprising, if, sometimes, a reformed drunkard, in the excessive joy of his deliverance, should magnify the merits of the Order, beyond all reasonable bounds, and seem even to substitute it for better and sacred institutions. But, let no one be either frightened or offended at such an exhibition. It is only the overflowings of gratitude for an unspeakable benefit. He will learn better things of the Order, and of himself; and may be led, through it, to the realization of a higher influence, and a holier joy, under a better, even a heavenly law of duty and of life. Its legitimate tendency, and whole influence, is to sobriety, integrity, and virtue; and, through these, it guides to love, purity, and fidelity. And if the terminus be not "the Church of the living God," it is not the fault of the Order; nor because any thing in it divests religion of its authority and value, or leads the mind in an opposite direction.

Such are the principles, objects, and tendencies of the Order of the Sons of Temperance. A careful examination of its aims and influences in reforming the drunkard, and confirming him in a sober and virtuous life, must commend it as of good report, and entitled to confidence. It is especially deserving of consideration, by all who desire the suppression of 'the evils of intemperance,' and are willing, by

example, influence, and labor, to bring about so glorious a consummation. It is to such that the Order says, Come and see. It courts examination from all, and considers those only as worthy, who, from an intelligent appreciation of its merits and its measures, enter its fellowship, and combine to spread its transforming influences. It appeals to every true friend of temperance for aid and sympathy, in its great and ennobling enterprise. Other means have failed; or their success lacks the element of permanency. Drunkenness is growing in the land; it spreads its desolations on every hand; and the Order of the Sons of Temperance is the only united, active, and available agent for its suppression.

A refusal to co-operate with the Order, is almost equivalent to an abandonment of the enterprise of saving the drunkard. A true zeal against intemperance, ought not to be too careful as to the means by which success is effected, unless they be directly vicious, or positively demoralizing. But, where virtue is guarded, sound morals secured, and religion honored, and its aid invoked, it is yielding quite too much to prejudice, either to denounce, or stand aloof from an association so wisely framed for the suppression of the evils of intemperance, and whose career has been marked with a success so general and encouraging. Every page of its history is stamped with the records of its good deeds, to the person, and soul, and home, of the drunkard: as every

pulsation of its philanthropic heart throbs with a desire, that its triumphs shall be as universal as its love, and as permanent as its own purity of motive and purpose. It covets, and it claims the "aid and comfort" of the wise, the pious, and the active friends of sobriety; and more, it *deserves* their confidence and co-operation.

It will not interfere with their political affinities, nor Church relations. Leaving them free in all these respects, and disclaiming all intention, and even the desire to interfere with any of these subjects, it says to each: We are seeking to do good in the earth; to reform the drunkard; to dry up the awful stream of death that sends its waves of fire to the hearts and homes of so many thousands of our brethren according to the flesh; to drive back the tide of woe, and shame, and sorrow, whose waves engulf so many sorrowing women and helpless children; to turn from the drunkard's grave the multitudes who are staggering towards it, or reeling and trembling on its verge; to restore the desolated home of the intemperate to its original innocence and comfort; to bring back the smile to the face of his wife, and the old joy to her heart; to recall the gleeful sport and merry laugh of his children; and to help him and them to walk on a higher path of life, in a purer atmosphere; and when death comes, to follow him to his resting place, and close up the history of our efforts, by

placing him in an honored grave, with our last, but affectionate—"Brother, Farewell."

These are our objects. Are they not generous, noble, worthy of humanity? Are we to be left alone to the labor, and the honor? Be it so. We shall not shrink from the task, nor waver in the pursuit. Heart, lip, and hand, are pledged to the cause; and so let us work for the good of the Order, until, pulseless, voiceless, and motionless, we are borne to our rest in the house appointed for all living. Till heaven dismiss us from the work, let us toil for the good cause.



## AN O'ER TRUE TALE.

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BY REV. WILLIAM WINANS, D.D.

*Of Woodville, Mississippi.*

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ABOUT thirty-nine years ago, I formed the acquaintance of an interesting family, consisting of a young man, his wife, and one or two sprightly little children. This young couple had recently removed from the State of Tennessee to this country, then a territory. They had, previously to their emigration, been members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and had been associated with some of the wisest and best of her ministry. At the time my acquaintance with them commenced, the wife retained her piety in its freshness and vigor; the husband had left his first love, and had yielded up much to the world's influence. Their circumstances were unpropitious to religious integrity. They enjoyed scarcely any advantage from religious ordinances; and their

association was almost entirely with *decent* and *respectable* votaries of the world.

His religious aberration, as I have said, had already commenced, and it was rapid and wide-reaching; extending soon to his conversation, his conduct, and his avowed opinions. She, alas! did not escape the contagion of his spirit and example; though, in her case, a decent and orderly moral deportment prevented the horror which is felt in the case of gross and flagrant backsliding. She had, however, renounced her trust in the Saviour—withdrawn her devotion from him, and lost the consolations of his grace, which she had once enjoyed.

His apostacy was much more strikingly manifested. He became profane in his language, sceptical in his avowed opinions, and, especially, a votary at the shrine of *INTEMPERANCE*. For several years, he addicted himself to the use of ardent spirits; first *moderately*, then with *occasional excess*, and, finally, he was a *habitual drunkard*. This fearful apostacy, and still increasing degradation, continued for several years.

At length, under a peculiarly efficient ministry, and during a considerable religious revival, these backsliders were reclaimed. He, in particular, afforded the most satisfactory evidence, to all capable of judging, that his change was genuine, thorough, and evangelical. For some three years, I think, his walk, as a Christian, was not only orderly, but exemplary. His associations were wholly changed.

His conversation was pure. His attendance on the means of grace, and the ordinances of religion, was punctual, interested, and manifestly profitable.

He, especially, renounced the use of intoxicating liquors altogether. His friends, even in the world around him, and particularly those associated with him in Church-fellowship, rejoiced in the change which they witnessed in him; and, when years had confirmed him in habits of well-doing, they rejoiced no longer "with trembling," but with *confidence*.

But, alas! this confidence was sapped, and this rejoicing exchanged for sorrow, in a moment and for ever. He had occasion to ride some thirty-five miles, on an excessively hot day, and over an extremely dusty road, and where it was next to impossible to obtain water, to quench the thirst excited by the heat and dust. When, therefore, he arrived at the little town whither he went, he was greatly exhausted—indeed, ready to faint. A grog-shop, at the entrance of the town, afforded him the first opportunity that occurred, in many a weary mile, to slake his burning thirst; and, accordingly, he eagerly asked for *water*. He was admonished that, in his condition, to drink simple water would be very dangerous, and earnestly advised to qualify that beverage with some alcoholic mixture. This advice was given by one, whom he had reason to consider his friend, solicitous only for his safety: hence, after considerable resistance, he yielded, and drank the compound

which his friend recommended, as being so safe and so sanative.

Whatever it might have been to another, to him it was the cup of death. He tasted; and the propensity for ardent spirits, which had been so long dormant within him, revived, in all its terrible force; and he sunk, an unresisting victim, into a debauch from which he never recovered. He returned to his astounded family DRUNK, and continued in a state of the most humiliating inebriation, till he sunk dishonored to the grave. His family, quite numerous, is now, I believe, wholly extinct. I tell not his name! It were cruel to drag it from the gloom, and dishonor of a DRUNKARD'S GRAVE.

Several important lessons are contained in the above "o'er true tale." To what fearful risks is piety exposed, from emigration, especially into new countries, where the supply of religious ordinances is greatly inadequate to the necessities of the inhabitants! And, how carefully should those, who incur these risks, preserve alive the sacred fire on the altar erected in their bosoms to Jehovah! No effort should be spared, no means neglected, which would conduce to this result. Especially should private and family devotion be maintained in their utmost integrity and efficiency.

The danger of worldly associations can scarcely be otherwise made apparent, than by exhibiting their deleterious influence upon the spirit and character

of the Christian, who ventures upon them. The Apostle understood and meant what he said, when he declared, that the "friendship of the world is enmity with God." Let Christians, then, as they would retain the favor of God, and as they would hold fast their religious integrity, avoid those associations as they would avoid the contagion, which scatters disease and death wherever it is permitted to operate.

No man, probably, ever commenced the use of intoxicating beverages with the intention of becoming a drunkard, or with the supposition, even, that he was in any danger of such a humiliating destiny. Were a prophet to present before the *moderate drinker*, the horrors of his future course—to show him his bloated, loathsome body; his blighted honor; his disordered, enfeebled, maddened intellect; his outraged, degraded, paupered family—he would say, with Hazael, "What! Is thy servant a dog, that he should do," or *be thus*? The prophet must reply, "I see that you are a *moderate drinker*—the *initial* of all these horrors."

Oh! let every man—every young man, especially, resolve, that he will not touch, taste, or handle, the accursed thing! That he will not take the *first* step in this way of infamy and death!

Finally. *Total abstinence*, advisable in all cases, is imperatively necessary to those, who have, *at any former time, no matter how remote*, been under the dominion of intemperance, and have escaped its

thralldom. *They can never safely touch it, even as a medicine.*

An old preacher, who had been a confirmed drunkard, when he was a young man, declared to me that, were he at the point of death, he would not take a drop of intoxicating liquor, if he knew that *that alone* would save his life. He well understood whereof he affirmed—I did not, and was shocked at the declaration. I asked him, if he would not consider his rejection of the only remedy as suicide, and, therefore, wicked? His reply was, substantially, “I know I am now in the favor of God; and that, if I were to die, I should inherit eternal life: but, I do not know but that one taste of brandy would re-establish the dominion of intemperance, alienate the Divine favor, and close heaven against my entrance for ever.” And, I have seen more than one instance, besides that above given, which has led me to believe that my old friend was right in his views, and in his determination.

Let none, who have been slaves to intemperance, who are now free, and who desire to continue free from its dominion, permit *any* consideration to prevail on them to even taste the poisoned chalice, which they have, with so much difficulty, torn from their eager lips. A second triumph will be far more difficult than the one already achieved; and death, dishonor, and perdition, will result, inevitably, from the dominance of this evil.

PHILOSOPHY  
OF THE  
TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

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BY REV. THOMAS O. SUMMERS, D.D.

*Of Charleston, South Carolina.*

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A GENERATION has passed by, since the Temperance enterprise was set in motion. During the whole course of its history, it has been subject to reverses and vicissitudes, such as are incident to all great moral movements; and, at the present time, it is encountering difficulties of no trifling character. Its enemies rejoice in what they consider a reaction; and its friends are not all awake to the dangers to which it is exposed. Some of them, indeed, are aware of the obstacles which it is called to surmount; but, unfortunately, they are paralyzed with doubt, fear, and misgiving; being apprehensive that the mission of this redeeming agency is ended; and they look for no further beneficial results, of any consequence, or permanency, from the Temperance cause. On the other hand, there are some who

appear to be oblivious of dangers and perils, perfectly sanguine of success, and jubilant in view of the trophies already won: they, consequently, care but little for cautions and counsels, but consider every man an enemy, at least, a very suspicious friend, to the cause, who does not lay hold of it with an unreasoning and unquestioning devotion, like their own.

But, why may we not bring the principles of Temperance to a rigid test? Why may we not scrutinize the various plans which have been adopted, to secure the end proposed? Why may we not entertain the possibility of failure, and seek to find out how to prevent so serious a calamity? Why may we not evoke, or volunteer counsels; give, or receive, cautions and warnings, in regard to the liability in question; and still maintain our position in the front ranks of the defenders of the cause? Indeed, can we be considered true and trustworthy friends, if we do not act thus?

If we are not mistaken, the time has come, for a thorough canvassing of the subject, and a careful examination of fundamental principles. This is the more necessary, since matters of a mere circumstantial character, have been swelled out beyond their due proportions, and attracted the public attention, which ought to have been principally directed to the essential principles of the Temperance cause.

It was natural enough, perhaps inevitable, that, in the lapse of the third of a century, there should

be various modifications of the mere organism of the enterprise. And no danger, no inconvenience, would result from this, even if there should continue to be, as there has already been, a septenary change, or diversification of external form and development.

We first had a society, whose members were pledged to abstain from all distilled liquors: next, a society, whose members were pledged to abstain from all intoxicating drinks: then, a society of the same rule, but designed, more particularly, for the reclamation of drunkards, with whom, indeed, it originated; and, finally, secret societies, bound by the same pledge, but involving other matters. In all likelihood, other societies will follow in due course of time; and thus the mere organism of the cause will be continually undergoing modifications—the fate of all human institutions.

Now, we are not, in the least, concerned at this. All these societies—with a partial exception in regard to the first—have one great end in view; and they seek its accomplishment by, essentially, the same means; and no harm will result from their circumstantial variations of form and method, provided the cause itself be not identified, exclusively, with any of those separate organizations. We know of places, where the simple Total Abstinence Society has died out; but the cause of Temperance has not expired with it: a kind of metempsychosis has taken place, and the spirit of the old society has incarnated itself

in the Order of the Sons of Temperance. We know of other places, where this latter society has run its course; and its resuscitation may be difficult, or impossible; but has the mission of Temperance closed in those places? God forbid! It is, frequently, easier to originate a new organization, than to restore a defunct one to life; and who is authorized to say, that the principle of Temperance shall not assume a new form and pressure, adapted to the exigencies of the circumstances in question? Let us not lay so much stress upon the peculiar machinery that may be set in motion, as this is of secondary importance, if the proper principle be there, controlling the movement, and securing the result.

In the present discussion, we propose to eliminate every thing adventitiously connected with the Temperance cause, and inquire into the philosophy of the undertaking.

What, then, is the end which it proposes? and by what means is that end designed to be secured?

The end proposed by all our Temperance societies, is the suppression of intemperance. It is to prevent the sober from becoming intemperate; to reclaim those who are addicted to this vice; and to confirm both in habits of sobriety.

The question may be here asked, What is intemperance? Our great lexicographer, endorsing the definition of Dr. Beecher, tells us that it is "Habitual indulgence in drinking spirituous liquors, with or

without intoxication." That is to say, it is using them as a beverage—the very thing which our societies forbid; with this addition, that our pledges exclude the occasional, as well as the habitual, use of those liquors. The occasional use may not, strictly speaking, be *intemperance*; but, as there cannot be the habitual use, without the prevenient occasional use, the latter is very near akin to the former. Some may object to the foregoing definition, on the ground of its cis-atlantic and modern origin; as if it was framed to subserve the Temperance cause. If this be the case, we will not take advantage of the definition; though it might not be difficult to prove that it is tenable.

Temperance in drinking, implies the abstaining from every liquor, both with regard to kind and quantity, which deranges the functions of the body or the mind. The habitual use of spirituous liquors does this. If we use them, except for culinary, mechanical, medicinal, or religious purposes, we take them out of their province, and make them agents of mischief: and can this be considered their temperate use?

But, waiving this definition, let us consider intemperance as synonymous with intoxication. This term comes from a word denoting poison, and, in particular, the poison used to annoint arrows, to give them a more deadly effect. We cannot imagine a more suitable and expressive word. The inebriating principle in

spirituous liquors, is a virulent poison. When combined with other principles, in certain proportions, it is, indeed, not only innocuous, but also inservient to health and comfort; as, for instance, in bread, and many other articles of food. When, however, it is merely diluted with water, and not mingled with appropriate, antagonizing elements, the poison takes effect in the animal system; and its pernicious action is proportioned to the condition of the body, and the amount taken. We do not deny, that there are certain diseased states of the body, in which the judicious exhibition of spirituous liquors may be of service, on the same principle that other poisons may develop a medicinal virtue. But when used in the form we have defined, in a healthy state of the system, the poison is invariably pernicious in its effect. Every drop of the beverage is a poisoned arrow, shot through the body, conveying the deadly *virus* to every organ, suspending the exercise of its natural and healthy functions, and superinducing a deranged and morbid action.

Intoxication is, popularly considered, synonymous with drunkenness, which is defined: "A state in which a person is overwhelmed, or overpowered, with spirituous liquors; so that his reason is disordered, and he reels, or staggers, in walking." It will not be doubted that a man *is drunk*, when he is in that state; and, perhaps, a definition so restricted, may be of use in civil and ecclesiastical courts. But

there are conditions in which men are said to be half drunk—*semigravis*—only half weighed down with the load of strong drink. Their reason is, indeed, disordered; but they do not manifest the derangement, except to a close observer; and they can stand upright, and walk straight, which, by the way, many a “soaker” and sot can do. You may not choose to call such men drunkards, but surely you cannot call them temperate men. It is very difficult, nay, it is impossible, to tell, at what precise point the drinker of spirituous liquors loses his sobriety, and becomes inebriate. There are several stages by which he passes, before he is “dead drunk;” and we can no more tell where one ends and another begins, than we can tell where the various colors of the rainbow begin and end—begging Nature’s pardon for the insult involved in the comparison.

In view of this indefiniteness, together with the pernicious, though limited, effect of even a small potation, and the danger that one draught will lead to another, and prove the inceptive of a course of dissipation, it is not safe to consider any use of intoxicating liquors, consistent with strict temperance; except under such conditions, and in such cases, as have been already specified—to wit: for culinary, mechanical, medicinal, and religious purposes.

It is a truism of some consequence to note, that all intemperate habits originate in the moderate use of intoxicating drinks. In all cases, there is a first

glass. We are not born drunkards: we are not brought into the world with an appetite for strong drink. This is something adventitious to our nature. The taste has to be acquired. It must be created. This commonly takes place under the influence of pernicious example. Perhaps, in early life, we were accustomed to see the well-filled bottles on the side-board; the sparkling glasses on the table; the brimming bumpers in the festive circle. That which was a relished potation to our seniors, was, at first a nauseous potion to us. But it was diluted and disguised: our natural aversion was subdued: we gained, by the help of *kind friends*, the conquest of ourselves; and, by the time we had reached the period of adolescence, our palate and appetite were duly educated; so that we could take respectable rank with wine-bibbers, and the lovers of strong drink.

Or, perhaps we were trained in a severer school of domestic morals; and it was not until we were advancing towards manhood, that this part of our education was acquired. Having gone out from under the parental roof, and ventured into society, we were conducted by the hand of mistaken friendship, into convivial circles, and urged to take a social glass—ashamed to be singular, disposed to be agreeable, we took the cup—alas! that act proved the starting point of a career of dissipation. We tested, for ourselves, the ancient adage, “Evil communications

corrupt good manners." The fair blush of virgin innocence is gone; being substituted by the shameless front of debauch, and the rubicund signs of confirmed ebriety.

Or, it may be, we have been proof against all these influences. Possessing a disposition less pliant and impressible, than that of the majority of young persons, we kept all temptations to this vice in abeyance, until we were overtaken with temporal reverses, or weighed down with spiritual distresses; and being ignorant of the sustaining power of Divine grace, and declining the consolations of religion, we have resorted to the Circean cup, and drowned our sorrows with our senses, in the intoxicating bowl. Stupendous infatuation! And yet, this miserable delusion has been the ruin of millions. No one ever dreamed that he could repair his fortune, by consuming its fragments in dissipation; or retrieve his lost character, by (endeavoring to be oblivious of his loss,) plunging into the Lethe of intoxication; or indemnify society for the wrongs perpetrated against it, by inflicting a terrible wrong on himself; or propitiate an offended God, by involving himself in the capital offence of self destruction. No one ever imagined this. Yet the course in question has been adopted by thousands, to secure a temporary forgetfulness of misfortune and sorrow, arising from the failure of business, bereavement of friends, loss of reputation, or that "aching void, the world can never fill."

Peradventure, we have passed, unscathed, through all these ordeals: we consider ourselves temptation-proof. But, we are assailed by some one of the thousand ills which flesh is heir to. Among the remedial agents employed for the restoration of our health, is some diffusive stimulus. Perhaps there was no real necessity for its exhibition; perhaps something else would have done as well as brandy, or brown-stout. Be that as it may, the dangerous agent was employed; and the remedy has proved infinitely worse than the disease. At first, the potion, like any other medicine, was nauseous and repulsive; but we bravely encountered, and overcame that difficulty; and, before the health which we were seeking, was regained, we acquired a taste for the deceitful *remedy*, which has originated a thousand diseases for every one that it has cured.

Like many other evils, and more than most of them, intemperance gathers strength by age. If left alone, it will proceed with the force and destructiveness, and, not unfrequently, with the unexpectedness of an avalanche, overwhelming every thing in its course. Every circumstance, every event in life, furnishes the drunkard an excuse to repair to his cups. Habit becomes inveterate—ruin, imminent, not to say, inevitable—recovery, a moral impossibility. The poor wretch has placed himself on the inclined plane of self-destruction, and, with a fearfully increasing *momentum*, descends the downward road. He thus

realizes the paradox, that the way of transgressors is hard, and nothing is more facile than the descent to hell.

How terrible are the effects of intemperance! What awful ravages are committed by this monster evil!

It ruins the fortunes of a man. He not only expends his patrimony, or his hard earnings—his money, for that which is not bread; and his labor, for that which satisfieth not; but, he incapacitates himself for the duties of his profession, or avocation in life—puts it out of his power to protect his interests from the invasion of others, such as drunkard-makers, gamblers, and sharpers of every other complexion, who dog the wretch, as vultures and sharks follow after their prey. There are tens of thousands this day, in the most squalid poverty, who were once in independent, or, at least, comfortable circumstances, and might have so remained, but for the influence of this ruinous vice.

See its effects on the body. What a curious contrivance is our physical system! It is, indeed, a system of systems—a half-dozen bodies, as it were, harmoniously blended into one. Let us analyze ourselves. Here is an osseous system—a perfect man of bones. How nicely are the two hundred and forty distinct portions of this organization moulded and articulated! What strength, yet what flexibility, marks the harmonious combination. Here is a muscular system—a perfect man of muscles. How finely drawn,

and closely compacted, are the constituent fibres. What a surprising power of contractility do these organs possess. How strange, that one class—those which establish our relations to external objects—should be subservient and obsequious to the will; and, another class—those connected with vital, assimilating functions—should be independent of its volitions! Here is a nervous system—a perfect man of nerves. Look at those delicate organs, radiating from the brain and spinal marrow, and extending their ramifications in all directions. As the stimulants of motion, and the instruments of sensation, their functions are inscrutably mysterious, and inexpressibly important. Here is a vascular system—a perfect man of arteries, veins, and other vessels—going forth from the great central fountain and reservoirs, to every point, and returning to the place of beginning, thus ministering to the supply and renovation of the vitalizing fluids, and conveying them in a thousand meanders to every part. To mention no more, here is a cutaneous system—a perfect man of skin. A curious arrangement this: a triple covering for the whole body; and not a covering merely, but a finely wrought organ, endued with various functions, on which health, yea, life itself, depends. If each of these systems present so marvellous an appearance, when viewed apart from the rest, how much more marvellous are the phenomena of the united, complicated, yet harmonious, whole. How curiously do the various organs of the body,

interpenetrate throughout the complex system! With what exactitude do they correspond! How delicately, yet firmly, are they combined! And, passing all wonder, look at the developments of that principle we call *life*, with which the whole machinery is endowed. And then remember, that we are fearfully as well as wonderfully made. The earthly house of this tabernacle may be very soon dissolved. It is no difficult task to tear off its covering, root up its foundations, and consume the materials which enter into its construction. It may be admirably planned, firmly compacted, highly adorned, designed to be the temple of the Holy Ghost; yet it may be deranged, shattered, despoiled, and ruined in an hour.

And this, we may safely aver, that nothing tends more directly to destroy this temple—to dissolve this tabernacle—than the attacks of intemperance. There is not an ill which flesh is heir to, which it does not either originate or aggravate. It is needless to specify the diseases and disasters of which it is the fruitful source. Take up the long catalogue of the nosologist, and trace, from the carbuncle which despoils the human face divine, to the gout which tortures and fetters the hands and feet; from the *mania*, that slays its thousands, to the consumption, that slays its ten thousands; and, then ask the man of science, and he will tell you, that strong drink is one of the most common causes of the whole. But for this, countless myriads, who are now in premature old age, tottering over the grave, with

incurable, painful, and loathsome diseases, would be in the vigor of life, and in the bloom of manhood; and even at threescore and ten, they might still retain a measure of the health and strength of younger days.

“Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;  
 For in my youth, I never did apply  
 Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,  
 Nor did not with unblushful forehead woo  
 The means of weakness and debility:  
 Therefore, my age is as a lusty winter,  
 Frosty, but kindly.”

As the physical system of man, in its natural state, is the master-piece of God's creation; so, when in ruins, it presents the most deplorable and revolting picture. There is nothing so disgusting as a drunkard. How it fills one with loathing and indignation, to behold the beauty defaced; the strength paralyzed; the delicate tissues of the body, violently rent and torn; the functions of the various organs, oppressed and perverted; and the whole living system converted into a mass of reeking corruption. “And this will sack and drinking do.” As our great neglected classic expresses it:

“Of all God's workes, which doe this worlde adorne,  
 There is no one more faire and excellent  
 Than is man's body, both for powre and forme,  
 Whiles it is kept in sober government;  
 But none that is more fowle and indecent,  
 Distemper'd thro' misrule and passions bace,  
 It grows a monster and incontinent,  
 Doth lose his dignity and native grace.”

See the effects of intemperance on the mind. Wonderful as is the body in its construction and functions, it sinks into insignificance in comparison with the celestial principle which it so mysteriously enshrines. There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding. The intellectual attributes of his nature are marvellous beyond description. The powers of the mind, meeting with those of the body, on common ground, in the complex phenomena of sensation, are variously developed in perception, understanding, imagination, judgment, consciousness, memory, and volition: all these are called into exercise by the every-day operations of life. Their free and harmonious manifestation is essential to mental progression and improvement, and to the production of those results which demonstrate our superiority to the irrational world around us, and which prove that we are

“Near allied  
To angels on our better side.”

Though the mind is a unit—an uncompounded, indivisible, and indestructible substance; yet its faculties are variously evolved, and are strangely susceptible of derangement and enervation, as well as of harmonious development and indefinite improvement. Whatever affects the body cannot but affect the mind. And if the brain, or nervous system, be infringed upon by any unfriendly agent or influence, the healthy, normal action of the mind, is instantly

suspended, and its movements become puerile, idiotic, or phrensied, according to the character of the physical derangement.

Now, it would be a waste of time to prove that this morbid mental action results from the use of intoxicating drinks. Every body knows that alcohol powerfully affects the cerebral and medullary system, and, consequently, the functions of the mind. Under its influence the perception is blunted, the understanding beclouded, the imagination inflamed, the judgment unhinged, the consciousness suspended, the memory obliterated, and the will, whose prerogative is to encompass and control all the rest, and which may be considered the man within, is dethroned and manacled, and becomes the slave of appetite and the tool of passion. Truly, the clown in the comedy, when interrogated, "What's a drunk man like?" made a philosophical reply: "Like a drowned man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him, and a third drowns him." How many lofty intellects have been dragged down from their pride of place by this debasing vice! How many bright particular stars have been enveloped in the blackness of darkness for ever, by the smoke of this bottomless pit! As Chaucer nervously expresses it, drunkenness is "the horrible sepulture of mannes reson."

And yet there are some preposterous enough to fancy, that the intellectual powers are strengthened

and developed by the use of stimulating drinks. One would suppose the slightest inquiry into the philosophy of their action would be sufficient to settle this question. But, many men will not reason on subjects in which passion and appetite are involved. Hence, they will point to the Anacreons and Horaces, of ancient, and the Byrons and Moores, of modern times; and, because their lofty and extraordinary geniuses brought forth magnificent literary creations, while they were addicted to habits of intemperance, they, therefore, conclude, that their immortal productions resulted from the inspiration of the maddening bowl. And, true it is, some of them give palpable proofs of their base parentage. But, we are safe in affirming, that their better writings were penned *in spite* of their intemperate habits, and not *in consequence* of them; and, without doubt, had they not abused their intellectual powers, they would have furnished the world with works more numerous and more excellent than those which they have left behind. It is admitted, that the faculties of the mind may be so brought into bondage to the senses and appetites, that, until the demands of the latter are met, the former are not allowed to operate at all. But, alas! for the mind, when its movements, which ought to be sovereign, independent, and free; and which must be so, for the development of its greatest capacities, are restrained or goaded by the paralysis or excitement of the inebriating glass. The *Principia*,

the *Novum Organum*, the *Paradise Lost*, were not produced under such inspiration.

See the effects of intemperance on the moral character. The moral powers are so intimately connected with the intellectual, that the latter cannot be injured and the former remain intact. If, therefore, the mind be degraded, the heart will be degraded also. Drunkenness is not only a vice, but the mother of vices. The moral sense of the drunkard soon becomes obtuse; all the finer sensibilities are blunted; the distinction between right and wrong is obliterated; and he, who, when pursuing a course of sobriety, would have started back with horror at the very idea of performing a criminal act, having come under the influence of this diabolical agency, can enact the greatest enormities without any compunctious visitation, or even a single blush of shame.

He who was remarkable for his equable temperament, becomes so peevish and irritable, "that a man cannot speak to him," as was said of that "son of Belial," who "was churlish and evil in his doings," though "of the house of Caleb," and might, therefore, have been expected to possess a better temper. But Nabal was a drunkard.

He who was kind and affectionate in the social and domestic relations, becomes a tyrant in his household—barbarous to the wife of his bosom, and hardened against the children of his own bowels. In fact, the social feelings are either extinguished or

perverted in the breast of the drunkard; and, before the vice has gone through its course, the miserable wretch, not unfrequently, becomes a mass of selfishness, herding with his fellows only as the gregarious instinct may lead to the gratification of his worse than bestial appetite. The natural tendency of this vice, however social in its origin, is to change the smiling face of society into a horrible and dreary waste, worse than the desert range of the beasts of prey—to root up the very foundation of the social fabric—to tear asunder all the bonds, and destroy all the charities and amenities of life.

“Man in society, is like a flower  
Blown in its native bed. 'Tis there, alone,  
His faculties, expanded in full bloom,  
Shine out—there, only, reach their proper use.”

How malevolent, then, must be that influence, which makes a man shun the companionship of his species!

“Unhappy he! who, from the first of joys,  
Society, cut off, is left alone.”

This is horrible. Man was not only formed for society, but he cannot live without it; and yet it is not unfrequently made insupportable, by the agency of this abominable vice. Even the paradise of home—the home of conjugal, parental, filial, and fraternal love—is changed into the pandemonium of discord and cruelty, hatred and malice—ignorance, poverty, disease, and wretchedness—under the malignant

regimen of intemperance; for it is only when sobriety is the presiding genius of home, that it can be said:—

“Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights  
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,  
Reigns here, and revels.”

The confirmed inebriate would barter his children's bread—the last morsel of his starving babes—for a cup of his cursed poison: he would pawn the coffin of the wife whom he has murdered by his cruelty, for a bottle of rum. Natural shame, the last trace of the moral sense, can be erased by intemperance; and, when a man has lost this, he can give himself up to work all uncleanness with greediness. The brute and the demon are so united in the confirmed drunkard, that nothing but the dastardly spirit which he possesses, prevents him from being a hero in every department of crime. Indeed, he frequently fancies himself a hero, courageous and brave, when he is the veriest paltroon in existence. His principal bravery consists in his bacchanalian exploits. He takes rank among those heroes who are “mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink.” He can boast: “Was there ever a man a coward, that hath drank so much sack as I, to-day?” But, for any deed of noble daring, when was the drunkard prepared? He might, and frequently does, “justify the wicked, for reward, and take away the righteousness of the righteous from him;” he might

and frequently does, display the temerity of the fool, rushing in where angels fear to tread; but he is a stranger to true courage, because he is lost to every thing that can exalt and ennoble our nature. He is fit for nothing, under heaven, but to be the factor of the devil, and the agent of hell. And this is he, with a witness. It was said, by Chief Justice Hale: "After twenty years' observation and experience, if all the murders, and manslaughters, and burglaries, and robberies, and riots, and tumults; the adulteries, fornications, rapes, and other great enormities, which have been committed within that time, were divided into five parts, four of them would be found to have been the result of intemperance." The extended induction of facts, which has been carefully and repeatedly made, in our own times, and in our country, as well as in foreign lands, furnishes overwhelming evidence, that intemperance is not less prolific of evil now, than it was in the days of that eminent jurist; not less, except so far as its range may have been curtailed by the agencies that are in operation for its suppression.

Let us glance, for a moment, at the effects of intemperance on the immortal destiny of man. We scarcely need revelation to tell us, that, if man is immortal, intemperance makes him an immortal ruin. Whatever wastes the body, destroys the mind, and wrecks the moral character, cannot but doom man to a miserable eternity. Intemperance, more certainly,

perhaps, than any other evil, determines the fate of man. It is next to impossible, to bring any redeeming agencies to bear upon a drunkard. His mind is incapable of weighing the considerations which are designed to move a man to repentance; and his heart is so hardened by his vicious course, that there is scarcely any possibility of convincing him of sin, and alluring him to the cross of Christ, and the mercy-seat of his offended God. And, what can be done for the salvation of a man, when his conscience is seared, as with a hot iron; and, being past feeling, he becomes the victim of foolish and hurtful lusts, degraded and lawless appetites, which drown men in perdition? Preach to him? He studiously absents himself from the house of God; and were he to attend, his ears are heavy, that he cannot hear the words whereby he might be saved. Converse with him? He shuns the presence of the pious, as the obscene night-bird shuns the light of heaven; and, should you gain his ear for a moment, he has no strength of resolution left, to determine on the virtuous course to which you may urge him. Pray for him? Yes, you may do that, and you ought to do that; but prayers are not miracles; and, if they were miracles, they could not control the moral agency of man. You may preach, plead, pray, and weep, over the confirmed drunkard; ministers, friends, neighbors, parents, children, wife, all may unite, to pluck the brand out of the fire; but, in

nine cases out of ten, not to say, ninety-nine out of a hundred, the drunkard will persist in his course of debauchery, until he reaches the last stage of his miserable existence, when his latest wish will be breathed for that "liquid fire, and distilled damnation," without which he cannot live, and through which he must prematurely die. At the exit of such an one, may we not well exclaim, Died he not as the fool dieth? Is there any hope for the drunkard in death? Will it relieve his case, to urge, that, in shortening his life, he has only injured himself, and God may still be merciful to the unfortunate wretch? What! is suicide a venial fault? Is it a small offence, to blur and blot the image of the Great King, impressed upon our complex nature, to denote the master-piece of his creation? Is it a trifle, to pass through life as a pest and scourge, a burden and disgrace, to general society; to break the hearts of friends and relatives; to pollute the sanctuary of home; and to spread the blasting and mildew of a pernicious example on all around? Was it a slip of the Apostle's pen, when he placed intemperance among the mortal sins, in this formidable passage: "The works of the flesh are manifest, which are these: adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, *drunkenness*, revellings, and such like: of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do

such things, shall not inherit the kingdom of God." Is there a single crime, in all this black catalogue—which, the Apostle intimates, could have been indefinitely extended—to which intemperance does not sustain a fraternal relation? And is it not, frequently, the parent of them all? And shall they, which do such things, be excluded from the kingdom of God—all, except the degraded wretch, who, if circumstances had been favorable to their commission, might have committed all these abominations, and who cannot be considered innocent of many of the vices and crimes which are linked with his own particular and easily-besetting sin? Away with delusions so diabolical, and reasonings so absurd! "Know ye not, that the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God? Be not deceived: neither fornicators, nor idolaters, nor adulterers, nor effeminate, nor abusers of themselves, with mankind, nor thieves, nor covetous, nor *drunkards*, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God." 1 Cor. vi. 9, 10. They can have no desire for the refined enjoyments, spiritual engagements, and exalted society, of the heavenly world; no taste for the pure water of the river of God, the streams of which make glad the inhabitants of the celestial city. And as they have no meetness to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light, so the gates of that blissful abode are for ever barred against their admission. The drunkard's grave, and the drunkard's hell, constitute the awful catastrophe of the drunkard's probation.

This brief notice of intemperance may give some idea, though a very imperfect one, of the evil, whose suppression and prevention constitute the task assumed by our Temperance associations.

Let us now examine the means adopted, to secure the end proposed.

To be entitled to any respect, the means must be lawful and efficient. We are not at liberty to use agencies, in themselves improper, to accomplish any object, be it ever so praiseworthy. We may not do evil, that good may come; a laudable end will not justify, or sanctify unlawful means, however efficient. On the other hand, it is absurd to employ means, however lawful, if they be not efficient. They must be, in some good degree, proportioned to the end proposed, or in some way adapted to promote its consummation, or we cannot justify ourselves to our own reason for their adoption. The end proposed in the Temperance enterprise is proper and praiseworthy; no question of that: so also are the means. This will appear on a careful and candid scrutiny.

What are those means?

The first is, the adoption of *a pledge of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors, as a beverage*

It seems impossible to dispute the lawfulness of this. Such abstinence violates no law with which we have any acquaintance; and the pledge to abstain for a benevolent purpose, is certainly as much within our prerogative, as it was within the prerogative of the

Nazarites, to which sect the Baptist belonged, and the Rechabites, and both of these parties received the approbation of heaven, and the divine sanction of their peculiar vows.

This abstinence is not based upon the ascetic reasons of the Essenes, or the Manichees, and other Encratite communities of ancient heretics. They considered matter inherently sinful, and supposed that bodily mortifications would etherealize and sublimate their nature, and thus recommend them to the favor of God. To such errorists, the Apostle alludes in his Epistle to the Colossians. They interdicted the lawful blessings of life, "Touch not, taste not, handle not," certain meats and drinks. By such prohibitions they cast a reflection upon the munificence of Providence, and reversed the established order of nature. Such ascetics are severely reprehended in the first Epistle to Timothy, where they are designated as men who "depart from the faith—forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats which God hath created to be received with thanksgiving of them which believe and know the truth. For every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving; for it is sanctified by the word of God and prayer." Now, the Encratites opposed those apostolic principles. They proclaimed abstinence from marriage, on the ground that it was no better than "corruption and fornication." They prohibited animal food, and also wine, for ascetic and

superstitious reasons. Tatian, in particular, enforced this total abstinence on such considerations, and carried his measures so far, as to substitute water for wine in the Lord's Supper. His followers were, accordingly, called *Hydroparastatæ*, and *Aquarii*—water-drinkers. With these total abstinence, or temperance men, it is scarcely necessary to say, we have no connection or sympathy. Nor are we, in the slightest degree, chargeable with inconsistency in condemning them, while, at the same time, for good and sufficient reasons, we may abstain from wine, from which, on improper principles, they also abstained. To deny this, is to charge inconsistency upon the Apostle himself. He severely reprehends the Encratites, as we have seen, specifying their principles of abstinence; yet, in writing to the Romans, he says: "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor drink wine, nor any thing whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak;" and to the Corinthians, he says: "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend." He thus, emphatically, asserts the Christian liberty, to abstain from wine; and, indeed, inculcates the duty to do so, when charity suggests the expediency of such self-denial.

Nor is it any valid objection to total abstinence, that our Lord wrought a miracle, to increase the festivities of a wedding occasion. We do not aspire to a higher standard of morals than that which Christ erected

Perish for ever the blasphemous thought! Yet, we suppose, that we may abstain from wine, without reflecting upon the character of the Saviour, who seemed to have occasionally used it. It is well known, that the pure wines of Palestine were of a light, refreshing nature, and not fiery and inebriating, like the drinks which, by a misnomer, are called *wines* among us. "The fruit of the vine" was used by the Jews, as a part of their ordinary meals, for purposes of nutrition and refreshment—an accompaniment of their solid food—as we use tea and coffee, with which they were not acquainted. It is reasonable enough to suppose, in the absence of all proof to the contrary, that when "the conscious water saw its God and blushed," the wine, thus created, was, like "the pure blood of the grape,"—as Scripture expresses it—pleasant, refreshing, and exhilarating; but not pernicious and inebriating, like the abominable mixtures imposed upon us under the denomination of wine. And yet, pure as it was, used too by the Saviour and his disciples, John the Baptist did not consider it inexpedient, much less any reflection upon his greater Master, to forego its use. And, we may be sure, wisdom is justified of all her children.

We have sometimes thought it a little remarkable, that the enemies of temperance should be so greatly concerned for the character of Christ—that they should hold over him the broad ægis of their protection—and drink wine, not for the love of it—O no! but simply

to patronize the Son of God! Of course, that is the reason. Besides, they wish to manifest gratitude for the good creatures of Providence, inasmuch as

“God is paid when man receives :  
T’ enjoy is to obey.”

So says Pope’s Universal Prayer, and that is good authority; and so is Addison’s Hymn of Gratitude, which teaches us to sing :

“Nor is the least a grateful heart,  
That tastes those gifts with joy.”

But is it not wonderful, that “wine-bibbers, and riotous eaters of flesh,” should be so very grateful? Yet, such seems to be the case. See what joy and gratitude Comus exhibits. Look at him, glass in hand. Hear him :

“Behold this cordial julep here,  
That flames and dances in his crystal bounds,  
With spirits of balm, and fragrant syrups mix’d—  
O foolishness of men! that lend their ears  
To those budge doctors of the stoic fur,  
And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,  
Praising the lean and sallow Abstinence.  
Wherefore, did Nature pour her bounties forth  
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,  
Covering the earth with odors, fruits, and flocks?  
If all the world  
Should, in a fit of temperance, feed on pulse,  
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,  
The All-giver would be unthank’d, would be unpraised,  
Not half his riches known, and yet despised;

And we should serve him as a grudging master,  
 As a penurious niggard of his wealth;  
 And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,  
 Who would be quite surcharged with her own weight,  
 And strangled with her waste fertility."

Admirable reasoning! Fervid piety! Surely, "Nature" must be laid under great obligation to the voluptuary, for this homage to her opulence and munificence. But hear the response of reason and temperance, so charmingly personified in the poet's "Lady:"

"Were it a draught for Juno, when she banquets,  
 I would not taste thy treas'nous offer; none  
 But such as are good men, can give good things;  
 And that which is not good, is not delicious  
 To a well-govern'd and wise appetite."

"I had not thought to have unlock'd my lips  
 In this unhallow'd air, but that this juggler  
 Would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,  
 Obtruding false rules prank'd in reason's garb,  
 I hate when Vice can bolt her arguments,  
 And Virtue has no tongue to check her pride.

Imposter! do not charge most innocent Nature,  
 As if she would her children should be riotous  
 With her abundance: she, good cateress,  
 Means her provision only to the good,  
 That live according to her sober laws,  
 And holy dictates of spare Temperance;  
 If every just man, that now pines with want,  
 Had but a moderate and beseeming share  
 Of that which lewdly pampers'd luxury,

Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,  
 Nature's full blessings would be well dispensed  
 In unsuperfluous even proportion,  
 And she no whit encumber'd with her store;  
 And then the Giver would be better thank'd,  
 His praise due paid; for swinish gluttony  
 Ne'er looks to heaven amidst his gorgeous feast,  
 But with besotted base ingratitude  
 Crams and blasphemes his feeder."

Sound reasoning this, as well as sublime poetry.  
 Hear Comus in reply :

"She fables not: I feel that I do fear  
 Her words set off by some superior power;  
 And though not mortal, yet a cold shudd'ring dew  
 Dips me all over, as when the wrath of Jove  
 Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus  
 To some of Saturn's crew."

He knew well enough, that he was bandying  
 sophistical arguments; and when touched by the  
 Ithuriel spear of truth and virtue, his abominable  
 deformity is exposed—

"For no falsehood can endure  
 Touch of celestial temper, but returns  
 Of force to its own likeness."

Thus it is, when hypocrisy and duplicity can no  
 longer give countenance to the lovers of strong drink,  
 they abandoned themselves to their detestable vice, for  
 the acknowledged reason, that they love it—the  
 intoxicating bowl affording them, as Comus says,  
 "delight beyond the bliss of dreams."

But, poetry apart, neither reason nor revelation commands us to look upon the wine when it is red. Nothing makes it our duty to use alcoholic drinks as a common beverage. The idea of such an obligation is preposterous; though we have heard it vehemently asserted, by men who claim to be the votaries of reason and virtue.

Association is another element of the Temperance cause. Very few will start an objection to this principle. If it be lawful for one man to pledge himself to abstain from intoxicating beverages, it is lawful for a thousand men to do so; and it cannot be unlawful for them to come together and affirm their determination to do so. And this is the essential fact of all our Temperance societies. They may be less or more formal in their organization; they may have officers, boards, committees, and other appendages common to voluntary associations; they may bring the financial element into the cause, and make it "a beneficial" institution; they may have stated times for meeting together; secret tokens of recognition to prevent imposture; banners and pledges to please the taste, or attract observation; public celebrations to push forward the enterprise—all these addenda, and others of the same category, may be adopted, if thought expedient, or advisable; and who can prove that there is the slightest wrong in any of them? There is not a principle in those societies which contravenes any religious, social, or political obligation.

Moral influence is another element of this cause. It is not merely to save ourselves from becoming drunkards, that we abstain from intoxicating drinks, and pledge ourselves in our associated capacity, that we will not use them; we propose, by all lawful methods, to discountenance their use by others. And is this wrong? May we not love our neighbor as we love ourselves? Is there any command to furnish him with the means of self-destruction? any blessing pronounced upon him that "putteth the bottle to his neighbor's mouth, and maketh him drunken also?" Do we injure him by pointing out the danger of strong drink; setting him the example of abstinence; and pleading with him to do himself no harm? Is it wrong to urge the incipient drunkard to hasten his retreat from the enchanted ground, and dash the cup from his lips? to rebuke our neighbor, and not suffer sin upon him, so far as it may be prevented by moral influences? If this be wrong, then may we be ever wrong—we want not to be right!

And it should be borne in mind, that agencies of this character are those alone which properly belong to the Temperance cause. Temperance men are at liberty to unite with others, in their political capacity, to legislate for the suppression of intemperance, by restricting the sale of ardent spirits, and by imposing penalties upon this abominable vice, which is so great a sin against society. But points of this character do not appertain to Temperance

organizations, and, therefore, are not admitted into the present discussion.

The agencies which the cause has originated, are so obviously compatible with every religious, social, and civil obligation, that it is nothing but contemptible cavilling to object, that temperance men are interfering with the liberties of their neighbors; that their movements are of a pragmatic character, and ought not to be sanctioned. The Temperance cause does not propose to interfere with the rights of men, except to convince them, that they have no *right* to ruin themselves and others; and, by moral means, to induce them to adopt a virtuous course; but, further than this, it does not proceed: it leaves men as God leaves them, to make their own "immortal fates." In spite of all our endeavors, they are still at liberty "to add drunkenness to thirst;" notwithstanding all our entreaties and warnings, they may, if they choose, drown themselves in the intoxicating bowl.

If, therefore, there be nothing improper in the pledge of total abstinence, the principle of association, and the exercise of moral influence to suppress intemperance in the community; and, if these be all the agencies essentially belonging to the Temperance cause, the means which it employs are incontestibly lawful.

But, are these means efficient? At first view, some may be disposed to doubt their efficiency, on the

ground of their simplicity. But this is, in fact, that which makes them efficient. If the Temperance cause were characterized by complexity of arrangement; if there were anything abstruse in its principles; if it required any great outlay of mind, money, time, or toil, it would be in vain to expect the co-operation of the great masses of society; the scheme would prove a failure. Its simplicity, if anything, will secure its success. Any man, woman, or child in the community can pledge *to do nothing*; a very idiot may abstain from strong drink. And this is the fundamental principle, the very essence of the Temperance reform. It is a mere negation, of which every body is capable. And, surely, any one can allow his name to be placed on the Temperance roll; any one can decline to offer the death-dealing dram; any one can persuade others to dash away the cup of abominations; and thus, any one, without trouble or expense, may be identified with the Temperance reform.

At the same time, those who pant for a larger range of influence, and wish to make sacrifices, and perform services of a severer sort, in behalf of the cause, have abundant opportunities and facilities afforded them by means of the organizations to which they belong. If they are ready writers, they can employ their pens: if they have the gift of speech, they can press it into the service: if they have position in society, they can reflect credit upon the cause, by

lending it the *prestige* of their names: if they are wealthy, they can keep its various instrumentalities in operation by their liberal contributions; and even if they are poor and obscure, their personal services may be employed, in a thousand ways, to redeem the lives of their neighbors and friends from threatened destruction.

It is too trite a remark, to need any argument and illustration, that no influence is so potent as that of example. In vain may you endeavor to induce others to be temperate, unless you are temperate yourself. You may, perhaps, be possessed of sufficient self-restraint, and moral strength, to use intoxicating drink in moderation; but you know that your neighbor is not; you are sure that his security is in total abstinence. It is your duty to induce him to abstain, as you would not have him become a drunkard; but, can you influence him to this course, without adopting it yourself? Do you suppose that he suspects his danger, though you are certain of it? Most assuredly, he does not. He just as much thinks you will become a drunkard, as that he will himself. And, in nine cases out of ten, he is correct in his conclusion; as no one is safe who tampers with the temptation. Depend on it, if you indulge your appetite, and stroke yourself with a self-complacent sense of security, you will only insult your neighbor, if you intimate to him the necessity of total abstinence, on his part, on the ground that he is not temptation-proof, like yourself.

But, if you first set the example of abstinence, in connection with the powerful principle of association, you arm yourself with an influence which may be wielded for the salvation of others. It is possible, by the power of example, to move upon those who are already in the ranks of the intemperate; they may, by this agency, be redeemed. By assuring them, that you feel the only guaranty you have for yourself, is total abstinence, they may allow the *à fortiori* force of your example to bear upon themselves. You may persuade them, that nothing short of this will do for those who have acquired the taste and appetite for strong drink. They know, by experience, that one glass leads to another, by an almost inevitable sequence, and irresistible fatality. They may keep the temptation in abeyance, until they have deprived it of its power, if they will not take a single drop of the infatuating beverage; but this is their only ground of hope. And, indeed, abstinence is much easier than moderation, in all cases. Moderate drinkers are obliged to be always on their guard, lest they overstep the bounds of moderation; and, alas! how few are there that continue thus watchful and sober. It is a startling fact, that all the drunkards in the world once occupied the position, and entertained the resolution, of moderate drinkers. Not a man of them ever expected to become a "soaker" and a sot. Indeed, in every thing, prevention is much easier than cure.

Evil passions and depraved appetites grow apace,  
and soon possess a giant strength.

“In their beginning, they are weake and wan,  
But soon, through suff’rance, grow to fearfull end  
Whiles they are weake, betimes with them contend,  
For when they once to perfect strength doe grow,  
Strong warres they make, and cruel battry bend,  
’Gainst fort of reason, it to overthrow.”

We are called upon, by Scripture, to “behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth.” Let not the first spark, therefore, be struck amid the combustible materials of which our nature is formed. Let the preventive and conservative regimen obtain, and we are safe. No one can become a drunkard, if he never tastes the drunkard’s drink. But the indulgence in a single glass, may prove the initiative of a career of dissipation, terminating in the drunkard’s grave, and the drunkard’s hell!

“A pebble in the streamlet scant,  
Has turn’d the course of many a river:  
A dew-drop on the baby-plant,  
Has warp’d the giant oak for ever.”

If we are not mistaken, our inquiry into the agencies employed in the cause of Temperance, shows that they are philosophically adapted to promote the end proposed; and cannot fail to be efficient, when fairly tested. They are just such as are most likely to affect the self-determining subjects on whom they are brought to bear, and also to secure the blessing of Heaven, that always smiles

upon benevolent undertakings, and sanctions all lawful measures adopted for their promotion.

The efficacy of the means employed to secure the end proposed, in the Temperance enterprise, has been amply demonstrated in its historical development. Its principles have been subjected to a severe practical test; and they have proved to be far from Utopian in their character; and its undertakings do not appear, in the review, to have any thing, in common, with mere Quixotic adventures. On the contrary, they have enlisted the co-operation of professional men, renowned for their science and learning, and practical men, of acknowledged gravity and prudence. Thousands of societies have been organized on its basis, and hundreds of thousands of names have been identified with its plans. A great multitude, which no man can number, have been saved from entering on a career of vice, by its timely interposition; and drunkards, not a few, have been redeemed by its agency. In some cases, a conscience has been developed in the makers and venders of the cursed beverage, and they have been induced to abandon their damning avocation—an achievement of the cause, scarcely less than miraculous. A public sentiment in favor of Temperance has been created; and it is no longer considered a violation of the rites of hospitality, to withhold the heretofore customary libations at its shrine. Indeed, in many places, the presentation of the bottle to one's guests, would be

considered a mark of ignorance and ill manners, not to say, a downright insult. A large mass of evidence, corroborative of all these assertions, could readily be adduced, did it come within the purview of the present discussion. But there is, in fact, no necessity to enlarge upon the historical development of the cause, as that is known and read of all men. The actual working of the system, undeniably corresponds with its philosophical complexion.

The friends of the cause, however, would do well to bear in mind, that much yet remains to be done. The victories won in this country, Great Britain, on the Continent of Europe, and elsewhere, do not amount to a universal conquest. Thousands of enemies are yet in the field; "and there remaineth yet very much land to be possessed." But, were it otherwise—were the triumphs of the cause complete in every nation under heaven, the mission of Temperance would not be fulfilled. Its influence is not only aggressive, but also conservative, and the latter rather than the former. There are thousands of reformed inebriates in our societies, who must be nursed with gentleness and prudence. They are to be confirmed in their virtuous resolutions, and established in their habits of sobriety. They have abandoned the fellowship of their former boon companions, and we are bound to secure them a full indemnity. We must let them see, and make them feel, that they have friends in virtue, who will stick

closer to them than brothers in vice. We must take them by the hand, and assist them in recovering their shattered fortunes, and in retrieving their lost reputation. The spirit of the Temperance cause demands this of us. - And we must go further than this, when occasion requires. We must not summarily cast away a frail member of the society, because he has yielded to temptation, and violated his pledge. We must follow up the offender, not with harsh reflections and denunciatory rebukes, but in the temper of that beautiful precept of inspiration: "Brethren, if any be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such a one in the spirit of meekness, considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted." It is in this way, that the great principle of *association* can be carried out to practical and beneficial purposes. Every member of the society feels, that he has an interest in the character and conduct of every other member. A sympathy is engendered, which cannot fail to be salutary in its manifestation. The mere *esprit du corps*, in many instances, has proved of immense advantage, and we ought not to be slow in availing ourselves of it.

Then, again, it is to be noted, that the Temperance Society, to answer the full end of the organization, must be immortal. Hence, the necessity of enlisting the rising generation in the cause. Let the youthful Hannibals be taken to the altar of Temperance, and made to swear eternal enmity to the foe with which

we are at war. Let them be formally incorporated with our organizations; so shall they be saved from intemperance themselves, and shall perpetuate this redeeming agency when we shall have accomplished our earthly course.

The Temperance cause resembles Christianity in this, that it acts rationally, philosophically, and not like a charm. It requires personal adoption, constant exertion, and patient continuance, in order to realize its proposed ends. Its principles and plans, however excellent, will not operate to the production of beneficial results, only as they are embodied in personal agencies, and developed in persevering efforts. And we are encouraged in this undertaking, by the consideration, that we are not engaged in untried experiments. Other men labored, and we have entered into their labors. We have not half the difficulties to encounter, which had to be surmounted by the pioneers in this cause. So much information has been spread abroad, in reference to the evil effects of the use of ardent spirits, that we can readily fortify ourselves with the incontrovertible testimonies of men, qualified, by their professions, to depose in the premises; as, for example, in regard to the effects produced in the body, concerning which Sir Astley Cooper says, "No person has a greater hostility to dram-drinking, than myself, insomuch that I never suffer any ardent spirits in my house, thinking them *evil spirits*; and if the poor could witness the white

livers, the dropsies, the shattered nervous systems, which I have seen, as the consequences of drinking, they would be aware, that spirits and poisons were synonymous terms."

Testimonies of this sort, from such men as Buchan, Rush, Sewall, and hundreds like them, have been presented so frequently to the public, and contradiction has been so boldly and repeatedly challenged, but never ventured, that the cause may be considered as standing on vantage ground. And the same may be said in respect to all the other pernicious consequences of the use of intoxicating drinks. Let us turn these facts to account in pushing on the victories of the cause, and securing its universal and permanent prosperity. Let old and young, male and female high and low, rich and poor, learned and rude, bond and free, enlist under the banner of Temperance. And, especially, all Christians and Christian ministers, take hold of the cause with spirit and vigor, remembering the apostolic injunction: "Ever follow that which is good, both among yourselves and to [among] all men." If you can make men sober by first making them Christians, ply the instrumentalities of the gospel and make them Christians. If you cannot make men Christians without first making them sober, avail yourselves of the facilities which the Temperance cause affords to gain this point. And you can be zealously affected in this good thing, without being oblivious of the fact, that mere sobriety will not "save a soul from

death," though it may "hide," or prevent, a "multitude of sins;" and that the best security of sobriety itself, as of every other virtue, is to be found in the renewing of the Holy Ghost, by which we may cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God. Christian men, engaged in the cause of Temperance, will not intermit their prayers for the sanctifying influence of divine grace, on the ground that they are employing agencies of human origination, which tend, in part, to a kindred result. They rather act on the principle, that none can ask too much at the hand of Heaven, if what they ask for, they labor to secure. By thus endeavoring to answer our own prayers, we manifest no indications of self-dependence, but rather of sincerity and confidence in divine grace; it being alike the dictate of reason and revelation, that God always helps them, who, trusting to his aid, do all in their power to help themselves.

CAUSES AND CONSEQUENCES  
OF  
TEMPERATE DRINKING

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“There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death.”—Prov. xiv. 12.

IN the Bible, the word *way*, signifies both a road and a custom—habit, or course of life. The latter is the sense in which it is used, in the Divine maxim which I have quoted as a warning to temperate drinkers

When we look into our own hearts, and into the conduct of those around us, we find that, morally, the human race may be divided into three great classes. First, Those who travel ways which they know to be wrong. Second, Those who travel ways which are pleasant, or convenient, without inquiring, or caring where they end. Third, Those who travel ways which are wrong, but seem right to them.

Now, temperate drinker, in which of these classes do you place yourself? If you choose the first, you confess to a life of mingled crime and folly. In holding on, you sin against light and knowledge: you deliberately violate the moral law: you trample under foot the ties which bind you to family and friends: you wilfully forfeit the respect of society; and recklessly pursue a way, the end whereof you know to be "the ways of death." We can only say of *you*, as was said of old, "Ephraim is joined to his idols, let him alone."

Temperate drinker! do you place yourself in the second class? Do you drink without having estimated the character, or weighed the consequences, of your habit? We say, then, that you are irrational and blame-worthy, for God has given you understanding, that you may discern good from evil, and you neglect to exercise it. You gratify your desires, as an animal indulges its appetites, without fear or forecast of the future: you make no distinction between right and wrong, which are both alike to you: and, leading a life of folly, if not of wickedness, you may, at last, die the death of a fool, if not of a criminal. He who could make you *reflect*, might reform and save you. We leave you, in the hope, that such a mentor may, at length, arouse you to thoughtfulness, and change your frivolous indifference into anxious and solemn meditation.

Temperate drinker! do you range yourself in the third class, whose members recognize the difference

between virtue and vice, wisdom and folly, safety and danger? If you do, it is implied, that you have inquired into the character and tendency of temperate drinking, and regard it as harmless, if not necessary. Believing this conclusion to be a great and fatal error, we exhort you, and the numerous body, of which you are a member, to review the whole subject; and, in language not meant to be irreverent, we would say, "Come, let us reason together."

If God had so formed our bodies, that the use of alcoholic drinks would be necessary, he would have *created them*; for, in wisdom, he has given us no wants, for which he has not provided the means of gratification. Thirst is met with water, and hunger with food, often prepared to our hands, and always *existing in* the plants and animals around us, from which we only have to separate it. We need and desire heat, and he has supplied us with both fire and fuel. We have an instinct for clothing, and he has caused cotton and flax to grow; and surrounded us with animals, which afford wool, and furs, and silk, and skins. Thus all our natural appetites, desires, and wants, are met and supplied, with appropriate natural productions, and we cannot increase or diminish the number of either. We cannot establish a new sense, nor a new appetite; nor can we create food, or fire, or fuel, or light, or the materials of our clothing, or the water, or air, necessary for the support of life. We, ourselves, and the supporters and comforters of life,

were planned, created, and adapted to each other, by the infinite and only source of being.

Now, if alcohol had been necessary to the growth and well-being of our bodies, we should not only have been created with an instinct for it, as we have for water; but, He who implanted such a desire, would have created alcohol to gratify it. Yet, no such creation is found among his works. He created sugar, but alcohol is formed by its destruction. Man has "sought out for himself many inventions," and the most pernicious of the whole, is the transformation of a delicious production of the earth, into a baneful poison.

That which is *unnecessary* to the growth and health of our bodies, cannot promote either; nor even be taken by us, in considerable quantities, without injury. This is contrary to popular opinion, which holds, that many things, which are neither necessary, nor called for by our natural wants and desires, are, nevertheless, inert and harmless. This is a great and fatal error. Try, for yourself, temperate drinker, to think of something *not* necessary, which you may still use without injury, and you will fail; you will be compelled to acknowledge, that I have stated a true and universal law of man's nature. But, among unnecessary and innutricious articles, there is much diversity of effect. Some, as chalk and clay, are almost negative in their qualities, and offend chiefly by their bulk, or mechanical action. Others act as instantaneous poisons, if taken in large doses; and do fatal mischief, when continued

long, in smaller quantities. Alcohol belongs to this division.

But, you may ask, if all this be true, why is it that men resort to alcoholic drinks? The question is a proper one, and we are bound to answer it. We admit, then, that we do not take any thing, but from appetite, desire, or some kind of motive; and, therefore, that there must be, in the human constitution, some propensity, or demand, which leads to the consumption of alcoholic drinks. This, by many, has been confounded with thirst; but thirst is for water only, and nothing else will satisfy it. If various kinds of beverages are, at times, substituted for it, they only satisfy our thirst, in proportion to the water they contain. Alcohol alone, so far from allaying, increases thirst; and is, therefore, taken from some other desire, than that which prompts to the use of water. That desire is not for alcohol, as it does not exist in nature, but for *something—any thing*—that will excite, or fire us up. This is a natural demand of our constitutions; and resembles hunger in this, that, while one prompts us to seek, among the productions of the earth, for whatever will nourish our bodies, the other prompts us to look abroad, for what will stimulate, and give them momentary activity. According to the harmony which exists in, and throughout, all the works of the Creator, he has amply supplied us with the means of this gratification; and his supplies are the very best and safest,

Thus, he has given us salt, and mustard, and the different peppers; the various aromatics and spices, such as cloves and cinnamon; to all which, we may add tea and coffee. These, and other *natural* productions of a like kind, are acceptable to our tastes; salutary in their influences; do not, in general, produce effects which lead to their excessive use; and, finally, if taken beyond the necessary limits, the consequence is, but a simple injury to health. Alas! that man had not put up with what a bountiful Providence had created, and thrown broad cast around him. Alas! that he should have substituted the productions of art, for those of nature—his own inventions, for the creations of God!

This substitution was, and is, the great error of the human race; a source of calamities, crimes, and premature, or frightful death, with which no other can be compared.

Temperate drinker! you are one of those who have thus undertaken to mend the works of God. You, practically, call that which he pronounced "very good," not good, not sufficient, imperfect, and requiring to be improved, by feeble-minded and erring man. We call upon you to look at the enormity of your presumption—at the fatal effects of your habit upon your own happiness—at the influence of your example upon others.

If the love of excitement first prompted, and continues to prompt us to the use of alcoholic drinks, it

cannot be doubted, that the example of every temperate drinker, beguiles others into the same habit.

All the world feel and admit the power of fashion. We have a natural desire to imitate others. Every day we conform to what happens to be in vogue, merely because it *is* in vogue. We adopt customs, because they are customary things; and pursue them, because others lead us on. We see so many on the way before us, that, for no other reason, the "way seemeth right unto us;" and so it may seem to them, yet the end thereof, may lie in the regions of death.

There is not a more dangerous rule of life, than to follow a thoughtless and giddy throng, without inquiring whither they are going—without looking into the propensities or desires which urge them on. If you are a *young* temperate drinker, let this truth sink deep into your heart; and you will then study, carefully, the prudence and morality of your seniors in temperate drinking, and their way will no longer seem right to you. If you are an *old* temperate drinker, reflect, seriously, on the bad effects of your example on the young. Age claims respect from youth, and should, in return, bestow upon it the blessing of a good example—not the curse of a bad one.

Alas! how often this social law is violated! When the time shall come, that the young will universally venerate the old; and the old, as universally, seek

to guide the young, into the ways of wisdom, which have ever been, and will ever be, the paths of pleasantness and peace; this dimmed and erring world of ours will put on a new face, and shine with a brighter lustre in the moral universe.

But, young men begin temperate drinking, not merely from the desire of being excited, and a propensity to imitate others; but, because the spiced and sugared draught is pleasant to the taste. In the moment of bodily pleasure, they forget to inquire, whether a slow poison may not be mingled with the delicious beverage. The mother of mankind found the forbidden fruit pleasant to her eye; and, down to the present hour, her posterity have been prone to believe, that what gives pleasure to their senses, is right and lawful. Thus it is, that our bodies impose upon our minds; corrupt our moral sense; and make a way seem right to us, when the "end thereof are the ways of death."

Temperate drinker! you continue to indulge, because the stimulus of alcohol excites your nervous system, and carries a pleasurable sensation throughout your body. You are slow to believe, that what gives you such feelings, can be pernicious. Your body acts upon, and stultifies your mind; drives away the maxims of prudence and morality; lulls you into a treacherous security; and makes the way seem right to you, which others see will end in the "ways of death." Finally, you continue to

drink, because you are uncomfortable without it. You are still deluded. You assume, that what removes your feelings of discomfort, cannot be wrong; forgetting, that, but for your previous drinking, the discomfort would not have existed. Its presence is, in fact, the first fruits of your excessive indulgence; and a conclusive proof, that you have been travelling on a dangerous way. You must, now, admit the fact, and yet, you may not depart from that way; for the body is a relentless tyrant, and, too often, lords it over the will. Your mind says, "I see the ways of death before me, I must stop—I must turn back!" Your body, in mockery, answers, "Do it if you can! I have led you thus far, and now defy your power! You have made yourself my slave, and shall obey! What are your blighted expectations, your high, but withering aspirations, to me? *I* deal not in moral sentiments, or spiritual refinements: *you* talk of immortality; but *I* am mortal: *you* think of the joys, or pains, of a future life; *I* think, only, of the pleasures of the present! I despise your conscientiousness; I laugh at your terrors! When I *might* have been curbed, you were indifferent and silent! When I *might* have been guided, you threw the reins on my neck, and left me to my own way. It then seemed right to you, merely because you refused to examine it. You now see it ending in the "ways of death;" but what is that to me? I live for the present, and care not

for the future? Detain me no longer; the hour for drinking has already past. I am weak and tremulous, hand me the flowing bowl, and let it wash away my wretchedness."

Such, temperate drinker! is the end of the way that seems right to you. If you would not reach it, stop your drinking, in whatever stage you may be. If your system have not become habituated to it, your self-denial can give no pain; if so habituated, that you are uncomfortable without the returning draught, stop instantly, and for ever, or you are lost! No one becomes a drunkard in a day. He passes through a regular apprenticeship of temperate drinking, longer and more expensive than that which would have made him a good mechanic, physician, lawyer, or divine; and is, then, graduated to ruin, while others are graduated to respectability and happiness.

Temperate drinking, the fruitful mother of drunkenness, is a harlot, which peoples and pollutes the land with drunkards; and yet she sits at almost every fire-side! Foul and half naked in the rude cabin, painted and decked out with gaudy trappings in the splendid mansion, she accommodates herself to all conditions, and, like Satan, assumes all shapes. The world absurdly despises her offspring; while its eyes are closed to the elements of pollution, which have their origin in her own system. Oh! that men would banish her from their habitations, and wash away

her defilements with the pure water which God created for their use.

Till she is thus banished, all legislation; all societies and pledges; all pulpit denunciation; all private exhortation, counsel, and beseechings, will be labor lost. It is not drunkenness which should fix our attention; but its true and only cause—temperate drinking. This being renounced, the race of drunkards would become extinct. Oh! temperate drinker! think seriously of this, and depart, for ever, from that way, the end whereof “are the *ways of death.*”

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THE following narrative of a reformed drunkard, has so much in it that is instructive, that it seems worthy of publication. We recommend its careful perusal to all young men:—

DR. DANIEL DRAKE.

*Dear Sir*:—Having known, for some years, that you were a worker in the Temperance cause, I take the liberty of addressing you on that subject. The time was, when, if I had written to you, it would have been in a very different spirit from that which now moves me—the spirit of resentment, instead of the spirit of gratitude to the friends of Temperance, and of praise to God, in which I would now desire to express myself. But I must come to the point.

I am a native of Ohio, and now in my forty-second year. My whole life has been spent in the Miami country—the first ten years in Cincinnati; the remainder in this town, where I have passed through many changes of fortune and character, and, at last, stand in the community as a REFORMED DRUNKARD.

I propose to trouble you with a sketch of my life; referring to the influences which allured me to intemperance; the joys and sorrows of that confused and desolate existence; and the feelings which now dwell in my peaceful, but not remorseless heart. And, my dear sir, if you can, at any time, use what I may say, in such manner as to save or redeem even a single person from the debasing and dreadful career through which I have passed, and on which I cannot look back without horror, I pray you, in compassion to the sufferer, to do so. All I ask is, that you suppress my name and residence, lest (although I have much confidence in myself,) I should yield to the awful temptation, and, by returning, like the dog to his vomit, bring upon myself, and my at present happy family, a new contempt for my weakness.

My father was a respectable mechanic, of temperate habits, though, according to the fashion of the times when I was a boy, accustomed to daily drinking before dinner, and, at last, before going to bed, and in the morning. Nevertheless, I never knew him to be intoxicated, although he lived to his sixty-first year. He was a moral man, but not religious. My mother

was pious; and a more tender mother never nursed and reared up a son to break her heart. The Lord forgive me—the Lord vouchsafe to support me under the agonizing remembrance of the sorrows I brought upon her, before her Heavenly Father, in pity, took her to himself.

But I must go on with my narrative. I had no brother, and but one sister, who was younger than myself; but our ages were not so different but that we were school-fellows, when boys and girls attended the same schools, and playmates till I was fifteen, when my father placed me in a store, where I lodged, but, for several years, boarded at home.

Up to this time I had never drank ardent spirits, except sometimes in the morning, when bitters were handed round. At that time, it was the fashion to keep the whiskey-bottle on a shelf, underneath the counter, for the use of customers from the country. Most of them were ready to drink whenever it was offered; but some required urging, and as an example was regarded by my employer more powerful than mere invitation, he not unfrequently drank, to induce them to do so. As I got older, and was often the principal salesman, he being otherwise engaged, I began to supply his place at the whiskey-bottle, and had occasion, when numerous customers came, to resort to it several times a day. At first, it was rather disagreeable, and the *taste* of whiskey and water alone, never got to be at all bewitching to me. I found,

however, after a few months, that the warming and enlivening effects of what I took, were pleasant to my constitution, and that I became more talkative to customers, and frequently beguiled them into larger purchases than they at first intended. These effects led me to persevere, and by the end of the second year, from the time I began, I discovered that when we had but few customers, I felt weak and nervous, for want of what I had been in the habit of taking. To relieve myself, I then began to drink, occasionally, by myself. This soon attracted the notice of my employer; who, at length, admonished me on the subject; telling me, that I should only drink when it was necessary to induce the country people to purchase liberally. Fearing to offend him, I resolved to limit myself to what he thought necessary to the success of his business; but I soon found, that during the forenoon of days in which we had but little country custom, I was unfit for business; and, if placed at the books, felt myself restless, my ideas wandering, and that I made mistakes in posting up accounts—in short, that the state of my body, when thus deprived of my usual stimulus, kept my mind constantly turned upon it. Then it was, that I, for the first time, thought of looking abroad for that indulgence which I was ashamed to seek in the store.

I had become acquainted with several young gentlemen, clerks, and students-at-law and physic, and had occasionally met them in the evening, at the two

respectable (alas! what a sad perversion of the term,) coffee-houses, which at that time, twenty-five years ago, were kept in ———. Several of these youths, most of whom were in the habit of drinking, were older than myself. They were my friends, and had great influence over me; but, although I enjoyed their jokes, and convivial conversation, much of which, I must confess, was vulgar, and sometimes licentious, I had not often drank with them. To one or the other of these drinking houses, I now thought it advisable, in the forenoon, to repair; but, as green venitian screens had not then been invented, I was obliged to be very circumspect—always passing the door before entering, and only going in through the day, when no one was there, or on the pavement in front. If caught there by one of my acquaintances, other than a young companion on the same errand, it was my custom to ask for some kind of confectionery, and go out without calling for the usual draught of whiskey and water, and loaf-sugar. At that time, French brandy was not kept as it now is. In this way, I relieved myself of the feelings I have described to you, so effectually, that I drank but little in the store; and my employer sometimes thought it necessary to urge greater drinking upon me, as a part of my duty as a salesman. I found, however, the coffee-house drinking more palatable, and, as I often had business out, not inconvenient; and I therefore persisted in declining to drink often at the counter; whereby, for a time, I

got the reputation, with my employer and his friends, of being a remarkably temperate youth. How little did they know of the awful realities of my situation! How little were they *impressed* on my *own* thoughtless heart! How little did I then think, that I was walking on the banks of the gulf of ruin! They were overhung with gay and blooming flowers, through which I did not discern the dark waters of death, that lay still and stagnant below!

My dear sir, I hope you will not be impatient. I will go on with my narrative as fast as possible. I have shown you how it was that my feet were placed on the path of intemperance; and will, for a moment, ask your attention to some things which lie along that path.

My father went, occasionally, to Church—more to oblige my mother, than from any higher motive; but she was a regular and conscientious visitor of the house of God; and, as long as I lived constantly at home, I was, with my sister, almost as constantly there. My employer and master was, however, a derider of Christianity, and generally spent several hours of every Sabbath day in his store and counting room—writing letters, making out accounts, re-arranging his goods, and folding, and wrapping them anew, so as to give, in some degree, the appearance to his shelves, of being supplied with fresh articles, where they were not. I had not been long with him, before I was requested to assist. For a time, however

I continued at home on the Sabbath, and accompanied my mother and sister to Church; but, at length, I began to stay about the store through the forenoon, and then to ride into the country, with my young companions, in the afternoon; when we generally stopped, for an hour, to drink at a tavern, a few miles out of town. Still, I would commonly be at home by dark, so as to see my sister and mother to and from Church. And how shall I ever forget her earnest and touching prayers, on our return, that God would guide and govern her only son, and protect him against temptation, and preserve him from every vice, and make him a blessing to his parents in their old age. I felt all this, at the moment; and it seemed to me (as was probably the fact,) that she had a suspicion that all was not right with me. Nevertheless, one of the coffee-houses I have mentioned was in the street which led to the store, and I commonly stopped there, and soon found every serious impression obliterated by the hour of drinking and carousal which followed, on my meeting with my companions, whose tastes and habits were no better—some, indeed, worse—than my own. Two or three years rolled away in this manner, towards the end of which some of the older of my companions had become confirmed drunkards; and I, myself, had often gone to the store, at midnight, in a state of intoxication. I might relate many incidents of this period, but the limits of this letter will admit of but one.

Returning, on a Sunday night, in this condition, I forgot to take the key from the door, when I unlocked it; but merely shut it after me; and having occasion (what, I could not remember,) to open the drawer in which we left our money, I went to sleep, without either it or the store being fastened. Being accustomed to awake early, I happily rose before my employer arrived; and, finding the state of things, put the door-key in its proper place, inside, and locked the drawer. In the course of the forenoon, however, my employer missed a hundred dollars, which had been wrapped up, and left there for a particular purpose, on Monday. He made an immediate appeal to me; but I could give no explanation concerning it. We had, together, put the money there, on Saturday night. At length, he charged me with a breach of trust, which I denied; but the truth flashed on my mind—a thief must have entered, in the night, but I was afraid to acknowledge that I had left the door and drawer unlocked. In a passion, he left the store; when, on examining the shelves, I found several valuable pieces of light goods taken away; a fact, which, however, I concealed. When he returned, I still protested my innocence; but proposed to replace the money he had lost, if he would not expose me. Being a friend of my father, he, at length, consented; but declared I must leave him. I told my parents that I had had a difference with him and that I did not like to spend

any part of my time in the store, on the Sabbath. The latter had great effect on my mother, and a new situation was found for me.

But how was I to raise the hundred dollars, twenty-five of which was to be paid every two months? My wages were low; and, between coffee-houses and rides in the country, I had expended all the little compensation I had received, up to that time; and, what was still worse, prodigality had grown into a habit. At the end of the first month, I had not, on hand, more than five dollars. Then it was that I first began to be tempted in a new way. I had, hitherto, been honest, but had imposed a falsehood on my father and mother; and, I now believe, that he who has once done that, has prepared himself for other crimes.

My new employer was a pious and unsuspecting man, who worshipped at the same Church with my mother; and, from having often seen me there, as well as from his friendship for her, reposed unlimited confidence in me. Such a condition of things afforded opportunities for embezzlement, which, to one in my situation, were irresistible. True, I had many painful hours of hesitation, and often removed my agony by an extra glass; but, at length, my resolution was taken; and, by daily setting aside small sums from the receipts of the drawer, I was enabled, at the end of the first two months, to make my first instalment to my late employer. The second was

made up in the same manner ; but, fearing detection, I cast about for some other resource, and was not long in finding one.

Eighteen months before, I had learned, at the coffee houses, to play cards, and had, occasionally, lost and won small sums. I had marked the most stupid and skilful of my companions, and determining not to play against the latter, I resolved to make up the remaining fifty dollars, if possible, from the former. Thus a new impulse was given to what was before a feeble propensity for the gaming table, and I soon found myself as devoted to it, as to the bar of the coffee house. In fact, they went hand in hand.

My success was not, however, at first, very great ; and when my third payment fell due, I was obliged in part, to make it up from my master's drawer. No part of the fourth, however, was drawn from him ; for, by this time, I was prepared for all the tricks of the card table, and, by cheating, was enabled to draw my fourth payment from my companions and friends. My punctuality revived the confidence of my old master, who presumed that I had earned and saved the whole, and who, therefore, spoke well of me ; which proved, for a time, to be of much service. I continued in this situation for nearly three years, at the end of which time my habits for drinking and gaming were confirmed ; but they were known to a few only, for I never became actually intoxicated, except with those of kindred habits, at a late hour of the night.

I now succeeded in forming a kind of partnership with a gentleman who had lately emigrated to the place, and wished an experienced salesman. But, before I speak further, I must recur to my sister, and her melancholy fate. Several of my companions were accustomed to visit my father's house. At length, one of them addressed my sister, and partly through my recommendation and influence, she was induced to marry him. He had a little trading capital of his own, and set up a store. They went to house-keeping. My father became his endorser. Intemperance increased upon him, and his conduct to my sister became morose. He neglected his business, and, in a few years, my father was reduced to insolvency. He struggled on, but was broken in spirit, and worn out in constitution.

At length, my sister, after being reduced to utter want, was subjected, by her husband, to brutal violence; from which she escaped, with two small children, to her father's poverty-stricken cabin, in the edge of the town.

Soon after this, her husband fell into a dropsy of the breast, by which he was at length so reduced, that he could scarcely walk; and having no relatives in ——— was taken in charge by the overseers of the poor. They placed him in the care of a low and vulgar family, the head of which (a keeper of one of the tippling houses he had frequented,) was dead from intemperance. The news of his pitiable situation soon

reached my sister, who resolved to take him home, and nurse him till he should recover or die. It was not long before he paid the melancholy debt, expiring suddenly and unexpectedly. The friends of my sister might have rejoiced at this event; but, to their utter dismay, some of his profligate bottle companions insinuated, that she had been the cause of his death. A cruel slander, from which, however, all respectable persons turned with horror.

My sister's return, in such great desolation, and the introduction of her debased husband into our father's house, proved more than he could sustain, especially, as *I* rendered him neither aid nor consolation; and he fell sick, and after lingering several months, expired, leaving my mother and sister to provide for themselves and her children as they could. But I must return to my own history.

Desirous of recommending myself to my partner, I sought to conceal from him all knowledge of my habits, and, under this motive restrained myself so far as to acquire the confidence of his family. The result of which was, that, at the end of two years, I married his eldest daughter. This being accomplished, I felt as though the necessity for great restraint was diminished. I gradually began to indulge myself more freely, especially after we commenced house-keeping. My wife soon discovered my habits, and was deeply afflicted; but she had not the courage to speak out, or I might have been restrained, for I really loved her

My vices, at length, became known to my father-in-law, who, being a prudent and determined man, dissolved my connection with him. A small amount of capital fell to my share; and I set up a grocery store, not having means sufficient for any other. My intemperance was soon, however, observed by the town; and, in a few years, its consequences were fully developed. My embarrassments had become overwhelming, and at length, my dwindling and insignificant business was entirely broken up. My family would now have wanted for bread, had not my wife's father, from time to time, supplied them. He urged her to return, but she positively refused. Indeed, she loved and pitied me, and often declared that she would live and die with me. I too, felt as if I could die for *her*; and yet, I daily drank deeper and deeper, returning late at night, invariably intoxicated. But it pleased God, in the midst of all this brutality, to preserve me from offering her any violence. She is an accomplished woman, and resolved to make an effort to earn something for herself, our little ones, and, as she added—for her Henry too! Oh, that such a woman should have been bound to such a man as I *then* was! I pressed my foul and bloated lips to her pallid cheek, dropped on it a tear of remorse, and then returned to the bottle!

Her first effort was to teach music, which, at the end of a year, she had to abandon, because, in my fits of intoxication, I would wander after her to the houses

of her scholars. Then she took up a school for little girls, which, for a couple of years, did well; but she had incessant anxieties at leaving our little children; and, at length, one of them, in her absence, fell into the fire, and got so badly burnt, that it died in two days, with unutterable agony.

From that hour she abandoned her school, and I resolved to abandon my drunkenness. I would not, however, do it suddenly. I feared the consequences. But I did hold up, so far, as to plan some kind of business. I had, however, neither capital nor credit; and, after studying for a week, decided on that which requires *neither* capital or credit. I purchased, of a wholesale dealer in liquors a barrel of whiskey, which he sold me without security, on my telling him, that I was about to open a coffee-house, and would be a customer. My wife had a quantity of tumblers and decanters given her by her mother, which, contrary to her wishes, I transferred to a hovel rented for the purpose, and, obtaining a license on the certificate of a number of citizens, who desired to have a coffee-house near them, and whose signatures were procured by my landlord, I was soon installed behind my bar.

My wife had no faith in this scheme, and, with tears, predicted that it would bring back my old habits. But in truth, they were not gone; and secretly, as I now know, my own cravings had *their* influence in prompting me to this course.

She, herself, took a far better. Being a woman of taste, and skilful with her needle, she opened a small millinery; and, having many respectable friends, was soon enabled to earn something for our support. And it was well that she could, or we might have starved: for, exasperated at her clinging to me, her father had refused to render any further assistance; and, although I had many customers, my receipts were but small. My old companions flocked around me, but they had little to pay, and I thought it unmanly to charge them. Several of those who had procured my license drank freely, and said nothing of payment, which I was afraid to mention to them, lest they might not assist me in getting my license renewed; and a number of others, who ran up long accounts, at length disappeared.

At the end of the year I had gained nothing but the renewal of all my former habits; and it was at one time feared, that my license would not be renewed. The poor-taxes of the township were, at that time, however, considered very heavy, and money was scarce, which made it desirable to license as many coffee-houses as possible; and to the joy and surprise of myself and my standing customers, my license was renewed. This was followed by a feeling of security as to the future, and an increased tendency to indulgence, in those who visited me most regularly; the consequence of which was, deeper drinking on my part, followed, in a few months, by a shattered

condition of my brain and nervous system. I lost my appetite, and trembled in the morning so that I could scarcely walk to my coffee-house—could not sleep at night—heard, as I thought, crowds of persons round our little habitation—used to get up and place our chest against the door, and once concealed myself under the bed.

Thus I went on for a few weeks, when I awoke, as it were, from a deep sleep, and found myself in jail, with my beloved wife kneeling over me, and wiping the sweat from my swollen and livid face. From her I learned the heart-rending intelligence, that I had been in a state of delirium for a week! That she and some of my neighbors had, for a while, endeavored to keep me at home, but that I had broken away in the night, and rambled over the town; that I had eluded my kind pursuers, and, at midnight, broken into the house of my mother and sister, destroying much of the little furniture which their industry had collected; and that, the next day, I had been taken and carried to jail. The delirium having passed away, I was taken home, and thought of returning to my coffee-house; but my landlord had seized upon it for rent, and, as soon as he could obtain an execution, my stock was sold out.

I must now, my dear sir, relate to you what my heart bleeds to write down. I would record it with tears of blood! My aged and heart-broken mother—she, by whose side I had kneeled for prayer in

my boyhood—she, who had been proud to call me her son—she, who had once rested on me the hopes of coming years, and said to herself, “When my husband and early companion is gone, should I outlive him, his *son* will be my support and protection.” That mother, once so full of hope, and confidence, and prayer, could not stand up under my delirious visit. She never afterwards arose from the bed, but turned her eyes to heaven. The Saviour became her rod and her staff. She prayed to be gone; she prayed for me, and then prayed to be kept from even *thinking* of me—once the darling of her heart; she prayed to be permitted, soon, to descend into the valley and shadow of death; and God, in mercy, heard this last mournful prayer. I was told of her situation, and sought to see her. At first, she refused; then she relented; the mother came up in her soul, and I was admitted. It was then the last hour! She felt that the end was near! Her face was serene! She cast on me the look of a pitying angel; at which my heart withered away; a prayer, for my reformation, escaped her quivering lips, and she died!

As *she* sunk into the grave, *I* arose from it—from the sepulchre of vice and corruption, in which I had been entombed! My spirit broke the bonds with which the appetites of my body had so long bound it. I felt it triumph over my polluted flesh. A new resolution started into existence. I felt as a *new*

creature ; and, henceforth, resolved to lead a new life. Secretly, I declared to God, that I would drink *no more* ; and *that* vow I have kept. It was not long, however, after this sorrowful event, before I felt a returning propensity, which I communicated to my beloved wife, and threw myself, as it were, on her protection. I avoided, by her advice, not less than my own taste, all my old companions. I cherished the society of the few moral and religious friends, who had kept around her and my sister, and my dear departed mother. I was induced to read the Bible, where I found words of wisdom, which recalled the early instructions of that mother, long unheeded and forgotten. I attended public worship, and encouraged the visits of the ministers of the gospel—a class of men, whom, for years, I had scorned and despised. Under this management of myself, the period of desire for strong drink returned more seldom ; and my powers of resistance were constantly increasing.

At the end of the year, I was, as I humbly trust, a new man, in a sense of the word different from that in which I used it before. My heart, I hope, was regenerated ; I took delight in holy meditations, and united myself with the Church of Christ.

My friends were all delighted ; their confidence in me was restored, and they came forward with offers of assistance. By their aid, I commenced business, as a merchant, on a small scale, and was so successful

as soon to place my family in a comfortable condition. My poor, devoted sister—the loving and confiding companion of my childhood—was still in poverty, and degraded from the rank which she would have held in society, had I not introduced to her acquaintance one of my profligate associates. I have, however, done for her what my limited means have permitted; and her joy, at my reform, is so great, as to make her a happy woman.

Permit me to add, that the employer from whom I purloined money, was afterward unsuccessful in business, and his family became poor. This afforded me an opportunity of returning what I had taken. As one who had received benefits from their father, I have, in presents, already done it; and if I should be prosperous in business, I intend to keep on, until I have restored four fold.

My dear Sir—I wish you could see my happy family, in the midst of which I am writing this sketch. I have four interesting children, and the best—the most joyous of wives. I feel that God is with us, and that we are safe. I feel like one who has escaped—not to speak irreverently—from hell to heaven. Oh that I could carry home to every intemperate man the conviction, that *he might reform, IF HE WOULD!* Above all, I would warn every young man of the error of *my* ways, and conjure him, by the love he bears his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, his own soul, his God, to avoid those temptations, and

that society which brought me into those dark regions of moral desolation and death, from which I was redeemed by events the most appalling, and upon which I cannot even now look back without pangs of remorse and shame.

I am, Dear Sir, most respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

H. M.

THE  
TEMPERANCE ENTERPRISE  
A CHRISTIAN WORK,  
AND IN HARMONY WITH THE SPIRIT OF THE  
PRESENT AGE.

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BY REV. J. H. HEYWOOD, A.M.,  
*P. G. W. A. of Kentucky.*

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THE ancient civilization—the civilization of Greece and Rome—made the State every thing, and the man, the individual, comparatively nothing, except as an element and component of the State. Hence, the great object of education, in the olden time, was to make *citizens*, rather than men. The Christian civilization makes the man all, and the State nothing, except as a helper of manhood, a developer of humanity. One great truth which the Saviour desired to embody in the world, is, that society should have its institutions so shaped and moulded, and breathing such a spirit, that it would prove a stumbling-block and offence to none, but a benefactor and friend to all.

This is the noble idea of the Christian civilization, in the eye of which, a single immortal soul, though inhabiting the humblest tenement of clay, is of more value than all the apparatus and machinery of government, than all merely national glory; and this idea, having been sent forth on its grand mission, has never ceased from its divine work. Starting on its errand of love, from the sacred soil of Palestine, it has gone from land to land, and from age to age, seeking an entrance into all living hearts, and leaving a benediction wherever welcomed. You can trace its progress from clime to clime, during the long lapse of ages; for it has gone, like an angel of heaven, shedding celestial fragrance from its wings; and verdure, as of Paradise, shows where its foot-print hath fallen.

From this idea, this living principle, have sprung the various efforts to ameliorate the condition of society, which have characterized the Christian age. To its powerful influence do we owe the establishment of public schools; that most interesting and expressive recognition, by the State, of the duty of providing opportunities, and means of improvement and development, for all minds. To its influence we owe the establishment of Sunday Schools, which, to a spiritual mind, is, perhaps, the most interesting feature of modern society; showing, as it does, clearly and strikingly, that the Christian world has begun to enter into the Saviour's feelings of tenderness and

care for childhood, and to feel and acknowledge the duty of throwing around it a protecting arm, and of winning its heart, while yet the dew of life's morn is upon it, to the love and service of God. To this living principle we owe the missionary enterprise; that glorious acknowledgment of human brotherhood—that declaration, more eloquent than the burning words in which genius sends forth its breathing thoughts, that the human heart, though it beat far, far beyond the wild waste of waters, and under the triple folds of ignorance, degradation, and vice, is a brother's heart; and, as such, is entitled to a brother's sympathy, and the richest treasures of a brother's love.

In these, and many other forms, we have a manifestation of the glorious idea of Christianity, that the promotion of the highest welfare of man, the individual man, should be the grand purpose of all social institutions; that the State should be so moulded and directed, that all its influences shall be helpful to man; and that society, becoming thoroughly Christianized, should have the image of Christ stamped upon its heart, as well as worn upon its neck; so that the young, when they enter upon life's active scenes, instead of finding themselves in the midst of fearful perils and innumerable foes, shall behold the smiling faces, and feel the warm pressure of the hand of Christian affection.

This is the idea, the living principle, which gave birth to the Temperance enterprise; which is, emphatically, a Christian enterprise; which was begun by Christian men—men of enlarged patriotism and genuine philanthropy; who, with hearts filled with Christian love, and minds made clear by Christian light, were quick to discern the great truth of human brotherhood, and who determined, with the help of God, to do all that in them lay, to make society a friend, benefactor, guardian, and parent of all.

This movement was not intended to interfere with the peculiar work of the Church; the Temperance organizations were not designed to take the place of the Church, but to aid in the application to life of the great principles entrusted to the Church for the regeneration of the world. It surely cannot be necessary to add words, to show that the Temperance reformation is a Christian movement; that, in the language of one of America's noblest minds, "the sympathy with the fallen, the guilty, the miserable, which it indicates, is inherited from Jesus Christ; that we have caught it from his lips, his life, his cross, and, were we to trace its origin, it would carry us back to Bethlehem and Calvary."

As the Temperance movement is a Christian work, so is it in harmony with the spirit of the age as manifested in the great enterprises of the day.

The age is characterized by mental activity, and far-reaching thought. Behold the indications in the rail-roads, which, making nought of mountain barriers and yawning chasms, are linking, with iron bands, the most remote parts of the Union, over which, as has been beautifully said, the engine, an iron shuttle passing to and fro, is weaving a web of interest and affection, which shall make disunion impossible; in the telegraphic wire, on which the invisible messenger, borne on lightning wings, is carrying the messages of business and kindness, and, as he darts from pole to pole, annihilating time and distance; in the magnificent discoveries in the world of science, by which the existence of a new planet is disclosed, and the very point in space indicated, to which the astronomer is to direct his telescopic eye; in these, and countless other instances, we have illustrations of the mental activity and far-reaching thought of the age. And certainly, with the spirit of the age, as thus manifested, the Temperance movement is in perfect harmony; for, is it not one of its great objects, to throw off the fetters of vice which have bound the mind to earth, and enable it to roam at will through the world of thought, and to clear its eye from the mists of sensuality, that, with eagle vision, it may range through the realms of truth!

The spirit of the age is a humane spirit. It seeks to relieve, to reform, to educate. Under pure Christian impulse, it sends forth missionaries to foreign lands.

The genius of Temperance, beholding and admiring the grandeur of the work, and reverencing the spirit which prompts men to engage in it, but clearly seeing that it is of comparatively little avail for the vessel to carry out missionaries in her cabin, while she carries rum in her hold, and drunken, licentious sailors in her fore-castle, comes forward, as the humble handmaid of religion, and seeks to reform the merchant who loads, the sailor who works, and the captain who commands the vessel; that the voice from the fore-castle, the quarter-deck, and the hold, may be in unison with the voice from the cabin; that commerce may thus go hand in hand with Christianity in civilizing and blessing the world.

The spirit of the age builds school-houses, that intellect may be quickened into activity, and enriched with knowledge. The genius of temperance, seeing that it is of little avail to provide means of improvement, unless the young have minds and time to avail themselves of the means provided, would reform the intemperate parent, and save the temperate parent from becoming intemperate; that children may not bring into the world, feeble and idiotic minds, and tendencies almost irresistible to dissipation and vice, or inherit a heritage of poverty, which dooms them to ceaseless toil, and hopeless ignorance. The inherited tendencies and propensities of intemperance, form a terrible chapter in the history of this vice, a chapter not yet written, but which, we may rest assured, will, at some time, be

written, and with a pen of fire ; and the writing will appal the hearts of all who look upon it, as the heart of the revelling monarch of old was appalled, by the hand writing upon his palace wall

The spirit of the age builds hospitals for the insane, and provides houses for the homeless poor, and asylums for the lonely orphan, and seeks to convert prisons into schools of reform. The genius of temperance looks on with joy, reverence, and gratitude, and asks the privilege of assisting benevolence in her noble work. She engages in the work with earnestness. She goes to the hospital, and listens to the wail of insanity, and learns, from the incoherent utterances, that more than half of its inmates were driven there by intemperance. She visits the almshouse, and hears the aged widow, a dependent upon the hand and heart of charity, speak with trembling voice of a home, once dear and beautiful, always dear and beautiful, until intemperance, having, with ruthless hand, torn down the vine which had entwined itself around and over the lowly cottage-door, to shed its fragrance upon every visitor, sweetly emblematic of the tender vines of affection, which made all fragrant and beautiful within, sent its once happy inmates, in destitution and wretchedness, to find sustenance at the hand of strangers.

She visits the asylum, and, taking the orphan tenderly to her bosom, asks her about her departed parents. The eye of the fatherless and motherless one, fills with tears, and her heart swells almost to breaking,

as she tries to say, but cannot say, that her parents died from intemperance.

She goes to the prison-cell, and talks with the young man, young in years, though grey-headed in crime, and asks him of his early home. The heart is not yet a complete desert, but has one spot of verdure, one oasis of tenderness. The criminal tells of a mother, whose image is yet enshrined in his memory, who died while he was but a child, died of broken heart, and left him the victim of a drunken father's waywardness and sin.

She asks no more. She sees that her work is to dry up the great source of poverty, insanity, and crime, and that, in accomplishing, or, at least, in endeavoring to accomplish this work, she lends the most efficient aid to Christian benevolence.

It cannot be necessary to add any thing more upon this point. Obvious enough is it, that the temperance movement harmonizes with all the great movements of the age, and that its influence is essential to their success. It is in harmony with all of man's great interests, his intellectual, social, and religious interests. The day has gone by, in which studied arguments were necessary to show the high character, and great importance of the temperance cause. The man who does not feel its importance, cannot have reflected upon it, for it is as evident as the beauty of the universe. Yet, glorious as the universe is, there are men who go from the cradle to the grave. and, because they have not

been taught to observe, see no beauty in this great panorama, although painted by the Creator's own hand, and having his name inscribed upon it in characters of living light. So there are men, who will have a grand moral enterprise spread out before them for months and years, and, for want of a little reflection, feel not its importance, though its importance be unutterably great, and, though its success would throw beauty and glory over myriads of hearts and homes.

Or, if there are any who, having reflected, yet do not feel its importance, it must be because they are blinded by some selfish interest. A hillock of earth can hide from view the mighty sun, and the hand placed before the eye can shut out the evening star, though it be a world, and a world of beauty; so some little worldly interest can shut out from view a great humane, moral cause, though it shine with radiance, like that of the noon-day sun, or beam with light, soft and beautiful as the light of the star of evening.

If a cause, which originated in the purest spirit of Christian benevolence, which harmonizes with all the great interests of society, which aims to relieve human woe, and increase human happiness, does not commend itself to the patriot, the philanthropist, and the Christian, what cause is worthy of their regard?

No one, with mind capable of discerning truth, and heart alive to the beauty and grandeur of moral heroism, can doubt, that the cause of temperance is the cause of humanity, the cause of God. Nor can

such a cause die. Particular organizations may pass away, but the cause must live. With the blessing of Almighty God, it must go on, conquering, and to conquer, until it shall have obtained a complete and enduring triumph.

In the accomplishment of the grand result, so dear to every human heart, the Order of the Sons of Temperance has proved, and, we doubt not, is destined yet to prove, an interesting and efficient instrumentality. This institution harmonizes with the great principles of Christian charity and brother-hood, with which the cause of temperance is identified, and it is nobly adapted to produce the result towards which all true-hearted temperance efforts have been directed. There is nothing sectional, or sectarian in its spirit. That spirit is broad, generous, comprehensive, national. It recognizes and brings into bold relief the grand truth, to which the great heart of mankind responds, that man is bound, solemnly, and for ever bound, to care for his brother man. It proclaims, in thrilling tones, the noble principle which, from the time when Christianity began her divine mission, has sought admission into all hearts, and which now finds many faithful exponents in all lands, that human welfare is to be advanced, and secured, not by the cold isolation of individualism, nor by the sharp antagonism of selfish competition; but, by cordial co-operation, and Christian union. It proclaims also, through its services, rich in scriptural language, and pervaded by a religious spirit,

the all-important principle, that the temperance cause must rest upon religion as its firm and enduring foundation, and always be sanctified by religion's pure spirit.

Great, inestimable, is the good which this organization has effected. A glorious work is yet before it. Long may it live. Faithful may its friends prove; and if, at last, having fulfilled its mission, and having proved faithful to its high ideal, and its noble opportunities of usefulness, it shall be numbered among the things that were, may its spirit live in some new organization, which shall prove even more efficient and successful in carrying on the great work to its final consummation. The triumph of temperance! This is the end which all her earnest friends propose to themselves. This is the end, dear alike to humanity and Christianity; and, if this end be accomplished, however and whenever it may be accomplished, provided only it be done openly and worthily, every Son and Daughter of Temperance will rejoice. For this end let us all labor, each in the way which, to him, seems wisest and best. In regard to means of action, the friends of Temperance may honestly differ; but, in one thing, let us all agree. Of one thing let us all make sure, that *act* we may, and *act* we *will*, in some way, earnestly, efficiently, constantly. We have enlisted, not for a summer campaign, but for the war; and we cannot expect to lay aside our arms, until death gives us our papers of discharge from all the duties and conflicts of life. .



# THE LICENSE LAW.

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BY REV. JOHN MILLER, M. D.

*Of Marysville, Kentucky.*

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IN less liberal governments, whatever concerns the general weal, becomes, by established precedent, as well as common consent, the business of the privileged orders; but, in a country like ours, where the people hold the reins of power, and the rights of all classes are duly respected, the popular voice in the primary assemblies, or uttered by their representatives, wisely chosen, determines the course of action.

And who, among us, in casting the eye over the far-spreading population of this mighty continent, does not feel a becoming pride, as he counts the number of our growing cities, the extent of our trade, the progress of manufactures, and the increase of our commerce. But a few years have rolled away since the struggle of the fathers; and, already, has the unparalleled prosperity of our heaven-favoured country, excited the admiration of the civilized world.

In the origin and formation of the civil government with which God has blest us, in the development of its fair proportions and finely balanced machinery, is seen, at once, the benevolence of a superintending Deity, and the wisdom of the greatest men, guided by the unerring Providence of Him who sitteth upon the circle of the heavens, in whose hands are the issues of life, and without whose knowledge not a sparrow shall fall to the ground. Nor should we forget, while we continue a free and happy people, the accumulating clouds of disaster and oppression, or the galling chain intended to be imposed upon us by a deluded potentate and his infatuated ministry. For many long and tedious years, the hope of reconciliation was fondly cherished; but the narrow circle of light gradually became more and more circumscribed, until a nation's presumptions reached the point of disaster, and conviction, almost at the same moment, flashed upon the minds of three millions of people, that the dilemma in which they were involved, was one of slavery or war.

There is, indeed, much in the circumstances of our final disenthralment, to convince the reflecting mind, that it was the design of the All-wise Ruler to deliver the colonies from the oppressions of a foreign power, and make them instrumental in the political emancipation of the world. And, whether we contemplate the magnitude of power, against which our fathers pledged their lives, their fortunes,

and their sacred honor; or the peculiar relations of the European States, at the moment of disjunction; or the scanty resources of the colonies themselves; or the noble and generous spirit which impelled their armies to the field; or the destitute condition of our untaught soldiery; the conviction seems equally irresistible, that a new era in the history of nations was about to be developed. That principle, which is the hope of the faithful in the darkest hour, is now the well-spring of a nation's gratitude and joy. Durs is now a country, rich in every variety of resource; our international policy extends to every civilized court; while the industry and energy of our citizens, has covered the continent with towns and cities, and the ocean with our commerce. And if we add to these, an extent of territory sufficient for the energies of a mighty people; an extent of inland navigation, to which the civilized world affords no parallel, and compassing resources adapted to peace or war; a citizen soldiery, available at the shortest notice, and equal to any emergency; and the stars and stripes, proclaiming protection to the oppressed, and "freedom to worship God;" we may well give utterance to the gratitude of a free people, in the language of the inspired penman, "Hallelujah! the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

It was long a fruitful source of speculation, whether the newly constituted States would be able to maintain their associated integrity. The doctrine of the world

was, that the people were incompetent to govern themselves; and the new republic, consequently, in her political and religious adjustments, became the theme of accumulated controversy and conjectural speculation, both at home and abroad. Nearly a century has flown upon the wings of time, since "the days that tried men's souls;" and, if we mistake not, experience has fully shown, that we have far less to fear from the intrinsic nature of our institutions, than from the incorporation of foreign bigotries and dogmatisms, into the peculiarities of our civil polity. The substrative principles of civil jurisprudence must, necessarily, be the same in all countries, where the rights of the people are respected, even in an ordinary degree. The statutory provisions of our country, however, may widely differ from those of another; and a single feature of national polity, may be sufficient to determine a difference in the appliance of law for the protection of the rights and interests of all. During the colonial era, the laws of the parent state, and those of the colonies, were essentially the same; and when the act of separation took effect, most of the statutes in use, previously, remained substantially the same still. These, considering the age in which they were originated, and the peculiarities of monarchical polity, were, of course, very imperfect, when used in the application of a more popular scheme of civil jurisprudence. The fires of the reformation had not yet sufficiently purified the

world's political atmosphere; and the true theory of civil government was still unevolved. Besides, the naturally plodding gait of the human mind, in adopting newly developed truths, very readily accounts for the adoption of legal principles not well understood. The moral progress of society, moreover, must be expected to discover defects in civil jurisprudence, never before fully fathomed.

This view of the historical facts, and the reasons for them, will, when thoroughly developed, reveal the origin of a system of *License Laws* in these United States, regulating the sale and use of ardent spirits, that has caused, in our country, a greater sacrifice of human life and happiness, than war, pestilence, and famine, combined. The moral, intellectual, and physical progress of the American States, has fixed the admiration of the world; and the causes which threaten the defeat of our experiment of civil liberty, though potent in character, are believed to be few and far between. It has always been the world's misfortune, that men discover and receive essential truths very slowly, indeed; and the transit of a nation from one form of government to another, whatever the prospect of ultimate success, must, consequently, be attended with present risk and disadvantage. In most minds, there is often perceptible, a tenacity for things antique; and the antiquity itself, is frequently the means of perpetuity to an error, that has nothing else to commend it to

popular regard. Hence it is, that maxims, generally received, and undoubted in point of truth, however erroneous in fact, often hold the way against a sound theory, and require years to wear them away.

It is to the consideration of an error of this description, that we invite attention; an error, not less humiliating to our national pride, than fraught with mischief to the country. Hitherto, the friends of temperance, it is feared, have directed their efforts against the *practice* of intemperance, without sufficiently regarding the source of mischief and complaint. The philanthropist has, consequently, been doomed to witness the steady progress of intemperance, unable, by the policy adopted, to reach the fell source of his country's wrongs. A vague and indefinite notion, as to the indispensibility, or, at least, usefulness, of daily potations of ardent spirits, still lingered among the masses, and even the religious; and, not until about the year 1840, was the doctrine general, among the abstemious, that *total abandonment* afforded the only ground of hope. The second pledge gave evidence of the advance of truth; and, very soon, thousands were marshalled under the banners of a *total abstinence* that promised to revolutionize the country.

But here, again, the friends of humanity were doomed to a severe trial of their hopes. It was soon seen that *Washingtonism*, however well calculated to answer the general wants, and check the growing evil for a

time, needed something more than had yet been evolved, to strike the public mind favorably, give precision of aim to the general plan, and beard the monster in his strong hold. Societies were easily formed during a season of excitement, but disappeared as easily, for want of fixedness of purpose, and well defined and united action. "Festina lente" was still the policy of the state, and the enemy to be confronted seemed enshrined in the affections of the law-making power; and thus sustained, by those whose only rational duty it can be to protect the people, was found more than a match for those who opposed his accursed reign. It was also discovered, that, in order to save the drinker, it was necessary to transfer him from the socialities of the bar-room, to the socialities of the Division room, where he might be supported by the greetings of friends, and cheered on in the terrible struggle with inordinate appetite. In short, something in the form of a *popular association* was seen to be necessary to the salvation of the inebriate—a centre of motion, involving fixed principles of conservatism and endurance. An institution, further, conferring equal rights and privileges upon all; and, dispensing with the ordinary conventionalisms of society, establish *sobriety and moral virtue*, as the only true test of respectability and character; where religious and political sectarianisms should be unknown, and where all might unite in the regeneration of society.

Such an institution is that known as, "The Sons of Temperance;" and however sanguine its enemies may have been in pronouncing upon its ephemeral existence, we claim for it a prospective perpetuity, that shall tell upon the world with greater moral power, and upon ecclesiastical and civil establishments with higher purifying efficacy, than any temperance movement that has preceded it. Here may the friends of philanthropy and moral reform, disentangled from all other objects than that of a *thorough and permanent temperance reformation*, act upon the moral phase of society, with the genial influence of a vernal sun upon the rising vegetation of spring; and upon legislative bodies, and licensing establishments, with the sweeping power of a summer tornado. By this mighty lever, the war may be carried into the enemy's country, and those who neglect to listen to the pleading voice of suffering humanity, be compelled to hear the thunder-toned utterances of a people determined to be free.

It is believed, as has been intimated, that the principle cause of the prevalence of intemperance, and that by which it is made respectable, both to vend and use intoxicating drinks, is the perpetuity of a "*License System*," in the support of which the representatives of the people, in legislating money into the treasury, have bartered away the peace and morals of society, and, in numerous instances, the religion of the country. If this view of the case be a correct one, the cure of the evil consists in the abrogation

of legislative enactments, fraught with such direful consequences to the masses. And, in order to demonstrate the assumption as satisfactorily as possible, we beg leave to submit the following proposition, and respectfully invite attention to a few arguments in support of it.

**PROPOSITION.**—The License Law, regulating the sale of ardent spirits in the State of Kentucky, is, in its practical operation, detrimental to the peace, safety, and prosperity of the people of this commonwealth, and ought, therefore, to be abolished.

We do not enter upon this discussion unadvisedly, nor are we prepared to charge the law-making power foolishly. We are equally aware, that the chief prejudice has long existed in force against those who make and sell, without sufficiently recollecting, that, those who do so, act in accordance with law, and that we ourselves, are, in fact, the authors of a hated indulgence, while we pass a sweeping condemnation upon all who buy the privilege at our own hands. It is of no consequence that we lavish our denunciations upon the retailer, and our sympathies upon a suffering community, while the laws authorizing the trade are in force. If the habitual drinking of spirits is wrong, then the law authorizing it is wrong; and the only probable remedy is to be sought in abolishing the license system altogether, or substituting such enactments as shall protect the interests of the people.

That we may not misdirect the argument, it will be necessary, in the first place, to glance at a few established principles, which lie at the basis of *civil government, as an institution intended to protect the interests of its subjects.*

Political society necessarily involves civil government, and government implies restraint. It is requisite, therefore, to inquire, in how far our natural freedom is relinquished when we enter into civil society. The advantages which civil power can procure to a community, are partial only, as only a part is included within the reach of its movements. If it be a rational institution, then is it such an one as rational men would adopt to secure its benefits; and it must be clear, that no greater sacrifice of national rights is included, than is strictly necessary to the attainment of its objects. If we inquire into the reasons of political society, the answer is, to guard against the injuries of others; for, in the absence of all injustice, no protection or government would be necessary. The attainment of all the good possible, then, is not the object of law, but security against wrong. Civil restraints imply nothing more than a surrender of our liberty, in some respects, for the purpose of securing its exercise in some other respects of higher importance. Thus, we surrender the liberty of punishing injuries received, only to secure the agency of law in securing justice for us. Government, then, has a specific end, as it implies the surrender

of so much national right or freedom, as is necessary to secure its object.

The power to exercise government is, by national right, in the people; but, for the sake of convenience, is, by mutual consent, transferred to their representatives; and the only rational objects of government, so exercised, is the mutual protection and consequent safety of society. Special enactments, it is true, may, and ought, to be granted by the law-making power, for the benefit, either of individuals or classes, provided that the rights and interests of the whole shall thereby be promoted, or, at least, not unsettled by such enactments and privileges granted to a part; or the State sufficiently compensated by the applying party for privileges so secured. But, it is equally true, that no man acquires the right to enact deleterious laws by entering into civil society; and it follows, of consequence, that no class of men acquire the same right, by the erection of civil government. For, as no man can possess the right in his individual character to injure others, so no man, or men, acting solely with a view to the general good, obtain the right to injure those, or even a part of those for whom they act. The conclusion, hence, is inevitable, that the legislative power, acting within these limitations, can never justly, and by special enactment for that purpose, confer upon a few the privilege of merchandise and trade, in an article jeopardizing the pecuniary and moral interests of all other parts of the community.

Now, if these principles be correct, as stated—and we feel assured they cannot be denied—then, it only remains for us to show, that the License System is injurious to society, in order to prove, that the legalized traffic in ardent spirits is founded in injustice and wrong

First. We base our first argument, in support of the proposition advanced, upon the fact, that *the retail of spirituous liquors decreases the national wealth*. The wealth of a nation consists in the wealth of its citizens. Its only sources are labor, land, and capital. The last of these, is the product of the two former; but, as it may be used to increase their value, it is considered, by writers on political economy, as one of the original sources of wealth. Capital is only capable of employment, in two ways—either to produce new capital, or for purposes of gratification. If consumed for the latter, it is called expenditure; while the first is denominated capital. These, necessarily, bear an inverse proportion to each other; and, if the first be small, the last is correspondingly large. In other words, capital is capable of increase, by decrease of expenditure, and of decrease, by increase of expenditure.

Now, if we apply this principle to the case considered, we have a clear exhibition of the practical application of political economists; showing, conclusively, that all who use ardent spirits, as a beverage, contribute daily to the poverty of the commonwealth.

A man, for example, purchases a quantity of ardent spirits, which he uses in the usual way, and under circumstances that render it useless, and even hurtful; it is certain, that, to him, it is an entire loss. The retailer may have secured his profit, and the wholesale dealer may have been equally successful; but the consumer loses the whole amount—cost, profit, and time consumed in procuring and drinking it. The State loses, by the injury inflicted on his capital, mind, and body, and the demoralization of his family, and the immediate community in which he moves. His land becomes unproductive, for want of attention; the capital produced by his land and labor, is diminished; and, by the perpetuity of the process, the means of future reproduction is also cut off. The expenditure increases by the increase of appetite, and the unproductiveness of his farm and capital increases in the ratio of the rapidity with which the process advances, whether with greater or less speed; and ruin to himself, and certain loss to the State, are the unavoidable consequences.

The demonstrative proof is familiar to every one; and every member of society must have seen the living exhibition of the facts, passing under his notice, again and again. How many of those who have been engaged in vending alcoholic drinks, have become hopeless inebriates; and how many children and friends have been involved in the same manner? How many estates reduced to the most utter and

unavoidable bankruptcy? We have seen the youthful, as well as aged, member of the bar, whose talents were the hope of the country, and the pride of friends, debased and ruined by the brutal practice of intoxication; brought about by friendships and associations, which, but for the commonness and credibility of the evil, would have purified the life, and greatly elevated the professional and social standards.

The physician, too, who, in his toilsome incipiency to professional eminence, was taught to dread the influence of alcoholic drinks, and who, in his sober reason, was ever ready to bear testimony to its destructive character: merchants and mechanics, and, in short, the men of all pursuits and professions, have been overtaken by the destroyer. Even your priests, of all religions, have descended from their high and holy calling, to sacrifice at the shrine of a legalized national Bacchus; and, reeling around the altars of the living God, have unsettled the public morals, and destroyed the public confidence in the religion of the Bible. Here, then, we have peace, health, wealth, character, talents, morals, friends, wives, and children, lost—all lost!—to the state and the world. Where is the parallel to this, to be found in the history of the race? Think of it fellow-citizens, as you have seen it presented in the unmistakable reality of a common ruin, descending, with the sloop of an avalanche, upon the most

retired hamlets and crowded cities of this commonwealth; and then declare, whether you believe the License System productive of the general good. The entire amount paid into your treasuries, by retailers, from the beginning until this hour, would not remunerate a single family thus ruined.

Second. A second argument may be drawn from the fact, that *the use of ardent spirits, as a beverage, is destructive to the health of the consumer.* The health of the physical economy depends upon the harmonious action of all the animal organs, and the consequent progress of the functions of life. Whatever has a tendency to disturb the general equilibrium of the physical constitution, necessarily deranges the health, as health can only be maintained while the harmony of parts is preserved. Every organ, moreover, has its appropriate stimulants; as, for example, light for the eye, atmospheric air for the lungs, food for the stomach, and so of all the others. But, if it be inquired, to what organ of the animal economy ardent spirits is appropriate, we answer, none; for no organ, in a healthy state, needs its assistance. It neither promotes digestion, absorption, nutrition, assimilation, nor elimination; nor is there an organ in the physical system, that is not disturbed by its lodgement in the stomach. The blood is the common medium of communication to every part of the body, and for the common benefit. When charged with the duty of conveying ardent spirits, it presents it, as it does other materials, and

each organ instinctive makes an effort to repel the noxious agent, and, if not overpowered by the unwelcome visitor, it succeeds; if otherwise, however, it passes onward, still rejected at every call, until it is finally seized upon by the emunctories, as a common enemy, and cast out. This takes place in obedience to the laws of the animal frame; *laws*, implanted by the All-wise Maker; *laws*, upon which every intelligent physician proceeds in the administration of his remedies, and which can never be outraged without hazard.

It is now known, from the evidence of facts, that the preceding remarks are founded in truth, and capable of support by the most abundant testimony. More than one in every ten, in extensive districts of country, who have used ardent spirits, and more than one in five of those, who have mixed and sold it, have become drunkards. It is also ascertained, by the most satisfactory evidence, drawn from the testimony of eminent medical men, that more than one in every five, who have been habitual drinkers, have been murdered by it; and hundreds who were scarcely ever known to be intoxicated, have shortened life by years, by what is commonly called moderate drinking.

In the city of Albany, New York, in a population of about twenty-five thousand, three hundred and thirty-six, over sixteen years of age, died of cholera, in 1832. Of the whole population, one fifth were members of the temperance society; and of this one

fifth, two died of that disease. Of those not members of the temperance society, one in every sixty died; while of those who were, only one in twenty-five hundred died. Of six hundred brought into Park Hospital, New York, but one in every five called themselves even moderate drinkers.

In India, Rhamahun Fingee, a native physician, declares, that those who did not take ardent spirits, or opium, seldom took cholera, though constantly laboring among the sick of that disease. In China, it selected its victims, generally, from among the filthy and intemperate. A physician in Russia, states, that the cholera swept away the intemperate, like swarms of flies, and two thousand one hundred and sixty died in a single city, in twenty-five days.

In the city of Tiflis, containing twenty thousand inhabitants, every drunkard died. In Paris, France, of thirty thousand who died of cholera, the greater proportion were drunkards. Of two hundred and four cases in Park Hospital, New York, at one time, only six were temperate, and all recovered; while of the remaining one hundred and ninety-eight, one hundred and twenty-two died. Statements like these might be multiplied to any length, but it can hardly be necessary to carry them farther. One more, bearing upon the question of usefulness, must suffice. Of one hundred and eighty-six vessels, belonging to New Bedford, the masters and owners of one hundred and sixty-eight, declared, that the use of intoxicating drinks

among seafaring men, *in any climate*, and under *any circumstances*, was not only useless, but injurious.

Now, to sanction by law, such an enemy to human health, whose known tendency is to produce loss of appetite, nausea, disorders, secretion, coughs, colds, dyspepsia, consumption, dropsy, rheumatism, epilepsy, gout, colic, fever, apoplexy, insanity, and deaths; besides, a host of other evils, the thought of which sickens the very soul, is an outrage upon humanity, patriotism, and even moral principle itself. We speak not unadvisedly, and here deliberately declare, that there is not, in our opinion, within the wide range of civilized legislation in modern times, a single parallel to the License System in point of inconsistency and wrong. Indeed, it seems astonishing, in view of its horrid results, that it should be tolerated in any civilized State. Even Paganism, under the first rays of the beaming sun of civilization, has generally renounced it; and were it not for the moral darkness which it creates, and the moral insensibility which it induces, its own doings would be sufficient to pull down upon it the united anathema of this whole nation.

If the evils resulting from the law sanctioning trade in alcohol were permitted to concentrate upon the heads of legislators themselves, they would cease either to enact or perpetuate laws authorizing the shameful traffic, by which those evils are produced. And, instead of "An act, entitled, An act to regulate the

sale of spirituous liquors," any longer disgracing the statute books of this commonwealth, we would, doubtless, know it by its appropriate and real name, "*An act to regulate the loss of public health, the destruction of public morals, and the extinguishment of life.*"

If the opinion of the wisest in the profession of medicine were regarded in this, as in other cases, where the health of society is jeopardized, a tide of testimony, completely overwhelming, would be the result. For more than half a century, the halls of scientific medicine have resounded with solemn warnings to the student; and the best and wisest of the profession every where have spoken against it, both orally and through the press, until society is literally without apology.

And, if there be a single member of the honorable profession, who dares to risk his medical reputation by affirming the necessity and harmlessness of the habitual use of alcohol, let him now speak, or for ever after hold his peace. We are free to declare, whatever may be the opinions of others, that we could neither envy the skill, nor moral principle of the man; and the community would have nothing in *his* case over which to shed a tear, were he sloughed off from the surface of professional brotherhood, and left in the bottom of the sewer.

Third. A third argument against the perpetuity of the License Law, is based upon *the influence it exerts*

*upon the public peace.* It has already been intimated that, in order to justify the procedure, it must be shown that community is in some way remunerated for the evils inflicted, and we venture to proceed for a few minutes in quest of such a justifying circumstance. It is true that the sale of licenses for retailing ardent spirits, has placed a trifle of means at public command: but who will venture to affirm that this is a sufficient justification? We regard with peculiar horror the practice of barbarous nations, in selling into helpless bondage the prisoners taken from an enemy in time of war, and for the sake of gain; but, do we act a more consistent and Christian part, while we sell, for precisely the same consideration, annually, a host of the free citizens of this noble State, into the more despicable bondage of our jails and penitentiaries? And thousands more are sacrificed upon beds of sickness and death, superinduced by intemperance; and multitudes of others still meet, if possible, a more dreadful end at the point of the dagger, or the muzzle of the pistol; or expiate the crimes committed in an hour of inebriation, upon the gallows.

And can it be, that the public peace suffers no interruptions by transactions like these? Have the thousands of unfortunate victims of alcohol, lost the sensibilities common to the species, even in the hours of sobriety; or the thousands of homeless and heart-broken widows, made such by our License Laws,

lost all sense of degradation and shame, to say nothing of the soul-blighting sorrows inflicted upon the domestic circle in other regards? Have orphans and widows no interests, or feelings, worthy to be considered by the guardians of the State, and that may not be bought and sold for the sake of filthy lucre, and over which the philanthropist might well weep tears of blood? Well may the men, whose faces are set, as flints, against the deadly evil, shudder at the bare enumeration of the flood of woes and death, rolled in upon society by a law-sanctioned trade in intoxicating drinks; and humanity turn pale at the spectacle of a people, branded with the unwelcome epithet, "A nation of drunkards."

Go, inquire of your public officers; examine the records of your prisons and courts of justice; visit your jails and penitentiaries, the receptacles of living death and moral putrescence; look at the victim of intoxication, as his very heart writhes in unavailing anguish. His property wasted; reputation lost; the wife of his youth broken-hearted, or already consigned to the voiceless tomb; his children unlettered, and in rags, and abandoned to the cheerless prospects of a law-necessitated benevolence; and then pronounce upon the benefits of "An Act, entitled, An Act, to regulate the sale of spirituous liquors, in the Commonwealth of the State of Kentucky."

But, let us examine this argument a little more in detail. In the county of Baltimore, in the State

of Maryland, of 1134 paupers admitted to the alms house in a single year, 1059 were brought there by intemperance. Of the whole number, only twenty-four were known to be temperate; the habits of twenty-four more were unknown; while of intemperate parents and their children, 1059 were admitted. In Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, of fifty paupers, forty-eight were made such by intemperance. In Oneida County, New York, of 253 paupers, 246 became such by ardent spirits. At the Washington County, New York, Poor House, 322 were received; of whom, 290 were sent there, either by their own intemperance, or that of others. Nineteen-twentieths of the poor received into the Montgomery, New York, Poor House, owed their condition to the use of intoxicating drinks, as a beverage; and the Superintendent of the Albany Alms-House, says, "Were it not for the practice of drinking, this establishment would be tenantless." The Keeper of the Ogdensburg City Jail, states, that seven-eighths of the criminals, and three-fourths of the debtors, imprisoned there, are intemperate persons. Of the first 690 children received into the New York House of Refuge, after its erection, 401 were known to be the children of intemperate parents. In two districts in Upper Canada, thirty-eight out of forty-four inquests, held by the coroners, were decided to be cases of death by intemperance. The Keeper of the Ohio Penitentiary says, that, of one hundred and thirty-

four prisoners then under his charge, only thirty-six called themselves moderate drinkers.

The New York State Temperance Society, estimates the saving, in cost of ardent spirits alone, in one year, at \$2,000,000; and the decrease of bills of mortality among those who have renounced its use, exhibits the astonishing fact, that, should this course be adopted by all, the number of deaths, annually, would be decreased by more than 50,000.

The testimony of the most able jurists is also in point, showing that a very large majority of all the crimes committed, are the results of habitual intoxication. One tells us, that, of twenty-two cases of murder, which passed under his recognition, twenty-one resulted from intemperance. Another states, that, of twenty cases of the same kind, examined by himself, all were occasioned by the same cause. And another still, says, that, of two hundred murders committed in the United States, in one year, nearly every one originated in strong drink. Nearly every murder committed in the State of Kentucky, within the last ten years, was the result of intemperance; and more than five-eighths of all the prisoners confined in the Penitentiary, within the same term, were brought there by the use of spirits.

These facts, and many others, which, for want of time, must be omitted, all go to prove, that, not only is the expenditure of the country greatly

increased by the sale of ardent spirits, but a very large amount of the sickness and distress of the community, of every kind, are owing to the same cause; besides the numberless valuable lives lost in the same way. If it be asked, *how* the License System thus accelerates the work of destruction, we answer, that, while the sale and use of alcohol is sustained by public authority, it will continue, at least in the minds of the masses, to be, in some degree, respectable; and public opinion cannot be brought to bear upon it. What *we ought to ask* at the hands of our legislators, is, that we may be, at least, left free to grapple with the monster, *unsustained by law*; and until our efforts are directed to this point—the *fountain* of the misery and death, that rolls through the length and breadth of this commonwealth—we may not *hope* to redeem the country. And if the present temperance movement is ever to pause, and the deluge of fire to continue to roll through the land, scorching and withering all that is fair and lovely, consuming and annihilating all that is excellent and elevating in prospect and possession; the men who authorize the accursed traffic, and those who traffic in it, must endure the vast and continually increasing burden of guilt, and the retribution finally annexed to the tremendous ruin.

Fourth. A fourth argument against the License System, is, that, *in its practical operation, it is productive of ignorance*; and is, therefore, dangerous

to civil government, whether republican or otherwise, because its perpetuity must always depend upon the enlightenment of the people.

It can only be necessary to state this argument, in order to secure its force in the minds of the reader. The doctrine contained, is coeval with civilization itself, and has ever been regarded as indispensable, particularly in the more liberal forms of government. It cannot but be clear to every one, even from the most common observation, that, without enlightenment, or education, the mind becomes the mere exponent of its own ignorance, prejudice, and superstition. In a country like ours, every thing depends upon the education of *all* the people. And it is impossible to conceive of the possibility of securing the higher objects of civil government, without the education of the masses. Where this is overlooked, for example, speculation and self-aggrandizement becomes the common passion; money, not intelligence, is the ruling principle. The wealthy perpetually remain the objects of preferment, and the centres of power; and the means of eminence and usefulness is, consequently, confined to the few. Power, moreover, when confided to ignorant hands, gives rise to an utter uncertainty in the affairs of State, often resulting in misfortune, or disaster to the general interests, involving unnecessary expenditures; or, as is more frequently the case, unsettling the sequences of a previous and wiser administration,

and seriously militates against free institutions. It is, doubtless, requisite, that the people be able to judge, intelligently, of our institutions; and in proportion to the general intelligence, will be the estimate placed upon them.

We have seen that intemperance is the result of the licensed traffic in ardent spirits; and intemperance not only unsettles the physical economy, and destroys health, but it also unhinges the mental constitution. For, as physical derangement is the consequence of habitual intoxication, so a disturbed state of the mental phenomena is the consequence of bodily ill health; and a good physical constitution, as a general rule, is indispensable to the healthy action of a manly intellect. The full play of the animal spirits, the vigor of the imagination, the power of feeling, and the comprehension of thought, all depend upon the healthy condition of the animal economy. Napoleon is said to have lost the Russian campaign by a fever; and the greatest poets and orators lived in an age, prior to that in which luxury and intemperance unhinged the body, and unstrung the soul. Mere taste and sensibility may flourish, in disjunction with all that is noble and dignifying; but the fullness of soul and versatility of mind, indispensable to national intelligence, in its diversified applications, is found only in a temperate and well developed physical structure.

The history of the race confirms the conclusion at which we have now arrived. Egypt, once queen

of the nations, dug a grave for her greatness by the indulgence of effeminacy, and for twenty-three centuries, stranger tyrants have filled the throne of her Ptolemys. The grandeur of her ancient ruins, and the silent and awe-inspiring eloquence of her pyramids, only tell of the glory and greatness that were. The conquests of Greece opened the flood-gates of luxury and intemperance upon her hardy citizens, and the sun of her glory went down in eternal night. Rome, before the iron arm of whose power thrones trembled and dynasties crumbled in common ruin, saw herself covered with disgrace, and the shield of her fame cast away by the same evil. It is the tendency of intemperance, to stultify the mind, corrupt the affections, and destroy the health; hence, the daily use of ardent spirits, as a beverage, tends to enervate the intellect, blunt the sensibilities, and deteriorate the national character. It also hardens the heart, sears the conscience, and pollutes the entire man; and, by opening every outlet to mental and pecuniary wealth, disqualifies and disinclines the parent to bestow the blessings of education upon the child. Thus, the same enactments that squander the public wealth and morals, also squander the public mind, by sustaining a system of legalized intemperance, disgraceful to civilization, and even humanity itself. Besides, no fact in medical science is better established, than that of the transmission from parents to children, the constitutional, mental,

moral, and bodily defects; whether they consist in temperament, habits, predispositions, ill health, or feeble intellect. And if the health of the parent has been seriously impaired by a course of intemperance, or the mind withered and shrunk by habitual intoxication, we may expect to witness the lamentable consequences in the debilitated bodies and weak intellectuality of the offspring. To what unaccountable influence ought we to ascribe the fact, that the last census finds *more than forty thousands* of the free white population of the State of Kentucky, over twenty years of age, *who can neither read nor write?* The mere circumstance, that this destitution is found mostly in the districts where intemperance is known to prevail to the greatest extent, fully solves the query.

And, indeed, in whatever point of light we regard the practice of using ardent spirits; or, in whatever class of society it prevails, the same consequences are observed to follow. The traffic in ardent spirits is a curse to the whole community, an ulcerating surface upon the very vitals of a nation's interests. And can it be pretended, for a single moment, that any good reason subsists for a *law-sanctioned* trade in alcoholic drinks? A vague notion that it is in some way necessary, or at least beneficial to the travelling community, is an insufficient justification if even true; for it would then behoove those by whom it is authorized and upheld to show, that the good resulting from its use outweighs

the miseries inflicted, than which nothing is more utterly impossible. That alcohol is useful, as a solvent, to a variety of drugs, and very rarely as a stimulant, none are disposed to deny; and if confined to the shops, and used as its nature indicates, then would society be relieved of the thousands of paupers ruined by it, and the literal host of curses it so certainly inflicts upon all who venture upon its daily use.

But, we pursue the subject no further. It only remains for us to sum up the argument, and present the whole at one view.

We feel that a crisis, big with importance to us and our children, has arrived. To us it belongs to settle the question, whether this land, overshadowed by the Almighty, shall belong to drunkards, and, the most heartless of all tyrants, *the drunkard-maker*. The trade in alcoholic drinks, as we have seen, depraves and curses all who engage in it. It wastes property, ruins morals, and unfits your citizens for profitable, honest, and industrious pursuits. It brings in an unnecessary tax upon the community, by compelling us to furnish and support an army of liquor dealers and their families, without the return of the smallest equivalent. It multiplies paupers, maniacs, and criminals; increases taxation, and endangers the lives and property of our citizens. It furnishes schools of vice, and places of resort, for the idle and dissipated, and holds in constant jeopardy the peace of society. It destroys your

professional men, by hundreds; robs your merchants, and beggars your mechanics; pollutes the halls of legislation, and turns the religion of the Bible into a fable. In short, if the argument be worthy of confidence, we have shown that the traffic is unnecessary, dishonest, and imposes burdens upon society, without measure, without repaying any equivalent whatever. And is it not enough, that schools of vice are erected in every city, village, and neighborhood; your citizens murdered; and injustice and crime go unwhipped of law? And is it not enough, that the physical, moral, and intellectual powers of men, should be corrupted and destroyed; your alms-houses, jails, and penitentiaries, crowded with your citizens, victimized by the detestable traffic; that disease, and poverty, and death, in their most terrific forms, should be spread throughout the country: but, must the agents of all the ruin, receive, at *our hands, our license and protection?*

Were the government a despotism, we should not be responsible for an alliance with grog-shops; but, our legislators and magistrates are our servants, and for their acts we are responsible, while the power resides in the people. If a family is beggared by intemperance—robbed, or murdered, by the sale of spirits—the price paid for the liberty to vend the agent, is in our treasury, and is the price of blood. Every tear wrung from wretched widowhood, and helpless orphanage; every dying groan of the wild

and infuriated drunkard; every family altar desolated and overturned; every stain of this moral leprosy, which has marked society with spots, more indelible and contagious than ever polluted the house of Israel: the sum total, in short, of the untold and indescribable miseries of the traffic, *are authorized and sanctioned by law.*

But, if the moral aspects of the question be set aside, and its pecuniary phase alone considered, the results of accurate computation are most startling. We venture to affirm, that the annual loss to these United States, by the sale and use of ardent spirits, amounts to more than \$120,000,000; besides the losses incurred by paupers and prisoners, and the expense of courts of justice, in conducting civil and criminal processes, in cases growing out of intemperance. A sum sufficient to pay the entire expense of administering the civil government, for nearly five years. The political doctrine of the country, is, that morality, religion, knowledge, and trade and commerce, are essential to good government, and the happiness of the people; and yet we tolerate, and even license, a trade, that strikes, as we have seen, at the very vitals of all that is holy in religion, pure in morals, elevating in education, and prosperous to the finances of the community.

We are aware, that the doctrines advanced in the course of the argument are novel; but, if they are false, let it be shown; if true, why not maintain

them at once? Why not choose our battle-ground, where we cannot be driven from it while the moral government of Heaven endures? Here, and, we venture to predict, no where else, we may deal successfully with the common enemy—secure his final discomfiture, and emancipate the country. The object of the present movement should be, not to create a temperance party in politics, but to imbue all parties with the temperance spirit; and, if the reformation of society is ever accomplished, and the regeneration of the country achieved, this point must be secured. Then will the halls of legislation be assailed by the whole people, and the liquor-vender be made responsible for his desolations. Ferry and railroad companies, and common carriers, of every sort, are held, by law, to a rigid responsibility; and, if all license is withdrawn, and dealers held amenable, as in other cases, the vender will become cautious and wary, and society will soon fix a mark upon such, more indelible than that of Cain. The right to constitute and execute government, belongs, primarily, to the people; and, as the people, *only*, can constitute government, so the people, *only*, can alter and amend that which is constituted, when found to miscarry in its primary objects. Our sole hope of ultimate success, is, to change our legislation; and, until this is done, nothing is done, effectually, to remove the evil. We may, indeed, operate upon public opinion; but popular sentiment is wayward and vascillating; and,

while the statutes of the country uphold the despicable trade, and men of loose morals are permitted to hold the seats of power, the enemy will continue to elude our grasp.

We rejoice, however, that the doom of drunkenness, and, indeed, of every other vice, is fixed—settled in the counsels of that God, who, from the throne of his power, has said, that virtue, truth, and religion, shall prevail; and crime, of every shade and character, shall cease from off this sin-riven world. Already has the redeeming spirit gone forth among the nations, developing moral light and sensibility. The conscience of the world begins to evince evidences of new life; and drunkenness, that foul source and centre, from which issues a thousand other sins, is now receiving a new class of attentions. If there be encouragement in the indications of Providence, or hope in the declarations of prophecy, the frightful abuse of the blessings of Heaven, so wantonly evinced, in the manufacture, sale, and use, of ardent spirits, must be corrected; or the name of Ichabod will be written, in letters of fire, upon the institutions of the land; the progress of civilization arrested, and the chariot wheels of the Son of God rolled back to their native Heaven.

Let us, then, be cheered by the successes of the past, and the promises of the future. There was a time, when the entire Church could be congregated in an inner chamber, at Jerusalem; but now its

members are reckoned by millions, and are spread abroad over the continents of earth. And even in our own day, the same inner chamber would have held all the advocates of total abstinence in Christendom. Now, their number is reckoned by millions, and their influence felt in all ranks of society, and in all the states of the civilized world. The present united condition of the Christian world, is among the promising signs of the times; and the union of all, in one great temperance movement, and the first permanent Temperance Society, exhibiting harmony of parts, and regularity of action, will ultimately roll upon these United States a flood of moral power, that will tell upon the ages and generations yet to come. May a gracious Providence smile upon the Order, and make it instrumental in causing even the moral wilderness and solitary places to be made glad, and the barren desert to bud and blossom as the rose.

# THE RUM-SELLER.

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*Of Nashville, Tennessee.*

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THERE are two evils, against which, as an advocate of Temperance, we feel especially bound to do valiant battle. We mean the making and the vending of intoxicating drinks. These are the chief sources of intemperance. Rather, one is the fountain, and the other is the stream. Could we stop the manufacture, we should extinguish the volcano at the crater; could we check the traffic, we should arrest the fire-torrent at the foot of the mountain. It would be folly in us here to undertake the former, for the eruption is still terrible; and happy should we be, if, in making an humble attempt toward the latter, we might build the slightest barrier before the advancing lava. Our theme is the iniquity of the traffic. We charge the rum-seller with dishonesty and inhumanity; and will endeavor, by facts and arguments, to make good the accusation.

FIRST. WE CHARGE THE RUM-SELLER WITH DISHONESTY.

All our dealings with our fellow men should be conducted on the principle of equality. In all interchange of commodities, one thing should be made to answer to another. The seller should receive an equivalent for the thing sold. The buyer should give an equivalent for the thing bought. Thus the interest of both parties is secured, and trade becomes a mutual benefit. This is the universally recognized law of honesty in traffic. He who voluntarily takes from another any thing valuable, for which he makes him no adequate return, violates this law.

Apply this to the rum-seller. He takes a benefit from his customer; this is unquestionable. What does he give in return? That which contributes to his customer's health or happiness? to his social or moral improvement? to the fertility of his farm? the prosperity of his business? or the comfort of his family? Has a man more acres, or are they better cultivated, for his patronage of the spirit vender? Can he boast a better credit, a larger custom, or more money at interest! Ask him what he has gained; his impaired constitution and social degradation shall testify. Ask his habitation;—its fallen chimney and rag-stuffed window shall testify. Ask his children;—their tattered garments and haggard features shall testify. Ask his wife;—her calloused hands and care-furrowed visage shall testify. What has the rum-seller done for her?

He has taken her last bed, her last gown, her last cow, her last loaf. He has robbed her of the heart of her husband. He has clouded her sunny sky, and rendered her paradise a purgatory.

Go to her wretched hovel at midnight, and see her shivering over the last half-consumed stick of fuel; while, through the crevices of the wall, and the broken panes of the window, the bitter blasts of December howl out the requiem of her hopes. Poor victim! once the happy occupant of a palace! see how she weeps! hear how she sighs! and but for the rum-seller, those tears might have been smiles, and those sighs might have been songs. Why sits she there in her joyless, freezing solitude? She waits for the drunkard's late return. He comes. Behold the bloated face, observe the reeling gait, and hear the muttered curse, - as he enters the cabin. That was once a man. He had the features of a man. He had the heart of a man. What is he now? A savage; a tiger; a putrid mass of disease; a loathsome living death. Who has wrought the transformation? Who has effaced God's image, turned the husband into a fury, the father into a fiend? Ask the rum-seller; he can tell you. Does he deny the agency? So does the burglar, the swindler, the pickpocket, the highwayman, the incendiary, and the assassin.

He knows that his business is no benefit to his customer. He knows that he gives no equivalent for his gains. He knows that he returns evil for good.

curses for blessings; poverty, prison, and woe, for the means of wealth, and health, and happiness. He knows that his wretched victim is past the power of self-control, that his appetite has mastered his judgment, that vicious habit carries it over the frequent resolution. Yet he continues to trade with him; invites, urges, and flatters him; exposes the maddening temptation in gilded decanters, and environs it with every fascinating circumstance in his command, to inflame still more the morbid thirst which is already consuming body and soul, and swindle the last dime from the hapless idiot, and pluck the bread from the mouths of his famishing children.

Were it honest to sell a worthless article to a child, taking advantage of his immature judgment? Were it honest to sell an injurious article to a lunatic, knowing that he is incapable of using it discreetly? How, then, can it be honest to sell alcohol to an inebriate? He is weaker than a child, and madder than a lunatic. Give him the poison, the viper, the fire-brand? Yet the spirit-vender, for the sake of his money, will render him still more imbecile and brute like, and put into his hand the deadliest agency on earth.

A man in New Jersey, who had lived in ease, not to say in affluence, swallowed all his substance, and became an abandoned sot. His four little children were left entirely to their mother's care, and her heart was often broken by their cries for bread. She

arose one winter morning, and left them sleeping on the floor, where they had lain around her during the night, huddled together for mutual warmth, and scarcely half covered with old blankets and rags. While she was at work carding wool, to earn something with which to satisfy their hunger, one of them awoke, crying piteously for food. The noise of the first disturbed the second, and soon all the four were around her, begging for what she could not give. This heart-rending scene continued for some time, when a neighboring lady, for whom she had been doing some spinning of late, sent her half a bushel of corn. She gave the grain to her husband, requesting him to carry it to the mill, and waited anxiously for his return. Grown keener now at the thought of food, the children became more clamorous than ever, and torturing cries for bread tore asunder the maternal heart. Two hours elapse, and the father has not returned. What can be the reason? A dreadful suspicion rushes upon the mother's brain. She hastens after him. She meets him reeling homeward with a rum jug instead of the grist. The rum-seller had met him, and robbed him of his children's bread!

The rum-sellers of Great Britain rob their countrymen every year of forty-four millions sterling, nineteen millions more than the whole population pay for bread; and occasion, in various ways, a waste of property amounting to one hundred millions

more, a sum larger than all the profits of British merchandise, and sufficient to sustain a church and a free school in every parish of the British realm. In our own country the annual cost of the liquor consumed is not less than one hundred millions of dollars; to which you must add sixty-five millions for the loss of time and waste of property occasioned by its consumption, and twelve millions more for the support of the paupers it has made, and the pay of the doctors, lawyers, sheriffs, and jailors it has employed; making an aggregate of one hundred and seventy-seven millions, sufficient to sustain all our religious, literary and philanthropic institutions; to support all our civil offices and learned professions, and send out a hundred thousand missionaries, and carry a copy of the Bible into every family of the globe. This is the rum-seller's annual booty in America. If you should sit down to count it, and count at the rate of twenty-five dollars per minute twelve hours each day, it would take your more than thirty years; and if it were all in one dollar bills spread out in a continuous line, it would be more than seventeen thousand miles long, and would reach more than five times across the Atlantic, or two-thirds around the world.

In the light of these facts we are to judge of the rum-seller's honesty. He wastes more treasure, and causes more suffering, than any other agent in the devil's employ. The common thief commits his

depredations in the dark; but the rum-seller robs you in open day. The highwayman, the pickpocket, and the burglar, take the booty and are gone; but the rum-seller remains to rob you again and again. "He that steals my purse steals trash;" but the rum-seller "filches from me my good name," my office, honor, influence, self-respect, and blood-bought crown in Heaven. These facts are fully before him, urged upon his attention every day by squallid poverty and pauperism; by the sighs of a thousand broken hearts, and the tears of half the world. But he loves the darkness rather than the light, because his deeds are evil; and will not come to the light, lest his deeds should be reprov'd. With his conscience in his pocket, and his heart encased in stone, he prosecutes his infamous traffic, and clutches his unhallowed gains, and hoards the price of human souls, and builds his house of human bones cemented with human blood, regardless alike of God's omniscient scrutiny, and hell's eternal flames! We will not insult your reason by asking you if such villainy is honest!

SECOND. WE CHARGE THE RUM-SELLER WITH INHUMANITY.

Is the tyrant inhuman? The rum-seller is the most absolute of tyrants. He holds his victim as with the grasp of a serpent, and rules him as with a rod of iron. He enslaves both body and soul. He paralyzes the limbs, stupefies the senses, and puts a bann upon the intellect. He reduces a man to the level of the

brute, tramples him into the dust, hurls him into the kennel, and herds the god-like with the swine. He weaves, of silken threads, a snare so strong that no human resolution can avail to extricate the victim. He loads his captives with fetters worse than iron; incarcerates them in dungeons worse than adamant; and inflicts upon them mental anguish a thousand-fold more excruciating than any inquisitorial torture.

“Nor to the weeping eye he yields them back,  
Nor to the bursting heart!”

Is the savage inhuman? The rum-seller is the most unfeeling of savages. In comparison with his heartless treatment of his fellow man, Indian cruelty and South Sea cannibalism are Christian benevolence and angelic compassion. Assemble all the widows, orphans, paupers, patients, idiots, and maniacs he has made, and you have an army whose collected tears would form another Mississippi; whose concentrated sighs would constitute a tornado which would desolate the land for leagues, and whose voice of mingled wailing and madness might well nigh wake the pity of the dead! But come to the nucleus where all these woes centre. Behold the drunkard! Ah! it is here that the rum-seller strikes down every hope that can cheer, and wrings every fibre that can feel, and pours the thrilling anguish through a thousand avenues, before his hapless victim finds a shelter from his vengeance in the everlasting fire! None but the drunkard knows

what the drunkard endures. His property gone, his character ruined, his tenderest relations sundered, his mind a miniature Tartarus, his body a putrid mass of disease, well may he exclaim, with Milton's outcast archangel—

Me miserable! which way shall I fly  
Infinite wrath and infinite despair?  
Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell,  
And in the lowest depth, a lower deep,  
Still threat'ning to devour me, opens wide,  
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven!

His bosom is a cage of asps and scorpions, a den where demons infuriate hold perpetual revelry. The unutterable anguish glares through his bloodshot eyes, and stamps his blotched and haggard visage to the resemblance of a fallen angel. Such is the intensity of the eternal fever-thirst, that for its momentary mitigation he is ready to sacrifice all that is dear to him in earth or heaven; and often, in the delirium of agony, he seeks, amidst the flames of hell, an asylum from the rum-seller's fiercer purgatory. See him, bound upon his bed, at once the terror and the pity of his friends; in the same breath, weeping and laughing, groaning and singing, cursing and praying; and ever and anon the room rings with shouts and shrieks, so fierce and terrible, as to attract spectators from the streets and the neighboring dwellings. Mark those frightful eye balls; those distended nostrils; those blue, cadaverous cheeks; that brow, covered with big

drops of cold, clammy perspiration. Observe how he starts, and shudders, and pleads for help, and grasps for a hold, as if his soul were drowning. Now his delirious fancy peoples the apartment with stalking spectres and menacing fiends, and he points to them with a trembling finger, and speaks to them in whispers of mortal terror, and gazes after them until his strained eyes seem starting from their sockets. Then he imagines his bed a den of slimy reptiles and loathsome vermin; cowers in speechless agony, as if he would sink into the earth beneath the blasting eye of a basilisk; utters a feeble, choking cry, and beseeches you, for Heaven's sake, to tear that venomous serpent from his neck; while with one hand he plucks the spiders out of his ears, and with the other wrenches from his back the fang of a scorpion. One moment he weeps as if his heart were bursting; the next, he cries out as if all hell had broken loose within him; and anon he buries his face in the bed clothes, as if to hide from the gaze of some infernal visitant; and the quick, convulsive tremor shoots, thrilling, to the extremities of his frame. His physical energies at length exhausted, he lies gnashing and quivering upon his couch; and his eye, having lost all volition, rolls like a flashing meteor; and his tongue, bitten and bleeding, hangs from his foaming mouth like that of a wild horse on the burning prairie; and his blue, emaciated hands are clenched so tightly, that the very blood is extravasated beneath the nails. Go and gaze upon such a

sight, if you have the nerve to endure it; and as you gaze, let me whisper one word in your ear—*That is the work of the rum-seller!*

Is the murderer inhuman? The rum-seller is the most atrocious of murderers. A spirit-vender in Connecticut had a sign over his door, which read, "Rectified Whisky;" immediately under which was his own name, ominous enough, "Absalom Death." One day, an old market woman, with her youthful son Johny, was passing along in her little wagon, when she caught a view of the "Death" sign. Now, the mother was rather illiterate, but her son was a learned boy, and she asked him to read the words, and he began—"R-e-c-t, Rectified; W-h-i-s-k, Whisky; Rectified Whisky, Abso-lute Death, Mother!" "That's a fact, Johny," rejoined the good old woman; and I vummy, there's one honest whisky seller in our State, any how!" Now, the lad read the sign wrong, and yet he read it right. He read it wrong, because he read it not as it was written; he read it right, because he read it as it should have been written; and we maintain that his mistake was correct, his error strictly consonant with truth; that "rectified whisky." that alcohol, under any name, is "absolute death;" and it needs not the old woman's yankee asseveration to establish the fact. You have had the testimony of chemists and physicians, that alcohol is one of the most active and powerful of the narcotic vegetable poisons; so subtle and diffusive as to penetrate the smallest

nerves and most delicate fibres; circulating with great facility through every avenue of the animal system; invariably injuring and ultimately destroying every organ with which it comes in contact: that it pervades the whole body of the inebriate; may be distilled from his lungs, his liver, and his blood; even creeps up into the attic story of his earthly house, the brain; where it is often found after death, in such quantities as to be readily detected by the sense of smell, and blaze instantly on the application of fire: in short, that alcohol, whether procured from the grocer's barrel or the drunkard's brain, whether taken into the stomach of a man, or injected into the veins of a dog, is the same destructive poison; differing with circumstances in its *modus operandi*: but invariably resulting, sooner or later, in disease and death. The British House of Commons, in 1834, appointed a committee of inquiry on drunkenness; and before this committee were brought for examination, the highest medical authorities of the realm; and their uniform testimony was, that alcohol, as a beverage, is invariably injurious to the human constitution; that it produces premature decrepitude and decay in the aged, stunted growth and general debility in the young, and in all who use it, a complication of dangerous diseases. The celebrated Dr. Rush, more than sixty years ago, declared that alcohol is the legitimate, though oft the unsuspected parent of jaundice, dispepsia, dropsy, epilepsy, apoplexy, consumption, idiocy, and mania. Another

eminent physician affirms, that it contains no more nourishment than fire or lightning; and that it is equally destructive, though by a different process, of human health and life. Another pronounces it more prolific of diseases and premature death than all other agencies combined. In short, fifteen thousand scientific physicians, in Europe and America, have united in the testimony, that alcohol is a rank and deadly poison. Yet this is the article that the rum-sellers of our own country are vending to their fellow-citizens at the rate of twenty-three millions of gallons per annum; a quantity sufficient to fill a canal six feet deep, thirty feet wide, and fifty miles long. And what is the consequence? More than three hundred thousand drunkards stagger through our streets; and fifty thousand of them every year, according to Mr. Delavan, stagger into eternity! And do you know how they die? Come and see!

“For, Oh, 'tis awful! he that hath beheld  
 The parting spirit, by its fears repelled,  
 Cling, in weak terror, to its earthly chair  
 And from the dizzy brink recoil in vain,  
 Well knows that hour is awful!”

See the poor victim, writhing, as on an inquisitorial rack; or rolling from side to side, like the forest tiger brought to bay by the hunters. See him, consumed within by slow fires and lingering tortures, holding long communion with wan, unsheeted ghosts, and dark spirits of hell. See him beating his burning

breast—eyes blood-shot, cheeks haggard, lips shrivelled, teeth blackened, tongue palsied, hair matted—till the hapless creature looks as if perdition had already devoured him, and, sick of her nauseous meal, had vomited him forth on earth. And thus he dies—dies unlamented, and none weeps at his burial, and none has a tear for his memory, save the bare-footed orphan, and the heart-broken widow, and the gray-haired sire that bends over the grave, exclaiming, “Would to God I had died for thee, my son! my son!” Behold the work of the rum-seller! He need not disclaim the agency; the matter is too obvious for argument. He may say, he has no malice, no intention to kill; but, whatever the motive, the consequence is the same, and the ruin he has wrought is ever before his eyes.

What is murder? Must there be “malice prepense,” with an intention to kill? No. The sacrifice of human life, from recklessness, selfishness, or a sordid love of gain, is often murder in the highest degree. So says Blackstone, and all the best expounders of law. Who, then, is guilty of blood, if not the rum-seller? Does he not vend death for dimes, and perdition for picayunes? Does not the most absorbing selfishness, and utter recklessness of the interest of others, characterize his traffic from first to last? Is he not aware, that every glass he sells, is undermining the constitution, and shortening the life of his customer? Is he sure that the dram he is now

measuring out, will not prompt to the murder of a wife or a child, and result in the drinker's suicide? But what cares he, so long as he receives his pay? What cares he, while he can accumulate filthy lucre, how many hopes he blights; how many hearts he breaks; how many homes he desolates; how many paradises he despoils; how many cemeteries he peoples, with the loathsome victims of his cupidity? What, though there be no "malice prepense;" no intention to kill? We challenge the rum-seller to show a better motive, than often impels the midnight assassin! The rum-seller is actuated by the mere love of gain; so is the assassin. The rum-seller declares he does not like his business; so does the assassin. The rum-seller would change his course, had he any other prospect for a living; so would the assassin. "But," says the rum-seller, "I do not steal to my neighbor's bed, and kill him in his sleep." True: but if he did, the act would be less criminal, and less calamitous. Then his victim would die innocently; but now he sends him into eternity, staggering under a ten-fold weight of guilt. Then his victim would die involuntarily; but now he puts the instrument into his hand, and makes him his own murderer. Then his victim would die instantaneously; but now he destroys him by a tedious and excruciating process, inflicting a thousand deaths in one. Then his victim would die without any foreign interference; but now he immolates him in the face of an indignant

community; amid the heart-rending remonstrances of wife and children, and the rebukes of the Bible, and the expostulations of the pulpit, and the frequent criminations of conscience, and the thousand-fold voices of God! Better than the assassin? The assassin is an angel of mercy, in the comparison! The assassin can kill only the body; but the rum-seller destroys both soul and body in hell. The assassin cannot pursue his victim into eternity; but the rum-seller's vengeance leaps the grave, and, having made life a curse in one world, inflicts the woes of the second death in another. All the Neroes, and all the Nebuchadnezzars, whose deeds are recorded in the annals of tyranny and persecution, could not invent a ruin so complicate and dreadful; a ruin which Satan himself could not achieve, without the agency of the rum-seller! Oh! class him not with men! He belies every attribute of his species. Better rank him with wolves, panthers, hyenas, alligators, and boa constrictors—the fiercest prowlers of the forest, and the meanest reptiles of the marsh. Talk not of the rum-seller's reason! The only faculty of his soul he has ever cultivated, the only intellectual process of which he is capable, is the calculation of his own interest. Talk not of the rum-seller's principle! Think you he ever asks himself what is right or honorable? "The root of all evil," is his dominant passion. The accumulation of pelf, is his supreme ambition. What, to him, is friendship,

influence, character, or public opinion, unless it will aid him in heaping up gold as dust, and silver as the sand of the sea? An accursed cupidity urges him on, over the trampled weal of community, and the crushed hearts of his kindred. Money is the goal of his wishes, and the god of his worship. And money he will have, by fair means or foul. Money he will have, reckless of God or man. Money he will have, though he get it by vending-poison, ruin, and despair. Oh! tell me not that he has a conscience; that he has a human heart. He? The rum-seller? So has the rattle-snake! So has "that old serpent, the Devil!" He? He wants but the toleration of the law, and the fascination of the coin; and he would vend vipers to your children, by the bushel, and scorpions, by the score. Justice is an obsolete term with him; and pity is not in his vocabulary. Other men are gifted with souls, and consider their souls as part of themselves; he has nothing but a purse, into which he has crept, and is trying to pull the world after him. Argument and entreaty fall powerless upon his adder-ear, as the moonbeams on the snow. He toils on in his unholy trade, as if there were no observing God, and no approaching judgment; as if the blood-ransomed soul were worthless, the doctrine of immortality a pagan fable, and heaven and hell mere chimeras of insane religionists. The eternal pauperism of the damned, is not half so terrible to

him as present want ; and the imperishable inheritance of the blessed, not half so attractive as the sheen of his silver, and the glitter of his gold. He should be christened Balaam, and surnamed Judas ; for a little shining dust would tempt him to curse the Israel of God, and sell the God of Israel ; while a few dollars, or a few dimes, is sufficient inducement for him to barter away his own blood-redeemed immortality !

Such is the rum-seller, and such is his work. He is the enemy of our interests, in time, and the destroyer of our hopes, for eternity. He carries the fatal box of Pandora ; and, wherever he goes, lets out the winged ruin, multiform and fierce, among the children of men. Pestilence breathes from his lips, and desolation lingers on his footsteps. His person is an embodied curse ; his presence a withering sirocco ; the atmosphere in which he moves, the very prelude of hell. Peace flies at his approach, and despair triumphs in his train. Brothers and sisters, parents and children, husbands and wives, and neighbors, and lovers, and friends, mourn, with immitigable anguish, over his innumerable victims. He has dug millions of graves, tolled millions of knells, enveloped millions of our race in a moonless and starless night. Many a Jacob has he bereft of his Joseph and his Benjamin, bringing down the gray hairs of the patriarch, with sorrow, to the tomb, and obscuring the sunny hopes of gifted and aspiring

youth, with the blackness of darkness, for ever. Look abroad over the earth, and what do you behold? Hearts crushed and bleeding; honest laborers stripped of the last hard-earned dollar; widows and orphans turned out, penniless, and shelterless, upon the cold charities of the world; the virtuous and respectable despoiled of a stainless reputation, and covered with a cloud of infamy; and man, by the myriad, wearing the image of his God, murdered, soul and body, on the high road to immortality! Cast your eyes over this reeking Aceldama; and, as you behold, once more let me whisper—nay, let me speak, in a tone that shall wake the echoes of the mountains—*All this is the work of the rum-seller!*

But the rum-seller has a variety of pleas, in extenuation, or vindication, of his business. Let us look at a few specimens of his logic.

“I was bred to the business.” So pleads the pickpocket, the highwayman, the gambler, the burglar, and the pirate. If the plea is good for you, it is equally good for them.

“I must provide for my family.” But, is the manner of no consequence? Will you “do evil, that good may come,” and justify the means by the end? Will you steal, to clothe your wife, and feed your children with blood?

“If I do not sell, somebody else will.” But, if it would be wrong in another, it is wrong in you. Another’s sin is no justification of your’s. You may

not commit a crime, even to prevent another from committing it. What! May I steal a horse, because another will, if I do not? May I forge a note, because another will, if I do not? May I fire a dwelling, because another will, if I do not? May I kill my neighbor, because another will, if I do not?

“I am in a free country, and you shall not abridge my liberty.” But your freedom is no license to pick my pocket, or cut my throat; and if you do so, the law will abridge both your liberty and your life. You have no right to use even your own property for the injury of others. You may not incautiously blast the ponderous rock, though it lie within your own field. You may not fell a tree upon your neighbor’s fence, though it stand in your own forest. You may not remove a natural embankment, and turn a stream upon another’s farm, though you operate entirely upon your own premises. And do you imagine, that you have no right to administer poison for refreshment, and “scatter fire-brands, arrows, and death around you?”

“The law protects my business; the law sanctions my trade; I am licensed according to law.” What law? The great principles of all law are against it; and were there no other, there is a law in your own conscience which condemns it. If you have not obliterated that God’s-writing by your sin. What is the design of law? The protection of our property, our characters, our happiness, and our lives. But against all these you have conspired, and are waging the

deadliest warfare. Are you not, therefore, fighting against the law? Why are mad-dogs, gun-powder, unwholesome provisions, and infectious diseases, subject to the vigilant scrutiny of the law? Why have we specific enactments in regard to the sale and use of poisons? Why is a man punishable for poisoning a fountain or a stream, or carelessly administering a pernicious drug to a patient? And does not your business come within this category? Sanctioned by law? Authorized by license? What will either law or license avail you, "when God maketh inquisition for blood?" Can those who framed the law, or signed the license, stand between you and the Eternal Justice, or shield you from the burning curses of the ruined? What will such authority avail you, when the vagabond husband, with his haggard wife and beggared children, shall cry to Heaven for vengeance upon the man that pilfered them of bread, clothed them in rags, and covered them with shame? "Do you remember me?" said a rum-seller, to a dying drunkard. "O yes!" was the reply; "I can never forget you! it was at your bar I bought my ruin! I shall remember you to all eternity!" Ah! if he had a particle of conscience left, how terribly must the avenger have lashed the murderer? Who are they that have licensed you to vend damnation by the gill? If sent to hell with you, will their presence mitigate your woe? Ah! your license may do well enough in a human court, but will not answer at the bar of God.

The fires of the eternal law will turn it quickly to tinder, and scathe the temerity that presents it there. Go and get your instrument ratified from the throne of Heaven! Suspend your infamous traffic, till the mysterious hand that wrote upon Belshazzar's palace-wall shall inscribe a license for you, in appropriate fire-characters, upon every cask in your cellar, and every bottle in your bar!

THE  
OBJECTS OF OUR ORDER,  
OUR DUTY AS CITIZENS.

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BY HON. EDMUND DILLAHUNTY,

*Of Columbia, Tennessee, and P. G. W. P. of Tennessee.*

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IT is not enough, that we have political freedom; that we enjoy civil equality; and are secure in our persons and property. There is another kind of freedom wanting, to complete man's birth-right—moral freedom—a freedom that makes man the master, and not the slave, of his passions; that releases him from the dominion of appetite and vicious habits; that have dragged tens, scores, and hundreds of thousands, down to ruin, degradation, and death. To effect this glorious purpose; to strike off the tyrant's chains, and let the oppressed go free as air, with no restraint but that of duty, is the great end we have in view. When this shall have been done, then will man be emphatically free. With a light heart, and a buoyant

spirit, he will go forth, not fearing that the stones on which he steps, will reproach his meanness, or the dastard owl hoot his degradation; but, with that boldness and confidence conscious innocence ever affords; with head erect, and eye upturned to heaven, he will look at the sun with undazzled gaze, and walk the earth with the elasticity of a freeman's tread.

But, we go not forth with spear and sword, to fight our battles. The shout of the charge, the clash of steel in angry conflict, and the thunder of the cannon, are not the arguments with which we stand up to plead our cause. Behind us, we leave no cities smoking in ruins; no desolated provinces; no fields died in human gore; to tell of the desolating scourge of the conqueror. Reason is our weapon; our helmet, truth.

As heaven is higher than earth, as time is out-measured by eternity, so does the exhibition of moral grandeur and sublimity, of the union of heart and purpose of the good and the wise, the virtuous and the just, to elevate man's condition—to make him happy, by making him good—excel the feats of chivalry, the mustering of armies, and the coronation of kings. Such a soldiery, arrayed to do battle in such a cause, is a spectacle that not only fills, with delight, every heart that throbs with interest for the welfare of man, but, upon which God himself must look with complacency, and angels, and redeemed

spirits, cast an approving smile. To be the means of shedding the sunshine of joy and gladness into the dark and desolate abodes of wretchedness and despair; to aid in rescuing the drunkard from his awful fate, and of restoring him, thus redeemed and regenerated, to the bosom of his family; to dispel the darkness and gloom that overhang the path of life, and light up with sunshine and gladness; are the great objects we propose to accomplish; the mighty aims that engage the best exertions, and loftiest energies, of the true Son of Temperance.

Within the last three-fourths of a century, what a change has come over the face of the world! It is true, the same skies sparkle, in brightness, above our heads; the same sun careers, in majesty, through the heavens; the same breezes fan us with their perfumed breath; and the same earth blooms, in beauty and verdure, at our feet; but else how changed! Revolution after revolution, has rolled its waves over the face of the world; and though, for a time, some of them may have been retrogressive in their character, yet, their general tendencies have been, to improve the social condition, and elevate the character of man. Political establishments, of long standing, have been broken up; and others, more wisely providing for the wants of man, erected in their stead. Dynasties have come to an end; thrones have crumbled to ashes, before the breath of freedom; and tyrants have loosed their hold on the necks of their oppressed

people. Time waved over them its magic wand, and they were not. Our lots have been cast in the midst of a mighty striving of the stagnant mass of moral energies, which rolls onward its tide, like the waters of the deep, driven before the storm: and we must bestir ourselves betimes, lest we be left behind the age in which we live.

How wonderful, how stupendous in their consequences of good, have been these moral revolutions! How physical suffering has been diminished; how social enjoyments have been multiplied; how human happiness has been increased; what new impulses to good, have been given to the heart of man; how his intellect has been expanded, and his moral feelings elevated! But, this is not enough. We must not stand still, content with what has already been done, while so much remains yet to do. We owe it to the past, the present, and the future, to exert ourselves to advance still higher upon the scale of improvement, so that we leave the world wiser, better, and happier, than we found it.

Within that period, a few feeble colonies have shaken off the yoke of slavery, and grown into a mighty and independent nation. Minerva's fabled birth, from the brain of Jove, was scarcely more miraculous, than the rapid growth of America; whereby she has taken her stand among the proudest nations of the earth. From every mountain-peak in our happy land, blazes the beacon-light of liberty,

which, flinging its glare across the world of waters, lights the oppressed of other nations to the privileges and blessings their rulers have denied them; and shows to tyrants the awful retribution that awaits them, when an outraged people, influenced with just resentment, shall rise, and take their own cause in their own hands. The spirit of enterprise has gone into the primeval forests, and made the wildness of the wilderness to smile in peace, plenty, and comfort, beneath the hand of civilization.

Seventy-five years ago, where many a proud city now stands, opening her lap to receive the rich treasures of commerce, was the haunt of wild beasts, or the abode of still more savage man. Then, the smooth surface of our beautiful rivers were unpressed, save by the light canoe of the Indian, as he skimmed along, in quest of food, plunder, or the blood of his enemies. No rich freight then pressed the water-palace, as it ploughed its way to the distant city; no covered squares; no lengthened streets, lined with houses, and filled with the choicest merchandise from distant countries, told of the wealth of the merchant and the trader; no stately palace declared the power of money and mechanical skill, the refinement of taste, or the stimulus of rivalry and fashion; no glittering spires, that, shooting upwards to the heavens, catch the first blush of morn, and around which day's dying brightness fondly lingers, as if reluctant to leave the sacred spot; proclaimed that the true

God had temples on earth, and the Most High a people who delighted to give him honor. Where the din and bustle of the crowded city now fall upon the ear, reigned the solitude of the wilderness.

In the same time, the Sunday School, the Bible Society, the Missionary Societies, have come on their errand of mercy to the world, to teach man how to live, and how to die; and to befit him for the enjoyment of that bliss which awaits the just beyond the grave; to shed light along his pathway through life, and strew even the grave with the flowers of hope.

A new era has dawned upon the world, excelling, in splendor, what was ever conceived of by the enthusiasts of other times. Philosophy has mapped the heavens, named and numbered the stars, peopled planets, and scanned the solar system as with an angel's vision. Beyond the orbit of Herschel, where the mind of man never before dared to travel, has been discovered a new planet, unknown to a Rittenhouse and a Newton. The human mind, revelling in its freedom, has been sent out into every department of nature, to enrich science with its discoveries. Far surpassing what was dreamed of by Franklin, the mighty agent, electricity, has been chained to the wheel, and made to become the postboy of thought. What to our grandfathers was miraculous, is to us common place. Christianity has been rescued from the gross abominations and absurdities into which it was plunged

by the bigotry and superstition of its nominal friends and pretended believers. The rack, the fagot, the guillotine, are no longer the arguments by which believers are converted to the religion of Christ. Here, at last, in this land of religious tolerance, the thunder of the Vatican strikes no terror to the heart. True piety, it has been found, consists more in internal purity, than external forms and ceremonies. No religious opinion, though it may have been demonstrated by the blaze of the fagot, and, like the pyramids of Egypt, grown hoary with the age of centuries, is entitled to any respect, unless supported by reason and warranted by revelation. This is, decidedly, a utilitarian age. Every thing in physics and metaphysics is, as it should be, judged of by its *fruit*.

Casting aside the absurd dogmas of the ancient schools, the philanthropist and true Christian look upon man, however fallen from his "first and blessed estate," as a being still possessed of high and noble attributes—as having an immortal spirit, that shows him akin to Heaven, and a yoke-fellow for angels; and, like Marius, seated amid the wreck of Carthage, sublime even in ruins. He is regarded neither as a saint nor a devil, but as a being of mixed principles of good and evil, susceptible of the highest elevation, or the lowest degradation. To awake him to a true sense of his dignity and responsibility, in the great plan of the universe—to expand his intellect by the cultivation of science, and purify his moral feelings by the lessons

of virtue, so that he may stand forth, a living monument of the wisdom and goodness of his God, and his worthy representative on earth—thus to dignify and elevate man, whom God has delighted to honor, is the end and aim for which our Order was established.

Welcome, thrice welcome, this blessed dawn, before whose coming darkness, clouds and shadows begin to flee away, as if of themselves afraid! Thank Heaven! the gloom of night, which hung like a pall of death upon our moral sky, has been succeeded by a glorious morn. The Sun of Temperance, as he looms in majesty above the eastern horizon, smiling in beauty through widows' tears and orphans' sighs, spans with the bow of promise the dark retiring cloud.

And have we nothing to cheer us on in this noble enterprise? The past is full of encouragement, and the future of hope. That same God watches over us whose Spirit walked upon the waters beside the Mayflower, as she climbed the waves and dashed from her prow the foaming spray; whose hand directed the helm and guided the storms that played around the masts of that bark which bore from their native land the Pilgrim Fathers, to found an empire in the forests of America. He who hath stood by us in the darkest gloom of adversity, will not now forsake us.

At every period in our country's history, from its discovery to the present moment, the hand of God is visible in directing its affairs. The time, place, and

peculiar circumstances of its early settlement, seem all to have happened for good, by those wonderful coincidences which nothing else but the wisdom of God could have ordained. Had the settlement been made at any other *time* than that in which it was, there would have been an established religion here; and had it been made at any other *place* than upon the bleak shores of New England, we would not have been taught that fortitude in suffering, that patient endurance of trial, that contempt of danger, that resolution to struggle with difficulties, so essential to give stability, energy, and high moral character to a nation. It is the spirit infused by the Pilgrim Fathers into our free institutions, to which we are indebted for our prosperity as a nation—our happiness as a people.

America seems to have been set apart in the Eternal mind, as a theatre for the experiment, how near man could attain to perfection, under all the advantages of sound religion, science, soil, climate, production, and a good government. Indeed, we are greatly blessed. We inhabit a country upon which Heaven has well nigh exhausted its bounty, and art its ingenuity. No other people in the world were ever blessed with such privileges, natural and artificial, as we enjoy. Here is realized the Republic of Plato, the Utopia of Sir Thomas More, and the Eldorado of Sir Walter Raleigh. Unlike other countries, the pages of whose history are illumined by the glowing inspirations of genius, and the splendor of the warrior's renown, but

where care-worn toil receives no thrift, and honest labor no reward, hungry want and haggard famine find here no peasant's hovel in which to take up their abode—no streets and highways in which to beg—no hedges at which assignations are made with death. Enterprise is invited on every hand to exert its skill and energy; industry is cheered amid its labors by the certainty of remuneration. The heart of the poor man sinks not within him at the recollection of his wife and little ones, when his daily toil fails from age or disease, because, in the midst of abundance, their wants will not be forgotten.

In the full fruition of all these blessings, the fountains of the past come gushing up to fill the heart with admiration and love. Our past history is rich in glorious achievements, fully vying with what Greece or Rome could boast in their palmiest days. The struggle of our revolutionary sires challenges, in vain, the history of the world for a parallel. Athena's defence by his "wooden walls" at Salamis yields precedence to the brilliant achievements of our Perry. Thermopylæ gives place to Bunker Hill, and the laurels of Leonidas grow pale upon the halo of glory that encircles the brow of Warren. Our country, like all other republics that have preceded it, may find a place in the burial-house of nations, but its past glory is immortal.

It is a historical fact, that Napoleon Bonaparte, whose very name did more to conquer, than the

armies of other men, never gained a victory over an English army. He triumphed over Russians, Austrians, Prussians, Italians, and Spaniards; but, over English valor, never! He never broke an English line. But, those very troops that defeated the armies of Napoleon in the Peninsular war, and afterwards, at Waterloo, drove back the Conqueror himself, were, before this last great achievement, upon the plains of New Orleans, put to shameful route, by the chivalry of Tennessee and Kentucky. When the eighth of January shall be no longer reckoned among the days of the year; when the waves of the sea shall have covered New Orleans, and washed from her battle-field the last trophy of victory; then, and not till then, will the fame of our martial deeds be forgotten.

“Lives there a man, with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own, my native land!”

But, notwithstanding our highly favored situation, the elements of danger is mingled with our prosperity. We behold many of our citizens, greatly blessed as they are, seeking enjoyment where God has not placed it, in ignoble listlessness, or in the haunts of vice. Self-disposed, or self-condemned, they take no part on the world's busy stage, or fly from the harmony of fire-side affection, and the sweet endearments of domestic life, and seek to slake their thirst for

happiness, in the angry tumult of passion, and the bitter strifes of appetite. A host of evils follow in the train of this letting down the powers of the soul; intemperance comes with its attendant evils; idleness and misery, profligacy and crime; to lay waste the hopes of the palace, and the peace of the cottage. It has been the shame and reproach of this great country. It has pervaded all classes and conditions of life—destroyed individuals, ruined families, corrupted the vital aim of society, and threatened destruction to civil liberty itself. How many has it brought to degradation and misery, within the recollection of every one? Have we not all witnessed the wasting away of the powers of the body, and the blasting the energies of the soul, under its withering influence; until the manly form, and the proud spirit, were humbled in disease and crime, and grovelling appetite had supplanted every feeling of honor; until friendship had lost its confidence, and love its sympathy, and the bitter grief of wives, and the helpless wailings of children, pointed the sting of remorse, without arousing one effort to repentance, or exciting one generous struggle for amendment? In its terrible march, the proudest intellects are levelled to the dust, and the purest affections are dried up at their fountains; and the brave and the true, the beautiful and the pure, are made to share a common ruin, with the base, the treacherous, and the vile.

But the danger to our free institutions has not been confined to the listlessness, or wickedness, of individual citizens. Public men, under the baneful influence of passion, and the maddening excitement of contests for power, have lent the influence of their high position to corrupt the public morals, to destroy the supremacy of law, and to undermine the foundation of our government. But a little while ago, the materials of combustion seemed to have been collected together, and, needing but the application of the match to the magazine, to produce the most fearful explosion. The light of day would have blushed, as it gleamed on steel drawn by brothers, to be sheathed in each other's hearts. The clash of hostile armor, the roar of cannon, as they told the hateful tale, that fathers, sons, brothers, and friends, had begun their work of death, would have awakened the ashes of the revolutionary fathers from their graves, with shame, for the degeneracy of their children.

The time has been, and may be again, since the law-makers of many of our States have opened so wide the door of temptations to drunkenness, that the elective franchise was influenced, and base and unworthy men elevated to office, by pandering to the vitiated appetites of the unfortunate. When the practice of thus influencing the public mind shall become general, not to say universal, then will fly away, for ever, that preservation of liberty which the

right of free suffrage gives. Then will arise some successful demagogue, who, after he has stultified the reason, and debased the morals of the sovereign people, will overturn the liberties of his country, and erect, amid its ruins, a throne for himself, whose foundation shall be laid in crime, and which shall be cemented together by the best blood patriotism can offer upon the altar of its country. There lives not a man upon earth, who has a more exalted opinion of the dignity of human nature, than we have; or who acknowledges more fully, the civil and political equality of men, and the capacity of the people for self-government; but, we ask of man, as a pledge, that he does his duty; *that he keeps his head cool, and his blood free from the excitement of all stimulating drinks.* We have no manner of assurance, that any man will either think, or act aright, when under the influence of ardent spirits. It is a mere matter of chance, if he does either.

There is but one remedy. The people are the primary source of all political power. The laws are but a reflection of their real, or supposed wishes. They are the high court of appeals, by whom all questions of legislation are to be finally adjudged. The government itself, is but an instrument they have appointed for the better security of their property, and the promotion of their interests. To free from pollution this fountain of all power, elevate public sentiment, purify the public morals. enlighten the

public mind. In this, alone, is safety to be found. Then will the aspirant to office fear to seek public trusts, by temptations to vicious indulgences; and all such attempts shall be repulsed with scorn and disdain. The fear of shame will then have more terror, than any punishment the law can inflict.

Whatever others may do, while our Order, as a body, will stand aloof from all struggles for political power, let each member contribute all the influence he may command, to advance the virtue and intelligence of the country, and give a proper direction to public opinion. And, whatever may be the fate of the glorious enterprise in which we are engaged, we pray all our readers, as citizens of this great country, the inheritors of the glory of the past, and the guardians of the hopes of the future, to go and do likewise.



# CAUSES OF DRUNKENNESS.

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BY REV. M. M. HENKLE, D.D.,

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THE philosophy of the causes of drunkenness may be briefly stated thus:—

First. An appetite for spirituous liquors is not natural to man; and, therefore, is, wherever it exists, *artificial* or *acquired*.

Second. Drunkenness is a *social* vice, into the habit of which men are drawn by the power of social influences, and, by the force of such habit, the artificial appetite is formed and confirmed. Hence, there is, perhaps, no instance to be produced, in which an individual has contracted the habit of drunkenness from its very beginning, in *solitude*, or separate from foreign influences operating to lead him in that direction.

Third. Artificial appetites, when once contracted, are found more uncontrollable and obstinate than those which are natural; for the plain reason, that natural appetites have natural limits, within which it is much less difficult to keep, than to observe moderation in the indulgence of an artificial appetite, which, being itself *unnatural*, has no natural boundaries for its limitation.

Thus, for illustration, a young man is brought under the power of social influences, which first attract, then excite; and this excitement amounts to a degree of mental intoxication which disarms him of his moral defence—a fixed resolve to stand firm in the way of duty and safety. Thus disarmed and mentally intoxicated by the charm of company, the splendor of the gay saloon, or the witching smile of beauty, he partakes of the inebriating draught. The barrier once passed, and the enemy will meet with less resistance, and still less at each successive assault, until a habit of drinking is formed; and he drinks from *habit* until an unnatural *appetite* is created, and then drinks under the cravings of *appetite*; that appetite is limitless, and its only law is that of quenchless, insatiable thirst. Mental excitement, at first, led him to drink, and now having formed the habit and created the appetite, he drinks to *produce* that excitement. He subsists on preternatural excitements, and relies on artificial stimuli to produce mental excitement. And here it may be remarked,

that life is sustained by stimuli; but while a natural stimulus, such as that produced by partaking of nourishing food, gives strength and healthful vigor to body and mind, an artificial stimulus, of whatever kind, excites or stimulates preternaturally, and in much higher degree than the natural; the good effect of the first is permanent, entering by assimilation into the substance of the system, while that of the artificial *reacts* on both the mind and body—cannot be assimilated into the system—which labors to reject it—and leaves the subject as much below a natural standard of feeling and vigor, as it had previously elevated him above it.

And in this fact is to be perceived the great injury which must, in the nature of the case, result from the use of artificial stimulants. And, at the same time, it must be obvious, that, where artificial stimuli are resorted to, there can be no security against excess, because there is no natural boundary to restrain. The acquired appetite demands excitement, and that excitement but inflames the appetite to greater demands; while each attempt to meet that enlarged demand only enlarges it still more; the potation that will afford the desired quantum of excitement to-day, must be increased to produce the same effect to-morrow; and the burning, quenchless thirst—like the horse-leach's daughter—unceasingly cries "give, give," until the hapless victim, shorn of his strength, perverted in appetite, debased in feeling, and lost to principle,

honor, and duty, sinks beneath the spoiler's tyranny, wrecked and ruined.

If, then, this most ruinous vice comes of a forced appetite, and that appetite is superinduced by the power of social influences; if the appetite be so insatiable in its cravings, how wise and proper is the ground taken in this excellent code—that of total abstinence; for, short of this point, absolute security is not to be found. And, further, in view of the premises above, both the best means of guarding against the evil, and of effecting a cure—where the cases are not absolutely incurable—are plainly suggested. The efforts—preventive and remedial—must be directed to the object of guarding the young against the seductive power of those social influences calculated to lead them into the dangerous snare. There is little danger that a young man of respectable standing and honorable principles, will be drawn, in the first instance, into a low tippling house, and there be seduced into intemperate habits, because the whole appearance, society and accompaniments, are such as strike his feelings repulsively, and present no one attractive feature. There is no social influence there, likely to entice him to evil, for he feels that the association would degrade and contaminate. But let him be invited by some gentleman of commanding influence and position in society, to accompany him to the splendid bar or elegant drinking room of a fashionable hotel or coffee house, where drunkenness

is never permitted, and only the most gentlemanly behavior is witnessed, and while there is much to attract, he perceives nothing repulsive—nothing of danger, and partakes without scruple and without fear; not from a desire to drink, for that he has not, but from a disposition to comply with what appears but a kind, a generous request of gentlemen in whose company he might very naturally consider it an honor to be associated. The acceptance on his part of such courtesy, demands of him its reciprocation, and a sense of *honor*—and not inclination—induces him to give the like invitation to those from whom he has received such civility, and thus early he becomes a leader of others to the gate of ruin—himself unconscious yet that its glittering portals open and gild the entrance to the “sides of the pit.” Or, let the moral young man attend a convivial party, say at the house of a gentleman of first respectability; he goes, of course, with a sense of most perfect safety; how could it be otherwise? He goes to the house of an upright and honorable gentleman—perhaps a Christian—and into the society of cultivated and virtuous females, what can he have to fear? Were he in society of questionable character, that fact would arm him against danger; but *there* he is off his guard, and his unsuspecting heart is thrown freely open to the pervading influences of the place and occasion, for he feels that he is safe, and posts out no sentinels. But mark the result: the laugh of mirth, the flash

of wit, the smile of beauty, the inspiration of music, the general gayety, the universal excitement—these have gradually and insensibly thrown their influences over him, and so gently, so charmingly, that he could not possibly suspect anything of evil present. He is fully baptized into the spirit of the gay scene; he has inhaled a gaseous inspiration, until a sweet delirium has pleasingly bewildered his soul and obscured his moral perceptions. In the midst of this delicious intoxication of the heart, he is approached by a fair *angel* of earth—as he can just then readily believe her—who, with charming grace and blandest smile, presents him the wine cup, and asks that he will partake. Her own lip is more deeply rubied by its tint, and how can he refuse? The wine sparkles more temptingly in the light of her sparkling eye and sparkling wit, and his capitulation is unconditional and instantaneous. The mind was intoxicated before the inebriating bowl began its work, and the chances are, that, on that occasion, he will make rapid advances on the road to ruin, and will soon become fairly matriculated in habits leading to confirmed intemperance.

If this be not the literal history of a large proportion of those who have descended by the road of drunkenness to infamy and ruin, it at least exhibits the elements whose operation, in forms more or less diversified, work out those fearful results in most cases, if not in all.

To guard, then, against the ravages of intemperance, in the young and exposed, every possible care should be taken, to prevent the fatal action of the pernicious social influences adverted to. This work should begin in the family; the form of social organization first presented to the child's attention; and there he should never see any indulgence in the use of intoxicating drinks, which would lead the untaught mind to infer the innocence of its use. Children believe, until convinced, reluctantly, to the contrary, that all the parent does, is entirely right, and may be imitated with perfect safety. Hence, thousands have been led into drunkenness by the example of parents, who used intoxicating drinks, as a beverage, but who, themselves, were never intoxicated.

You may believe that *you* can indulge habitually, and yet without danger; yet, if even this were admitted, it is still your sacred duty to make the sacrifice of abstinence, on the altar of your son's salvation from ruin; for, unless you do so, you have not, and cannot have, the least security, that, some years hence, a bloated, bestialized son, will not point to the temperate drinking of his father, as the first impelling influence which gave a downward direction, towards the deep infamy and degradation from which he shall look back, and bitterly curse a *religious* parent's example, as the instrument of his destruction. And religious parents who contend for *moderate* drinking, and practice it, will merit the terrible

retribution of fallen and besotted sons; for they act as if they sought such a result; and, alas! but too frequently is this terrible infliction visited upon them.

The usage has been, as social influences are strengthened and multiplied in any given case, to increase the use of artificial stimulants in like proportion; and, in accordance with this absurd theory, is the custom still in some places, and with some persons. Hence, the man who performs his solitary labor, without the aid of *spirits*, or once thinking of them as necessary, would not yet attempt to have a "corn-husking," a "house-raising," a "harvesting," or the like, which brings together a number of persons, without providing for the occasion some kind of intoxicating drink. Herein the laws of a sound philosophy are directly contravened; for, while there can be no more necessity for this beverage in a large company, than in solitary labor, the danger of excessive indulgence is increased very much in the proportion of numbers. So, the family, that has no use for intoxicating beverages on ordinary occasions, would feel quite scandalized to have a wedding, or a "party," without a suitable supply of wines, brandies, and the rest. If we look to complete sobriety in the country, as an object to be labored for, these improprieties must be abandoned; and, especially, must every Christian set his face, like flint, against even the *moderate* use of spirits

and particularly against their use in circumstances where social influences combine to strengthen our enemy, and therefore render the measure more dangerous.

A very important part of this duty is, to employ all lawful efforts for the suppression of houses for retailing intoxicating drinks, and, above all, those of the *respectable* and *fashionable* sort. Many men may be found, who are quite ready to join in a spirited crusade against low tipping houses, kept by ruffians, and patronized by the abandoned and vulgar, who will, with equal spirit, resist any attempt to curtail the privileges of the elegant coffee-house, or fashionable hotel, under an impression, that the former, and not the latter, are doing all the mischief in society—making all the drunkards.

This is utterly a mistake. Few, if any, drunkards, are “manufactured from the *raw material*,” at the low grog-shops. True, when they become too poor, or too degraded, for the higher circles of respectable drunkenness, they are kicked out of the fashionable drinking-house, where *gentlemen*, only, are allowed to get drunk, in a decent and respectable way; and then they are advanced, by regular graduation, to a place among drunkards, at a filthy dram-shop. But, in point of fact, one fashionable bar will be found to *matriculate* more “freshmen” into the school of drunkenness, than ten of the most loathsome grog-shops to be found. Your son may visit the latter,

and not improbably his sense of moral propriety and common decency would be so shocked, as to produce disgust and loathing; but, in the other case, the inviting elegance of the establishment, the gentility of the company, and the whole assemblage of circumstances, would be likely to exert an attractive influence over the youthful mind, well calculated to bewilder and lead astray. Christians, patriots, and the lovers of order and morality, owe it to the Church and to the world—to the present generation, and those future—to make a determined effort to guard against the spread of this alarming evil.

So much for the proper means of preventing intemperance; and for the means of remedy, or cure, we must look to the same elementary principles. If intemperance be a *social vice*—that is, dependent on social influences for its production—then, the only effectual remedy must be sought in social influences of a counteracting character. The influence, direct and immediate, of other men, has operated to drag the victim down from his proper place in society, and the influence of others must be employed for his re-elevation to his lost position.

In this view of the subject, all organizations, which tend to embody public sentiment, and, at the same time, aid and encourage the victim in his effort to recover from the snare of the enemy, ought to be liberally encouraged. Temperance organizations have done much good, both in protecting against danger,

and in restoring the fallen; and, whatever apparent force there may seem to be, in the objections commonly urged against them, none can avail to excuse a Christian, or patriot, from co-operating, if he believes that, in so doing, he can do good to himself or others. The cause, in organic form, has suffered much from the standing aloof of many who take their stand, on the plea, that, being themselves entirely temperate, they have no need of the protection of a public pledge; and that, in signing one, they would seem to acknowledge their inability to live soberly without that aid, and would classify themselves with the intemperate, or, at least, with reformed drunkards, which they are unwilling to do. To this argument it may be sufficient to reply: First. That the absolute safety of any man who allows himself to indulge in intoxicating drinks, however moderately, must be looked on as a questionable matter. But, secondly, suppose his own safety does not require the measure, perhaps that of his family does; for, children, finding their parents in that habit, infer that it is right; and, not having discernment to discriminate between the *moderate* and *immoderate* use of the article, (and, indeed, few, if any have,) they are easily led to pass over the limits of moderation, far enough to form an appetite for alcohol, and then the case is well nigh desperate. And, indeed, it is difficult to conceive of a more certain and effectual mode of making drunkards, than that of some *temperate* men, and

professors of religion, in attempting to cast odium on temperance movements, by way of protecting themselves in their course of refusing their co-operation. Thirdly. One grand object of these organizations, is, to lead the fallen back to virtue and temperance; and this cannot be done, unless the lost can be induced to feel the sentiment of self-respect, which is not to be effected by putting them off from the respectable portion of society, into a class composed exclusively of "reformed drunkards." This would be, to mark them as a distinct, and, in some degree, odious *caste*, unfit to be associated with any other class; or, at best, doing *quarantine* duty, until it shall be proved that they have become disinfected of their moral leprosy. When, however, upon a pledge of determination to reform, they are incorporated with a respectable organization, comprehending the best, most temperate, and honorable members of the community, they feel that they are not friendless and outcast, and an ennobling feeling of self-respect is the effect. How much concern, then, has he for the reformation of the intemperate, and the well-being of society, who regards his morning dram, his brandy at dinner, or his glass of wine, too great a sacrifice to be made for the recovery of the fallen and the good of his species? And yet it is but too probable, that there are not a few Church members, and professors of the religion of Christ, in this unenviable category.

As to the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, by professors of religion, it is certainly out of character, and at once calculated to bring odium on religion, and to strengthen the cause of intemperance. There are many persons, not professing religion, who are conscientiously opposed to such conduct; and when men say, "I am not a professor of religion, but I would not be guilty of doing what your Church-members do," then is Christ's cause wounded in the house of his professed friends. So, again, when the grog-shop keeper is admonished of the impropriety and injurious effects of his calling, he feels himself mailed, in stronger than steel armor, when he can say, "Professors of religion make it, and professors of religion sell it to me, at wholesale; but I, being too poor to deal in it on so large a scale, only sell in smaller quantities to others, what your good Church-members have sold to me." Now, suppose it were admitted, that the acts in question are not positively unlawful, in the light of God's word; yet, certainly, they are highly "inexpedient," as being calculated to bring dishonor on the holy religion of the Lord Jesus. And, if the honor of God, and the interests of man, demand the sacrifice, where is the friend of the Saviour who will refuse to offer the oblation on the altar of duty?



# IDELLA PEMBERTON;

OR,

## THE PRAYER OF FAITH.

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BY REV. PHILIP P. NEELY, D.D.

*Of Columbus, Mississippi.*

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“I AM glad you have come, William,” said Idella Pemberton to her husband, as he entered the room, late one frosty night, in November. “I feel lonely, here, as the night-winds beat against the walls; and Agnes has been worse all the evening. William, I know your business in town, is such, as to demand your constant attention; but, will you not try and spare yourself from it, so that you can spend your evenings with me, until our little babe is free from the danger of another paroxysm? It frightens me so much when you are away. After she gets well, I will try and resign myself to your necessary absence.”

Her kind words, and pleading eyes, went to the heart of William Pemberton, who, drawing her affectionately to his bosom, replied, "Yes, Idella, I have neglected you and our dear little Agnes too long. I promise to watch with you, until she is quite well. To-morrow evening, I will bring out a collection of books from town, and our hours of watchfulness shall pass pleasantly away."

"You are very kind to me, William," said Idella, while tears, such as she had not shed for weeks, gathered in her eyes.

William Pemberton was a young man of high and generous feelings. Having received a liberal education, under the direction of his uncle, and possessing a handsome patrimony, he embarked in the mercantile business, in one of the loveliest villages of the South.

It was there that he saw Idella Manson. She was just seventeen, and such was the gentleness and amiability of her disposition, that a few months' association was sufficient to win his affection. He wooed her, and was successful. They were as happy a pair as ever knelt at the bridal altar; and none that gazed upon him, as he stood, in the manliness of his youth, or upon her, as she trembled, beneath a robe of purest white—beautiful emblem of a spotless heart—and were united in the most hallowed relation on earth, would have dreamed, that shadows would ever darken the brightness of

that path, in whose flowery threshold they were then standing.

At the time our story commences, they were living in a retired cottage home, a short distance from town. Two years had glided by, since their marriage, and unclouded had been the morn of their wedded love. The frank and ingenuous nature of William Pemberton, made him the easy subject of temptation; and, unfortunately, his resistance was too unsuccessful. For some weeks, he had returned home late at night, and was silent, and sometimes morose. He gave, as an excuse, that the opening of his fall stock of goods required his constant attention; and the confiding Idella, with a credulity inseparable from true affection, doubted it not. Perhaps, if she had marked, closely, the expression of his eye, and had narrowly watched his step, the wildness of the one, and the unsteadiness of the other, would have revealed, with too dreadful certainty, the danger he was in of filling a drunkard's grave. But, of this, she dreamed not. She knew he was not as he once was; but the voice of affection whispered for him an excuse, in the worldly cares by which he was surrounded. Of his absence, as yet, she had complained not; but, when her babe sickened, she ventured to plead for the company of her husband, and she prevailed.

The recovery of Agnes was rapid. During the evenings which William spent at home, it seemed

as if both had entered upon a new existence. All his former tenderness returned. He read to Idella, and hung around the couch of the little invalid, administering the needful restoratives, with a husband's kindness, and a father's love. When the child recovered, William still spent his evenings with his family, for a time, in rambling with his wife and child, or reading to the former. It was a season of quietude, and fire-side peace. Gradually, however, he returned to his former habits, drank deeper and deeper into the wine-cup, until it broke the bonds of moral restraint, and bound him in its damning vassalage. Idella—the gentle, the devoted Idella—was the last to believe William Pemberton a drunkard.

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It was a wild, stormy night, in the winter of 1846. The wind blew in fitful gusts, and the snow fell through the clapboard roof of a miserable hovel, in one of the streets in ———. Huddled around a few dying embers, in that wretched hut, was a pale, wan female, and two children—one, a daughter, about twelve; and the other, a son, apparently about six years old. The mother was sewing by the light of a broken lamp, suspended from the wall, while the daughter read to her the experience of a reformed drunkard, which had been slipped under the crazy door-shutter, by some unknown friend. This was the once happy Idella Pemberton, and her two

children. Her husband had drank, until he was a sot—worse than that, *he was a pauper.*

His property was gone, his kindness fled, and upon the feeble Idella and her daughter, fell the support of the family. She was a frail creature, and the sufferings of the mind, and the labors of the body, were wasting her away. It was apparent, that, without a change, she would soon be beyond the griefs that had wrung anguish from her bruised bosom. Yet she murmured not. Amid the want that frowned upon her, and the reproaches from her husband, she was uncomplaining. Her trust was in God. To him she had committed her cause, and upon him she rested for support.

“Oh, mother! what *shall* we do? Is there no hope now for my dear pa?” exclaimed Agnes, laying down the piece, and weeping, as if her heart would break.

“Yes, my child, there is hope in God. He has said, ‘Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver you.’ In him have I confided, and in him do I still hope. He has never forsaken us altogether, my daughter, nor will he, while we trust in him.”

“Dear mother, how can I bear it? You are dying every day, and when you are gone, what will become of me and my poor little brother Willie? Oh, mother! can’t we get father to join the Sons of Temperance?”

“Be calm, my child; the Lord is good, and will provide for you and your brother, should he take me

from you. You must go before him with all your wants. Take your father's case to him, through Jesus Christ. Remember the promise, 'Ask and you shall receive.' Cast your burden on him, and he will sustain you."

"My dear mother, let us go to him now. Let us kneel before him here. I feel as if he would answer our prayers. I *know* he will. Oh, mother! let us try him, and prove him even now."

And in that lonely hour, while the wild wind was moaning piteously without, and coldness was pinching the sufferers within, did that girl and her mother bow before God, to test his faithfulness. And never did purer aspirations ascend to Heaven, than the pleadings of that suffering band. Never did angel watchers assist, by their mysterious ministrations, in a holier cause. It was the agony of the torn heart, as it groaned under the heavy sorrows of years. The vision of the past swept before the wretched Idella, and her soul seemed to embody all its hopes into one; and, staining it with the blood of Christ, she laid it before God, and plead for its realization. She wrestled—she struggled—she wept, as if her heart was crumbling beneath the intensity of its agony. She prayed for the reformation of her husband—for it to begin then—*that moment*—wherever he might be. Her words seemed to be the rising of faith, far above unbelief—the sunderings of its fetters—the laying of the torn, bleeding heart before God. "Oh,

thou righteous Being!" she exclaimed, "who has promised help in need, hear, from thy lofty habitation, the wretched inmates of this cold hovel. Thou, who hast, in thy mysterious dispensations, banished me from the protection of paternal love, and who hast, for thine own wise purposes, left me and my little ones to struggle on in want and misfortune, look upon us in our misery, and grant our requests. Oh! reclaim him, around whom my heart still clings, even in his degradation, and save him from eternal woe. Oh, heavenly Father! Oh, righteous God! I do believe—help thou mine unbelief. Bring him back to the path in which we once walked joyfully together, and——"

At that moment the door opened, and William Pemberton rushed into the arms of his kneeling wife, exclaiming, "Oh, my suffering angel Idella, your prayer is answered! I have this night joined the Sons of Temperance, and if there is grace in heaven to aid a poor feeble man, my pledge shall be kept."

"Amen!" responded the bewildered, weeping Idella. Oh, Idella! will you—can you forgive me all my unkindness, my cruelty, and from this night forward, God being my helper, I will be a sober man, and seek to make you happy."

"Dear husband, let the past be forgotten," replied the happy wife, while she cried aloud in the delirium of her joy, "and let us trust in God for grace for the future."

"Agnes, my daughter, will you forgive your father's unkindness, and pray that I may never depart from my resolution?"

"Oh, my dear father, I will love you better than I ever did, and will always pray for you," said the sobbing girl, as she threw her arms about her father's neck, and kissing away his tears.

"And father," said Willie, who stood by, weeping at the strange scene, "you will let me love you, and kiss you, like I do ma, won't you?"

"Yes, my son, and strive to be worthy of it too," said the father, as he pressed him to his bosom.

The wind in its wild careerings, that night, swept not over a happier home, than the lonely hovel of William Pemberton.

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Years have passed, and William Pemberton, by sobriety, industry, and the aid of his friends, has regained his cottage home, and there, with his devoted Idella, to whose cheek the rosy hue of health had returned, and their children, he is spending his days in happiness.

Is your husband a drunkard? Be gentle and kind to him, and *pray for him*.

Are you a drunkard, or a moderate drinker? Remember the wife of your bosom, the children of your love, and the soul you possess, which is of incalculable worth. May God bless this narrative to your good.

# TEMPERANCE REFORMATION

## THE DUTY OF THE CHURCH.

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BY REV. LEE ROY WOODS,

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THE age in which we live is marked by many and very auspicious peculiarities; one of which is the increasing number of persons who are disposed to inquire what is right, in reference to every important principle or action. It is less satisfactory now than in any former period of the world's history, that a thing is pleasant, merely, or popular, or has the sanction of great antiquity. The question is, *Is it right?* The Bible, by good men, has long been recognized in theory, as the only perfect and infallible standard of morals. But they are now, more than ever, applying it to practice. Not only are they laboring, with renewed vigor, to give it to all nations,

and send its blessed influence home to every heart, but they are appealing to it as a criterion of thought, and endeavoring, with new diligence, to make it the sole standard and test of principle throughout the whole world. It is not so decisive now, as it once was, that a thing is legal according to human statutes; or honorable, according to the verdict of respectable society: but the question is, Does it accord with the will of God, as revealed in the Bible? This feeling is rapidly gaining ground. To the law and to the testimony; if men speak not according to this rule, it is because there is no light or truth in them. Nor is the Bible now limited to matters of purely a religious character; but is extended to all the affairs and transactions of life. Business, amusements, legislation, everything in which men are engaged, are now undergoing the searching tests of this infallible teacher; and even men's thoughts, feelings, and actions, are made to submit to its holy dictates.

And the more they do the will of God, the plainer that will appears to them; and the benefits of obedience are more and more obvious and abundant. And, as that will is made known, it commends itself more strongly to the conscience; the blessings of obedience attract more attention, and the numbers who are moved by it to mighty deeds of benevolence and philanthropy are increasing with a rapidity never before known in the world's history. Thus acting, "light and love," the grand

instruments of the world's renovation, are moving onward from conquest to universal victory, inspiring with new hopes, and cheering with new expectations, and exciting all who are governed by them to higher and holier efforts, that the "will of God may be done on earth as it is in heaven."

A striking and most beautiful development of these principles has been made in the origin and progress of the Temperance reformation.

The use of intoxicating drinks, with all its attendant evils, had received the legislative sanction, and the support of almost the entire civilized world; even religion itself, had either looked with approbation, or was too timid to raise her warning voice, or kindle a beacon-fire to show the world the danger it was in, and point the way of escape.

But the important question was started, Is it right? Is it in accordance with the Bible? The sacred rule was thoroughly examined; God's providences were closely watched, and prayerfully studied; divine direction was earnestly sought, every lawful test in the form of evidence was applied, which offered any hope of conducting to the right decision; and the conclusion was satisfactorily reached, that the use of intoxicating drinks was wrong, whether as an article of commerce, or as a beverage.

The mass who led off in this noble and patriotic work, were mostly members of the Christian Church. They derived their evidence and motives from the

pure word of God. One main design—one object, which has ever been kept in view in this enterprise is, that, in order effectually to banish liquor from the land, public opinion should be brought to bear upon it with all its mighty and irresistible force. And, as the only way to accomplish this great work, every true friend has constantly inculcated the doctrine, that all should abstain from its use.

Who, that has paid any attention to its history, and has seen any of its pernicious fruits, can doubt for a moment but that it is the scourge of the whole earth? What injury is man capable of suffering which it has not inflicted upon him? Loss of time, property, health, friends, influence, character, and peace of mind are among the legitimate results of its use in any community or by any individual. With this view of the subject, and admitting these truths, as we are bound to do, how is it possible for any one claiming to be influenced by the common impulses of patriotism, to say nothing of those of religion, to withhold a hearty sanction, and active co-operation in a work which seeks to remedy all these evils.

If the use of ardent spirits, as a beverage, or as an article of traffic, is morally wrong, and is condemned by the Bible, then every church member is solemnly bound, by arguments and motives, higher and stronger than those of mere patriotism or philanthropy, to give his aid in every prudent and honorable way, to the advancement of the Temperance cause.

The spirit of inquiry, which has swept through the whole length and breadth of the land, has fully exposed the evil and destructive tendency of the use of ardent spirits. The laboratory of the chemist has shown, that disease and death are the inevitable consequences of its continued use. The observations of the philanthropist and statesman, have fully exposed its destructive power on the happiness, wealth, and patriotism, of a nation or community. While the examination of the theologian has shown, that, to make, vend (in large or small quantities,) or use, as a beverage, this accursed poison, is a direct violation of the principles of right, as inculcated in the Bible, and utterly at war with the duties of a Christian.

Hence, jurists of high claim to public confidence, for their intelligence and candor, have borne their testimony to a fearful amount of crime committed, and innumerable lives lost, by the operation of this single evil. One Judge says: "Of eleven cases of murder, all except one was occasioned by strong drink." Another says: "Of eleven murders under my immediate notice, all were the result of intemperance." And still another says: "Of twenty murders examined by me, every one was occasioned by strong drink." These facts, with many others of equally convincing character, are in the reach of every body; they are known to those who are engaged in the traffic. It is equally well known, that thousands have abandoned the use of this article, with the

happiest results to their bodily health, their social happiness, their pecuniary prospects, and their religious welfare.

Look at the indulgence in ardent spirits, in any aspect you may, and the conviction forces itself upon you, that it is morally wrong. It increases the temptation and facilities to drunkenness: and the practice of occasional drinking becomes the great recruiting officer for the army of drunkards.

When a man becomes an habitual drunkard, he at once loses the respect and friendship of the intelligent and virtuous portion of the community. No one can respect the man who has ceased to respect himself; this every drunkard has done. He knows that his conduct is shunned and hated by the upright and pious. He feels that all, even his own family, look on him only to loathe him, and are often made to turn away from him with feelings of deepest mortification and disgust; and, so far from having an influence to command respect, even his associates in crime and infamy have no confidence in him. Who was ever known to point to a drunkard, and recommend him as a model for his son, or his friend, to imitate? Was it ever known, that the influence of a set of besotted inebriates gave tone and direction to public feeling and sentiment, in any intelligent community? The world's history does not furnish an instance of the kind.

Again: the habitual use of ardent spirits, not only excludes men from public favor, strips them of all good influence, and deprives them of the power of doing good, but shuts them out of Heaven. This, we are aware, is a hard saying, and there are multitudes in our churches who will not be disposed to bear it. But we are honestly and clearly satisfied in our own mind, that the man who makes, or indulges in the habitual use of this liquid poison, will not be admitted into the kingdom of God. Is he not condemned by the Bible, which is our only standard in questions of morality? One of the commands is, "Thou shalt not kill." It does not say thou shalt not kill with a knife, a pistol, a halter, or a bludgeon; nor does it say thou shalt not kill with opium; nor yet does it say thou shalt not kill suddenly, or in a day, or a week, or in any given length of time, or deliberately, or with malice aforethought, and with an intention at the time to kill; nor does it by any means tolerate murder for the sake of gain. It simply lays down, in clear and explicit terms, the principle by which the precious treasure of human life is to be protected; and no considerations, except such as are pointed out in the Word of God, will ever justify any man in the violation of this rule.

The medical profession, generally, tell us, that the indulgence in ardent spirits is not only useless, but, in all cases, injurious to health, and tends, directly, to death. A fact which the experience of thousands,

throughout the civilized world, has clearly demonstrated. No man, then, can persist in its use, and be guiltless before Heaven. He is, indeed, a murderer! and, if there is a fate reserved for one, more dreadful than another, it certainly awaits the man who thus deliberately destroys his life.

But, if it is thus with the poor inebriate, who, by the indulgence of a vitiated appetite, has hurried himself out of time, into the presence of his God; how is it with the man who has made him his victim, and has furnished him with the means of his destruction? Shall the victim be denied a place in heaven, and his seducer go unpunished? Justice answers, No. The word of God forbids it.

If a man follows a business, or does an act, the natural or probable consequence of which is death, is he not guilty? does he not, in the premises, become a murderer? and ought he not to be punished as such?

Who can avoid the conclusion, that the trade in ardent spirits, to be used as a beverage, tends to kill; and that it does kill; and that those who continue to deal in it, are, as they justly deserve to be, hated and shunned by the truly philanthropic and pious; and they will receive the reward of the murderer at the bar of God.

But, many attempt to avoid the force of these arguments, by saying, that it is not dealing in ardent spirits, but the use of them, which makes

men idle and vicious, and leads them to destruction; and that the sin attaches to the act of drinking, and not to the act of selling. As well might the traitor, who makes weapons of war, and furnishes them to the enemies of his country, say, there is no harm in making them, or in giving them to the enemy; the harm is in using them. Would such sophistry serve to screen the wretch from the execration of every patriot, or protect him from the full penalty of the law? Certainly not: neither will it avail with the retailer of ardent spirits.

We appeal, then, to Christians, who are bound, by the relation which they sustain to God and his Church, to do all in their power to promote the cause of morality.

It is not enough, that the principles of the Bible govern them in their faith, and forms of devotion; but, it must be carried out in their practice before the world. It must govern them in eating and drinking, buying and selling, and in all the transactions of life. And, as the buying and selling of ardent spirits, as an article of trade, and habitually using it, as a beverage, is proved to be a sin, we hold, that every Church member is bound, solemnly bound, to abstain entirely from all participation in the practice; and, if they do not, they are guilty, as accessories to all the poverty, crime, degradation, and death, which may result from the continuance of this vile and vicious habit.

We say to the farmer, suffer not the product of your fields—the fruit of your toil—to be prostituted to the evil purpose of distillation. Are you a landlord, and have houses to rent—positively refuse to hire them out for taverns, or coffee-houses, where strong drinks are kept and sold. Are you a merchant, act the part of a true philanthropist and benefactor to your country, and exclude the accursed thing from the articles offered by you to your customers. Are you a lawyer, cease to prostitute your talents and your professional influence, to advocate the claims of alcohol, in the persons of those miserable and guilty men who live by destroying others. Are you a minister of the gospel? On you, to a very great extent, depends the success or failure of this great and glorious enterprise. Look, we beseech you, brethren, at the utter impossibility of the Spirit of God reaching, successfully, that conscience which is seared and scorched by strong drink. Think of the amount of reproach and disgrace inflicted on our Churches by disorderly members, who are made so by drunkenness; and let the consideration stir the deep fountain of feeling in your hearts, and prompt you to vigorous action in the cause of Temperance. Are you a private member of the Church? God has said, “Ye are the light of the world.” You occupy a high and responsible ground; on you, in connection with others, devolves the work of reforming and saving the world. To you we look for help in

this work; if you refuse, or hesitate, we despair. If you act your part, victory is certain.

Go forward, then; yours is the cause of patriotism, of humanity, and of our holy religion. It must triumph. "Be strong, and faint not." "Put on the armor of God; pray with all prayer and supplication in the spirit, and watch thereunto with all perseverance." "Be not weary in well doing;" and let us ever keep in view, that holy precept of God's holy law, which binds us, to do unto others as we would wish them to do unto us.



# THE BIBLE AND TEMPERANCE

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It is the object of this essay to state the principles laid down in the word of God, respecting the use of intoxicating liquors. This object will be sought by arranging, in classes, the most important passages of Scripture relating to the subject. They will be compiled in such manner as to supercede, as far as may be, the necessity of explanation; so that the Bible may be left to speak its own sentiments, and the reader may deduce his conclusions therefrom, unembarrassed by suggestions from other quarters.

The passages here cited relate to seven topics: the various stimulating liquors in use among the Hebrews; their use in the offices of religion; their medicinal qualities; their use as beverages; the sin of intemperance; its punishment; and its remedy.

## I.

THE VARIOUS STIMULATING LIQUORS  
USED BY THE HEBREWS.

## SECTION 1.

*Three kinds of stimulating drinks were in use among the Jews:—wine, mixed wine, and strong drink*

*Wine.*—This was the simple juice of the grape. It was obtained by gathering the clusters of grapes and throwing them into the wine vat, or wine press, where they were probably first trodden by men, and then pressed. See Rev. xiv. 18—20: Rev. xix. 15. The Hebrews sometimes called new wine, *teerohsh*. “Thus saith the Lord, as the *new wine* is found in the cluster,” &c. Isaiah lxxv. 8. “Thy presses shall burst out with new wine.” Prov. iii. 10. They used also the word *gahsees*, to signify new wine. “Howl, all ye drinkers of wine, because of the new wine.” Joel i. 5.

In the New Testament, the Greek word *γαλευκος*, is translated *new wine* “These men are full of new wine.” Acts ii. 13.

The word usually employed in the Hebrew Scriptures, for wine, is *yahyin*. It is so used in about one hundred and thirty-seven places. The word employed,

with the same meaning, in the Greek Testament, is *οινος*; and is found in thirty-three places.

*Mixed wine.*—This beverage was prepared by mingling intoxicating substances, myrrh, and other aromatics, with pure wine. The Hebrew name for this was *mimsahch*. “Who hath woe? They that tarry long at the wine, they that go to seek *mixed wine*.” The same word is translated “drink offering,” in Isaiah lxx. 11.

*Strong drink.*—The Hebrew name for this beverage was *shehchahr*. It included the various intoxicating liquors obtained by the Hebrews from honey, dates, grain, &c. “It is not for kings to drink wine; nor for princes strong drink.” Prov. xxxi. 4. “Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging.” Prov. xx. 1.

The word in the Greek New Testament, for strong drink, is *οικερα*. “He shall drink neither wine nor strong drink.” Luke i. 15. The word is found in no other place in the New Testament.

## SECTION II.

*These several beverages possessed the intoxicating quality.*

*New wine.*—On the day of Pentecost, the enemies of the Apostles charged them with being drunken,

saying, "These men are full of *new wine*." Acts ii. 13. This insinuation implies, that new wine was well known to be intoxicating; for Peter replied, "These are not drunken as ye suppose."

*Wine*.—That this beverage was intoxicating, appears from many passages of which these are specimens: "Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess." Ephesians v. 18. "Who hath woe? &c. They that tarry long at the wine," &c. Proverbs xxiii. 29—35. "And Noah began to be a husbandman, and he planted a vineyard: and he drank of the wine, and was drunken." Genesis ix. 20, 21. "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, it stingeth like an adder." Prov. xxiii. 31, 32.

*Mixed wine*.—"Who hath woe?" &c. "They that go to seek mixed wine." Prov. xxiii. 29—35.

*Strong drink*.—"Strong drink is raging." Prov. xx. 1. "I was the song of the drunkards," in the margin, "drinkers of strong drinks." Psalm lxix. 12. "They are drunken, but not with wine; they stagger, but not with strong drink." Isaiah xxix. 9. This implies, that drunkenness is produced by wine; and staggering by strong drink.

## II.

THE USE OF THESE SUBSTANCES IN THE  
OFFICES OF RELIGION.

## SECTION I.

*Wine was used in the religious sacrifices of the  
Jews.*

“Now this is that which thou shalt offer upon the altar; two lambs of the first year day by day continually. The one lamb thou shalt offer in the morning; and the other lamb thou shalt offer at even; and with the one lamb a tenth deal of flour mingled with the fourth part of an hin of beaten oil; and the fourth part of an hin of wine for a drink offering.” Exodus xxix. 38. “And the fourth part of an hin of wine for a drink offering shalt thou prepare with the burnt offering or sacrifice, for one lamb.” Num. xv. 5. See also verses seventh and tenth, of the same chapter. “And when she [Hannah] had weaned him, [Samuel] she took him up with her, with three bullocks, and one ephah of flour, and a bottle of wine, and brought him into the house of the Lord in Shiloh.” 1 Samuel i. 24.

## SECTION II.

*Wine is appointed to be used in the Sacrament of the Supper.*

“After the same manner also he took the cup, when he had supped, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood; this do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me.” 1 Cor. xi. 25.

## SECTION III.

*Strong drink was, in a single instance, employed in the Hebrew sacrifice.*

“In the holy place shalt thou cause the strong wine to be poured unto the Lord for a drink offering.” Numbers xxviii. 7. The Hebrew word here translated “strong wine,” is *shehchahr*, the word for strong drink. Critics have, however, generally supposed that it means, in this place, strong wine. Compare Exodus xxix. 38—41, where the same offering is described, and *wine* is mentioned as the drink offering.

III.  
THE MEDICAL USE OF THESE  
SUBSTANCES.

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## SECTION I.

*Wine and strong drink were used medicinally.*

“ Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine to those that be of a heavy heart. Let him drink, and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more.” Proverbs xxxi. 6, 7. “ Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach’s sake, and thine often infirmities.” 1 Timothy v. 23.

## SECTION II.

*Wine, mingled with drugs, were administered to persons about to be executed.*

The object was to lull their sense of pain, and allay their fears. It is said, that certain compassionate women, at Jerusalem, were accustomed to prepare this mixture. It is thought, that such a mixture was offered to our Saviour at his crucifixion. “ And they gave him to drink, wine mingled with myrrh : but he received it not.” Mark xv. 23.

## IV.

THE USE OF INTOXICATING LIQUORS  
AS BEVERAGES.

## SECTION I.

*The use of "mixed wine," is no where mentioned in the Scripture with tolerance.*

This mixture is referred to, as a striking symbol of the Divine displeasure.

"In the hand of the Lord is a cup, and the wine is red; it is full of mixture, and he poureth out of the same: but the dregs thereof, all the wicked of the earth shall drink them." Psalm lxxv. 8. "O Jerusalem, which hast drunk at the hand of the Lord the cup of his fury; thou hast drunken the dregs of the cup of trembling, and wrung them out." Isaiah li. 17. "And great Babylon came in remembrance before God, to give unto her the cup of the wine of the fierceness of his wrath." Revelation xvi. 19.

This language shows that the cup of mixed wine, was a cup of intoxication and trembling; that the stimulating substances found in the bottom of the cup were bitter and horrible dregs; that this cup, and its

mixtures and its dregs, were expressive images of the fierceness of the wrath of Almighty God. There is no place in Scripture, where the use of mixed or medicated wine is spoken of without expressions of deep abhorrence.

## SECTION II.

*The Scriptures speak of the use of "strong drink," with uniform disapprobation.*

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging." Prov. xx. 1. "Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflame them." Isaiah v. 11. "Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink." Isaiah v. 22. "But they also have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way; the priest and the prophet have erred through strong drink, they are swallowed up of wine, they are out of the way through strong drink; they err in vision, they stumble in judgment." Isaiah xxviii. 7.

## SECTION III.

*The use of "strong drink" was, by a special dispensation, allowed to the Jews once a year, on a solemn and joyful occasion.*

"And thou shalt bestow that money for whatsoever thy soul lusteth after, for oxen, or for sheep, or for

wine, or for strong drink, or for whatsoever thy soul desireth; and thou shalt eat there before the Lord thy God, and thou shalt rejoice, thou, and thy household." Deut. xiv. 26.

#### SECTION IV.

*The moderate use of wine, as a beverage, was customary among the Hebrews, and was not prohibited by their Scriptures.*

This position is sustained by numerous allusions in the Old Testament. As it is not disputed, so far as we are aware, we will not detain the reader, by a citation of passages wherein this appears.

It should be remembered, however, that the wines now in use differ, materially, from those known to the ancient Jews. It is ascertained that our wines are re-inforced by the addition of alcohol, sometimes in large quantities, so that they are far more intoxicating than the pure wines of Judea. It is also notorious, that our wines are often adulterated with various destructive drugs; so that what passes among us as wine, is an intoxicating and poisonous compound of the juice of the grape—alcohol, logwood, sugar of lead, and other pernicious ingredients. It resembles the mixed or medicated wine, which is treated in the Bible, not as a wholesome beverage, but as an emblem of the fierceness of God's wrath. We cannot, therefore, justify even the moderate use of our wines, by what the Bible says of the pure wine of Palestine.

They fall, the rather, under the reprobation with which the Divine word brands the use of "mixed wine."

## SECTION V.

*To certain persons, however, the use of wine was absolutely prohibited.*

The priests of the Lord were forbidden to drink it, when they engaged in their sacred duties.

"And the Lord spake unto Aaron, saying, Do not drink wine, nor strong drink, thou, nor thy sons with thee, when ye go into the tabernacle of the congregation, lest ye die: it shall be a statute for ever throughout your generations." Leviticus x. 8, 9.

In the preceding context we have an account of the offering by Nadab and Abihu, of strange fire before the Lord, and of their terrible punishment. It has been suggested, that they were intoxicated when they committed the offence, and that the above prohibition grew out of this circumstance. "Neither shall any priest drink wine, when they enter into the inner court." Ezekiel xliv. 21.

Nazarites were required to abstain totally from wine and strong drink. The Nazarites were persons who separated themselves from the world, and devoted themselves, by a vow, to the exclusive service of God. The following, from Numbers vi. 3, 4, is one rule of the order: "He shall separate himself from wine and strong drink, and shall drink no vinegar of wine,

or vinegar of strong drink, neither shall he drink any liquor of grapes, nor eat moist grapes, or dried. All the days of his separation shall he eat nothing that is made of the vine tree, from the kernels even to the husk." The rule was exceedingly rigid, and comprehensive; prohibiting the use, not only of wine itself, but of any thing which might possibly awaken an appetite for it.

Intoxicating drinks were not permitted to princes or kings. "It is not for kings to drink wine, nor for princes to drink strong drink; lest they drink, and forget the law, and pervert the judgment of any of the afflicted." Prov. xxxi. 4, 5.

From these Scriptures it appears, that three classes of the people were required to practice total abstinence. These were the priests, or religious teachers; the princes, or magistrates; and the Nazarites, or those devoted to practical piety. If the spirit of these rules were universally observed, how much purer would be the Church; how much wiser the legislation of the country; and, how much more perfect the administration of all our affairs, civil and religious!

A few individuals were required to practice total abstinence. Manoah's wife, the mother of Samson, was cautioned by an angel, thus: "Now therefore beware, I pray thee, and drink not wine, nor strong drink." Judges xiii. 4. Hannah, the mother of Samuel, said, "I have drunk neither wine nor strong drink." 1 Sam. i. 15. Of John the Baptist it was predicted, by

the angel, "He shall drink neither wine nor strong drink." Luke i. 15.

The case of the Rechabites is memorable. In the time of Jehu, king of Israel, Jonadab, the son of Rechab, laid an injunction on his posterity, for ever, not to drink wine, or plant vineyards, or build houses, or hold lands; but to dwell in tents all their days. They observed this injunction for above three hundred years. When Nebuchadnezzar came to besiege Jerusalem, the Rechabites were forced to take refuge in the city. During the seige, Jeremiah offered them wine to drink. They refused it, saying: "We will drink no wine; for Jonadab, the son of Rechab, our father, commanded us, saying, Ye shall drink no wine, neither ye nor your sons for ever," &c. Then came the word of the Lord, reproving Judah, saying, "The words of Jonadab, the son of Rechab, that he commanded his sons not to drink wine, are performed; yet, I have spoken unto you, rising early, and speaking, but ye hearkened not unto me." Then, addressing the Rechabites, he promised: "Because ye have obeyed the commandment of Jonadab your father, and kept his precepts, and done according to all that he hath commanded you; therefore, thus saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel; Jonadab, the son of Rechab, shall not want a man to stand before me for ever." Their history is contained in the Book of the Prophet Jeremiah, 35th chapter.

## SECTION VI.

*Jesus and his disciples appear to have occasionally used wine, or at least to have allowed the temperate use of it.*

“ And the third day there was a marriage in Cana of Galilee; and the mother of Jesus was there. And both Jesus was called, and his disciples, to the marriage. And when they wanted wine, the mother of Jesus saith unto him, They have no wine. Jesus saith unto her, Woman, what have I to do with thee? mine hour is not yet come. His mother saith unto the servants, Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it. And there were set there six waterpots of stone, after the manner of the purifying of the Jews, containing two or three firkins apiece. Jesus saith unto them, Fill the waterpots with water. And they filled them up to the brim. And he saith unto them, Draw out now, and bear unto the governor of the feast. And they bare it. When the ruler of the feast had tasted the water that was made wine, and knew not whence it was, (but the servants which drew the water knew,) the governor of the feast called the bridegroom, and saith unto him, Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine; and when men have well drunk, then that which is worse: but thou hast kept the good wine until now. This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth his glory; and his

disciples believed on him." John ii. 1—11. This passage, describing the marriage at Cana of Galilee, shows that our Lord made wine, and ordered it to be presented to the governor of the feast, who pronounced it, "good wine."

"For John the Baptist came neither eating bread, nor drinking wine; and ye say, He hath a devil. The Son of man is come eating and drinking; and ye say, Behold a gluttonous man, and a winebibber, a friend of publicans and sinners!" Luke vii. 33, 34.

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## V.

### THE SIN OF INTEMPERANCE.

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#### SECTION I.

*Drunkenness prevailed from the earliest ages of the world.*

"And Noah began to be an husbandman, and he planted a vineyard; and he drank of the wine, and was drunken; and he was uncovered within his tent." Genesis ix. 20, 21. This took place about twenty-three centuries and a half, before the birth of Christ.

"And it come to pass, when he heareth the words of this curse, that he bless himself in his heart, saying, I shall have peace, though I walk in the imagination of mine heart, to add drunkenness to thirst: the Lord

will not spare him," &c. Deuteronomy xxix. 19. 20. This was spoken by Moses, about fifteen hundred years before the coming of Christ.

"And Nabal's heart was merry within him, for he was very drunken." 1 Sam. xxv. 36. This was five hundred years later.

Elah, king of Israel, "was in Tirzah, drinking himself drunk in the house of Arza." 1 Kings xvi. 9.

"But Benhadad [king of Syria,] was drinking himself drunk in the pavilions, he and the kings, the thirty and two kings that helped him." 1 Kings xx. 16. These events occurred a hundred years still later.

"I was the song of the drunkards." Psalm lxix. 12. Written by David, yet later. "Woe to the crown of pride, to the drunkards of Ephraim." Isaiah xxviii. 1. "Awake, ye drunkards, and weep." Joel i. 5. "For while they be folden together as thorns, and while they are drunken as drunkards, they shall be devoured as stubble fully dry." Nahum i. 10. "But and if that evil servant shall say in his heart, My lord delayeth his coming; and shall begin to smite his fellow-servants, and to eat and to drink with the drunken," &c. Matthew xxiv. 49. "They that be drunken, are drunken in the night." 1 Thess. v. 7. "Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess." Ephes. v. 18.

It appears from these Scriptures, that intemperance is a vice, as old as the sin of lying, or murder, or idolatry; it has pervaded all the generations of the race; it is one of the great characteristic, unsubdued

sins of human nature. It rests upon the character of mankind as one of its foulest stains, and has been transmitted from generation to generation, an unwasting legacy of corruption, and madness, and death.

## SECTION II.

*The intemperance described in the Scripture is, specifically, the same vice as that now prevalent under the name.*

The Scriptures which describe the symptoms and effect of drunkenness, apply, with perfect accuracy, to the sin as it now prevails.

“Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine.” Prov. xxiii. 29, 30. “They have caused Egypt to err in every work thereof, as a drunken man staggereth in his vomit.” Isaiah xix. 14. “The priest and the prophet have erred through strong drink, they are swallowed up of wine, they are out of the way through strong drink; they err in vision, they stumble in judgment. For all tables are full of vomit and filthiness, so that there is no place clean.” Isaiah xxviii. 7, 8. “For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty.” Prov. xxiii. 21. “Drink ye, and be drunken, and spue, and fall, and rise no more.” Jeremiah xxv. 27. This graphic picture of the ancient sin is true to the life of modern drunkenness.

## SECTION III.

*The drunkenness denounced in the Scriptures proceeded from the use of wine as well as strong drink.*

The word of God makes no difference between intemperance in the use of wine, and intemperance in the use of other intoxicating substances. Wine, mixed wine, and strong drink, are in many passages grouped together in the denunciations of God's word. It has been pretended by some, that the wine of Scripture was not highly intoxicating, because alcohol was not distilled until about the tenth century after Christ. But, in the first place, the Scriptures affirm, that the wine then in use was intoxicating; and, secondly, alcohol, or the intoxicating quality, is the product of fermentation, and not of distillation. The latter process does not *create* the alcoholic substance, it merely *separates* it from the liquid, in which fermentation has developed it. The following Scriptures show that wine and strong drink are placed on the same footing as to their disastrous effects.

“Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging.” Prov. xx. 1. “Who hath woe, &c. They that tarry long at the wine, they that go to seek mixed wine.” Proverbs xxiii. 29. The priest and the prophet have erred through strong drink, they are swallowed up of wine,” &c. Isaiah xxviii. 7. “Come ye, say they, I will fetch wine, and we will fill ourselves with strong drink.” Isaiah lvi. 12. “Woe to them that rise up early in

the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflame them." Isaiah v. 11. "And the Lord spake unto Aaron, saying, Do not drink wine nor strong drink, thou, nor thy sons with thee," &c. Leviticus x. 8. "It is not for kings, O Lemuel, it is not for kings to drink wine; nor for princes, strong drink." Proverbs xxxi. 4. "Woe to them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink." Isaiah v. 22.

## SECTION IV.

*Drunkenness is associated in Scripture, with the most heinous sins.*

The apostacy and infamy of priest and prophet are traced to this vice, in Isaiah xxviii. 7. "The priest and the prophet have erred through strong drink, they are swallowed up of wine, they are out of the way through strong drink; they err in vision, they stumble in judgment." "Whoredom and wine, and new wine, take away the heart." Hosea iv. 11. "Be not deceived; neither fornicators, nor idolaters, nor adulterers, nor effeminate, nor abusers of themselves with mankind, nor thieves, nor covetous, nor *drunkards*, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God." 1 Cor. vi. 9, 10. "Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these, adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, *drunkenness*, revellings, and such

like." Galatians v. 19—21. "The time past of our life may suffice us to have wrought the will of the Gentiles, when we walked in lasciviousness, lusts, excess of wine, revellings, banquetings." 1 Peter iv. 3.

Such is the foul company in which, according to the word of God, the drunkard is found; such the association in which his crime against God and man is placed. It is so now. Intemperance is intimately connected with every scarlet sin, and every appalling crime. Its affinities are ever with Sabbath breaking, blasphemy, gambling, rioting, stealing, violence, and murder. If the conception of Fisher Ames were realized—a resurrection at the foot of the gallows—we should see that almost every ghastly victim of the law's vengeance, was first a victim to drunkenness.

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## VI.

### THE PUNISHMENT OF INTEMPERANCE.

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#### SECTION I.

*God pronounced a woe upon the sin.*

"Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflame them. And the harp, and the viol, the tabret, and the pipe, and the wine, are in their feasts: but they regard not the work of the Lord, neither consider the operation of his hands. Therefore,

my people have gone into captivity, because they have no knowledge ; and their honorable men are famished, and their multitude dried up with thirst. Therefore, hell hath enlarged herself, and opened her mouth without measure, and their glory, and their multitude, and their pomp, and he that rejoiceth, shall descend into it." Isaiah v. 11—14.

## SECTION II.

*Under the Mosaic law drunkenness was punishable with death.*

" If a man have a stubborn and rebellious son, which will not obey the voice of his father, or the voice of his mother, and that, when they have chastened him, will not hearken unto them ; then shall his father and his mother lay hold on him, and bring him out unto the elders of his city, and unto the gate of his place ; and they shall say unto the elders of his city, This our son is stubborn and rebellious, he will not obey our voice ; he is a glutton, and a drunkard. And all the men of his city shall stone him with stones, that he die." Deut. xxi. 18—21.

On this passage it is proper to remark, that the code of Moses was distinguished for the mercy of its judgments, and the mildness of its punishments. In this respect, it was a wonderful advance on all the criminal codes then in force. Even down to the age of Elizabeth, the law of England punished no less than one hundred and fifty offences with death ; while the laws

of Moses, promulgated more than thirty centuries earlier, in a rude and barbarous age of the world, limited capital punishment to about thirteen crimes. One of these, so punishable, was drunkenness; marking God's abhorrence for the sin.

## SECTION III.

*Excommunication from the Christian Church was applied to this sin.*

“But now I have written to you not to keep company, if any man that is called a brother be a fornicator, or covetous, or an idolater, or a railer, or a *drunkard*, or an extortioner; with such an one, no not to eat.”  
1 Cor. v. 11

## SECTION IV.

*Future suffering in hell is appointed for the final punishment of the sin.*

“Neither fornicators, nor idolaters — nor drunkards, — shall inherit the kingdom of God.” 1 Cor. vi. 9, 10.  
“Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these, adultery — murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like; of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God.” Gal. v. 19—21.

## SECTION V.

*God will also punish him who tempts others to commit this sin.*

“Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and maketh him drunken also,

that thou mayest look on their nakedness! Thou art filled with shame for glory; drink thou also, and let thy foreskin be uncovered: the cup of the Lord's right hand shall be turned unto thee, and shameful spewing shall be on thy glory." Habakkuk ii. 15.

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## VII. THE REMEDY.

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### SECTION I.

*As to ourselves, total abstinence is the true and certain remedy.*

"Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." Prov. xxiii. 31, 32.

### SECTION II.

*Total abstinence is the means, by example, of saving others from the sin.*

"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." Romans xiv. 21.

"Wherefore, if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend." 1 Cor. viii. 13.

*Concluding Remarks.*—It is indispensable to the success of the temperance cause, that it be urged by arguments drawn from the word of God. That word furnishes the most graphic descriptions of intemperance, its immediate symptoms, and the inevitable ruin it draweth after. It suggests, also, the infallible remedy for the evil—total abstinence from all intoxicating beverages. It urges this abstinence on the safe and rational ground of Christian expediency. If all the advocates of the cause had “searched the Scriptures,” none of them would have been betrayed into the untenable positions connected with the “wine question;” they would not have denied, that the wines of Palestine possessed the intoxicating quality; nor would they have declared that the most moderate use of pure wine is an evil in itself, just as murder, or lying, is essentially and inherently wicked; nor, above all, would any have been hurried to the fanatical extreme of questioning the propriety of using wine at the Lord’s table. Total abstinence as the remedy, this abstinence placed on the ground of Christian prudence as to ourselves, and Christian charity as to other men, this is the true Scriptural doctrine. It is a tower of strength for those who espouse the great cause of temperance. The motives revealed in God’s word are, also, most persuasive. The physician tells us, that intemperance undermines the constitution, and shortens the life of its victim; observation informs us, that this vice enfeebles the intellect, inflames the baser passions, and turns the

man into the maniac, the idiot, and the brute; the philanthropist affirms that it destroys the peace of thousands, and the patriot warns us of its disastrous influences on the commonwealth. But the argument, strong as it is, derives an overwhelming power from what the Bible reveals respecting the fiery and eternal doom of the drunkard. Rags, nakedness, filth, the hospital, the mad-house, the prison, the gallows, the grave—these describe the present penalties of intemperance. But the Bible opens the dark bosom of the future, and discovers HELL as the inevitable doom of the drunkard, and its torments as his eternal portion.

Now the advocates of temperance should not cast away the formidable weapons which the Bible puts into their hands. They should not discard from the argument, the authority of God over the conscience, and the force of his eternal wrath over the fears of mankind. It were a most unhappy mistake to separate any good cause from the Scriptures, the Church, the Sabbath, and the Ministry, and to attempt to urge it forward independently of Christianity, or in antagonism thereto. We must hold by the Bible as the text book, the Church as the foundation, and the Sabbath and the Ministry as the instruments of every good work.

Nor should we give countenance, for a moment, to the idea, that total abstinence from intoxicating liquors, is identical with true religion. Temperance is a Christian grace; but it is, by no means, the whole of Christianity. There is a higher virtue, one indispen-

sable to salvation, and that is, faith in Christ, with love to God. A man may be severely temperate, and yet lose his soul. We do not read that Judas and Herod, and Julian the Apostate, were drunkards. Yet, how wicked their lives, how desperate their end! The bloody Mary was not intemperate, nor was Voltaire, nor Robespierre; yet how far were they, and how far are multitudes as temperate as they, from the kingdom of God!

TEMPERANCE:  
ITS PHILANTHROPY.

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THE lover of nature, though he may live in the midst of a beautiful, extensive, and variegated vale, does not cease to look upon it with admiration. From time to time he admires the rugged mount and anon rambles through some pleasant valley, that he may gratify the propensities of his soul; yet custom, to him, never deprives him of the wonder and astonishment, the beauty, the regularity and order which nature's works hath created within his bosom. The grandeur of nature, its sublimity and unanimity of formation, will ever strike a sensitive chord, and cause vibrations to which the mind will recur with a degree of inward ecstasy and delight.

Does nature thus affect, and can we be insensible to those things which concern the moral culture of man, to those things, with which are connected the present

and eternal welfare of the most wonderful and mysterious compositions of God?

No! the voice of the philanthropist has been heard abroad, the warnings of the Christian Patriot have been borne through the streets of Askelon, and proclaimed upon the Hills of Zion, to evidence the concern of a few, for the thousands upon whom the god of this world has been laying violent hands, and precipitating down to that dark and dreary cavern, the chamber of death, the allodium of Lucifer and his fallen angels. But the fact continues a melancholy one, that it is only the concern of a few for the thousands. To secure good to man, has been the earnest desire and fervent prayer of many a pious heart and benevolent hand; but, in developing the means, an opportunity has not been unfrequently afforded to execute and indulge the very worst feelings of the human heart. And, sometimes, under the specious name of philanthropy, the most incendiary and iniquitous plans have been carried out; fanning with its wings, like the vampire bat, and draining the very life's blood of society.

To do good, the means devised should always be of that benevolent character, that surveys the universe as one great family; that contemplates man in his two-fold relationship of mortality and immortality; that regards society as always changing, and always improving, as it is brought legitimately and uniformly under correct and enlightening moral influences.

We know not how it is, but there is something grand and spirit-stirring in the review of the past, and in trying to watch and measure influences that, from time to time, have been brought to bear upon the frame work of society.

It is like wandering through the dim twilight, amidst the ruins of palace, tower, throne, and tomb, to find the imperishable imprint of some immortal mind, the tracery of some God-like deed of benevolence.

It is like the geologist exploring the unfurrowed bowels of the earth, or ascending the cloud-capt summit to make some fugitive fossil, the chronological record of that earthquake which rolled back old ocean from his coral bed, and left the craggy cliff the silent witness of his giant strength.

It is like lifting up the heavy drapery that hung in chaotic folds upon nature's first night, to watch the bosom of the virgin earth heave with life, or catch the early kiss of the morning's dawn upon her ruby lips, to look upon creation in her bridal robes, with her jewelry—the diamond fragment of ten thousand worlds, now decking her brow with the flowers of spring, then holding in her lap the golden treasures of autumn.

We say there is a thrilling witchery in such contemplations as these, and, though we cannot name, or named, cannot determine the amount of influence thus contributed by each in the aggregate improvement and elevation of our species, yet we flatter ourselves

that, in the present great Temperance movement, we have found one of those secret and hidden springs, in that great magic, moral machinery, from which emanate those impulses and principles that shall speed to its consummation this so earnestly prayed social reform. Impulses and principles finding their foundation deep in the wants and interests of the human family, carrying with them their own inherent and unconquerable force, and telling upon the destinies of men with an energy which bespeaks their origin divine.

Should the question be asked, What is the most enduring principle on earth? the answer must be, Benevolence! In the expressive phraseology of the Bible, "Love is stronger than death."

Every great movement, if it be based in the kindly affections of the heart, if it have love for its element, must prosper and go on its winning way through opposing difficulties to its triumphant and consummated conquests. Such is the benevolence of the Order of the Sons of Temperance, and this the pledge of their continued prosperity and success. A living heart spring, which commences with our own reformation, the restoration of our families to peace, happiness, and plenty, and then flows on through every department of society.

It is benevolence that invests this association with all its grace and beauty, transforming it into an angel of light, that, in her errands of mercy in the world, follows the wanderer through all the excesses of

intemperance, even to the sinks of his deepest degradation: when successful in restraining him, pauses a moment to rejoice; when unsuccessful, stops to weep.

None are pronounced incurably corrupt; none are abandoned as utterly hopeless. At her quiet step the groan of misery is hushed, and by her gentle touch the tear is wiped away from sorrow's cheek. She stretches forth her hands over the turmoil of life, stilling the rude, rough surges of sorrow, and arching up the sky of the saddened ones with the beautiful colors of peace; while around the fireside of the reclaimed, she scatters the bright ornaments of serenity and joy.

Let us trace the progress of reformation in one single case, and bear it in mind as a stimulus to increased and persevering effort, that eternity will reveal thousands such.

An ardent noble-souled young man, seduced by the siren charms and hollow blandishments of pleasure, is led aside from the bright path of honor. He falls—not at once—but gradually giving way, in a moment of untold agony, he finds that his fair, beautiful name is a loathing among men; all his glorious aspirations of fame, all the silvery lustre of his pure visions of respect, virtue, and honor, and the tender images of his earlier affection, at one dark blasting moment are covered over with sackcloth. But sensation still throbs in his heart, feeling still lingers in his shattered nerves, and still a blush has power to redden his pale, blanched cheek.

He knows that the elegant circles of the refined and gentle are now closed against him. He feels that he is shunned as a monster, whose presence is disgusting, whose touch is contamination, and whose example is as fatal to honor and virtue, as the baneful shadow of the upas tree. For a moment despairing, thunder-struck, overwhelmed with the avalanche of his own misfortunes, he stares, like a wan unsheeted ghost, upon objects that once gave him pleasure.

Hear him soliloquizing—Oh memory, tell no more to my bleeding heart, what I once was in such fearful contrast to what I now am. Tell me not of that loved one, whose heart was mine in honor's holy bonds; but who now looks upon the bloated, blistered face of a drunkard. Tell me not of the anguish of that fond mother, upon whose bosom I was once nursed. Tell me not of my aged father's whitened locks, disturbed by the breezes that come up from the sepulchre, into which he will soon go down. Tell me not of my family, that I have pierced with untold and unspeakable sorrows.

Desperate was the struggle. Like a shipwrecked one, left to contend with the battling elements, with only a plank left to ride upon the angry foam. Stern energy with an iron hand laid fast hold upon his very heart strings. He comes a stranger to knock at your portals. The kindly welcome breaks upon his ear. The very air is loaded with the gushing song; and feeling like one who had not a sympathy wedded

to the earth, he looks up, and, instead of the cold averted face of the heartless, and suspicious, he sees the pitying eyes of friends streaming for him—fond, pure hearts, are throbbing for him. His honor is pledged, “That evil shall no longer be his good.” The voice of a sacred brotherhood shout to him, “That he is free,” absolved—restored to home, society, love, honor. The tide of his emotions drive him to his hearth and fire-side—so long deserted by its only accredited protector, so long desolate.

That midnight picture might have been in the eye of a writer, who, in portraying such a scene of horror says:—

“Within a chamber pale and dim,  
 A pale wan woman waits in vain,  
 Through the long anxious hour for him  
 Away—in want and wasting pain.  
 A babe upon her knee is pining,  
 Its winning smiles all scared away,  
 She almost hopes the sun’s next ray  
 May on its calm cold corpse be shining.  
 Poor watcher! he comes not, she dreams  
 Perchance of her old home, and now  
 Upstarting with a lurid brow,  
 Clasps the *babe* closer to her breast,  
 That dying child, yet loved the best.”

’Tis not the wife of the Son of Temperance, that shrinks at his approach, still lingers about his ear like mellow music. The agony of the bereaved mother is lost in the joy of a reclaimed husband, and, as she lays

her sleeping innocent in its cradle coffin, she looks up to catch the first indication of returning joy to her fireside; like a ray of light at midnight's hour, from a far off distant world.

Again the current of his feeling drives him to the cross. For, if man forgives the wanderer, surely Heaven can. Again he dares look up, and the cherub of mercy presents to his feverish lip the cup of salvation, "the water of which, if a man drinks, he thirsts no more."

With such facts before us, it may seem strange that there should be found in all God's universe, one so lost to all the better feelings of our common nature, as to interpose a word, or act, in the successful prosecution of so laudable an enterprise.

They shout, "He is mad," because "he reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come."

In the language of an eloquent Divine, "If reproaches must fall, let them not rest upon this hallowed enterprise; let them rather gather about the brutal husband, who gorges himself with liquor, and makes a hell of his once quiet home; who rolls the fiery flood of ruin over the beauty, the constancy, the affection of his once happy loved *one*. Let the scowl of bitter rebuke be frowned upon the wretched homicide, who sells him the wine of wrath, and measures out his wife's tears by the pint and gallon; who sells nakedness by the jug-full, to his poor unoffending hungry children. Let curses, like the red-winged lightning

blast those hissing seething brews of strong drink-- whose fires send up clouds as dark, and stench-like as those that hung upon the smouldering cities of the plain."

But let American citizens rejoice that, in our land, the fires of moral and social reform have been lighted up, that will flash so resplendently amid the gloom of coming ages.

This is, emphatically, a great American enterprise; and, as an American citizen, we cannot describe the full flow of heart pleasure we have realized when we have witnessed the mighty achievements of this splendid moral reform; accomplishing, in a day, the wonders of almost a century; like Aaron's rod, budding, and blossoming, and being harvested in *a night*.

There are those, however, whose objections, less capriciously indulged, deserve to be more courteously considered.

It has been thought by some, and no doubt honestly too, that the secrecy connected with this association is essentially objectionable. We answer: Every association has its nucleus, upon which its prosperity and perpetuity depends, and from which, as a common radius, it sends forth its diffusive influence upon society, safely and beneficially.

To secure from imposition, and to give permanency to this institution, this element has been formed in its organizations. If the same amount of good could be accomplished, and accomplished as certainly and fully

without it, we would rejoice to have men and angels inspect our doings. But surely, the benefits we propose to confer, are not to be rejected because the impulses that originate and control are as hidden as the unborn mysteries of nature. The genial, warm, and life-giving power of the vernal sun, is not to be discarded, because this fountain of light has never been penetrated by the far reaching gaze of the telescope. The rich coral that decks the brow of beauty, is not the less to be valued, because its ocean bed remains unfathomed. The gentle winds that fan our foreheads, are not less balmy and refreshing, because their home has never been found, and their rapid flight has bid defiance to the giant sweep of the eagle's wing.

Cool and clear was the fountain that bubbled up before Hagar and Ishmael; and, however unseen the hand that gave the spring, the fugitive exiles did not rejoice the less in the blessing.

"Give us only that fluid which trickles down the bright sides of our American mountains," and, however remote and sequestered the retreat, however unexplored the fountain bed, it will be nature's own chrysal wave, reflecting the image of Him, the "invisible Author of all good." Too much capriciousness has been indulged, in the objections which have been made to the simple and unpretending paraphernalia of the association. These objectors, no doubt, are the legitimate descendants and successors of the long-faced Pharisees, who, though they made broad the phylacteries in their

own garments, found fault with that great pattern and patron of temperance, John the Baptist, who came only with camel's hair for his vesture, and a leather girdle about his loins, "neither eating, nor drinking," and they said, "He hath a devil."

A disposition so ungenerous, the blessed Saviour was not slow to rebuke, in terms of stern and righteous indignation. He rolled back the charge of inconsistency upon the accusers, and presented a triumphant vindication of this great *water-man*, by asserting, "Wisdom is justified of her children."

To answer all the questions, or to silence all the objections which may have been started upon this subject, is a result not even hoped for, much less intended; but we must notice the self-satisfied religionist, who says: "Christianity is enough, is all."

In nothing is the wisdom of the Great Founder of our holy religion more distinctly seen, than in permitting us to form within the boundless circumference of Christian charity, as many smaller circles as we please, only requiring that our affections should operate in them, as under the control of a superior and controlling principle, intended to regulate all the subordinate movements of our nature.

Such was the conviction of that servant of God, Jonadab, the son of Rechab, who, though true and faithful, did not regard the collateral claims of humanity as conflicting with his high and holy obligations to heaven. And who *covenanted* with his brethren, "to

drink neither wine nor strong drink," and who constituted that first Division, not of the Sons, but of the Patriarch of Temperance.

It is true, that this association cannot do all, nor does it propose to do all, that religion can accomplish, but she can do something. Like the Patriarch Jacob, we may not say, "I have seen the Lord face to face, and have prevailed by prayer." But with Job, we may say, "I deliver the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. I put on righteousness, and it clothed me, my judgment was a robe and a diadem. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame, I was a father to the fatherless, and the cause which I knew not, I searched out." Like Simon, we may not bear the cross, but, we may give "a cup of cold water," in the name of Christian kindness, and look for our recompense to Him that has assured us, "We shall have more than a disciple's reward."

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We recur, then, to the sentiment, that there are emotions of the sublime, in the moral as well as in the physical world. We recal a scene, which was full of exciting interest to us then, as the recurrence is now. As the weary sun had just pillowed his head, upon the broad bosom of the west, along the long line of the distant horizon, dark and portentous clouds were seen rapidly

rolling up in thick and heavy columns, skirt and covered with lurid sheets of fire, spreading out their dark pinions, and threatening to bury in undistinguished desolation, temple and forest, palace and cottage; but the livid lightnings, as they darted from the angry storm cloud, were caught upon the glittering steel capped rods, and borne harmlessly to the earth.

Dark and fearful was the gathering storm of intemperance which blackened our moral heavens; a cloud that came in gloom and sadness, over the sunny skies, and laughing prospects of youth; a scowling storm that hung heavily around the homes of the aged; a tornado, that swept over all that is bright and beautiful in society. But the Sons of Temperance threw up their *total abstinence lightning rods*, for the protection of themselves and their families; and upon the retreating cloud, God, in his providence, placed "the bow of promise and hope," upon which the timorous and distrustful looked, and were inspired with confidence.

There was a time, to us, at least, when the novelty of city scenes imparted interest to every thing. We remember it well. The stillness of midnight was interrupted suddenly by the watchman's hoarse cry, Fire! Fire! Fire! And the alarm bells startled the dreamer from his pillow, and the iron shod engine, with its well disciplined corps, shook the pavement, like the movement of a young earthquake, and every man ran with his "fire bucket," and here and there a company with a scaling ladder, each man putting forth the utmost of

his strength, to arrest the fury of the flames, and never stopped for a moment to inquire, what influence his physical energies might exert. As we looked upon their efforts, we could but feel there was sublimity in the scene. But our enthusiasm has been almost uncontrolled, when we have gazed upon a scene of still higher moral interest. The cry of "Fire! liquid fire," has been heard, in tones of exciting alarm through the land, and with hurried step, each man runs with his bucket of cold water, and each Division with its engine of moral power, and the shout goes up with a thousand voices, "*On! on! on! my hearties!*" until every grog shop in the land shall be deluged with cold water; until the fires in every distillery, shall have been extinguished.

# INTEMPERANCE:

## ITS EVILS AND ITS CURE.

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FEW men have left so lasting an impression upon the world as did Lord Bacon. The practical application of the principles of his inductive system of philosophy is hastening the world on to the fulfilment of its destiny, with a velocity which would have been as ruinous to any former age, as it is advantageous to the present. The rapidity with which *causes* are followed by their *consequences*, the *means* by which investments are rendered productive of large and speedy profits, the splendid discoveries which have marked the career of modern science, and the feverish excitement with which mankind are pursuing mere *physical* good, may all be attributed, either immediately or remotely, to the revolutions wrought by this wonderful man in the world's modes of thinking and acting.

Nor, have the advantages accruing to us from the labors of this remarkable genius, at once "the glory and shame of England," been confined to physics merely, but mind, freed from the long bondage of ages, in which it was held by the puerile sophistries of the Aristotelian school of philosophers, has been sent forth upon a career of self-enlightenment and invention unparalleled in the history of our race. The physical sciences and their great colateral, the science of civil government, are struggling on in every part of the civilized world, through darkness and blood, to perfection. The uproused energies of man seem directed, almost exclusively, and too often blindly, to the removal of physical evils; for, after all, it is a question worthy of serious consideration, whether man's moral nature and condition have been bettered, in any degree, comparable with his physical. Has not the concentration of thought, and feeling, and action, upon the latter, necessarily resulted in the neglect of the former? Has not our proclivity to evil diverted our instrumentalities for real good from the legitimate fields of their operations?

The interests of the whole of man's nature—physical, mental, and moral, must be cared for in exact proportion to their respective importance, or consequences most fatal to his happiness as an individual or as a race will unavoidably follow. If the *physical* only be regarded, he will become practically an atheistic epicure, making all happiness consist in the gratification

of passion and appetite; if the *intellectual*, he will become a refined and sensual sceptic; but, if the entirety of his nature be equally under the influence of impulses and restraints, each cultivated and trained for its respective duties, *then*, and not *till* then, may he hope to enjoy all of which his nature is capable in the present mode of being.

But failing properly to estimate the importance of a state of high moral culture, and to labor for its securement, constitutes, perhaps, the most lamentable defect of the age. Much, unquestionably, has been done during the last half century to elevate this department of our common nature, from the foulness and infamy which have covered it for centuries past, and the present affords many cheering omens, that, if the noble work be vigorously plied, no very distant future will witness the emancipation of our race from the enthrallments of vice, and its elevation to that lofty station of moral purity and greatness, which it is the object of all our blessings ultimately to secure. Man's moral nature, in the great march of life, has taken no step backwards: for the world is evidently growing better as well as wiser; yet its relative motion has been a retrogression; the other departments of his nature, having outstripped this in the eventful race. We would not have the former retarded, but we would smite off the weights that fetter and enfeeble the latter, and add a fresh impetus to it which would send them to the goal of their destiny together. The religion of the adorable

Saviour, which towers in peerless and eternal grandeur above every other remedial scheme, alone can effect this great task. Yet it is by human instrumentalities that even *she* would secure human good: for we have "the treasure in earthen vessels." But subsidiary to the Church, in the work of human weal, are Sabbath Schools, Missionary, Bible, Tract, Colonization, and Temperance Societies. Indispensable as is each of these (and each is so indispensable that a part of the great moral field would be without a laborer if it were to retire, and we wish all God speed) yet it is the object of this volume, and of this paper, as part of it, to call the attention of American citizens particularly to the evils of intemperance and the means of its removal.

Perhaps no single evil has done so much to defer the period of man's moral jubilee, to undermine and paralyze his energies, and to thwart the purposes of his being, as intemperance: for its practice is a direct infraction of every principle constituting a virtuous character, and is a voluntary subjugation of reason, and judgment, and conscience, to insatiable appetite and licentious passion. Permit us to specify some of its evils, and urge upon you to apply the remedy:—

I. *To man's physical organism the use of alcoholic drinks, as a beverage, is most fatally deleterious.* Without going into a chemical analysis of alcohol, or specifying the particular tendencies of its elements, permit us to remark, in general terms, that being

incapable of digestion, and highly volatile, it readily leaves the stomach and passes into the blood, where it courses the veins in torrents of fire, parches the lips, sears the brain, paralyzes the manly arm, and ultimates in death. By increasing vital action it *seems* to strengthen, but, in fact, enfeebles and destroys the vital functions. The heart, and lungs, and stomach, are exposed, without protection, to its ravages; and consumption, liver complaint, dyspepsia, apoplexy, and a legion of chronic diseases, follow on in its dreadful wake. It frequently brings its unfortunate victim to his death couch with delirium, wild as a tempest at midnight upon his brain. A score of fire demons leap, and grin, and dance, and laugh around his last pillow. Serpents, emblematic of the one that never dies, nestle in his bosom, and spit their foul slime in his face; while scorpions fasten on his back and brow, and, forcing themselves into his mouth, gnaw his tongue and heart. He is dying of *mania à potu*,

“The fittest earthly type of hell.”

This is no fancy sketch. Would to heaven it was: for the imperfect but terrible picture, finds its original in thousands of cases, annually, throughout our country. There are more than *three hundred thousand* inebriates in the United States of America; more than ten times as many as have ever rallied at one time under our flag, to meet the foe of freedom on the field of strife. This frightful number, *composed* of our *fellow citizens*, is

annually decimated by death, giving us *thirty thousand every year* for the grave, and its reptile rioters. These facts show intemperance to be a broad and burning tide, which blasts, scorches, and consumes every thing within its fiery sweep, the drift wood upon whose bosom is the shattered wreck of three hundred thousand immortals, one-tenth of whom are annually lost to themselves, to their families, to their country, and we fear, to *heaven for ever*.

*Curing* human ills is a benevolent work, and those who practice it have ever formed the most respectable of the three learned professions; but *preventing* those ills is a *more* benevolent work still, and those engaged in it, deserve not only the approval, but the hearty co-operation of mankind. Invading the territories of an insulting foe, and properly chastising him for his insolent aggressions, has ever been considered a duty sufficiently patriotic, to embalm the hero's name in the hearts of his countrymen; certainly, then, driving *out* an enemy, who has *invaded*, not only our country, but our very *homes*, is a duty, not only doubly patriotic, but more essentially necessary to our peace and prosperity, and, in which every American *hand*, and *voice*, and *heart* should be engaged. To cure, as well as to prevent, the maladies inflicted by intemperance, and to drive it unconditionally from our country, are the objects for which the friends of the temperance reformation are toiling, who, when they are successful, (and they *will be* successful,) will have con-

ferred blessings on their country, the beneficial effects of which will be felt—

“While the earth bears a plant,  
Or the sea rolls a wave.”

II. *To man's pecuniary interests intemperance is a vice, attended by the most fatal consequences.* The sums annually expended by the people of this great country, for alcohol, are absolutely alarming. But, because they are composed of a small amount from each citizen, upon an average, and these small amounts are contracted by a little at a time, the magnitude of the aggregate waste is not appreciated. Every man ought to keep an estimate of his personal, as well as family expenditures; and if any, even a moderate dram drinker, will do this, he will find, at the end of the year, that an amount, the size of which will astonish him, has been lost to him and his heirs for ever. No man, who makes a regular business of drinking, though he never may have been intoxicated, spends less than fifty dollars annually, amounting in the course of an ordinary lifetime, say twenty years for a dram drinker, to one thousand dollars; and one excessively addicted to his cups will squander twice this amount. But the ruin this vice inflicts in this respect, is not the result of the large sums which are lavished for brandy, but habits of intemperance are sure to beget habits of inattention to business: the farm, the shop, the office, and the store are neglected, and this neglect, combined with extrava-

gance, completes the ruin, and sends many a son, raised in affluence, a bankrupt to his grave, leaving behind him a widowed, heart-broken one, without a sheltering home for her frail form, and his helpless and destitute children inheritors of the only patrimony ordinarily within the gift of such a father, *disgrace* and *his curse*. But that you may *feel* the force of our argument, let us present the aggregate result of this single evil upon the monied interests of our country.

It has been fairly estimated, that not less than 100 million gallons of liquid poison are annually consumed in this country, estimating which, at fifty cents per gallon to the consumer, (and, upon the average, it will cost more,) we have the enormous sum of *fifty millions* of dollars, expended for the gratification of a single appetite in one year. Two hundred thousand paupers, made such by intemperance, cost our tax paying citizens *twenty millions* more every year.

Thirty thousand years of productive human labor are lost to us annually by the premature deaths of as many of our citizens, which, being estimated at thirty cents *per diem*, amount to *three millions* more. But an eminent writer has remarked, the loss of time by the living drunkard is immense. He must have time to stagger to the dram shop, to drink, and laugh, and swear with his besotted brothers; time to stagger home, to doze away a thorough drunken frolick, or to abuse those whom it is his duty to protect : in a word, he **must** have time for every thing but his duty; *this* he

neglects, and bankruptcy follows. The time thus wasted by the poor inebriate, and by others, such as attendants when sick, and officers when he has been guilty of injustice to others, may be very reasonably reckoned at ten millions annually. Estimating all other losses occasioned by the vice, as those resulting from inattention, negligence, bad bargains, &c., at twenty millions, (and they are twice as much) which, being added to the other items in the bill, gives us the almost incredible sum of one hundred millions of dollars, thrown away every year upon our passions, and squandered upon one of the most degrading vices that ever visited or cursed the world. And when we remember, that we are not the proprietors of the money we waste, but only stewards under God, and will have to render an account to Him for the appropriation of each cent of it, not only the impolicy of our course is seen, but its exceeding sinfulness.

Man is not only accountable for what he *has done*, but for what he *might have done*, and what might, or rather what might not have been accomplished with this hundred millions properly applied? The aggregate of the waste during the last fifty years, is amply sufficient to have richly endowed an University in each of our States, which, like so many beacon fires blazing along the shore of a dark and treacherous sea, would have guided hundreds and thousands of intellectual voyagers to the temple and shrine of Minerva, where they would have been trained and qualified for the struggles that

awaited them upon the great battle plains of existence, but who for want of what we might have supplied, were stranded upon the shore and lost. The sum would have been quite enough to have established an academy in each county of this nation, which would have afforded educational facilities to thousands and tens of thousands of our youth, who might have become stars of the first magnitude in the heavens of our national glory, but who, wanting these facilities, have struggled on in darkness, some to graves of infamy, and all to graves of obscurity. It would have established and maintained, for a part of the poor, at least, a common school in every neighborhood, by which the dungeon bars of many an imprisoned soul might have been wrenched away, and the light of intelligence sent flashing over the faculties of many a prostrate and benighted mind. It would have been sufficient to have run canals along all our water courses; to have spanned all our streams with bridges; to have webbed the bosom of our continent with telegraphic lines; to have stretched rail roads from the Atlantic to the far off Pacific; to have paid our national debt; to have lined our coasts with a fleet, which would have been an impregnable bulwark against the navies of tyrants in all coming time; aye, to have lifted this land of Washington, like ancient Capernaum, almost to heaven. Nay, more, under the blessing of heaven, this sum would have sent the missionary angel around the world, to its every home and heart with its message of life, preparing man for, and guiding him in the sublime

pilgrimage of existence to the bosom of God. How recreant are we, then, to the sacred trusts confided to our keeping, while we squander upon our appetites and passions the means which our great Father designed should be employed in making men like angels, and earth like heaven. Duty to ourselves, and justice to others, clamor loudly in our ears for the abandonment of a vice, which, vampire-like, is sucking our very life-blood, and endangering our very existence.

III. But, intemperance is not only fatally injurious to man's physical organism, and destructive of his temporal comforts, but to *him, as an intellectual being, it is accompanied by consequences fatally detrimental to his highest and best interests.* Its evil effects here, are prominently manifest in two particulars—in preventing that cultivation and development of mind necessary to secure any thing like prominence, or even respectability; and, in striking it down, mid-heaven after it has begun its career of usefulness and honor. "There is no royal way to learning," the path of the student, is the path of *toil*. The feeblest functions of the mind must be nursed into vigor; its perceptions must be quickened and corrected, its compass enlarged, and its strength of grasp increased. Long training, and close, continuous, unwearied application, are indispensable to any thing like eminent scholarship.

The clouds, so wont to gather in the mental sky of even the laborious student, to obscure his perceptions, dampen his ardor, and extinguish his hopes, must be

smitten with the magic wand of an iron will, or they will gather in closer, darker, heavier folds around it for ever. But allow the student, while at college, or afterwards, in pursuing the study of a profession, to become addicted to his cups, to mingle with the bacchanalian throng, where the sparkling bowl, the vulgar jest, and the profane rehearsal of some obscene adventure, while away his midnight but priceless hours, and the day of his destiny is over—the grave stone upon his buried hopes is sealed so firmly, that an angel cannot roll it away. Because, those indispensables to mental improvement and greatness, *undivided* attention, *ample grasp* of thought, and *pointed* concentration, will be undermined and destroyed by excess. That matchless mainspring of the mental machinery, the *unfaltering will*, loses, at first, its flexibility and power, then its very existence, and then the animal triumphs completely over the man, and Ichabod is written upon the desolate chambers of his soul; for its glory is gone. But if, in defiance of all these obstacles, some splendid geniuses have entered the lists of life with such apparent success, as to lead their friends to hope that the brilliancy of their achievements would linger as an immortal halo around their names, where is there *one*, in whom hope has found its realization, *one*, who has not arrived suddenly at the goal of his existence, the shattered wreck of all that is great and noble in man?

A great mind in ruins is the most melancholy spectacle in the universe of God. The navies of the

world, stranded upon a wild and rocky shore, where the lurid lightning reveals the fearfulness of the catastrophe in floating wrecks, and drowning wretches, where death shrieks rise above the roar of the tempest, would afford a spectacle of appalling grandeur. A great city in ruins, for example, Lisbon, in an earthquake, with her broken arches, and crumbling walls, and falling towers, and flying population, with thousands buried beneath the ruins of their former dwellings, presents a scene over which the heart of humanity sickens. Moscow, at mid-winter, wrapped in an ocean of flame, whose tossing billows swept the clouds, made even the stern heart of Napoleon tremble, and sent a paralysis of despair through all his veteran hosts. But what are these, to the irreparable ruin of *one* temple, whose builder is God; of *one* immortal mind, having eternity for its life-time, and immensity for its home?

Approach the bier of that unequalled orator S. S. P.: or of that pleasing, but melancholy poet, E. A. P., lay back the covering from his still brow—

“Look on its broken arch, its ruined wall,  
Its chambers desolate and portals foul.”

Look on those glazed and rayless eyes, through which the up-roused soul looked out entranced upon the sublime and the beautiful, or sent its fire flashing in the face of its foe; look on those livid lips, the fiery chariot of whose eloquence once wafted thousands to heaven; look, and behold a ruin, for which a nation

might wring its hands and weep : for it is a *great mind in ruins*.

These, and thousands more, who might have been guiding stars to millions on their pilgrimage to greatness, became, through habits of intemperance, fitful meteors, flashing, for a moment, in the sky, and then falling, like Lucifer, from the heaven of their glory, to darkness and dishonor, for ever. To our young countrymen, we present these mournful examples of the destructive influences of intemperance upon intellect, and beseech them to avoid the fatal rock upon which so many noble barques have been wrecked, and around whose base the broken greatness still is floating, to warn us of our danger. Remember, intemperance prevents the development of mind ; and, even should it not, as the fire destroyed the waxen wings of Dædalus, so this vice destroys the force of intellect, and feeble, and aimless, and without success, you will live and die without leaving a single foot-print on the sands of time.

IV. *But to man, as a moral and accountable creature, the indulgence of no vice could be more fatal than that of intemperance.* Although the doctrine of innate *ideas* has been nearly abandoned, since the days of Mr. Locke, the doctrine of innate *depravity* finds too strong confirmation in the history and experience of mankind ever to cease to be a prominent tenet in every orthodox creed. Our duty, as moral beings, is not to guard a pure and unsullied nature against the intrusion of

that which would defile it, but to cast out "the strong man armed;" to subdue that proclivity to evil, which, by virtue of the very nature we inherit, has its seat in the heart. Life is all a warfare; offensive, to be sure, but defensive, first. Than this, a more difficult, or important work, cannot engage the attention of mortals; difficult, because it is unnatural—a warfare of man against himself; important, because, unless performed, man's whole existence is one great failure.

This life-time task should engage our attention betimes; for vice, being indigenous to our natures, and already deeply rooted there, will, if its removal be neglected, soon produce its legitimate fruits—corruption and ruin. Virtue, an exotic from the genial shores of immortality, when transplanted to the bleak and desolate wastes of the human soul, like a frail flower amid the glacier heights and eternal snows of the Alps, requires so much of attention and tenderness to secure, not only its vigorous growth, but its very existence, that, if occasional gleams of sunshine and soft falling dews come not upon it, from its native heaven, it would wither and die. But, such is the capacity of human nature, for good, as well as evil, that, by early availing itself of the helps which heaven affords, it may secure all those virtues which adorn the "spirits of the just made perfect," and link it in high and endless companionship with the first-born sons of God. This is the high destiny for which it has been made our duty to struggle; which,

if we gain, all is gained ; which, if we lose, all is lost. The chief glory and dignity of man, consists in a rigid practice of that high code of Christian morals, which will lift him from the dust and darkness of time, to the light and fruition of eternity. It is this that gives strength, and beauty, and purity, to his whole character. This, alone, is true greatness ; and by it, alone, can his highest happiness be secured ; for its neglect will secure the social, civil, and intellectual ruin of our race. We have already intimated, that, to carry this momentous work to any high degree of perfection, it should be entered upon early, and persevered in to life's last hour. Anything which will divert the attention from it, or increase the disinclination already existing, to undertake it, *ought* to be regarded as an implacable foe to man's chief good.

That all sensual indulgence is of this character, no observing person will deny ; and the particular vice under consideration, is more certainly productive of these results, than all others ; inasmuch, as it not only blunts the moral sensibilities, weakens, and ultimately destroys the conscience, and perverts and bewilders the judgment, but *dethrones reason* ; absolutely *extinguishes* the last light that gleams upon the sinuous path of probation, and leaves the bewildered pilgrim in total darkness, subject to the guidance of his appetites, and the mastery of his passions, without the power to select, or the inclination to

ursue, the path of safety, involved in intricacies, and surrounded by dangers, which omniscience alone can see, or Omnipotence remove; shunned by man, and abandoned by God, to stumble on to ruin, irrevocable, eternal. While man can look into his *heart*, and *reflect*, there is hope; but the power of doing so, the inebriate has long since immolated upon the altar of sensualism; and the last gentle whispers of conscience, as well as the stern clamors of remorse, he has strangled in the bowl of intoxication; and thus entangled, in the meshes of a net from which few escape, he abandons himself to every species of crime that can mark or mar the human character, or disgrace our nature. Who are they that profane the holy Sabbath; that blaspheme the venerable name of God; that disturb the quiet of our cities, and the slumbers of their peaceful citizens, by their midnight carousals; that insult female modesty by the rudeness and obscenity of their language and manner; and that glory in their shame, while participating in guilt, the very name of which a modest pen refuses to write? Walk through our villages, towns, and cities, on public days, and see about each grog-shop a motley crowd; there, one in rags, sleeps in the mire; another is muttering horrid curses, as if he were conversing with devils, in the vernacular of hell; and another raging and cursing, as if he were possessed of a legion of infuriated demons. Behold, here, a demonstration of the position, that intemperance is a deadly

foe to morality and social order. Three-fourths of the cases occurring in our criminal courts, and a large proportion of civil litigation, are the direct offspring of this curse of curses. A distinguished Judge, in a late charge to the Grand Jury of the City and County of Philadelphia, said: "Gentlemen, Philadelphia is one vast groggery; and any one who will sit with me, in this criminal court, for two months, and hear the sad recitals of crime, arising from the excessive use of ardent spirits, will not doubt it." With what accumulated *emphasis* might this be said of many of our neighborhoods, villages, and towns! Who, then, can wonder, that inebriates fill our jails and penitentiaries, and that nineteen-twentieths of the imprisoned criminals of the civilized world, are confined for crimes perpetrated when under the influence of alcohol? Who does not see, that, just as this monster vice prevails, iniquity abounds? that, just as men abandon themselves to its sway, the world approximates the character of a vast bedlam? and that it is only necessary that the vice should become universal, and the last star that gilds man's future, will die out in darkness; the last ligament, binding the world, in loyalty, to God, will be severed, and light, and joy, and hope, will die, and one all-embracing curse will settle down upon us for ever. Such a catastrophe will certainly follow the universality of the vice; a catastrophe, depriving us of the most treasured boon of existence, and, at the same time, subjecting us to

the severest calamity which it is in the range of humanity to endure, or of heaven to inflict.

The great deficiency of the age is in morals: the great antagonist of morals is sensualism: and the head and front of this is intemperance. It was said by an eminent English divine, when Napoleon lost the battle of Waterloo, that the clock of the world went back six centuries. Let this monster vice be exterminated, and scarcely shall the victor's shout have ceased, before that same clock shall indicate an advance of a thousand years; but let him survive and continue to pour upon the world his flood of evil influence, and, at no distant day, there will be scarcely a single Ararat upon which the sacred ark of morality can rest. It hangs like a night-mare upon the main-spring of the world's moral machinery, blunting the force of the blows aimed at the castellated walls of vice, while it is the strengthening cement of those walls, and the very life blood of their defenders. It is the first vice of civilization that finds its way to our heathen brethren; and, before our arts have polished, or sciences refined, or religion purified one mind among them, the pioneering fire water of the white man has its thousands of victims.

These things being so, it must follow, as a consequence, that it is the duty of philanthropists, political economists, moralists, and Christians, to unite their utmost energies for the successful prosecution of this world-involving war, that knows but two alternatives—

triumph or ruin. Let the battle cry "Down with the monster," ring along the line mustered in defence of humanity and its interests, and then

"Strike! till the last armed foe expires,  
Strike! for your altars and your fires;  
Strike! for the green graves of your sires;  
*God*, and your native land!

*Vivis*











