

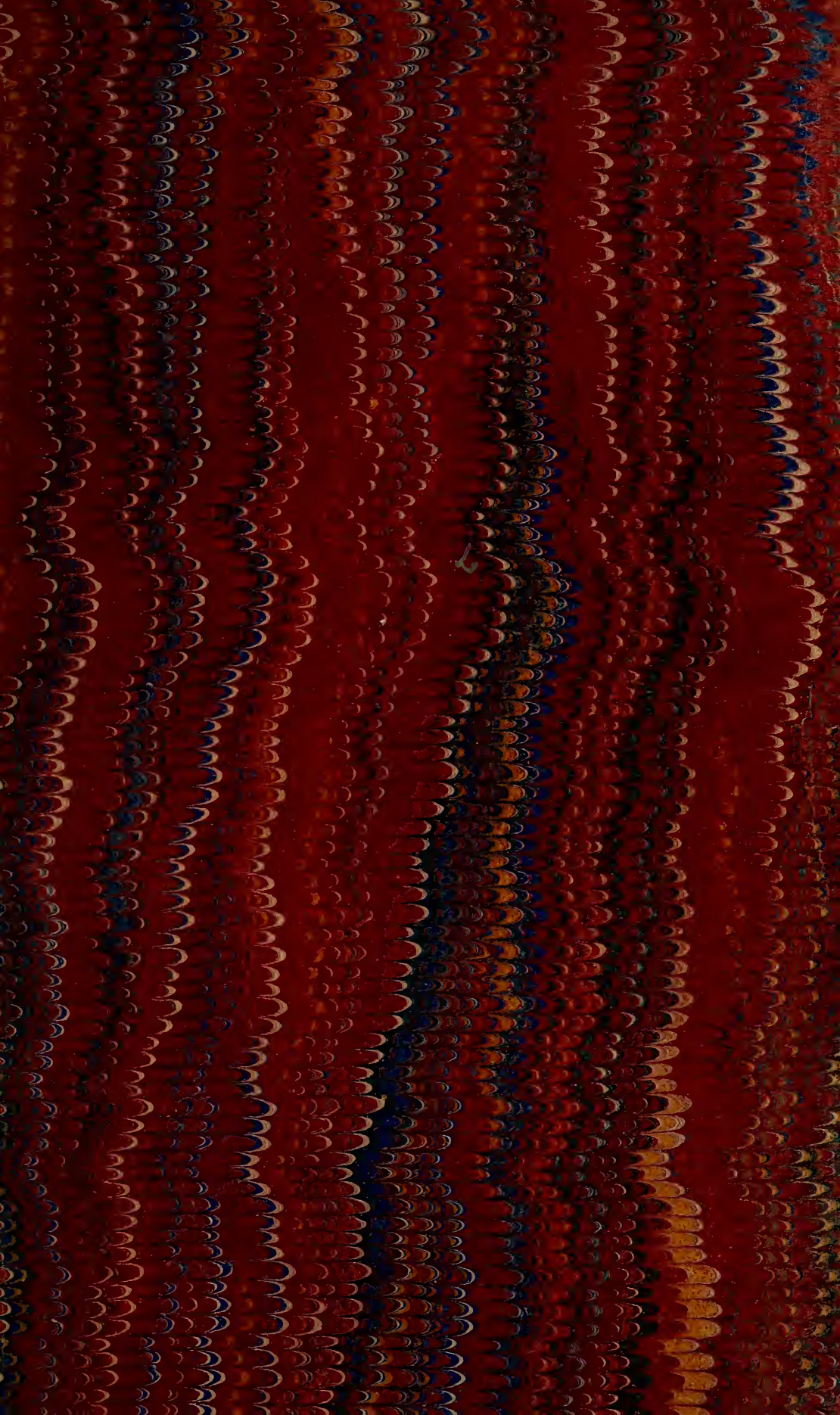
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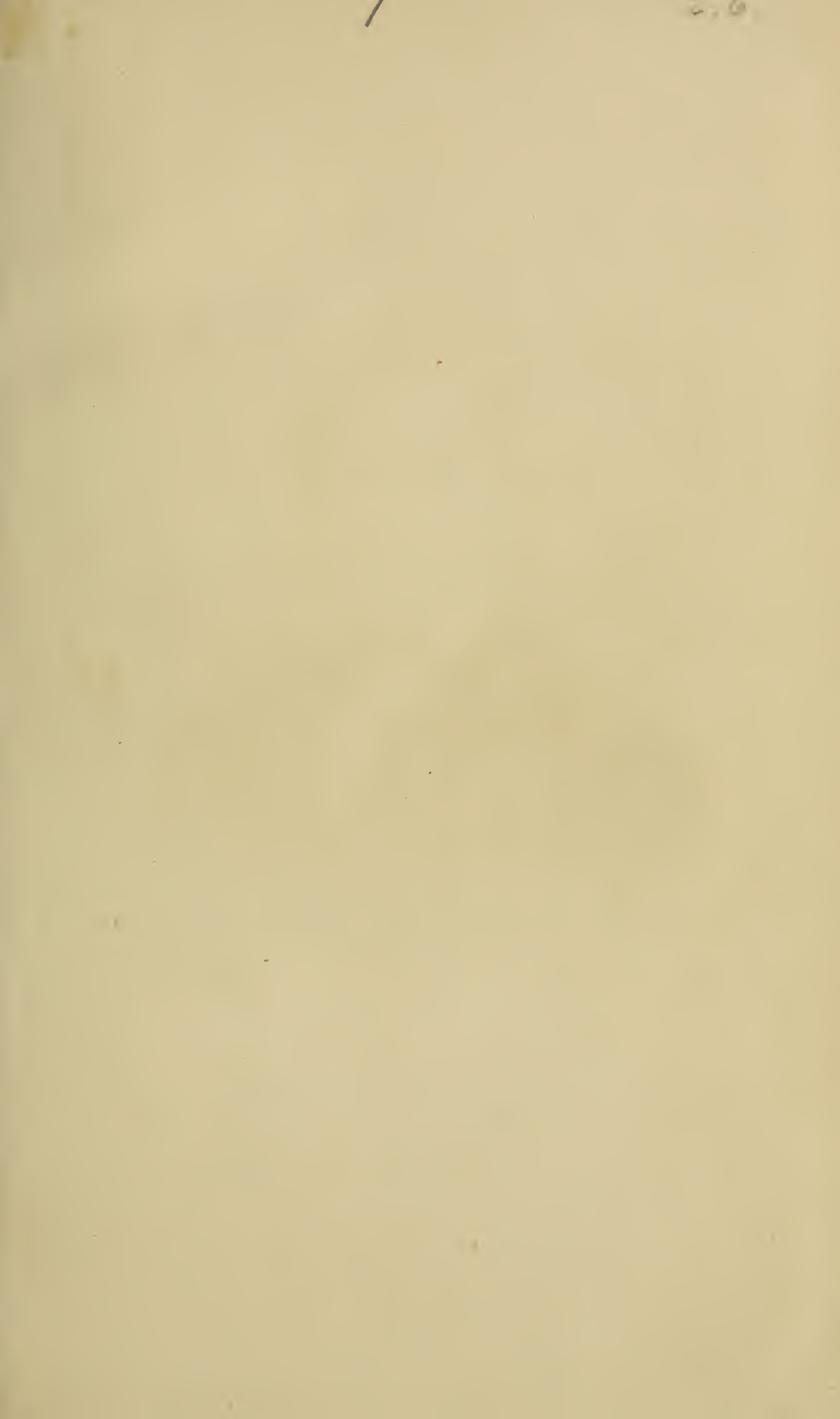
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.







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Yours fraternally
J.B. Wakeley

THE AMERICAN

TEMPERANCE CYCLOPÆDIA

OF

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, ANECDOTE,
AND ILLUSTRATION.

BY

REV. J. B. WAKELEY, D.D.

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"O thou invisible spirit of wine! if thou hast no name to be known by, let me call thee devil!"

"Oh! that men should put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains."

SHAKSPEARE.



NEW YORK :

National Temperance Society and Publication House,

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1875.

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To the
HONORABLE WILLIAM E. DODGE,
PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY,
THE LONG, LIFETIME FRIEND AND PATRON OF TEMPERANCE ;

TO THE
VICE-PRESIDENTS,
WHO ARE NOBLE MEN ENGAGED IN A NOBLE WORK;

TO
“*The Sons of Temperance,*” “*The Templars of Honor,*” “*The Good
Templars,*” and all Kindred Societies;

TO
ALL THE FRIENDS AND PROMOTERS OF TEMPERANCE EVERYWHERE,

IS THIS
Humble Volume Most Respectfully and Affectionately

Dedicated

BY
THEIR FELLOW-LABORER IN ONE OF THE BEST OF ENTERPRISES,

J. B. WAKELEY.

I have not only beheld the wretched effects of rum-drinking, but of rum-selling. Alas! that the state commissions men to do this murderous business. The license system is one of legalized murder. Men thus authorized line their purses with the price of blood, and then tie them up with the broken heart-strings of their ruined customers. When will this relic of the dark ages be done away with for ever?

I have known most of the early founders as well as the later advocates of temperance. We should be thankful for such illustrious founders, as well as their noble successors, who have caught the falling mantles of the ascended fathers.

Why have we another book on temperance? Because I was anxious to do something with my pen to promote its interests when my voice shall be silent and my silver hairs laid in the dust.

The reader will find in this volume a great variety of history, biography, anecdote, and incidents illustrating intemperance and temperance with their various phases. A part is original; and as for the remainder, I have drawn from every possible source.

I have generally given credit where I knew to whom it belonged. I am indebted specially to "Permanent Temperance Documents."

The Roll of Honor is unlike anything I have seen. I would like to have enrolled others, and especially a number of the heroes on the other side of the Atlantic—Father Mathew, Hon. J. S. Buckingham, William Tweedie, and a number more who deserve immortal renown.

This book, I trust, will be read by thousands who have seen the writer on the platform and in the pulpit, pleading the cause of temperance, and by thousands who have never seen him, who would like to know something of his temperance history. They shall be gratified.

Forty-four years ago I signed the temperance pledge. There is no act of my life I look upon with more pleasure, except one, when I gave my wanderings o'er by giving God my heart. The pledge has been my shield and safeguard. Twenty-five years ago I joined the Sons of Temperance, about the same time the "Good Samaritans," and in 1852, the "Temple of Honor." With the "Good Templars" I have been very familiar, and I have greatly honored the "Cadets of Temperance."

Wishing all these and other temperance organizations prosperity, and a speedy and splendid triumph of temperance everywhere, and that the beautiful banner of temperance and the banner of the cross may soon wave side by side on every hill and in every valley throughout the world,

I am the public's humble servant,

J. B. WAKELEY.

NEW YORK CITY, March 9, 1875.

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TEMPERANCE CYCLOPÆDIA.

Alexander the Great and his Friend.

Alexander the Great, after a victory, invited a number, and among others his friend Clitus, to a banquet. Wine was drunk very freely, and, after the king had been drinking immoderately, he praised himself and his wonderful exploits, while at the same time he undervalued others and detracted from their glory. This disgusted many who were present, and among others his friend Clitus, who once saved the life of the king by risking his own. Clitus, being under the influence of wine, animadverted on the conduct of the king, and vindicated the character of some whom he had detracted. This so exasperated the king that he seized his javelin and struck him with it, and laid him dead at his feet. Instantly the king was horror-struck at the idea that he had murdered his friend, who once saved his life. He fell on the dead body of his murdered friend, seized the javelin, and would have plunged it into his own bosom had not his attendants prevented. He passed that night and the next in tears, sighs, and groans. For a time he was stretched speechless on the ground, only venting deep sighs. Such was his excessive grief that he tried to starve himself to death. Miserable man, the picture of despair! No wonder Rollin enquires, "What can be meaner or more unworthy of a king than drinking to excess? What can be more fatal or bloody than the transports of anger?" Alexander, who had conquered so many nations, was conquered by these two vices, which throw a shadow over his brilliant actions. "The reason of this is," says Seneca, "he endeavored more to conquer others than to subdue himself, not knowing that to triumph over our passions is of all conquests the most glorious."

Alexander and the Crown.

Alexander, having invited several of his friends and general officers to supper, proposed a crown as a reward for

him who should drink most. He who conquered on this occasion was Promachus, who swallowed fourteen measures of wine; that is, eighteen or twenty pints. After receiving the prize, which was a crown worth a talent—*i.e.*, about a thousand crowns—he survived his victory but three days. Of the rest of the guests, forty died of their intemperate drinking. "The end of these things is death."

Alexander the Conqueror Conquered.

Alexander was the conqueror of conquerors, and was finally conquered by an enemy who has gathered laurels everywhere and triumphed in every land.

He was in Babylon, and there was banquet after banquet, entertainment after entertainment. After having spent a whole night in carousing, a second entertainment was proposed to him. They met accordingly, and there were twenty guests at the table. He drank to the health of every person in the company, and then pledged them severally. After this, calling for Hercules' cup, which held six bottles, it was filled, when he poured it all down, drinking to a Macedonian of the company, Proteas by name, and afterwards pledged him again in the same enormous bumper. He had no sooner swallowed it than he fell upon the floor. "Here, then," says Seneca (describing the fatal effects of drunkenness), "is this hero, invincible by all the toils of prodigious marches; by the dangers of sieges and combats; by the most violent extremes of heat and cold—here he lies, conquered by his intemperance, and struck to the earth by the fatal cup of Hercules."

Thus fell the great hero, the mighty conqueror, conquered by wine at the age of thirty-two years.

Ale and Beer Measure.

One day, when the lesson was the table called "Ale and Beer Measure,"

a little boy, remarkable for his correct lessons, was quite unprepared.

"How is this, John?" said the teacher.

"I thought it was no use," said John.

"No use!" said the teacher.

"No, sir; it's ale and beer measure," said John.

"I know it is," said the teacher.

"Well, sir," said the little boy, "father and I think it is no use to learn about ale and beer, as we mean never to buy, sell, or drink it."

An Argument for Drinking.

"Now, I ax you fellers, who's the best citizen, him as supports government, or him as doesn't? Why, him as does, in course. We support government; every man as drinks supports government; that is, if he lickers at a licensed house. Every blessed drop of licker he swallows there is taxed to pay the salary of them ere great officers, such as mayors, and corporationers, high-constables, presidents, and custom-house gentlemen. 'Spouse we was to quit drinking—why, government must fall; it couldn't help it, no how. That's the very reason I drinks. I don't like grog. I mortally hates it. If I follered my own inclination, I'd rather drink buttermilk, or ginger-pop, or Dearborn's sodywater. But I lickers for the good of my country, to set an example of patriotism and wirtus self-denial to the risin' generation."—*Straw Sucker*.

An Argument.

Many years ago the following appeared in the *Observer*:

"At the second annual meeting of York (Eng.) Temperance Society a laboring man came forward, and, after standing for some time, looking very blank, as though he was not accustomed to look so large an assembly in the face, and seeming as though he would not be able to speak a word, began his statement by saying, 'Ah've been one o' t' greatest drunkards and wickedest sinners as ivver God let live.' He then detailed the means which were rendered efficacious in his reformation, and went on to observe: 'Fooaks says temperance societies does no good; but let them come to mah house, and they'll see whether or not. Ah now ev as nice

a cheer as ony man need wish to sit down on. (Laughter.) Ah've plenty o' meat in the house and plenty o' brass in the pocket, and ah've a good pig a' the sty (loud laughter); an' what's best of all, they're all paid for, and not a man in Safford can come an' ax me for a farthing. (Applause.) Fooaks says temperance societies does no good; but they sud come and ax mah wife, and she would tell them whether or not. (Loud laughter.) Ah used to be ah hated ommost to see her, and would ha' killed her if ah durst; she could get naught to put on; ah nivver had ony comfort o' her. Noo there isn't a man in all Safford looes his wife better nor ah do (much laughter), nor has more comfort o' her. Fooaks says temperance societies does no good; but they sud come and see mah children.' (Loud laughter.) After describing the improvement in their condition, the poor man concluded with a recommendation to others to do as he had done."

Rev. Lebbeus Armstrong and His Father.

Mr. Armstrong, alluding to the above pointed speech, says, considering the piece well calculated to make an impression, "I immediately went into the room where my father was alone, and read it to him, and then observed, 'Father, this is a speech to the point indeed.' 'Indeed, it is,' was his reply, with tears rolling from his eyes. 'Well,' said I, 'this address of the laborious man will class well with an account, published some years ago, of a man who had long indulged in habits of intemperance, till his appetite forced him uniformly to awake and rise in the slumbering hours of the night to take a draught from his bottle, and then he would sleep comfortably till morning. After rising one night, as usual, and taking his bottle in his hand, instead of drinking, he set it down, and thus addressed it: "Must I for ever be a slave to you? And must you be my destroyer for ever? No! I'll put an end to this for ever." Thus saying, he instantly dashed his bottle to pieces, and ever after was a temperate man.'

"To this account the old gentleman listened with deep and solemn attention. I proceeded: 'Now, dear father, public notice was given yesterday that I would deliver a temperance address

at the school-house, on East Line, on the 26th. How much strength and energy and effect would it add to that address if I could be able to announce that my father has thus disposed of his jug of whiskey?" "Bring it here," said the old man promptly, "and I will do it."

"My mother and wife were requested to take their seat in the room where the old gentleman sat. The half-gallon stone jug, nearly half full of the poisonous beverage, was next presented in presence of the family. 'Move those andirons apart,' said the old man, 'and set the jug between them.' It was done as he directed. Sitting in his chair, he took his large, heavy, self-made, hard-wood cane by the smallest end with both hands, and, after looking earnestly and silently at the object before him during a few moments, as though he was deliberating on the consequences of the crisis, he thus addressed the jug: 'I'll be a slave to you no longer.' Thus saying, with his might he smote the jug with the head of his cane, which dashed it in pieces into the fire. As the contents flamed up the chimney, in lucid demonstration that the poisonous composition was made to burn and not to drink, he exclaimed: 'That is well done; I'll never drink another drop of spirituous liquor during my life!'

"That same hour he subscribed his name to the Family Temperance Pledge with his own trembling hand, dated February 16, 1833."

Mr. Armstrong said: "Will you give me leave, father, to make such use of this transaction as I deem proper for the promotion of the cause of temperance?" He replied with much earnestness and affection: "Lebbeus, I have done my duty; make such use of it as you please."

Armstrong and His Neighbor.

Mr. Armstrong had an intemperate neighbor who told him he could not refrain himself from the use of rum; the thing was impossible. Mr. Armstrong, in order to convince him of his mistake, said: "Suppose, in your presence, I should put a sufficient quantity of arsenic into your jug of rum to produce certain death by the use of one table-spoonful, and there was no other liquor within one hundred miles of you, how long would your jug stand by you be-

fore you drank of it?" He acknowledged that under such circumstances he should never taste of its contents. In this case a full conviction was produced that nothing was wanting to refrain from strong drink but a resolution; and the want of this baffled all conviction, and the man continued to be a drunkard. A few years after, in attempting to cross the Hudson River in a boat, on his way home from a store, with a jug of rum and a drunken son with him, both in a state of intoxication, a high wind upset the boat; his jug was saved in a bag tied fast in the boat, but the drunkards were both drowned!

The Applicant for Office.

A good story is told of Judge Col-lamer when Postmaster-General. It seems that he formed a resolution not to appoint anybody who was addicted to strong drink. An applicant for office presented himself, with recommendations, etc., all in orderly array. Collamer very coolly asked the applicant if he drank whiskey, which the latter misunderstood for an invitation to take some. "No, I thank you," replied he; "I would prefer a glass of brandy and water." His appointment did not appear in the papers.

The Aid of Whiskey.

An atrocious crime was committed, in which an unfortunate man by the name of Shaes was burnt to death. A young man, not twenty years of age, was implicated in the crime, and he was asked how it was possible that he could commit such a crime. He answered: "By the aid of whiskey I could commit twenty others like it."

Ancestral Dispute.

The late Mr. Huddlestone believed himself to be lineally descended from Athelstane, of which his name was allowed to be an undeniable corruption, and, among others, by the late Duke of Norfolk. These two worthies often met over a bottle to discuss the respective pretensions of their pedigrees; and on one of these occasions, when Mr. Huddlestone was dining with the duke, the discussion was prolonged till the descendant of the Saxon kings fairly rolled from his chair upon the floor.

One of the younger members of the family hastened, by the duke's desire, to re-establish him, but he sternly repelled the proffered hand of the cadet. "Never," he hiccoughed out, "shall it be said that the head of the house of Huddleston was lifted from the ground by a younger branch of the house of Howard." "Well, then, my good old friend," said the good-natured duke, "I must try what I can do for you myself. The head of the house of Howard is too drunk to pick up the head of the house of Huddleston, but he will lie down beside him with all the pleasure in the world." So saying, the duke also took his place upon the floor.

Advocates for Liberty.

A bystander at the polls in a certain town, when the question of license or no license was taken, remarks :

It has been really amusing to listen to the dialogues which have taken place at the polls between these strenuous advocates for liberty. Says the seller: "They want to take away the liberties of the people." "Jist so—'zactly," responds the toper at his elbow. Says another: "It will produce a civil war if they continue to urge on their mad scheme." "That 'twill," replies the toper; "and they'll see the co—co—cold lead fly—'fore they—hic—know it." In one corner, surrounded by a group of gaping fools, you might have seen a modern Solomon explaining the license law, while at every pause the listeners bowed their heads in assent, which was by no means a difficult matter, as their necks were very limber. Says I to myself, in a low tone, Of course you know.

Ask My Wife.

A notorious character was converted. His former associates taunted him with being a hypocrite. He replied: "If you want to know whether I have got religion, go and ask my wife. I was a brutal vagabond, squandering what little I earned in drink. My poor wife at midnight could be seen hovering around drinking-places, trying to get me home, and then I would curse and swear at her, and sometimes beat her almost to death. My children fled from me as they would from a tiger, and hid when I came into the house. Now I have got

as happy a home as there is in the city, and my children watch for my coming. I have good wages, and I don't spend my earnings at the corner grocery. You go and ask my wife, if you want to know what religion has done for me."

The Ancient Philosopher and the Remedy.

Anacharsis, the philosopher, being asked by what means a man might best guard against the vice of drunkenness, he made answer: "By bearing constantly in his view the loathsome, indecent behavior of such as are intoxicated in this manner." Upon this principle probably was founded the custom of the Lacedemonians of exposing their drunken slaves to their children, who by that means conceived an early aversion to a vice which makes men appear so monstrous and irrational.

Dr. Lyman Beecher.

Dr. Lyman Beecher, father of the Beecher family, well known on both sides of the Atlantic, was distinguished for his keen wit and for his splendid talents. The Beecher family are distinguished, like their noble father, for their wit. He will long be remembered as one of the uncompromising enemies of intemperance, and as one of the noble pioneers of temperance. His autobiography reads like a tale of chivalry. The following specimens of his wit are taken from that work, and afford a fair indication of his keenness in repartee and his felicity of illustration. The work is one to be read by young and old with pleasure and profit.

Dr. Beecher and the Prosy Brother.

Dr. Beecher, while listening to a weak and prosy argument in a presbytery, whispered to a clerical brother near him: "I had rather be before that gun than behind it."

Dr. Beecher and the Sceptic.

He was upon a steamboat on the North River, when a scoffing sceptic drew a crowd around him by his loud talk in showing up what he called the contradictions of the Bible—among others, that Judas was represented as having hung himself, and also in having fallen headlong, and bursting in the fall. Hav-

ing stated the case, he asked in a triumphant tone: "How can you reconcile these conflicting statements?"

"Why, sir," said the doctor, who was listening with others, "the rope broke, I suppose."

"How do you know?" said he.

"How do you know it didn't?" said the doctor; and that dashed him. The company laughed, and the sceptic subsided.

Dr. Beecher and the Ordinations.

It is refreshing to read how Dr. Beecher got his eyes open to the most tremendous evil that has ever cursed our world. 'Tis appalling to see the early habits of clergymen who should have had pure hands as well as clean hearts. The whole thing appears like a fable; and yet it was a terrible reality. In the year 1812 Dr. Beecher was settled in Litchfield; and soon after his arrival there he was called to attend an ordination of Mr. Heart, at Plymouth. He says there was a broad sideboard covered with decanters, and bottles, and sugar, and pitchers of water, at Mr. Heart's. There we found all the various kinds of liquor then in vogue. The drinking was apparently universal. The preparation was by the society, of course. When the consociation arrived, they always took something to drink around; also before public services, and always on their return. As they could not all drink at once, they were obliged to stand aside as people do when they go to mill.

There was a decanter of spirits also on the dinner-table to help digestion; and gentlemen partook of it through the afternoon and evening, as they felt the need, some more and some less; and the sideboard, with the spillings of water, and sugar, and liquor, looked and smelled like the bar of a very active grog-shop.

None of the consociation were drunk; but that there was not at times a considerable amount of exhilaration I cannot affirm.

He also attended the ordination of Mr. Harvey, in Goshen, where the same scenes were enacted. He says: "These two meetings were near together, and in both my alarm and shame and indignation were intense. 'Twas that woke me up for the war; and silently I took an oath before God that I would

never attend another ordination of the kind. I was full."

This was what woke up the giant; this aroused the lion, and he shook himself and roared. This made him the great battle-axe of the temperance reformation.

Dr. Beecher and the General Association.

There had been so much alarm on the subject of intemperance, that at the General Association of Connecticut, which met at Fairfield in 1811, a committee of three were appointed to make enquiries and report measures to remedy the evil.

Dr. Beecher was a member of the General Association which met, the year following, at Sharon, in June, 1812, when said committee reported. They said they had attended to the subject committed to their care; that intemperance had been for some time increasing in a most alarming manner; but that, after the most faithful and prayerful enquiry, they were obliged to confess they did not perceive that anything could be done.

This excited the holy indignation of Beecher.

He says: "The blood started through my veins when I heard this, and I rose instanter, and moved that a committee of three be appointed immediately to report at this meeting the ways and means of arresting the tide of intemperance."

The committee was ordered, and Beecher was chairman, and the next day he brought in a report, which in after-years he considered the most important document he ever wrote.

The report was thoroughly discussed and adopted, and a thousand copies ordered to be printed. He says he was not only headstrong, but *heartstrong*.

The results were glorious. Ardent spirits were banished from ecclesiastical meetings; ministers had preached on the subject; the churches had generally approved of the design; the use of spirits in family and private circles had diminished; the attention of the community had been awakened; the tide of public opinion had turned; farmers and mechanics had begun to disuse spirits; the legislature had taken action in favor of the enterprise; a society for the reformation of morals had

been established, and ecclesiastical bodies in other States had commenced efforts against the common enemy. From that time the temperance movement went on.

Dr. Beecher and Dr. Dwight.

After the action of the consociation in regard to intemperance, the noble Dr. Timothy Dwight, while he approved of their zeal, and felt the necessity of strong action, feared that his younger brethren in the ministry might transcend "the sanction of public sentiment"; but with a heavenly smile, peculiarly his own, he added: "If my young friends think it best to proceed, God forbid that I should oppose or hinder them or withhold my suffrage!"

Breathing-Holes of Hell.

Dr. Beecher, in a sermon, employed this tremendous expression to designate those haunts of dissipation and vice where the wicked delight to congregate in our cities. The scene presented before the mind is the bottomless pit, as a heated furnace, having its air-holes, from whence its blasphemies issue, and around which the congenial and preparing heats of earth delight to hover. Thence peculiarly the ministers of evil come forth to ply the work of temptation and bind the victims for their doom. This title, to the spiritually-minded, appears appropriately and indelibly inscribed over the drinking, gambling, and degrading establishments which are so numerous among us. Those who frequent the theatre and its kindred haunts are in more intimate companionship with the fearful lost than they are apt to imagine. Let the blinding veil of mortality be drawn aside, and a spiritual scenery of most appalling nature would be revealed around the stage, the bar-room, and the billiard-table. "O my soul! come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honor, be not thou united!"

Dr. Beecher and his Six Sermons on Intemperance.

Dr. Beecher blew the great trumpet of the temperance reformation. These sermons were most masterly. They are like sentences of fire. Never were the

"woes," "sorrows," "babblings," "redness of eyes," and all the terrible evils of intemperance more graphically described. The portrait of Alcohol is correctly drawn, and it is horribly exact.

Dr. Beecher describes the occasion that called them forth. He was then pastor of the Congregational church at Litchfield, Conn.:

There was a neighborhood, about four miles out, where I used to preach on Sabbath afternoons and have a lecture. There lived a gentleman and his wife, who were both converted in a revival of religion. He was nearly the first male convert I had after I went to Litchfield, and was always affectionate and kind. 'Twas my home there when I went out to preach and spend the night. He gave me more presents than any two or three, and was one of my most useful and excellent young men. The meetings were discontinued for a while; then I preached at his house again. I was gone out from the house for a while, and on my return he was in bed and his wife weeping. I felt a shock of presentiment. I drew my chair up by her side, and enquired: "What is the matter?" "Oh! matter enough," said she. "Who is it? Is it your father?" I knew he had some liabilities that way. She told me it was her husband too. "Is it possible, is it possible? Yes, it is possible!"

I thought, as I rode home, it is now or never. I must go about it immediately, or there is no chance for their salvation. These sermons I had projected early. I began the next Sabbath, and continued as fast as I could write them—one every Sabbath. I wrote under such a power of feeling as never before or since. They took hold of the whole congregation. Sabbath after Sabbath the interest grew, and became the most absorbing thing ever heard of before—a wonder of weekly conversation and interest, and, when I got through, of eulogy. All the old farmers that brought in wool to sell, and used to set up their cart-whips at the groggery, talked about it, and said many of them would never drink again.

"The father was reserved, but the son was carried away."*

In the sermons Dr. Beecher enquired: "What, then, is this universal,

* "Autobiography," Vol. II. pp. 34, 38.

natural, and national remedy for intemperance?"

"It is the banishment of ardent spirits from the list of lawful articles of commerce by a correct and efficient public sentiment, such as has turned slavery out of one-half of our land, and will yet expel it from the world."

He concludes with these burning words, that seem to have been almost inspired:

"Oh! were the sky over our heads one great whispering-gallery, bringing down upon all the lamentation and woe which intemperance creates, and the firm earth one sonorous medium of sound, bringing up around us from beneath the wailings of the damned whom the commerce in ardent spirits had sent thither—these tremendous realities, assailing our senses, would invigorate our conscience and give decision to the purpose of reformation. But these evils are as real as if the stone did cry out of the wall and the beam answered it; as real as if, day and night, wailings were heard in every part of the dwelling, and blood and skeletons were seen upon every wall; as real as if the ghostly forms of departed victims flitted about the ship as she passed over the billows, and showed themselves nightly about stores and distilleries, and, with unearthly voices, screamed in our ears their loud lament. They are as real as if the sky over our heads collected and brought down upon us all the notes of sorrow in the land, and the firm earth should open a passage for the wailings of despair to come up from beneath."

The effect of these tremendously thrilling and eloquent sermons was powerful indeed.

Gov. Briggs's Speech—The Power of Example.

I recollect one member of Congress who was always rallying me about our Congressional Temperance Society.

"Briggs," he used to say, "I'm going to join your Temperance Society as soon as my demijohn is empty." But just before it became empty he always filled it again. At one time, towards the close of the session, he said to me: "I'm going to sign the pledge when I get home. I am in earnest," continued

he. "My demijohn is nearly empty, and I'm not going to fill it again." He spoke with such an air of seriousness as I had not before observed, and it impressed me, and I asked him what it meant—what had changed his feelings.

"Why," said he, "I had a short time since a visit from my brother, who stated to me a fact that more deeply impressed and affected me than anything I recollect to have heard upon the subject, in any temperance speech I ever heard or read.

"In my neighborhood is a gentleman of my acquaintance, well educated, who once had some property, but is now reduced—poor. He has a beautiful and lovely wife—a lady of cultivation and refinement—and a most charming daughter.

"This gentleman had become decidedly intemperate in his habits, and had fairly alarmed his friends in regard to him. At one time, when a number of his former associates were together, they counselled as to what could be done for him. Finally, one of them said to him, 'Why don't you send your daughter away to a certain distinguished school?' which he named.

"'Oh! I cannot,' said he, 'it is out of the question. I am not able to bear the expense. Poor girl! I wish I could.'

"'Well,' said his friend, 'if you will sign the temperance pledge, I will be at all the expense of her attending school for one year.'

"'What does this mean?' said he. 'Do you think me in danger of becoming a drunkard?'

"'No matter,' said his friend, 'about that now, but I will do as I said.'

"'And I,' said another, 'will pay the rent of your farm a year, if you will sign the pledge.'

"'Well, these offers are certainly liberal; but what do they mean? Do you think me in danger of becoming a drunkard? What can it mean? But, gentlemen, in view of your liberality, I will make an offer. I will sign if you will!'

"This was a proposition they had not considered, and were not very well prepared to meet; but for his sake they said they would, and did sign, and he with them.

"And now for the first time the truth poured into his mind, and he saw his condition, and sat down bathed in tears.

“‘Now,’ said he, ‘gentlemen, you must go and communicate these facts to my wife. Poor woman! I know she will be glad to hear it, but I cannot tell her.’

“Two of them started for that purpose. The lady met them at the door, pale and trembling with emotion.

“‘What,’ she enquired, ‘is the matter? What has happened to my husband?’

“They bid her dismiss her fears, assuring her that they had come to bring her tidings of her husband—but good tidings, such as she would be glad to hear.

“‘Your husband has signed the temperance pledge—yes, signed in good faith.’

“The joyous news nearly overcame her—she trembled with excitement—wept freely, and, clasping her hands devotionally, she looked up to heaven and thanked God for the happy change. ‘Now,’ said she, ‘I have a husband as he once was in the days of our early love.’

“But this was not what moved me, said the gentleman. There was in the same vicinity another gentleman—a generous, noble soul—married young—married well—into a charming family, and the flower of it. His wine-drinking habits had aroused the fears of his friends, and one day, when several of them were together, one said to another, ‘Let us sign the pledge.’ ‘I will if you will,’ said one to another, till all had agreed to it, and the thing was done.

“This gentleman thought it rather a small business, and felt a little sensitive about revealing to his wife what he had done. But on returning home, he said to her:

“‘Mary, my dear, I have done what I fear will displease you.’

“‘Well, what is it?’

“‘Why, I have signed the temperance pledge.’

“‘Have you?’

“‘Yes, I have, certainly.’

“Watching his manner as he replied, and reading in it sincerity, she entwined her arms around his neck, laid her head upon his bosom, and burst into tears. Her husband was affected deeply by this conduct of his wife, and said:

“‘Mary, don’t weep; I did not know it would afflict you so, or I would not have done it. I will go and take my name off immediately.’

“‘Take your name off!’ said she. ‘No, no! let it be there. I shall now

have no more solicitude in reference to your becoming a drunkard. I shall spend no more wakeful midnight hours. I shall no more steep my pillow in tears.’

“Now for the first time truth shone upon his mind, and he folded to his bosom his young and beautiful wife, and wept with her.

“Now, I can’t stand these facts, and I am going to sign the pledge.”

Cyrus and His Grandfather.

Xenophon relates an interesting circumstance, relative to Cyrus, which occurred during a visit which the latter made, when a boy, to his maternal grandfather, Astyages. Cyrus was asked by his grandfather why he did not swallow some of the wine? “Because truly,” replied the youth, “I was afraid there had been poison mixed with the cup; for, when you feasted your friends upon your birthday, I plainly found the Sacæan (slave) had poured you out all poison.” “And how, child,” replied Astyages, “did you know this?” “Truly,” said Cyrus, “because I saw you all disordered in body and mind; for, first, what you did not allow us boys to do that you did yourselves, for you all bawled together, and could learn nothing of each other; then you fell to singing very ridiculously, and, without attending to the singer, you swore he sang admirably; then every one telling stories of his own strength, you rose and fell to dancing, but without all rule and measure, for you could not so much as keep yourself upright; then you all entirely forgot yourselves, you that you were king, and they that you were their governor; and then, for the first time, I discovered that you were celebrating a festival, where all were allowed to talk with equal liberty, for you never ceased talking.”

The Court of Death.

Death, the King of Terrors, was determined to choose a prime minister; and his pale courtiers, the ghastly train of diseases, were all summoned to attend, when each preferred his claim to the honor of this illustrious office.

Fever urged the numbers he had

destroyed; cold Palsy set forth his pretensions by shaking all his limbs; and Dropsy, by his swelled, unwieldy carcass. Gout hobbled up, and alleged his great power in reaching every joint; and Asthma's inability to speak was a strong though silent argument in favor of his claim. Stone and Colic pleaded their violence; Plague, his rapid progress in destruction; and Consumption, though slow, insisted that he was sure.

In the midst of this, the court was disturbed with the noise of music, dancing, feasting, and revelry, when immediately entered a lady, with a bold, lascivious air, and a flushed and jovial countenance. She was attended on one hand by a troop of cooks and bacchanals, and on the other by a train of wanton youths and damsels, who danced, half-naked, to the softest musical instruments. Her name was Intemperance.

She waved her hand, and thus addressed the crowd of diseases: "Give way, ye sickly band of pretenders, nor dare to vie with my superior merits in the service of this great monarch. Am I not your parent—the author of your being? Do you not derive the power of shortening human life almost wholly from me? Who, then, so fit as myself for this important office?"

The grisly monarch grinned a smile of approbation, placed her at his right hand, and she immediately became his principal favorite and prime minister.

Classic Origin of the "Three Times Three" of Modern Topers.

Amid the enjoyments of the festive board, they recall to mind the friends of other days; and, having first performed libations to the gods, those best and purest of friends, drank to the health and prosperity of former associates, now far removed by circumstances; and this they did, not in the mixed beverage which formed their habitual potations, but in pure wine. There was something extremely delicate in this idea; for tacitly it intimated that their love placed the objects of it almost on a level with their divinities, in whose honor, also, on these occasions, a small portion of the wine was spilt in libations upon the earth. The young, in whose hearts a sweetheart held the first

place, drank deeply in honor of their beloved, sometimes equalling the number of cups to that of the letters forming her name, which, if the custom prevailed so early, would account for Ægisthos's being a sot. Sometimes, however, taking the hint from the number of the Graces; they were satisfied with three goblets; but, when an excuse for drinking "pottle deep" was sought, they chose the Muses for their patrons, and honored their mistresses' names with three times three. This is the number of cheers with which favorite political toasts are received at our public dinners, though every one who fills his bumper, and cries "Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!" on these occasions, is probably not conscious that he is keeping up an old pagan custom in honor of the Muses.—*St. John's Ancient Greece.*

Rev. George B. Cheever and Deacon Giles's Distillery.

George B. Cheever is a genius. He early espoused the cause of temperance, and has ever been its unyielding champion. Many years ago, when quite a young man, he published in a newspaper called the Salem *Landmark*, in New England, a dream entitled "Deacon Amos Giles's Distillery." It was very graphic, true to life, horribly exact. This stirred up the wrath of the distiller. His craft was in danger, and he was ready to cry out, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." He prosecuted Mr. Cheever for libel. Cheever was tried, found guilty, condemned by the jury, and sentenced to imprisonment for a few days. But it was a tremendous blow at distilling, from which it never recovered.

Young Cheever then brought out "Deacon Jones's Brewery; or, The Distiller turned Brewer."

In it he represented demons dancing round the boiling caldron, and casting in the most noxious and poisonous drugs:

"Round about the caldron go:
In the poisoned entrails throw;
Drugs that in the coldest veins
Shoot incessant fiery pains;
Herbs that, brought from hell's black door,
Do its business slow and sure.

Ai in chorus:

Double, double toil and trouble,
Fire burn and caldron bubble."

The Rev. Henry Chase.

Mr. Chase was the far-famed sailor preacher in Roosevelt Street, New York, for many years. He is known all over the world. He perfectly understood the character of sailors, how to address them, how to deal with them.

I was with him when he was dying, and I preached his funeral sermon.

THE SAILOR WHO GOT ANCHORED.

Mr. Chase was preaching one day, and a drunken sailor, who knew him well, and often heard him preach, came staggering into the church in the midst of Mr. Chase's sermon. He reeled down the aisle first on one side and then on the other. He attracted the attention of the whole congregation, and they were looking at him and not at the preacher. Mr. Chase, as they were not listening to him, stopped preaching, and looked at the drunken sailor. He was not so intoxicated but what he knew why Mr. Chase had paused in his preaching. He threw himself into a seat and exclaimed, "Mr. Chase, you can go on now." "I will, shipmate," said Mr. Chase, "for I perceive now you have got anchored."

THE SAILOR AND LIBERTY.

On a fourth of July there was a tremendous shower. It was almost a young flood, and the gutters in Roosevelt Street were full and overflowing. Mr. Chase was going along the street, and he saw a young sailor in the gutter, his body under water, his head out. He was as happy as a king, crying out, "Hurrah for Liberty." Mr. Chase said to him, "Shipmate, reach me your hand, and I'll help you to your liberty." He refused any assistance till Mr. Chase drew him out by main force and left him on the walk, crying out at the top of his voice, "Hurrah for Liberty."

THE DRUNKEN SAILOR AND THE PLEDGE.

A mariners' temperance meeting was held in New York. While a gentleman was addressing the people, an intoxicated sailor came staggering up to him, and, looking him earnestly in the face, said to him, "You mean me, do you, captain?"

"Mean you! What did I say about you?"

"Why, the yarn you were spinning about that old salt. Do you mean me?"

"No, I spoke of another, but I think it would do very well for you too."

"Well, so I think myself, and I am ashamed of it. So here, I'll knock off. Give me a pen, let me sign your pledge. May be I'm a little too drunk, but I'll try." The secretary handed him a pen. In attempting to write his name he let fall upon the page a large drop of ink. "There," he exclaimed, "that's a big period; and a period marks the end of a sentence, so here is an end of my grog! Look at me, shipmates! You think I'm pretty much gone by the board, and so I am, but I begin to get sober. I know what I have done; and you may call me a liar if I don't give grog a wide berth hereafter."

The orator staggered to his seat, amidst roars of laughter and shouts of applause. It would be very questionable whether he would keep his pledge if he were not a sailor. But such is the sailor's sense of honor that he is seldom known to violate a vow. The Rev. Henry Chase said that many sailors have signed the pledge in a state of intoxication, and adhered to it with sacred fidelity.

THE DRUNKEN SAILOR'S EXPERIENCE.

In Mr. Chase's Mariners' Church a seaman gave an account of his conversion, which occurred several years ago in this city. He had recently entered port. Sunday morning he put on his "best rig," and embarked for a pleasure cruise about town. He had not gone far before he met an old acquaintance, whom he invited to join him. The latter replied that he had learned the folly and wickedness of drinking and carousing and desecrating the Sabbath; that he was now on his way to church, and would be glad to have the company of his friend.

"So," said he, "to please Bob, I gave up my frolic and went with him. But I had not been in church fifteen minutes before Captain Chase gave me a broadside which raked me fore and aft. Mast and rigging went by the board, and I thought the hull was sinking. I cut loose before the amen, and hauled off to get away from shipmate. Two nights afterward Bob came for me, and took me to church again. This time the captain was harder with me than before. He bore down upon me with all his guns. Before the sermon was over I was a total wreck, and every sea swept over me from stem to stern."

Then he told us how he returned to his lodgings, locked himself up, and tried to pray, but found no comfort; how he went the next night to the theatre, but felt worse there than at church, and the next night to a frolic, but could neither drink nor dance away his sorrows; visited an old friend in Brooklyn; wandered in the woods of Long Island; remained there alone all night; cursed; prayed; thought of putting an end to his wretched life, but was deterred by the fear of hell; the next morning, weary and faint, made his way back to the city; Sabbath, repaired again to the church; "seized a rope" which "was thrown out to his drowning soul; was hauled on board the Gospel ship," in which he has been sailing ever since, in hope of "rounding the cape of death, and making the harbor of glory!"

It was the genuine eloquence of the heart, and produced such an effect as is seldom witnessed under the more polished oratory of the pulpit.

The Chairman of the Drinking-Club and His Companions.

Much has been said and written about the longevity of drunkards. And some of them live long, and appear to be pickled-preserved in strong drink; but there is another side to this story. Doctor Farre, of London, informed the Parliamentary Committee on Drunkenness that he had met with this objection by a ruddy old man of eighty-four, who declared that for thirty years he had been a *reformed* character, and that his daily allowance consisted *only* of one pint of brandy and *six glasses* of Madeira! He was chairman (being the greatest drinker) of the most notorious drinking-club in London—contending that drinking did not injure him. "I was anxious," says Dr. Farre, "to enquire how many of his companions were *yet living*." . . . This was the touchstone of the old man's argument. He acknowledged that there was *not one* alive; candidly confessing that "*he had buried the whole club THREE TIMES.*" Thus the fact of a few individuals living to a good old age and indulging in intemperance testifies nothing more in favor of drinking than that of a soldier passing unhurt through a hundred

fighters does to the harmlessness of war. . . . These old drunkards Dr. Hewitt used to call the DEVIL'S DECOY DUCKS.

Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

There is much to admire in this signer of the Declaration of Independence, who gave his residence with his name, as much as to say, "If there is any reproach connected with this I am ready to bear it, and any danger I am ready to face it—they will know where to find me"; and there is much to admire in his course in regard to temperance, and in his acknowledgment that he dare not use alcoholic stimulus.

When Charles Carroll of Carrollton was approaching his eightieth year, and the infirmities of age began to be deeply felt, his numerous friends earnestly recommended to him the daily and regular use of a little brandy. When he concluded to take brandy, he determined that it should be with the greatest caution; accordingly, he measured for himself, every day, a very small quantity, which he drank largely diluted with water. He would allow no one to mix his grog, lest the quantity of spirit should be inadvertently increased. This habit continued for some time, when, at an entertainment given to his friends, it was observed that his glass was no longer even faintly tinged with brandy. Enquiry being made, Mr. Carroll remarked: "Gentlemen, the experience of many years has taught me that I can do without brandy; and a trial of its use for a single year has convinced me that if I continue it I can by no means foresee what it will do with me."

Doctor Cumming and His Early Companions.

Doctor Cumming is one of the most eloquent ministers in London. His name and fame have reached America. In a sermon to young men he observed that nothing could exceed the delight which he felt, on first coming to the city, then a stranger in a strange land, to find at his boarding-house several young men from his own country (Scotland), who were also students of divinity with himself. When the first day

dawned on which he heard the sweet chime of Sabbath bells, he mentioned to his friends at breakfast that he was about to seek the church of his fathers, feeling that his first duty and dearest privilege was to worship his God and his fathers' God, and to assemble with the "multitude that kept holyday" and "thought upon his name." To his surprise, one said: "You will soon get rid of these 'old wives' fables'"; another, a student of theology, told him that in London these things were laid aside, and they had more important matters to attend to. He observed to them that the great things of God were not matters of latitude and longitude; and resolving, by the grace of God, to be firm, he sought and found the church in which he wished to worship. When he returned, his friends gave painful evidence that they had "looked upon the wine when it was red." "Of the whole of these young men," says Dr. Cumming, "I know none that prospered. One, I know, came home to ask bread of the friends of his fathers, having forfeited all right to it in a foreign land. A second is now, I believe, a minister of the Gospel, having repented of his ways. Others are wrecks in distant lands. I am spared, as far as I know, the only one on whose footsteps God's favor has shone; and his grace and mercy have placed me in this pulpit to tell you, young men, that if you 'seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, all other things shall be added unto you.'"

The Costly Drink.

How often the first drink proves fatal, and how necessary to observe that wise caution, "*Beware of the first glass!*"

A physician and his friend were conversing together in front of the Eagle House, in Richmond, when a master-mechanic, a man of most amiable and excellent character, a superior workman, full of business, with an interesting family, respected by everybody, and bidding fair to be an ornament to the city, came up to them, and laughingly commenced the following conversation:

"Well," said he, "I have just done what I never did before in my life."

"Ah! what was that?"

"Why, Mr. — has owed me a bill

for work for a long time, and I dunned him for the pay until I was tired. But a minute ago I caught him out here, and asked him for the money. 'Well,' he said, 'I'll pay it to you if you'll step in here, and get a drink with me.' 'No,' said I, 'I *never* drink—never drank in my life.' 'Well,' he replied, 'do as you please; if you won't drink with me, I won't pay your bill—that's all!' But I told him I could not do that. However, finding he would not pay the bill, rather than lose the money, I just went in and got the drink." And he laughed at the strange occurrence, as he concluded.

As soon as he had finished the story, the physician's companion, an old, discreet, shrewd man, turned to him, and in a most impressive tone said:

"Sir, that was the dearest drink that ever crossed your lips, and the worst bill you ever collected."

And terribly did time verify that prediction. In less than twelve months he was a confirmed, disgraced sot, a vagabond in society, a curse to those who loved him, a loathing and a shame wherever he went. At last he died a horrible death in an infirmary from a disease produced solely by intoxication.

What a spectacle does such a case present! The poor man in the innocence of his heart laughed, ay, *laughed*, as he closed his story of his first drink. Could he have seen the terrible results and the awful future that awaited him, how his hair would have stood on end, and the blood would have curdled in his veins! He would have shuddered and shrunk back with horror. But he laughed, for he felt no fear; and thousands of others *laugh* now, and feel no fear, when the first glass may be the first and certain step to ruin.

The Cruel and Unnatural Mother.

How intoxicating drinks destroy the natural affection and change the once affectionate mother into a demon!

A minister was called on to visit a dying man. The wife was partially intoxicated, and expressed a fear that he was following her "poor girl." On further examination of the apartment the minister saw the corpse of a fine girl, whose hair had been closely cropped. Enquiring the reason, he was informed

by the wretched mother that she had "sold the girl's hair for eighteen-pence." A mother had actually stripped her daughter's corpse of the hair, and having sold it, spent the money in drink, and was evidently under the influence of liquor by the bedside of a dying husband.

Cowen, the Wife-Murderer.

Cowen, who was executed at Cincinnati for the murder of his wife, solemnly warned the multitude against the use of ardent spirit. He said, "Beware of the bowl! There is madness in it. Its accursed poison was my earthly ruin! Whatever of gentleness existed in my nature before I sought it, it was withered and banished when I found it. If I was a sinner when I first met the intoxicating cup, I certainly became a demon after I swallowed its venom. 'Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging.' How bitterly have I been mocked!"

The Crows and the Corn-Field.

Colonel B— had one of the best farms near the Illinois River. About 100 acres of it were covered with waving corn. When it came up in the spring, the crows seemed determined on its entire destruction. When one was killed, it seemed as though a dozen came to its funeral; and though the sharp crack of the rifle often drove them away, they always returned with its echo. The colonel at length became weary of throwing grass, and resolved on trying the virtue of stones. He sent to the druggist's for a gallon of alcohol, in which he soaked a few quarts of corn, and scattered it over the field. The blacklegs came and partook with their usual relish, and, as usual, they were pretty well "corned"; and there followed a strange cooing and crackling, and strutting and swaggering! When the boys attempted to catch them, they were not a little amused at their staggering gait and their zigzag way through the air. At length they gained the edge of the woods, and there, being joined by a new recruit, which happened to be sober, they united at the top of their voices in haw-haw-hawking, and shouting either praises or curses of alcohol, it

was difficult to tell which, as they rattled away without rhyme or reason. But the colonel saved his corn; as soon as they became sober, they set their faces steadfastly against alcohol—not another kernel would they touch in his field.

The Captain and the Cabin-Boys.

Two youths, Henry and Charles, engaged as cabin-boys on board the *Isaac*, bound for Calcutta. They soon became favorites with the captain—Henry, because he was willing and obliging; Charles, on account of his sprightliness and wit. Henry, being the only son of a widow, had chosen a sailor's life from a love of the sea and a desire to assist in supporting his mother and younger sister; Charles, the son of a rich man, simply from love of adventure and a desire to free himself from the restraints of home. One day, when both had performed their respective duties unusually well, the captain offered them as a reward a glass of wine. Henry politely declined touching his, while Charles thankfully accepted the cup handed him and quaffed its contents. The captain sternly and angrily commanded Henry to drink; but he assured him he could not. The captain then demanded how he dared disobey him. The frank, manly reply of the noble boy was: "I promised my mother never to touch a drop." These boys grew up to be young men—Henry, honest, temperate, and respectable; Charles, vicious, blasphemous, and intemperate. The captain finally expostulated with Charles upon his habits and wicked course, entreating him to leave off drinking. With a contemptuous sneer he replied: "Do you know who gave me my first glass?"

"No, sir."

"Captain Saunders, it was you."

Soon after the captain sought Henry, and said to him: "You were right in refusing that glass of wine I offered you years ago. How thankful I am you had sufficient courage to do so! I might have had two ruined souls to answer for, instead of one."

Conscience and the Distillery.

The Rev. William Taylor says: "A man of my acquaintance in the State of

Virginia, by the name of Beck, invested more than all he was worth in a distillery. Just at that time a camp-meeting was commenced in the neighborhood. He attended the meeting, and the Holy Spirit called him to follow Christ. He hesitated a few minutes, and said to himself: 'If I seek religion, I must give up my distillery. If I give that up, I shall beggar my family. If I do not seek religion, I can make a good living for my family, but my soul must go to hell.' He immediately presented himself at the altar, and said: 'Lord, I'll trust my family in thy care, and seek the salvation of my soul. O Lord! I have built a "still-house," which I know I must give up before thou wilt pardon my sins, but I want the pardon of my sins to-night, for before to-morrow I may be dead. O Lord! if thou wilt *trust* me, and for the sake of Jesus Christ forgive my sins to-night, I will go home to-morrow morning, if spared, and knock every tub to staves, throw out the still, and never make one drop of liquor.' That very night he was redeemed from sin, and I heard him afterward say, in a class-room, after relating his experience, 'God saw my sincerity, and converted my soul on *credit*.' He kept his word with the Lord to the letter. He destroyed every 'tub,' and converted the building into a mill. I have often seen his still, for he never would sell it, lest it might be used for the purpose of making liquor, and affect his contract with the Lord."

Could not ask God's Blessing upon It.

In a town in the West of England a brewery was established by some members of the Wesleyan Society. The temperance cause having taken deep root in that place, it was found impossible for the brewers to make headway against the spread of truth and soberness. After a year or two spent in struggling to obtain a footing, the brewery was given up with considerable loss. One of the parties, who was a local preacher, said to a friend: "Well, I am out of it now, but when I was in it I never could ask the Almighty's blessing in the morning upon my day's work, for I knew the more the business, the more the drunkenness."

The Cartridge-box, the Ballot-box, and the Band-box.

A quaint old gentleman, speaking upon the suppression of the rum-traffic, said: "There were but three ways of regulating the matter. One was by the cartridge-box. But that would never do in these days. Another was by the band-box, *alias* smooth words and fair speeches, moral suasion, which the rum-seller cared as little about as did the boy on the apple-tree the old man's grass. We must go to the ballot-box, have the question of license or no license brought to the polls and submitted to the people. If we are beat, try again, and keep trying until we bring the community to say, by a strong vote, they will be afflicted with the curse no longer."

Could not Take a Little.

A person who had been visited by a serious fit of illness, and had been obliged to use great abstinence, was told by his medical attendant that he might take *one* glass of wine. The patient declined. The doctor knew that his patient had been fond of wine, and ventured to say, "Well I do not know that *two* glasses will do you any harm."

"No," said the gentleman, "I had rather not."

"What say you to *three* glasses?"

"I had rather not."

"Well, if you do not think it worth while to take three glasses, how much would you wish to take?"

"Why, I do not think it worth while to take any, unless I might drink two or three bottles."

Crossing the Line.

A gentleman at the late Albany Convention remarked that much was said about moderate and immoderate drinking, and he had often enquired of intemperate men when they crossed the line, but they could never tell; most generally they thought they had not yet come to it. When he was a lad, he went to South America, and he heard much about crossing the line. He was exceedingly anxious to see it, and often enquired when they should come to it. One day

to his grief he found they were on the other side, and on expressing his disappointment to an old sailor that he had not seen the line, "Oh!" said the old salt, "we never see it." "Why?" asked the boy. "Because," was the reply, "we always cross it in the dark."

The Christian Indians and the Liquor-Merchant.

The Rev. Peter Jones was a converted Indian. He was a chief of the Chippewa tribe of Indians. He was a gifted minister, and both in Europe and America his ministry produced profound sensations. He preached for me when I was stationed in New York. We made temperance speeches at the Metropolitan Hall, and were admitted into the Temple of Honor at the same time. He was full of native eloquence and wit. He would dwell on the Indian's love for *fire-waters*; how they would part with their blankets and everything else for whiskey. One Indian wished he had a throat a mile long, that he might taste it a great ways. But when the Indians received the Word of God, they gave up the fire-waters. The traders and store-keeper did not like this. They tried to oppose the missionaries and persuade the Indians to return to drink, but they did not succeed. One day four Christian Indians went to the store, and, as usual, the merchant asked them to drink; but they were Christians now, and did not drink rum. "Oh!" said he, "I am a Christian too, like yourselves, and I just take a little to do me good." Still, the Indians would not yield. The store-keeper was much surprised at this, and concluded at last that the reason why they would not drink was because some other white men were in the bar-room, who might perhaps inform the missionary if they drank. The Indians had to return home at night through a *bush*; the store-keeper determined to go before them, and place a small cask of whiskey in the foot-path, and watch beside it, in concealment, to see the result—perfectly certain that if they had an opportunity of getting drunk without being seen, not to speak of the saving of expense, their Christianity would be no barrier in the way; all this was accordingly done. In travelling through the woods in the dark Indians al-

ways go one behind another, at a short distance. In this manner they drew near to the cask. When the first came up to it, he called to his companions, "Ho! I think the devil is here," and then passed on. The second came up, and replied, "Oh! yes, for I smell him," and passed on. The third gave it a push with his foot, and said, "I feel him," and passed on. The fourth gave it a shove, which sent it tumbling down the hillside, and called out, "Yes, he is here, for I hear him." Thus they all passed on, to the great mortification of the store-keeper, and reached home victorious.

Cold Victuals.

"Why don't you come after cold victuals as usual," said a lady to a boy who had for a long time been a daily visitor for that species of charity.

"Father has joined the temperance society, and we have plenty of warm victuals now," was the reply of the lad.

The Clergyman and the Judge.

A clergyman had been accused of intemperance by an individual whom he wished to have arraigned for a libel on his reputation. He applied for this purpose to Judge M—, then an eminent lawyer in Baltimore. Having heard the clergyman's complaint, and after a severe scrutiny of the person of the complainant, Mr. M—, not inexperienced himself in the effects of drink, questioned his client in the following manner:

"Sir, in order to do my duty to you more faithfully, I wish to enquire, first of all, are you guilty of the charge? Do you ever get drunk?"

Astonished at the question, the clergyman was about to say "never," but having a good degree of conscientiousness, he hesitated, and then he replied, "What do you mean by drunkenness?"

"Why, sir, I mean by drunkenness that condition of the human faculties in which, by the use of fermented liquors, a man is enabled or induced to do certain acts which he could not do, or would not do, without such use. For instance, sir, and I beg you not to deem me personal or irreverent, a man may sometimes preach a more eloquent discourse,

and utter a more fervent prayer, excited by drink, than he could do in the previous languid state of his feelings. He may not think so, but I call him drunk. This is my definition of drunkenness."

The clergyman replied, "Mr. M——, I withdraw my complaint."

Christmas Evans and the Anti-Temperance Minister.

Christmas Evans, the famous Welsh preacher, towards the close of his life labored to advance the temperance reformation. A brother minister, "who condemneth not himself in the things which he allowed," could not be brought over to the total-abstinence system. Christmas polished an arrow, and put it into his quiver ready for use. He was appointed to preach, and, as usual, there were gatherings from far and near to hear him. Mr. W——, of A——, the minister alluded to, was there also; but, as if in anticipation of an attack, he at first said he should not be present whilst Evans preached, yet such was the fascination that he could not stay away. By-and-by he crept up into the gallery, where the preacher's eye—for he had but one—which had been long searching for him, at length discovered him. All went on "as usual" until the time came when the arrow might be drawn, which was done slyly and unperceived. "I had a strange dream the other night," said the preacher. "I dreamed that I was in Pandemonium, the council-chamber of Hades. How I got there I know not, but there I was. I had not been there long before there came a thundering rap at the gates. 'Beelzebub, Beelzebub, you must come to earth directly.' 'Why? What's the matter now?' 'Oh! they are sending out missionaries to preach to the heathen.' 'Are they? Bad news this. I'll be there presently.' Beelzebub came, and hastened to the place of embarkation, where he saw the missionaries, their wives, and a few boxes of Bibles and tracts; but, on turning round, he saw rows of casks piled up, and labelled gin, rum, brandy, etc. 'That will do,' said he; 'no fear yet. These casks will do more harm than the boxes can do good.' So saying, he stretched his wings for hell again. After a time came another loud call: 'Beelzebub, they are

forming Bible societies.' 'Are they? Then I must go.' He went, and found two ladies going from house to house distributing the Word of God. 'This won't do,' thought he, 'but I will watch the result.' The ladies visited an aged female, who received a Bible with much reverence and many thanks. Satan loitered about, and, when the ladies were gone, saw the old woman come to her door and look around to assure herself that she was unobserved. She then put on her bonnet, and with a small parcel under her apron hastened to the next public-house, where she pawned her new Bible for a bottle of gin. 'That will do,' said Beelzebub; 'no fear yet.' And back he flew to his own place. Again came a loud knock and a hasty summons: 'They are forming temperance societies.' 'Temperance societies! What's that? I'll come and see!' He came and saw, and again flew back, muttering, 'This won't do much harm to me or my subjects; they are forbidding the use of ardent spirits, but they have left my poor people all the ale and porter, and the rich all the wines—no fear yet.' Again came a louder rap and a more urgent call: 'Beelzebub! you must come now, or all is lost; they are forming teetotal societies.' 'Teetotal! what in the name of all my imps is that?' 'To drink no intoxicating liquors whatever—the sole beverage is water.' 'Indeed! that is bad news. I must see after this.' And he did, but went back again to satisfy the anxious enquiries of his legions, who were all *qui vive* about the matter. 'Oh!' said he, 'don't be alarmed; true, it's an awkward affair, but it won't spread much yet, for all the parsons are against it, and Mr. W——, of A—— (sending up an eagle glance of his eye at him), is at the head of them.'" "But I won't be at the head of them any longer," cried out Mr. W——, and walking calmly down out of the gallery, entered the table pew, and signed the pledge.—*Baptist Reporter, August, 1849.*

The Clergyman and the Jack Tar.

A clergyman rode fifteen miles to deliver a lecture on the horrors of drunkenness and the advantages arising from teetotalism. When he was about half through with his lecture, an old Jack

tar jumped up and said, "Now, look here; before you go any further just tell us whether you drink anything yourself."

"Why, yes," replied the lecturer, after some hesitation. "I drink a glass of wine or two a day."

"Well, then," added the tar, "you just go back where you come from, and make yourself a teetotaler before you come here preaching to us, for you are just as likely to become a drunkard as any one else."

There was much truth in the old tar's logic. Then, consistency is a jewel. Paul enquires, "Thou that preachest, Thou shalt not steal, dost thou steal?"

That other Cain.

A drunken man was aroused from his sleep by the road-side and asked,

"Who are you?"

He answered, "My name is Cane."

"Are you the Cain who slew his brother?"

He replied, "No. I am the Cane who *got slewed!*"

The Clergyman and his Parishioners.

Many men delight to make a clergyman the butt of their ridicule, and especially temperance clergymen; but they often wake up men who know how to answer a fool according to his folly.

A clergyman in one of the towns in the State of New York, at the time when the protests against the use of liquors became somewhat earnest from the pulpit, one Sabbath delivered to his congregation a thorough discourse on the subject. On their way home some of his hearers enquired of each other, "What does all this mean?" One gentleman, who professed some shrewdness of guessing, said, "I will tell you, gentlemen, what is the difficulty; we have none of us sent Mr. — anything to replenish his decanter lately. And my advice is that we attend to the matter." Accordingly, on Monday a full-sized demijohn of "old spirits," or "Cognac," was sent to Rev. Mr. —, accompanied with a very polite note requesting his acceptance of it from a few friends, as a testimony of their regard.

Our worthy clergyman felt himself

at first in somewhat of a dilemma. But wit, invention, and a good conscience are sometimes found in close companionship; and they met in the present instance to help our good minister to "back out" of the difficulty. He took the demijohn to the watering-trough of his stable, and poured some of the liquor in, and brought his horse to it. Pony expanded his nostrils and snorted and blowed at it, as though he thought it rather too hot, and seemed to say, "What's this?" Next he drove his cow to the trough, to see if she liked it any better. The cow snuffed at it, and shook her horns, and went her way, with no fondness for such a "villanous potation." Mr. — then carried his demijohn to pig-stye, and called his pig out of his bed-room to taste. Piggy grunted and snuffed, dipped his nose in and coughed, and went back again to finish his nap in his straw.

Mr. — then returned to his study, and penned, in substance, the following note to the present-makers, with which he returned the demijohn and its contents:

"GENTLEMEN: With due acknowledgments for your present, received this morning, permit me to say that I have offered some of it to my horse, my cow, and my swine, and neither of them will drink it. That which neither horses, cattle, nor hogs will drink I cannot think to be either useful or safe for man to drink. I beg you to excuse me, therefore, for returning the demijohn and its contents; and believe me, gentlemen, your most obedient, etc."

Cider.—The Two Cancers.

A few years since a Revolutionary soldier in this country, who retained to advanced age the appetite for strong drink, which was probably first kindled by the mistaken liberality of the Government, who supplied the poison, was afflicted with a cancer. He was told by his physician that if he would abandon the use of strong drink, and pursue the measures he pointed out, it was probable its severity might be mitigated and his life prolonged. But he could not, at least he did not resist the cravings of the depraved appetite, and he soon ended his days in agony. Another man had a cancer begin to develop itself upon

his face at the age of thirty-five. He remarked that a single glass of cider would occasion that peculiar *twinging* pain which characterizes this disease. He immediately abandoned the use of everything that contained alcohol, was careful as to his diet, lived to old age, and never experienced any serious inconvenience from his cancer.—*Maine Gazette.*

Couldn't Swallow It.

A man was boasting that he had drunk a quart of cider without injuring him. One who heard him said, "That's more than I can *swallow.*"

The Choice.

A man had the choice of committing the least of three offences—murder, robbery, or drunkenness. He choose the latter, got drunk, and then committed the other two.

The Clergyman and his Friend.

A clergyman stopped at the house of a friend on a Saturday evening, in a village where he was next day to preach. This friend was a distiller and vender of ardent spirits, and was exceedingly bitter against the temperance cause. He could not refrain, all the evening, from giving vent to his feelings against all the temperance men and every temperance movement. The next day the preacher took this text from Jonah: "Dost thou well to be angry?" He showed what good was doing in the days in which we live, and especially in the temperance cause; how that cause was drying up the founts of pauperism, and crime, and brutality; saving thousands on thousands from the drunkard's path, and restoring many a lost man to society and his family, and removing the greatest obstruction to the reception and spread of the Gospel. And as he enumerated one blessing after another, he would cast his eye down upon his friend, and ask, "Dost thou well to be angry?" It was more than the poor distiller could bear. Shame and confu-

sion were his. He hid his face from all the congregation, who were looking at him, and as soon as possible made his way home from church, and is said never after to have talked against the temperance cause.

Dr. Cheyne and the Lady.

A lady with flushed face and carbuncle nose, consulting Doctor Cheyne, exclaimed, "Where in the name of wonder, doctor, did I get such a nose as this?"

"Out of the decanter—out of the decanter," replied the doctor.

Judge Daggett.

EXCUSES FOR NOT SIGNING THE PLEDGE.

The Hon. David Daggett, of New Haven, Conn., familiarly known as Judge Daggett, was one of the most dignified-looking men I ever beheld. He was a gentleman of the old school. Well do I remember his tall and noble form, his powdered locks, his breeches, knee-buckles, and white stockings. Very early he enlisted in the cause of temperance, and threw his powerful influence in its favor. He was its able advocate, argumentative, eloquent. He considered the dram-shop as the "curse of the community," the "outer chamber of hell." He often expressed an opinion that there was little hope of success in the cause until the sale of ardent spirits was placed on a par with counterfeiting and stealing. Dignified as he was, he would sometimes indulge in a little innocent pleasantry. I remember hearing him relate the following, in 1826, in Fairfield County, Conn., in reply to the many excuses people make for not signing the pledge. He said there was a man went to borrow a horse from a neighbor, he wishing to ride a few miles. He replied, "My horse is young, skittish, not fairly broke, and is considered unsafe to ride."

The gentleman said, "I am used to young horses. I have broke many a one. I always did like a horse that had some life; and the more life the animal has, the better."

"But," said the man, "the horse is a

mile and a half off in pasture, and I am very busy and have no time to go and catch him."

Said the gentleman, "I have a plenty of leisure. I will not trouble you. I will go and catch the horse myself."

Said the man, "I have no bridle."

The gentleman replied, "I have a new one I bought a short time ago, and I will use my own."

"But I have no saddle."

"My neighbor has a saddle, and he lends it to me whenever I want it, and in exchange I lend him my bridle."

"But his foreshoes are off, and his hoofs are young and tender, and I don't want them stove all to pieces so as to make the young animal lame, and thus do him great injury."

The gentleman replied, "Here is a blacksmith's shop, and I will have new shoes put on before I start, and therefore the young animal cannot be injured at all."

Having exhausted all his excuses, the man looked at him and said, "You fool, don't you see I don't want you to have the hoss?"

Delirium Tremens.

There is no feature of human history or of human experience in this world more appalling than the horrors which are depicted by a terrified imagination, when the nervous system and the mind are wrought up to a high pitch of excitement by the poisoning influence of ardent spirits. These terrible descriptions of scenes vividly present and real to a mind under the power of delirium tremens, where ghosts and hobgoblins appear on the stage, or staring out from the walls of the dwelling, as we have heard Mr. Gough depict them, are held out as beacon-warnings to all who venture to trifle with the intoxicating cup, either in selling or drinking. The following, which we find in an exchange paper, may well serve as a warning to all such:

"Well, wife, this is too horrible! I cannot continue this business any longer."

"Why, dear, what is the matter now?"

"Oh! such a dream! such a rattling of dead men's bones! such an army of starving mortals! so many murderers! such cries, and shrieks, and yells! such horrid gnashing of teeth and glaring of eyes! and such a blazing fire! and such devils! Oh! I cannot endure it. My

hair stands on end, and I am so filled with horror I can scarcely speak! Oh! if ever I sell rum again!"

"My dear, you are frightened."

"Yes, indeed, am I. Another such a night will I not pass for worlds."

"My dear, perhaps—"

"Oh! don't talk to me. I am determined to have nothing more to do with rum anyhow. Don't you think Tom Wilson came to me with his throat cut from ear to ear—and such a horrid gash! And it was so hard for him to speak, and so much blood, and said he, 'See here, Joe, the result of your rumselling.' My blood chilled at the sight, and just then the house seemed to be turned bottom up; the earth opened, and a little imp took me by the hand, saying, 'Follow me.' As I went, grim devils held out to me cups of liquid fire, saying, 'Drink this.' I dared not refuse; every draught set me in a rage; serpents hissed on each side, and from above reached down their heads and whispered, 'Rumseller.' On and on the imp led me through a narrow pass. All at once he paused, and said, 'Are you dry?' Yes, I replied. Then he struck a trap-door with his foot, and down he went, and legions of fiery serpents rushed after us, whispering, 'Rumseller! rumseller!' At length we stopped again, and the imp asked me as before, 'Are you dry?' Yes, I replied. He then touched a spring, a door flew open—what a sight! There were thousands, ay, millions of old worn-out rum-drinkers, crying most piteously, 'Rum, rum, give me some rum!' When they saw me, they stopped a moment to see who I was; then the imp cried out so as to make all shake again, 'Rumseller!' and, hurling me in, shut the door. For a moment they fixed their ferocious eyes upon me, and then uttered in a united yell, 'Damn him!' which filled me with such horror I awoke. There, dream or no dream, I will never sell another drop of the infernal stuff. I will no longer be accessory to the miseries that come upon men in consequence of the traffic in intoxicating drinks. I will not."

The Drunken Lawyer and the Judge.

A distinguished lawyer was engaged in arguing a case when he was intoxicated. In his objections to the ruling

of the judge, he was reprimanded for the use of disrespectful language, and reminded that he was in the *temple of justice*.

"In the temple of justice!" he replied with a *curled lip* and a *contemptuous* tone, and was proceeding in the use of disrespectful language when the court interrupted him by saying:

"Sit down, Mr. Brown, sit down. You are *drunk!*"

"Right, your honor, right; and it is the only correct decision you have made this term."

The Drunkard's Looking-Glass.

We copy the following from a manuscript supposed to be at least a hundred years old:

"THE DRUNKARD'S LOOKING-GLASS;

"Or, a short View of their Present Shame and Future Misery.—Published in Love to those concerned, and recommended to them as a tender Caution, to avoid the same excess.

"You that are not professed Atheists, but professed Christians, and yet are guilty of so loathsome a vice as excess and Drunkenness is, pray be entreated and persuaded, at the most sober seasons, to consider your present states, and the sad and lamentable Effects that will and do certainly attend and follow such practices, viz.:

"FIRST, SOME GENERAL EFFECTS THEREOF! Drunkenness makes a man unfit for Good. ¹Drowneth and Infatuateth the senses. Depraveth the Reason. ²Besots the Understanding. ³Causes Error in Judgment. ⁴It is hurtfull to the mind. Defiles the Conscience. ⁵Hardens and steals away the Heart. Brings a spiritual Lethargy. ⁶It is a work of Darkness. ⁷An Annoyance to Modesty. ⁸A Gate to Debauchery. A Discloser of Secrets. A Betrayer of trust. ⁹A Depriver of Honesty. A fore-runner of Misery. It Cracks men's credits. Empties their Purses. ¹⁰Consumeth their Estates. Violates the rules of Temperance. Perverts the order of Nature. ¹¹Causes Profane, scurrilous

¹ Gen. xix. 32-36. ² 1 Sam. xxv. 36. ³ Isaiah xxviii. 7. ⁴ Job i. 5. ⁵ Hos. iv. 11. ⁶ 1 Thess. v. 7. ⁷ Hab. xi. 16. ⁸ Joel iii. 3. ⁹ Rom. viii. 13. ¹⁰ Prov. xxiii. 21. ¹¹ Jud. ix. 27. ¹² Hos. vii. 5. ¹³ 1 Kings xix. 9. ¹⁴ Hab. xi. 5. ¹⁵ Hos. vii. 5. ¹⁶ Prov. xxiii. 29. ¹⁷—, xxxi. 5. ¹⁸ Psalm cvii. 27. ¹⁹ Jer. xviii. 26; Isa. xxviii. 8; Prov. xv. 1. ²⁰ Prov.

and cursed speeches. ¹²Ranting, Swearing and Blasphemy. ¹³Quarrelling, fighting and Murder. It is the Mother of Mischief. ¹⁴The father of vice and pride. The nurse of Riot and Fury. The School of Lying and Slander. A Discoverer of folly. An Oppressor of Nature. ¹⁵An Impairer of Health. ¹⁶It Deformeth the Visage. Corrupteth the Breath. Stupefies the spirits. Intoxicates the Brain. ¹⁷Decayeth the Memory. Begets unnatural Thirst. Inflameth the Blood. Causes Stammering of Speech. ¹⁸Reeling and Staggering to and fro. ¹⁹Filthy and Loathsome Vomiting. Dropsies, surfeits, Fevers, etc. It is a voluntary madness. A Deceiver of Fools. It Decays the Moral Virtues. ²⁰A Bewitching Poison. An Invited Enemy. ²¹A Flattering Devil. ²²Causes forgetfulness of God. ²³A Provoker of his Judgements. Hastens (and often brings untimely) Death. And at last destroys the Soul.

"SECONDLY: Some particular Characters of a Drunkard; A Drunkard in that state is indisposed to Virtue. Is a Licentious person. ²⁴Makes his Belly his God. Is worse than a Brute. ²⁵A Companion of Riot and Revelling. A Game and Sport to Profane people. A Ridiculous object. ²⁶His own Sorrow, Woe and Shame. His Wife's Grief. His Children's Disgrace. ²⁷His Neighbours' Contempt and Derision. His family's Ruin. ²⁸A thief to himself. ²⁹A Scandal to Christianity. ³⁰A Reproach to Religion. A Dishonour to God. Unfit for civil society. ³¹An abuser of God's mercies, and good Creatures. A Loser of his precious time. A Destroyer of his reputation, Parts and Credit. ³²Is subject to many Dangers. A Slave to the Devil and his own Lust. A Traveler to Destruction. ³³A transgressor of the Laws of God and Man. ³⁴Against whom woes are pronounced. His own soul's enemy. A Human Monster. ³⁵And at last will be excluded God's Kingdom. Also, there have been many signal, dreadful and amazing examples, that Divine Vengeance hath suffered to overtake some Health Drinkers, and quaffing, carousing Drunkards, as History relates.

xxiii. 32. ²¹Mic. ii. 11. ²²Luke xxi. 34. ²³—, xii. 45. ²⁴Phil. iii. 19. ²⁵Isaiah v. 12. ²⁶Prov. xxiii. 20-29. ²⁷Isaiah xxviii. 3; Jer. xlvi. 20. ²⁸Prov. xxiii. 21. ²⁹1 Pet. iv. 3. ³⁰1 Cor. v. 11. ³¹Isaiah v. 22. ³²Prov. xxvi. 9. ³³Eph. v. 18. ³⁴Isaiah v. 11; Nah. i. 10. ³⁵1 Cor. vi. 16.

The Drunkard and the Post.

Two "moderate drinkers" were passing along South Street one night, with sufficient liquor aboard to make them feel as courageous as lions. All at once one of them ran slap against something in the shape of a six-footer, when he squared off and aimed a blow at the great unknown with such force that he lost his balance, and fell prostrate on his back. "Halloo, captain!" said he to his companion, "don't let him strike me while I am down." The captain commenced trotting round the stranger, and was just about to give him a severe blow when he discovered the antagonist was nothing more than a *post*.

The Drunkard and the Rattlesnake.

We have the following from a source of the highest respectability, and are allowed to publish it as a solemn warning to such as, on any subject, trifle with the clear dictates of conscience.

There was lately living in the county of Amherst, Virginia, not far from Lynchburg, a blacksmith, who was well off in the world, and a decent sort of man in his way, except that he now and then would drink too much. Not long since he went to a temperance meeting held in his neighborhood, being quite sober at the time, and listened to a very stirring address; when the appeal, warmly seconded by the advice and entreaty of some of his friends, so wrought upon him that his conscience was aroused, and he felt that he must either fly from this place of trial or yield to the force of truth. He hesitated for a moment which alternative to adopt; but his evil genius prevailed, and, stifling his convictions, he tore himself away from the spot; and coming to a grog-shop on his way home, he there furnished himself with a bottle of whiskey. But ashamed to carry it to his house, he resolved to hide it in some place, where he might resort to it without being seen. He went accordingly into the stable, but could find no hole or corner there safe enough for his purpose. At last he thought of a pile of stones behind the building which seemed to offer a snug hiding-place for his treasure, and was in the act of opening a spot among them for the bottle when a *rattlesnake*,

concealed in the pile, struck its deadly fangs into his hand—thus terminating his life in a few hours! In the agony of his sufferings, the wretched man, as a warning to others, made a full confession of the circumstances, and died deeply deploring his guilt and folly in not yielding to his convictions at the meeting.

This man was not worse than other sinners. And the kind admonition of heaven to all is: "He that, being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy!"

Drunk but Once.

"Never was drunk but once in my life," said a fellow once in my hearing, "and I never mean to be drunk again. The street seemed to be very steep, and I lifted my feet at every step, as if I was getting up-stairs. Several cart-wheels were making revolutions in my brains, and at one time I fancied my head was a large carving and turning establishment, the lathes of which I was keeping in motion with my feet. I couldn't conceive what was the reason the town had turned into such an enormous hill, and that it seemed to be growing higher and threatened to pitch over me. Stop, stop, said I, and I'll head this old hill yet, or at least it sha'n't head me. I turned round to go down and get at the bottom; tell me! if the town didn't turn right round too, heading me all the time. Well, sure enough, the ground flew up, and struck me on the forehead; as soon as the stars cleared away, I commenced climbing with my hands and knees. The next thing I saw was a big brick house coming full split round a corner, and I believe it run right over me, for I don't remember any more."

The Doctor and his Patient.

"Doctor," said a hard-looking, brandy-faced customer the other day to a physician—"doctor, I'm troubled with an oppression, an uneasiness about the breast. What do you suppose the matter is?" "All very easily accounted for," said the physician; "you have water on the chest." "Water? Come, that'll do well enough for a joke; but

how could I get water on my chest when I haven't touched a drop in fifteen years? If you had said brandy, you might have hit it."

The Dying Felon's Testimony.

"Do you know by what means I came to this place?" said a dying felon to the bystanders. "A teaspoonful of rum, given me by my father, has made me what you see I am."

The Drinker and His Long Walk.

One of the best stories of the season is told by Sandy Welsh, of a man who was in the country on a visit, where they had no liquor. He got up two hours before breakfast, and wanted his bitters. None to be had; of course he felt bad. "How far was it to a tavern?" he asked. "Four miles." So off this thirsty soul started—walked four miles in a pleasant frame of mind, arrived at the tavern, and found it was a temperance house.

The Dissipated Father and the Dying Child.

An intelligent gentleman, an alderman in the city of Pittsburg, related the following facts:

"A man of the name of M——, noted for his ungovernable temper and proneness to dissipation, employed me as his attorney, and I frequently examined the docket for him, and, as a conveyancer, made out deeds of property which he purchased and sold. He was a good paymaster, but exceedingly disagreeable in his deportment, often drunk, and most profane in his language. He called one day, and seemed much subdued, much altered from his usual deportment. After stating his wants, he was about leaving my office. I asked what was the matter with him, he seemed so changed; he stopped, hesitated, but made no reply. I asked again what could have occurred to make such an alteration in his whole demeanor.

"'Squire,' said he, 'something *has* occurred; I am indeed an altered man. I had a little son, about nine years old;

he was as dear to me as the apple of my eye, and at times, when I went home from my work intoxicated, I abused my wife, drove her and the other children from the house, broke the furniture, and did all in my power to make my family as miserable as myself. This little boy, when I was at the height of my anger, would watch me, and, when I would sit down, would steal up to my knee, climb up on my lap, pass his little hand through my hair, and tame me down irresistibly, when my wife and the other children would fearlessly come in, knowing from experience that my little son had subdued me, and I was in his power. Well, squire, my son took sick; it was evident to me he would not recover. I sat by his bedside; he was in a doze. The tears gushed from my eyes as I watched him; my heart was sad indeed! He awoke; he turned his face toward me. "Father, you are crying. What is the matter?" "I am afraid, my son, I am going to lose you—you are going to die." "Well, father, I know I am going to die; but I am not afraid to die, for I will go to Jesus." "To Jesus! Why, what do you know about Jesus?" "Why, father, you know mother used to send me to the Sunday-school at the corner, and the teachers told me all about Jesus, and taught me how to pray; and for this reason, father, I was never afraid of you when you came home drunk and abused poor mother and the children; and I saw that you could not injure me. Now, father, I am going to die, and would die quite happy if you would promise me to do two things." "Well, my son, what are they? If it is in my power, I will do them." "Father, promise me that you will drink no more whiskey; this is the cause of all poor mother's distress, and if you would not drink, you would be a good man, and mother and the children would be so happy. Well, father, now promise me that you will pray." "Pray? Why, I don't know how to pray!" "Father, kneel down by my bed, and I will teach you how to pray!" "Squire, I knelt down; he prayed. I followed, repeating his words—my heart was broke. He led me I know not where, or how, or how long; but this I know: that light, comfort, peace, and joy filled my soul, as I rejoiced in a sin-pardoning God. My wife came in, the children followed, and all fell on their knees around the bed; we all rejoiced, and when I raised

my head to bless the instrument of my conversion he was dead ! His spirit had been wafted away with the glad news of my repentance to heaven. He was an eye-witness to that joy which is among the angels of God over a sinner that repenteth. His hands were clasped as in prayer, and a sweet smile sealed his lips in death.' ”

A Drunkard's Brain.

The startling doctrines taught in “Youman's Basis of Prohibition” are fully corroborated by the following passage from the Boston *Medical Journal* :

“Hyrtl, by far the greatest anatomist of the age, used to say that he could distinguish in the darkest room, by one stroke of the scalpel, the brain of the inebriate from that of the person who had lived soberly. Now and then he would congratulate his class upon the possession of a drunkard's brain, admirably fitted, from its hardness and more complete preservation, for the purpose of demonstration. When an anatomist wishes to preserve a human brain for any length of time, he effects his object by keeping that organ in a vessel of alcohol. From the soft, pulpy substance it becomes comparatively hard ; but the inebriate, anticipating the anatomist, begins the indurating process before death—begins it while the brain remains in the consecrated temple of the soul, while its delicate and gossamer tissues throb with the pulses of heaven-born life. Strange infatuation, thus to desecrate the godlike ! Terrible enchantment, that dries up all the fountains of generous feeling, petrifies all the tender humanities and sweet charities of life, leaving only a brain and a heart of stone.”

The Distiller and His Son.

A temperance man in Pennsylvania says : “I went to see a distiller, and offered him the pledge to sign. ‘No, sir,’ said he, ‘I manufacture the article, and do you suppose I would sign ? I'll tell you what I'll do,’ said he. ‘I have a son, and I should be right glad if you could get him to sign ; and you may tell him if he will there are five hundred

dollars in the hands of Mr. Taylor, and the home farm, and he shall have them both if he signs it.’ Like many a father, he was willing to give anything but the influence of example. So off I went in search of the son. I told him what his father said. ‘Well, now,’ said he, ‘how can you expect me to trot, when daddy and mammy both paces ?’ I turned round, and went right off after the old man. ‘Now,’ said I, ‘what do you say to that ?’ ‘Well, sir,’ said he, ‘I pledge you my word I never saw it in that light before ; and I will never drink nor manufacture another drop as long as I live.’ And he put his name down upon the spot. I took the pledge to the young man with his father's name to it, and he signed it directly.

The Dutchman's Inn.

I called at a public-house at Manhattanville, N. Y., which was kept by a German. My attention was attracted to the notice over the bar, which read thus :

“Gott bless your coming in,
If you have the dimes.”

Another read :

“Gott bless your going out,
If you have paid your bill.”

Here was selfishness in the extreme. The blessing upon their “coming in” or “going out” all depended on their “having the dimes” and having “paid their bill.” The whole liquor-traffic is supreme selfishness from beginning to end.

The Drunkard's Dream.

The Rev. Mr. Tennent, of Freehold, N. J., had a neighbor, a carpenter by trade, who was an habitual drunkard, and spent much time, particularly evenings and Sabbath-days, in company with people of like habits, and never went to church or religious meetings. This man dreamed one night that he had a fit of sickness and died, and, as he had always expected, after death he went to hell. Hell was not to him what he expected to find it, but was a very large tavern, with a bar-room full of benches, well lighted up, all the benches filled with people, all silent

each with a hat on his head, and each covered with a black cloak reaching to his feet. The man went up to the landlord, and said, "I expected to find hell full of fire and a place of torment, as it was always represented to me while living; but I find it very agreeable." Upon this, every one of the persons stood up, and each one slowly and silently opened wide his cloak, and, holding it open, displayed his body, a solid mass of fire. The man was so struck by the sight that he begged the landlord to allow him to return to earth again, who, after many entreaties, consented that he should return if he would make a solemn promise to return there again at the end of a year. This the man promised, and awoke. The dream filled his mind with great horror, and in the morning he went to Mr. Tennent and related it. Mr. Tennent advised him to reform and lead a new life; it seemed a special warning which, if he neglected it, would enhance his future punishment, etc. The man did reform, and for six months avoided his old companions. At the expiration of that time he was returning from work one evening, and was met by several of them near a tavern, and they began to ridicule him for becoming religious, and dared him to go in and take one drink with them. The man felt strong in his new resolutions, and said he would go in and take one drink to show it would not hurt him. He took one drink and another till he was much intoxicated. From that time he returned to his old habits, and grew worse and worse. His family lived in the second story of a house to which there were stairs on the outside; and one night, on which he had drunk more than usual, he made shift to get upstairs and to bed; but in the morning, when he went out of the door to go to his work, he was still drunk, and pitched off the stairs to the ground, and broke his neck. The news was carried to Mr. Tennent, who, instantly recollecting the man's dream, on looking at a memorandum he had made when the man told him the dream, found it was a year that day since the man told it to him.

The Deacon and His Neighbor.

As Deacon A——, on a cold morning in January, was riding by the house of

his neighbor, B——, the latter was chopping wood at the door. The usual salutations were exchanged, the severity of the weather briefly discussed, and the horseman made demonstrations of passing on, when the neighbor detained him with:

"Don't be in a hurry, deacon. Wouldn't you like a glass of good old Jamaica this cold morning?"

"Thank you kindly," said the old gentleman, beginning to dismount with all the deliberation becoming a deacon, "I don't care if I do."

"Ah! don't trouble yourself to get off, deacon," said the wag; "*I merely asked for information.*"

Drunken Physicians.

Professor Gibbons, of Philadelphia, in a public address to the graduates of the Philadelphia Medical College, asserted that of all the physicians who have received diplomas to practise medicine from the various medical schools in America during the present century, one-half have reeled into the drunkard's grave.

The Drunken Father and his Infant Child.

A drunkard who had run through his property, says Dr. Schnebly, returned one night to his unfurnished home. He entered its empty hall; anguish was gnawing at his heart-strings, and language is inadequate to express his agony as he entered his wife's apartment, and there beheld the victims of his appetite, his lovely wife and darling child. Morose and sullen, he seated himself without a word; he could not speak, he could not look upon them. The mother said to the little angel by her side, "Come, my child, it is time to go to bed"; and that little babe, as was her wont, knelt by her mother's lap, and gazing wistfully into the face of her suffering parent, like a piece of chiselled statuary, repeated her nightly orison; and when she had finished, the child (but four years of age) said to her mother, "Dear ma, may I not offer up one more prayer?" "Yes, yes, my sweet pet, pray"; and she

lifted up her tiny hands, closed her eyes, and prayed, "O God! spare, oh! spare my dear papa!" That prayer was wafted with electric rapidity to the throne of God. It was heard on high—'twas heard on earth. The responsive "Amen" burst from that father's lips, and his heart of stone became a heart of flesh. Wife and child were both clasped to his bosom, and in penitence he said, "My child, you have saved your father from the grave of a drunkard. I'll sign the pledge!"

Drinking Alone.

The author of the "Parson's Daughter," when surprised one evening in his arm-chair, two or three hours after dinner, is reported to have apologized by saying, "When one is alone the bottle *does* come round so often."

Death and the Grave.

"I am hungry," said the Grave; "give me some food."

"I will send forth a minister of destruction," replied Death, "and you shall be satisfied."

"And what minister will you send forth?"

"I will send forth Intemperance, and he shall carry alcohol for a weapon."

"It is well," said the Grave; "but how know you the people will fall into the snare?"

"I will demand the assistance of the tempter," replied Death, "and he shall disguise the snare under various seducing forms, such as food and medicine, and pleasure, and hospitality, and benevolence. The people will then drink and die."

"I am content," said the Grave; "so I perceive that your scheme is skilful and will succeed."

The church bells began to toll, and the mourners to walk through the streets, and the sexton to ply his mattock and his spade; for the minister of destruction had gone forth, and once more Death and the Grave met together to exult over the success of their schemes.

"And who is this they are bringing?" asked the Grave.

"This is an old man who fancied that wine was necessary to recruit his wasted strength. He began with but a little at first, but gradually increased the quantity, and finally drank to excess and died."

"And who is this?"

"This is a young man who was fond of company, and thought liquor was necessary to convivial meetings. He contracted the habit of drinking, and is now a corpse."

"And whom are they now bringing, followed by a train of weeping children?"

"This is a broken-hearted woman whose husband became a confirmed drunkard, and who left her children to pine in want while he spent his time and money in the tavern. And now they are bringing the corpse of the husband himself, who has lost his life in a drunken brawl."

"Hush," said the Grave, "I hear a loud wail and the sobs of grief that will not be silenced. What is the meaning of this?"

"Ah!" said Death, "they are bringing the body of a little infant, whose drunken father, aiming the blow at his wife, destroyed it at the breast; and the mother, like Rachel, 'refuseth to be comforted because her child is not.'"

"And these?"

"These are the bodies of a murderer and his victim; they were once bosom friends, but wine snapped the bonds of friendship. They quarrelled over their cups, and one having died by the hand of his companion, the other suffered the felon's death. But here is the crowning incident of our scheme. Behold the corpse of a suicide! This man drank until his property was dissipated and his mind deranged; and so, in his distraction, he laid violent hands upon his own life."

Long did these dark associates thus converse, and loud was the cry that ascended to heaven from injured parents and children and brethren and friends, until at last Mercy was sent down to see what could be done to check the mischief. And Mercy instantly sent her healing minister, and she called it Total Abstinence; "for," said she, "they cannot touch the evil without contamination; like the poison of the upas-tree, its very smell is deadly, and no one is safe that comes within the reach of its influence."

The church bells were but seldom heard, and but few mourners were seen in the streets. The wailings of the widow and the orphan were succeeded by hymns of praise and thanksgiving; for Death and the Grave were despoiled of all their prey.

The Drunkard and his Dying Daughter.

“Why don't you ask pa to be still while I'm dying?”

Ellen was a lovely girl of fourteen, the oldest and the favorite of a once happy family. When the school hours were over, she would hasten home, and sit with her needlework by her mother, or tend her little brother, yet in his cradle, or do whatever else was required of her, so kindly, so uncomplainingly, that her presence in the family was like an angel visit. When she went about the house in her pleasant and quiet manner, her mother's brow of care would often be lighted up with hope and joy. She would sometimes sit and fondly gaze upon her daughter, after having listened to the sweet tones of her voice while she narrated some little occurrence, some passing event; and as she looked upon her in the loveliness of her young and unembittered existence, she felt all the affection of a maternal heart. And yet her eye grew dim with the rising tear, as she thought of the future; as she more than anticipated the woes which might, in coming years, be the portion of her beloved child. But only a short time from the period of which I am now speaking a change came over the spirit of the mother, for a change had passed upon the lovely daughter. Ellen became pensive and languid; her eye was sunken; her cheek was pale; her form was emaciated; and she lay languishing upon her couch, over which her mother watched, by night and by day, till the evening to which I refer.

It was the hour of twilight. The streets were getting still. All was hushed around the dwelling of——, where lay the wasted form of Ellen. She had been raised up in her bed, that she might see the sun go down in the west. She watched his rays, as they lingered upon the distant hills, till she grew tired with looking. She had just been placed in a more reposing pos-

ture when the very room where she lay became the scene of strange confusion. From the hoarse throat of the drunkard was poured forth a volley of oaths and horrid imprecations. The room was filled with the stench of his sepulchral breath. The care-worn and heart-broken wife was rudely driven from the bedside of the dying Ellen. The younger children were huddled together in one corner of the room, pale with fear, and their eyes red with weeping. The senseless babbling and noisy violence of the drunkard still continued. The breath of Ellen grew fainter and shorter. She raised her little skeleton hand, and beckoned her mother, who stood weeping the other side of the room, to come to her. She came. The poor child had only strength to say, “Why don't you ask pa to be still while I'm dying?” These were the last words of Ellen; but they were in vain. With the last sigh of her gentle spirit there went up to heaven also the inhuman ravings of the drunken father! This story is not a fiction, not a matter of imagining, but of real occurrence.

Had the owner of the grog-shop in that neighborhood the spirit of a man or of a demon within him? For a little filthy lucre he could fabricate such misery and deal out such death all around him.

A Drunkard's Home.

The following melancholy picture of a drunkard's home is copied from the *Buffalo Spectator*. The writer says it may be relied on as a fact.

“Intemperance rifles ‘sweet home’ of its pleasant joys. A few weeks ago I addressed the people in Simsbury, Conn., on intemperance. Sabbath afternoon I visited a drunkard's home. There was but a single room in the house, and that looked as if it had not for a long time known the operation of cleansing. It was covered with dirt. Sticks, crumbs of bread, and walnut-shells were scattered over the floor. On a chest sat Jeremiah Hamerson, the father. He was no common drunkard. For fifteen years he could justly be styled the ‘King of Drunkards.’ He had from day to day drunk himself drunk, in spite of everything. He was a mech-

nic. He had been a man of strong mind and extensive reading and intelligence, and was said to have a remarkably tenacious memory.

"Intemperance had, during fifteen successive years, sunk him lower and lower. Some of the bitter fruits of his transgressions were blasphemy, infidelity, abuse of his wife, poverty, disease, and debt. Hamerson sat on the chest, resting his elbow on a table, on which were a few dishes, broken and dirty. Two of his children stood near.

"Some men from the house of God soon swept and cleansed the room, and removed the pieces of furniture and bed out of doors. This was hardly done before a sleigh came slowly to the door, bringing the ghastly and stiffened corpse of Hamerson's wife, which had been found in the neighboring woods. Hamerson had often savagely beaten this miserable woman. Her cries, sometimes, on Sabbath morning, were heard at the distance of half a mile. At last her spirits sank; it seemed as if the grave was the only outlet for her accumulated sorrows. A few days before this Hamerson had beat her severely; in despair, she fled into the woods and perished alone in the darkness and storm and midnight. This was a drunkard's home. Would that every female about to unite her interest with that of one who tastes the intoxicating cup could look upon this home! Verily, she would 'receive instruction.'"

The Drunken Mockers' End.

John Nisbet, a lawyer of Glasgow, was a mocker of piety and a drunkard. In 1681, when the Rev. Donald Cargill was called to suffer martyrdom for his Master's cause, he was most cruelly insulted by Nisbet. Mr. Cargill was an aged man, venerable in his appearance, his hair white as snow, and had long been loved and revered by all good men as the eloquent minister of the High Church of Glasgow. As he stood in chains, "ready to be offered," Nisbet said to him, "Mr. Donald, will you give us one word more?" alluding, in mockery, to a familiar phrase which this eminent servant of Christ frequently used when concluding his discourses. The martyr turned on him his eyes in tears of sorrow and regret, and said, in

a deep and solemn tone, "Mock not, lest your bands be made strong!" Then, after a solemn pause, he added "That day is coming when you shall not have one word to say, though you would!" A few days after this he fell suddenly ill, and for three days his tongue swelled, and though he seemed very earnest to speak, yet he could not command one word, and he died in great torment and seeming terror. Wodrow, the faithful historian who gives the above facts, has added these words: "Some yet alive know the truth of this passage."

The Drunkard and the Robber.

A man went home drunk a few evenings since, as he was in the habit of doing, and retired to his room; presently the cry of murder, robbers, and the discharge of a pistol was heard by the boarders to proceed from his apartment, and on hastening in to learn the cause, they found him leaning against the bed, much agitated, crying, "I have killed him!" and on looking they saw a fifty-dollar looking-glass all broken to pieces. He had seen his own face and shot at it, supposing it to be a robber.

Different Forms.

An old lady said her husband was very fond of peaches, and that was his only fault.

"Fault, madam," said one, "how can you call that a fault?"

"Why, because there are different ways of eating them. My husband takes them in the form of brandy."

The Drunkard's Will.

I leave to society a ruined character, wretched example, and memory that will soon rot.

I leave to my parents during the rest of their lives as much sorrow as humanity, in a feeble and decrepit state, can sustain.

I leave to my brothers and sisters as much mortification and injury as I could well bring on them.

I leave to my wife a broken heart, 2

life of wretchedness, a shame to weep over my premature death.

I give and bequeath to each of my children poverty, ignorance, a low character, and the remembrance that their father was a monster.

A Drunkard's Testimony.

"Tell me," said a benevolent visitor to a poor drunkard, when urging him to abandon the intoxicating cup, "where was it that you took your *first steps* in this intemperate course?" "At my father's table," replied the unhappy man. "Before I left home to become an apprentice, I had acquired a *love* for the drink that has ruined me. The *first drop* I ever tasted was handed me by my now poor heart-broken mother!"

"Drank up his Family Bible."

There lived lately in the city of Annapolis a man named Stephen Rummels. He had been a drunkard for four years, during which period he never went to bed sober when he could get anything to drink; nor did he ever go to a place of worship, though prior to his taking to drink he was a professor of religion. His family frequently suffered for the necessaries of life. "Often," said he, "on my return home at night, I have met my wife crying at the door." For some years he has been a reformed man. Prior to his reformation he was a mere wreck. His limbs were swollen, his hands were so tremulous that he could hardly hold a glass of water, and his mental powers were also considerably weakened. "Now," said he, "I feel well, I can eat hearty, sleep soundly, am ten years younger, have money to go to market with, and am never without a dollar in my pocket." During his drunken career one thing went after another, and finally he "drank up his family Bible, which had cost him ten dollars," but since his reform he has bought back that precious book, which he had sold for naught, and from the savings of temperance has been enabled to give ten dollars to a new brick church now building for the colored people of Annapolis. In addition to which, he has taught a colored Sabbath-

school and collected for the above church \$46 91.

"Five years ago," said he, "I was a degraded drunkard, and deserved to be sent to hell; now I am a member of a Christian church, and, what is more, I have obtained a good report of all that know me. I believe I have the confidence of the whole town, gentlemen and ladies, drunkards and blackguards." Since his reformation he has acted on the principle of "total abstinence," which he considers the only safe ground for any man who has been intemperate. "I have not even so much as taken a glass of small beer," said he, "though I do not know that that would intoxicate me."

"When you made up your mind to quit drinking, did you stop suddenly?"

"I was advised to taper off, but I determined to stop at once, if it cost me my life."

"Did you experience any inconvenience from such a course?"

"Not at all; my mental powers began to strengthen immediately, and my health to improve. If I had attempted to taper off, I fear I should have *tapered on* more deeply than ever, and, from the shattered condition of my health, I believe I should not have stood it six months longer."

"How was your appetite before you quit?"

"Very poor. I had to drink four or five glasses before I could get anything to stay on my stomach."

"How were your spirits?"

"Dreadful bad—I was as miserable as any man could be to be out of hell."

"Did you feel as if you were degraded and an outcast in society?"

"Yes, I felt all that degradation, woe, and misery which, as true as his shadow in the mid-day sun, are the constant attendants of the drunkard. I doubted whether I should ever regain the confidence which I had forfeited; for four months after I quit drinking I had not the heart to go to a place of worship. I did not feel worthy to appear among decent people, but was like the poor publican who stood afar off, and smote upon his breast, and said, God be merciful to me a sinner."

"Have you had any temptation to return to your former habits?"

"None at all since I came to the determination contained in those two words, '*taste not.*' It has saved me, and

will save every poor drunkard in the land. I will risk my life on it, if they will try it." And with increased animation he exclaimed, "I consider the temperance cause second only to the Bible itself. I rejoice in its success. Stop its operations, and in vain may the ministers of the Gospel preach; as long as the practice of moderate drinking prevails, drunkenness will abound in the land. I have often said to the moderate drinker, 'Your example does more harm than that of the drunkard himself.' Thanks be to God, who hath given me the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

The above particulars I obtained in a conversation with S. Rummels himself, in my late visit to Annapolis. He is a living example of the influence of temperance principles and the power of divine grace to bring the "dead to life and save that which was lost." Let us not, then, give up as beyond hope the poor drunkards of the land, but in the spirit of philanthropy and Christian kindness urge them to try the principle of total abstinence, which will save them as certainly as it did the man who drank up his family Bible, but afterward redeemed it again.

Drunken Sam Farmer.

A writer in the *Tribune* tells the story of Sam Farmer, as illustrative of the practical operation of one feature of the Connecticut law. We can quote only the conclusion, condensing the rest into a single paragraph, thus:

Sam Farmer was very intemperate; as a consequence, himself and his family were very poor and miserable. When the 1st of last August came, bringing with it the enforcement of the new law against drunkard-making, Sam, with jug in hand, visited the Empire State—which has had the distinguished honor for the past five months of being the general grog-shop for Connecticut tipplers—to get his usual supply of rum. Returning drunk, he was arrested, and, unable to pay his fine of twenty dollars, was sent to jail for three months. That long period of enforced abstinence gave him some new ideas of himself and of the virtues of sobriety; and here follows the *finale* of the story:

"When we knew Sam Farmer, he

was a rum-bloat—dirty, ragged, fetid, silly. When we met him, we met a very respectable, clean-looking, well-dressed, sensible working-man.

"'How d'ye do?' said such a looking individual to us. 'I am glad to see you. I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart for all you have said and wrote and printed in favor of the Maine Law.'

"Sam saw that we did not recognize him. He understood his new character; we did not. In reply we said:

"'Who is it?'

"We said it kindly, as though we thought there was something of humanity in the form before us. It was not the despised form of a rum-soaked beast only half-human.

"The words went down into his heart, and the tears rolled down his cheeks as he answered:

"'I don't wonder you don't know me. I hardly know myself. I am not the same creature as I was before they shut me up to get sober. Why, God bless you, sir, I am—that is, I am what was—drunken Sam Farmer!'"

The Drunken Sailor's Defence.

A sailor was examined on a complaint for stealing a number of yards of broadcloth from the door of Isaac Osgood's store, in Dock Square, Boston. When he had slept himself into sobriety, he was taken to the police-office, where his only defence was that "he'd scorn to do it, only for the *rum*."

One Thousand Dollars Reward.

"Ran away from the subscriber, within a few years, his whole estate, consisting of houses, land, etc. They gradually and almost imperceptibly stole away, after being put in motion by the magic art of one Intemperance, who lived in the family. Any person who will put me in possession of said estate shall be entitled to the above reward.

"TOPER.

"N.B.—All persons are cautioned to beware of said Intemperance, as I am told he has established a large number of places of rendezvous in the city,

where numbers of the incautious are daily seduced."

The above advertisement we cut from the *American Mercury*, printed at Hartford in the year 1776. The same scoundrel who committed the depredation complained of is still at large, but in a fair way to be brought to justice. The Sons of Temperance posse are in pursuit of the culprit, and if we get him completely in our power, as we hope to ere long, he will be drowned in cold water.

Decently Drunk.

A man was in conversation with another about his neighbor. "Does he get drunk?" asked the friend. "Drunk? Yes, indeed," was the reply. "I get drunk myself; but then I always do it decently. You never catch me staggering home late at night. But the brute reels into his house in open day." There are many men who practise this doctrine. You don't see them staggering through the streets by daylight, though they are frequently *decently* drunk at night.

The Duchess and Mr. Pope.

In Queen Anne's time drunkenness was rather popular than otherwise. In the manuscripts of the British Museum there is a letter from the private secretary of the celebrated Duchess of Marlborough, addressed to Mr. Pope, which began thus: "SIR: My lady, the Duchess, being drunk, was unable to see you yesterday." Temperance societies were unknown in those days.

The Dying Drunkard's Accusation.

A respectable gentleman at Edinburgh related a most affecting fact, which we will briefly repeat. A religious lady at Edinburgh was sent to visit a woman who was dying in consequence of disease brought on by intemperance. The woman had formerly been in the habit of washing in the lady's family, and when she came to the dying woman she remonstrated with her on the folly and wickedness of her

conduct in giving way to so dreadful a sin as that of intemperance. The dying woman said, "You have been the author of my intemperance." "What did you say?" with pious horror exclaimed the lady. "I the author of your intemperance!" "Yes, ma'am; I never drank whiskey till I came to wash in your family. You gave me some, and told me it would do me good. I felt invigorated, and you gave it me again. When I was at other houses not so hospitable as yours, I purchased a little, and by-and-by I found my way to the spirit-shop, and thought it was necessary to carry me through my hard work, and little by little I became what you now see me." Conceive what this lady felt.

The Devil's Triangle.

In a beautiful village in Columbia County, in the centre, were three places where they sold liquor and many drunkards were made. There were three corners; on one a tavern, on another a tavern, on the third a grocery where the Christian professor sold rum. A ministerial brother came to assist me. When we arose in the morning, he looked out and beheld the two taverns and the rum grocery. He enquired of me: "What! have we got into the devil's triangle?"

Drinketite.

A benevolent woman had visited a poor man whom intemperance had ruined, and he was rapidly wasting away with consumption. She had carried him chicken-broth and other delicacies. She met his little boy one day, and enquired of him: "How is your father?" The little fellow lisped and said: "He's no better." Desiring to send him something to eat, she enquired: "How is his appetite?" He answered: "I don't know how his appetite is, but his *drinketite* is very good."

Danger of Evil Associates

A few years ago a young man in the neighborhood of Bristol (Eng.), who had lived an irreligious life, being dan-

gerously ill, was visited by a Methodist preacher, who faithfully labored for his conversion to God. The young man professed to experience a change of heart. At length he recovered from his illness, and with returning health became a regular attendant at a place of worship, and for a time gave satisfactory evidence of being a genuine Christian; but he had not been well long before he formed an acquaintance with some wicked young men, who tried to induce him to forsake his religious companions and the public worship of God. At first he was unyielding; but as he did not wholly abandon their society, they continued to ply their artful enticements to allure him from the path of virtue. Nor were they unsuccessful. From the corrupting influence of their example he soon lost his relish for private prayer and the reading of God's Word. He next absented himself from the week evening meetings, and then from the house of God on the Sabbath. Soon he went to the dram-shop, and drank to excess. In this course he went on only a few weeks, when such had become the desperate state of his heart that, being with his drinking companions, he took up his glass and cried out, "Here's damnation to the Methodist preacher who visited me!" Soon after this he started for Ireland; the ship in which he went was wrecked, and he was dashed to pieces on the rocks

The Drunkard and His Little Child.

The Rev. Newman Hall related the following touching story of the influence of a child:

"A gentleman lecturing in the neighborhood of London said, 'Everybody has influence, even that little child,' pointing to a little girl in her father's arms. 'That's true,' cried the man. At the close he said to the lecturer, 'I beg pardon, sir, but I could not help speaking. I was a drunkard; but, as I did not like to go to the public-house alone, I used to carry this child. As I approached the public-house one night, hearing a great noise inside, she said, 'Don't go, father.' 'Hold your tongue, child!' 'Please, father, don't go.' 'Hold your tongue, I say.' Presently I felt a big tear fall on my cheek. I could not go a step

further, sir. I turned round and went home, and have never been in a public-house since—thank God for it! I am now a happy man, sir, and this little girl has done it all; and when you said that even she had influence, I could not help saying, 'That's true, sir.' All have influence."

"The Devil's Blood."

The Rev. Mr. Heckwelder relates the following fact of the influence of rum upon an Indian:

"An Indian who had been born and brought up at Minisink, near the Delaware Water Gap, told me, nearly fifty years ago, that he had once, under the influence of strong liquor, killed the best Indian friend he had, fancying him to be his avowed enemy.

"He said that the deception was complete, and that, while intoxicated, the face of his friend presented to his eyes all the features of the man with whom he was in a state of hostility.

"It is impossible to express the horror with which he was struck when he awoke from that delusion. He was so shocked that he resolved never more to taste the maddening poison, of which he was convinced the devil was the inventor; for it could only be the evil spirit who made him see his enemy when his friend was before him, and produced so strong a delusion upon his bewildered senses.

"From that time until his death, which happened thirty years afterward, he never drank a drop of ardent spirits, which he always called 'the devil's blood,' and was firmly persuaded that the devil or some of the infernal spirits had a hand in preparing it."

The Drunkard and His Daughter Millie.

Some one writes the following:

"One night I was out late. I returned by Lee cabin about eleven o'clock. As I approached I saw a strange-looking object cowering under the low eaves. A cold rain was falling; it was autumn. I drew near, and there was Millie, wet to the skin. Her father had driven her out some hours before;

she had lain to listen to the heavy snore of his drunken slumbers, so that she might creep back to her bed. I tried to take her home with me; but no, true as a martyr to his faith, she struggled from me, and returned to the now dark and silent cabin. Things went on for weeks and months, but at length Lee grew less violent, even in his drunken fits, to his self-denying child; and one day, when he awoke from a slumber after a debauch, and found her preparing breakfast for him and singing a childish song, he turned to her, and, with a tone almost tender, said: 'Millie, what makes you stay with me?' 'Because you are my father, and I love you.' 'You love me?' repeated the wretched man, '*you love me?*' He looked at his bloated limbs, his soiled and ragged clothes. 'Love me!' he still murmured. 'Millie, what makes you love me? I am a poor drunkard. Everybody else despises me; why don't you?' 'Dear father,' said the girl with swimming eyes, 'my mother taught me to love you; and every night she comes from heaven and stands by my little bed and says, "Millie, don't leave your father; he will get away from that rum fiend one of these days, and then how happy you will be."'"

The Devil under the Bed.

Several years since, while journeying in the State of New York, I had an interesting conversation with a friend on the subject of temperance which made an indelible impression on my mind. Among other things, he related the following circumstance: "In this village," said he, "a short distance from my house, lives a man and his wife, both of whom, four or five years since, were drunkards, but now they are sober and industrious—are valuable members of society. The history of their moral deformation and reformation is as follows: Some ten years since they were married. They were from respectable families, their property considerable, and themselves much thought of in the village. When they were married, they made a splendid wedding, and all were talking of the happy couple and of their flattering prospects. After the marriage evening was passed, and they cleverly located in a fine house and pleasant

place, in the full tide of prosperity, much company came. Friends often called to congratulate them and take a glass of 'good cheer.' With their friends they drank and drank again, till they became exceedingly fond of the liquid poison. It was not a year from the time the nuptial knot was tied before one would enquire of another and another if there was not something singular at times in the appearance and conduct of this late happy pair—something that indicated a degree of intoxication? Soon after such enquiries it was whispered around that he had neglected his business for some time, and that she made a poor housewife, and that their property would soon be gone. At length the fact came fully out that they were drunkards. They were often seen intoxicated. Many wondered at the great and sudden change, and lamented their ruin. Poverty came on apace. Friends expostulated in vain. They seemed to care for nothing but the intoxicating glass; and they, who had been much loved, began to be shunned by all respectable persons. They at length became so fond of spirits as to drink it several times in the night after they had retired to rest; and the better to accommodate themselves, they placed a keg of liquor under the bed, out of which they could easily draw to satisfy the cravings of appetite. One night, as the husband awoke from his slumbers, and thought of the tumbler and the keg, other thoughts rushed in and troubled him. He reflected upon what he once was—the pride of a family respected and honored by all. He reflected also upon the poverty and disgrace he had brought upon himself, upon the wretched condition of himself and companion. They had fallen from a high elevation. His heart ached; it was too painful to be endured alone. He waked up his wife, and, with a voice of alarm, said, 'Dear S—, the devil is under the bed!' She, somewhat frightened, demanded an explanation. He then told her of the thoughts which had been passing through his mind, and spoke of the awful influence which the 'critter' was exerting on them, over which they had been sleeping. They talked and wept, and talked again, and came fully to the conclusion that evil spirits had been haunting their house ever since they were married; that one had even gotten under the bed, and that

it was not safe to have him there any longer, or to harbor any of his kindred associates in their habitation. They therefore concluded to eject them all. The husband then sprang up, seized first the enemy nearest at hand, stepped to the door, and dashed him headlong. The wife in the meantime sought a light; the house was thoroughly searched and entirely exorcised. And since that hour," continued my informant, somewhat animated, "they have drunk no spirit at all, and are doing well, are respected, beloved, industrious, and prudent, fast acquiring property; yes, they are doing well."

Dissipation and Procrastination.

It is recorded of Archias, a Grecian magistrate, that, being unpopular in his government, he so far excited the hatred of many of the people that they conspired against his life. The day arrived when a fatal plot was to be executed. Archias was more than half dissolved in wine and pleasure when a messenger from Athens arrived in great haste with a packet which contained (as afterward appeared) a circumstantial account of the whole conspiracy. The messenger, being admitted into the presence of the prince, said: "My lord, the person who writes to you these letters conjures you to read them immediately, as they contain serious affairs." Archias replied, laughing, "Serious affairs to-morrow!" and so continued his revel. On that same night, in the midst of his mirth, the assailants rushed into the palace, and the morrow found Archias a murdered man, thus leaving to the world another striking example of the evil of dissipation and the danger of procrastination.

Declining to take Wine at Her Majesty's Table.

In the *Church and State Gazette* it is stated that a British peer, when dining with the queen, was challenged by a royal duchess to take wine with her. His lordship politely thanked her grace, but declined the compliment, stating that he never took wine. The duchess immediately turned to the

queen, and jocularly said, "Please your Majesty, here is Lord —, who declines to take wine at your Majesty's table." Every eye was turned to the queen, and not a little curiosity was evinced as to the manner in which the total abstainer would be dealt with by royalty. With a smiling and graceful expression, her Majesty replied, "There is no compulsion at my table."

The Doctor Outwitted.

Mr. Walter Ludbrook, of Little Moorfields, London, was attacked by small-pox, by which he was soon made blind, light-headed, and in high fever. The disease, however, took a favorable turn, when the medical man asked him one day, supposing he were going to take wine, which he would prefer, sherry or port. To which the reply was: "I don't know the taste of either. I have been a teetotaler since I was a boy, now nearly twelve years, and I hope you won't wish me to take wine." Notwithstanding this answer, the doctor ordered the wine, and it was procured, but the patient refused to take it. The doctor was told on a subsequent visit that if spirits of wine was requisite it might be sent. "Yes," said the medical man, "but I think there is a vinous principle in wine which gives a right tone to the stomach. I know very well these drinks have not the strength in them they are generally supposed to have." After this, improvement rapidly followed without wine, and within a month from the seizure medicine was totally dispensed with, the doctor, on his last visit, aware of the continued abstinence of his patient, saying, "I must confess you have gained the victory and shall wear the laurel."

The Death-Grapple.

Rev. James Caughey, in his "Methodism in Earnest," relates the following:

"Two of her Britannic Majesty's soldiers went on board a vessel on business. One of them took with him a bottle of liquor. They got drunk, quarrelled, and, seizing each other in mortal conflict, carried their vengeance

even unto the death. A gentleman came on deck just as they went overboard. They continued their murderous grapple in the water till they went down to rise no more alive. But the matter did not end here. The man who let that soldier have the liquor had a little harbor near his house where he kept a small boat. One morning a few weeks after the event, on going down to his boat, lo! the victim of his rum, the corpse of that unfortunate soldier, lay beside his boat. It had floated seven miles from where the catastrophe happened. A physician told me the effects upon the man were awful.

Didn't Like the Medicine.

A Washingtonian who had been a hard drinker previous to his signing the pledge was taken very sick, and for a long time was unable to speak. His friends, wishing to stimulate him, offered him some liquor. He could not speak, but shook his head, and continued to do so as often as it was offered him. When he recovered, he requested his friends not to offer him liquor, unless they wanted to hurt his feelings. "Especially," said he, "when I am *sick* don't give it to me. It nearly killed me when I was well."

The Drunkard and His Dog.

A man returning home at night when beastly drunk was attacked by his own house-dog. The dog had observed such a change in his master's voice and appearance that he probably took him for a hog or a thief.—*Dr. Trotter.*

The Drunken Sailor, the Mate, and the Lady.

"A few years ago," says Fanny Garland, "during the month of August, my health being poor, my husband proposed that we should have a short excursion on the water for our mutual benefit. At that time, fortunately, one of his friends was here in Boston, captain of a large bark, bound for St. Ste-

phen's to load, preparatory to a European voyage.

"The next day, after learning this fact, we took the boat and came to Boston in season to engage a passage in the bark *America* for the Provinces. The bark was towed down the harbor by a tug-boat; and it was about six o'clock when the tug left us. A light breeze was just springing up, and every rag of sail was shaken out that could be made useful, bringing into activity every sailor on board.

"But the mate missed one stout, brawny form that had been shipped that day, and heard some cursing and saw some lowering looks on the face of three more of the newly-shipped crew.

"The mate looked around anxiously, and found the missing man half drunk in his berth. He commanded him to return to his duty; there must be no shirking where he was. The drunken man refused to do so.

"'I will make you, then,' said the angry mate.

"'You go to h—l!' said the drunken sailor. 'I'd like to see the man who'll make me return to my duty!'

"The enraged mate took hold of his collar, and the next moment he was sprawling on the deck. But only a moment he lay there ere he was on his feet, and, taking a pistol from his pocket, said he would shoot the first man that attempted to touch him.

"But our mate had never seen that man whom he feared; and the next moment the sailor was again sprawling on the deck. The tiger-like gripe of the mate kept hold of him, until the captain brought handcuffs and put them on and took possession of his pistol. Then they led him to the hatchway, and he sat down on a chair for a few moments while the captain and mate were discussing the proper place to keep him through the night.

"While the sailor thus sat, there were so many different emotions expressed on his countenance that I ventured near enough to speak to him. First, I asked if he had a wife and children; and, oh! what anguish and remorse were expressed on that noble-looking countenance—for it was a noble-looking face, spite of all the sensual look about the mouth.

"'Yes,' said he, 'I have a wife and two little children, a boy and a girl.'

“ ‘Oh!’ said I, “ what would her feelings be if she knew how you had conducted yourself to-day?”

“ ‘Oh! dear,’ he groaned aloud, and the tears began to roll down his cheeks; ‘twas rum that did it; ’twas not in me to act like that. I’m never quarrelsome, only when I’ve been drinking.’

“ ‘Then,’ said I, ‘ why will you not leave it off? How very happy it would make your wife if you were never to drink any more! Besides, would you be willing for your children to follow your example?’

“ Again and again he groaned, apparently regardless that there might be other listeners.

“ ‘Promise me,’ said I, ‘ that you will sign the pledge when you get home never to drink any more intoxicating drinks.’

“ ‘Lady, I never was talked to like this before; if I had been, I think I should have left it off before. And I promise you, on my word and honor, that I will never again taste nor touch anything that intoxicates.’

“ Never have I seen a more penitent man than he. But I could say no more, for the mate came to take him to his solitary quarters.

“ The next morning he returned to duty thoroughly humbled; and from that time there was not a more faithful man aboard the vessel than he. I never saw him again; but sometimes in my mind’s fancy I seem to see him in a state of prosperity, which was wholly owing to his abstaining from intoxicating beverages.”

Drunkards never Sleep.

It was a remark which much impressed us, from the lips of Mr. Gough, that the drunkard never sleeps. He knows nothing of that calm, refreshing repose of nature which is the great restorative to man’s physical and mental nature. The following graphic lines from an English paper most strongly express the same idea:

“ Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? They that tarry long at the wine.”—Prov. xxiii. 29-30.

When night in holy silence brings
The God-willed hour of sleep,
Then, then the red-eyed revel swings
Its bowl of poison deep.

When morning waves its golden hair,
And smiles o’er hill and lea,
One sick’ning ray is doomed to glare
On yon rude revelry.

The rocket’s flary moments sped,
Sinks black’ning back to earth;
Yet darker, deeper sinks his head
Who shares the drunkard’s mirth!

Know you the sleep the drunkard
knows?

That sleep, oh! who may tell
Or who can speak the fiendful throes
Of his self-heated hell?

Bedded perhaps on broken hearts,
Where slimy reptiles creep;
While the ball-less eye of death still
darts
Black fire on the drunkard’s sleep.

These confined hearts, when warm in
life,
Bled in his ruin wild;
Now the cold, cold lips of his shrouded
wife
Press lips of his shrouded child!

So fast, so deep the hold they keep:
Hark, his unhallow’d scream!
Guard us, O God! from the drunkard’s
sleep,
From the drunkard’s demon-dream!

The Effect of Punch-Drinking.

The one effect of punch-drinking we all know is to make a man neglect his best interests and the interests of those dependent upon him, as well as eventually to alienate from him the affections of his relatives and the respect of the world. Another effect is that it makes him act silly and mistake himself, very naturally, while under its influence, for some other and by no means respectable-looking individual. The following piquant sketch illustrates this latter fact in a very laughable and striking manner. It is from the New York *Spirit of the Times*:

“ One particularly dark, damp, dull, drizzly, and disagreeable day in the latter part of November, A.D. 1842, a tall, gaunt, queer-looking customer, dressed in a blue coat with metal buttons, a brimstone colored vest, and plaid buttons, with calf-skin terminations, sat ‘ solitary

and alone' in a little room situated in a certain little tavern in ——— Street, city of Philadelphia. Before him was a little round table on whose marble top was a 'not a little' pitcher of smoking punch 'screechin' hot' and a wine-glass. The solitary individual was 'York,' nothin' else, dear child, and that was his second pitcherful—nigh his second pitcher empty. One minute after and you couldn't have squeezed a drop out of either pitcher or glass by a forty-two power hydraulic press.

"'York' rang the bell. The waiter popped his head in the door.

"'Ring, sa?'

"'Of course I did. Is it clearing off?'

"'No, sa, damp, sa; fog so thick, sa, you could ladle 'tout 'ith a spoon, sa. Have anything, sa!'

"'More punch, and strong!'

"'Yes, sa, immediately, sa.'

"The waiter withdrew, and in a few seconds the third pitcher of punch stood before our hero, who attacked it zealously. 'York' had just drained the last glassful from the pitcher, and was beginning to feel glorious, when, on raising his eyes, he saw his own figure in a large pier-glass directly opposite. The reflection seemed to startle him. He rubbed his eyes, winked, coughed, started, winked, and rubbed his eyes again.

"'By thunder!' said he, 'there's some fellow sitting right before me. This is a private room, sir, for my sole accommodation.' He waited a minute, expecting an answer, but the reflection only stared at him, and held its peace. 'I was saying, sir, that this is *my* private room—mine, sir,' cried 'York,' fetching his voice an octave higher than before. No answer was made, and he rang the bell furiously. The waiter made his appearance again.

"'Ring, sa?'

"'Yes, I *did* ring. Didn't I ask for a private room?'

"'Yes, sa; this is a private room, sa.'

"'It is! Why, there's a fellow sitting right before me now on the other side of the table—rot *his* impudence!'

"'Table, sa—fellow—sa?'

"'Yes, there is—well—never mind—. Bring on some more punch and two glasses.'

"'Yes, sa; immediately, sa.'

"In a very short time the fourth

pitcher, with the two glasses, made its appearance.

"'York' filled one of the glasses and shoved it over the table. 'Will you drink, sir?' said he, addressing the figure in the glass. Oh! you won't, eh? Well, I will.' And so he *did*. 'Better drink, old fellow,' continued he. 'Your liquor's getting cold, and you look as if you were fond of the thing.'

"No answer being returned, 'York' finished the pitcher, and rang the bell again. In popped the waiter.

"'Ring, sa?'

"'To be *sure* I rang. Didn't you hear the b-b-ell? I did. Didn't I order a p-p-p-ivate room, eh?'

"'Yes, sa; *this* is a private room, sa.'

"'A pretty private room this is—with a f-f-f-ellow sitting opposite that won't take a glass of punch when it's offered him—and a r-r-r-ed-nosed man at that! Oh! well, never mind. Bring me more punch, and two t-t-t-t-umblers. I'll try him again.'

"Presently pitcher No. 5, with glasses to match, was borne in with due state.

"'Better t-t-t-t-ry some, old boy,' said 'York' coaxingly to his double. The reflex merely looked good-natured, but said nothing.

"'Well,' continued 'York' with a sigh, 'if this isn't the m-m-m-m-ost infamous—never mind—I'll drink the punch.' And so he did, every bit of it. About five minutes sufficed to end the pitcher. 'York' rang the bell super-furiously. The waiter came again.

"'Ring, sa?'

"'Why, certain! Why sh-sh-ouldn't I? Where's the—man—who keeps this—place?'

"'Boss, sa? I'll sen' 'im, sa.'

"Shortly after mine host, a quiet-looking little man, with a mottled, calico-patterned face, and a shining bald head, made his appearance.

"'Wha-wh-at's to pay?' demanded 'York,' rising, and assuming an air of dignity.

"'Five punches—five levies, sir.'

"'There's the money, sir,' said 'York,' forking over the coin. 'And now I want to know why—when I call—for a —p-p-p-ivate room, you should put me here—with—s-s-omebody else?'

"'There's nobody here but you and I.'

"'Nobody! Do you s-s-uppose I can't see? Do you th-th-ink I'm drunk?'

There—look there! *Two* of 'em, by jingo!

“Well, sir, I must confess I can't see any but us two.”

“You can't, eh?” And ‘York’ dragged the landlord to the table. ‘Look there!’ continued he, pointing to the glass. ‘Th-th-ere’s the rascals now. One of 'em’s enough like you to be your brother, and the other is the most Lord-forsaken, *meanest*-looking white man I ever saw.’”

Experiment on a Drunkard—Ignition of Human Blood.

An experiment was recently made in Berwick, Maine, by a student of medicine, on the blood of a common drunkard. The sot had probably swallowed two gallons of rum during the previous five days, during which time he had taken little or no food. The student remarked to him that he was in danger of perishing by spontaneous combustion, and stated that his blood was so much encumbered by alcohol that it could be ignited. The drunkard asked to be bled. A pint of blood was taken from him. A bowl containing this blood was handed to one of the spectators, who ignited a match, and on bringing it in contact with the contents of the bowl a conflagration ensued, burning with a blue flame for the space of twenty-five or thirty seconds.

Early Doomed.

I know a youth of only about seventeen years of age who is a devotee to drunkenness. In vain has his aged and widowed mother admonished and besought him to avoid the company of the dissipated. In vain has his affectionate sister entreated him to turn from the dreadful course of intemperance, and to abandon the company of the wicked. Still he remains incorrigible. The mother and the sister have also entreated the poison-dealer to withhold the intoxicating draught. But he is too destitute of humanity, too vile to listen to their entreaties. Still he continues to deal out destruction to that youth, and to pour out thereby bitter anguish of soul upon that mother and sister.

The End of a Drinking-Club.

A celebrated drinking-club, in a large town in the west of Scotland, which had formerly great influence at the local elections, is broken up. Two of its members were sent to a lunatic asylum; one jumped from a window and killed himself; one walked or fell into the water at night and was drowned; one was found dead in a public-house; one died of delirium tremens; upwards of ten became bankrupt; four died ere they had lived half their days; and one, who was a bailiff when connected with the club, is at present keeping a low public-house. Such are a few facts, well-known to those living in the locality.

Doctor Edwards and the Beer-drinker.

Says the Rev. Dr. Edwards: “A bloated, red-faced beer-drinker came to a friend of mine and wished to put his name to the pledge of total abstinence from the use of distilled liquor. My friend, perceiving his habits, told him he had better put his name to the pledge of abstinence from the use of all intoxicating liquor: ‘for,’ said he, ‘Do you know what filthy water they often make use of in brewing?’ ‘O, yes,’ said he, ‘I have been in a brewery three years myself. I know all about it. And don’t you know, sir, that the more filthy the water, the better the beer?’ My friend answered: ‘No.’ ‘O, yes,’ said he, ‘that is always the case. In —, where I lived, the brewers, in drawing their water from the river, were very careful to have their pipes come down into the river just at the place which received the drainings from the horse-stables; and there is no such beer in the world as they make.’ He, too, thought that the drainings from the horse-stables and filthy ponds were all removed or purified by fermentation, *but he was grossly mistaken*. And so are all persons, if they think that foul and hurtful ingredients are all removed by fermentation.”

An Early Temperance Society.

The following paragraph was taken from the *Edinburgh Scotsman* of 1836:

"At the close of the 15th century drunkenness prevailed to a frightful extent in Germany, and more particularly in the upper classes and among the nobility. In the year 1600 a society was formed for the discouragement of this vice. Its founder was Maurice, Landgrave of Hesse, and it was named 'The Order of Temperance.' It included among its supporters several of the reigning princes, and many of the principal nobles of Germany; dukes, counts, landgraves, rheingraves, and margraves were among its subscribing members. The first of their laws ran as follows: 'Be it ordained that every member of this society pledges himself from its institution, which dates December the 25th, 1600, until the same day in December, 1602, never to become intoxicated.' The daily allowance of glasses of wine was limited to fourteen—seven at each meal—and those who could not do without luncheon were allowed one glass at it, which, however, was to be subtracted from the daily fourteen. Other beverages, as 'beer, mineral water, toast and water,' were allowed at meals; but 'Spanish wines, brandy, and geneva, strong malt liquors, as London porter [it even then was in repute abroad], and Hamborough double ales,' were forbidden. The seven glasses might be drunk in not less than three draughts."

Epigram upon a Pale-faced Wife.

Why is it that on Emma's cheek
The lily blooms, and not the rose?
Because the rose has gone to seek
A place upon her husband's nose.

The Embarrassment.

A certain doctor, who sometimes drank a good deal at dinner, was summoned one evening to see a lady patient when he was more than "half-seas over," and conscious that he was so. On feeling her pulse, and finding himself unable to count its beats, he muttered: "Drunk, by Jove." Next morning, recollecting the circumstance, he was greatly vexed, and just as he was thinking what explanation he should offer the lady, a letter was put in his hand. "She too well knew," said the letter,

"that he had discovered the unfortunate condition in which she was when he visited her;" and she entreated him to keep the matter a secret in consideration of the enclosed—a hundred dollar bill.

Eminent Divines.

The world moves. Things have greatly changed for the better, as the following will show. S. G. Goodrich, author of "Peter Parley's Tales," in speaking of the improvement the moral world has made during the last century, says: "About a century ago an eminent New England divine, afterwards president of Yale College, sent a barrel of rum to Africa by a Rhode Island captain, and got in return a negro boy, whom he held as a slave; and this was not considered an offence. I know of a distinguished D.D. who was a distiller of New England rum half a century ago, and with no loss of reputation."

The First Temperance Society.

Doctor Billy J. Clarke, of Moreau, Saratoga County, N. Y., was the pioneer in the great temperance reformation; he was the founder of the first temperance society. Others have claimed to be; but "honor to whom honor is due."

Doctor Benjamin Rush's work on the prevalence of the evils of intemperance had made a powerful impression on his mind and woke up all the energies of his soul; he was so troubled in spirit he could not rest. One dark evening, in the breaking up of winter, he rode three miles through the mud, and knocked at the door of the Rev. Lebbeus Armstrong. On entering the dwelling, before he had taken his seat, he uttered the following impressive words: "Mr. Armstrong, I have come to see you on important business." Then, lifting up both hands, he continued: "We shall all become a community of drunkards in this town unless something is done to arrest the progress of intemperance." This brief address contained the seed of the temperance tree that has produced such wonderful fruit.

At that visit Dr. Clarke developed his plan for a temperance organization,

which was heartily responded to by Mr. Armstrong.

They organized the first temperance society April 30, 1808. They held their regular quarterly and annual meetings, and for years no female attended them. This was strange indeed.

The First Pledge—its Deficiency.

It is enough to make one smile when we look at the first pledge. But the pioneers in the great work did good, and no organization is perfect at first. See the difference between our "Articles of Confederation" and the "Constitution of the United States."

The first temperance society had a constitution with fifteen articles.

The fourth read thus: "No member shall drink rum, gin, whiskey, or any distilled spirits, or compositions of the same, or any of them, except by advice of a physician, or in case of actual disease; also excepting wine at public dinners; under penalty of twenty-five cents: provided that this article shall not infringe on any religious ordinance."

How strangely defective! What difference does it make whether we are destroyed by many sparks or by a general conflagration? whether we are poisoned by the tooth of an adder or crushed within the enormous folds of the boa-constrictor? It was the alcoholic principle they should have waged war against. But total abstinence was then unknown, and this first temperance society, that we are ready to smile at now, did good as a pioneer. It was a kind of John the Baptist—a fore-runner to prepare the way for better things.

We feel like smiling again when we read the 2d section under article 4th:

"No member shall be intoxicated under the penalty of fifty cents." The penalty was not very severe; indeed, they could get drunk very cheap. Neither were they "to offer it to any person under penalty of twenty-five cents for each offence."

In October, 1843 (thirty-five years after the society was first organized), the surviving members of the original temperance society were called together, and, on the motion of Dr. Billy J. Clarke, adopted the following amendment to

their original constitution: "*Resolved*, That the constitution adopted April, 1808, be amended by adopting the pledge of total abstinence from all that can intoxicate." What a stupendous advance! What a mighty improvement! Doctor Clarke and Mr. Armstrong I knew very well. Their names are enrolled as leaders, pioneers in one of the best of causes identified with man's happiness here and his eternal felicity hereafter.

Rear-Admiral Foote.

There are many brilliant names on the roll that fame has made immortal; but among the most brilliant is that of Rear-Admiral Alexander H. Foote. He was the hero of Fort Henry and Fort Donelson; the hero of temperance; and the Christian hero.

He was the first to introduce the principle of total abstinence from intoxicating drinks in the navy; and this made a new era among the sons of the ocean.

During his cruise in the flagship Cumberland, in the Mediterranean, he induced the entire crew to abandon liquor, and personally engaged in their religious instruction. He was successful in abolishing the spirit-ration in the navy. No wonder the late Rev. John Marsh said: "Too high a monument could not be erected to Rear-Admiral Foote." He died at the Astor House, New York, June 26, 1863, aged 56. Well may it be said:

"Lower ye the flags
Half mast; boom ye the minute-guns;
toll ye
The funeral bell on every spire and
ship;
On all our coast, through all our land,
drape ye
The yards and ports, the Bethel flag and
churches,
The naval rendezvous, the temperance
hall,
The Christian Sabbath-school, the room
for prayer.
And let the distant heathen missions
join
To bear our signs of mourning round
the globe.
Who saw him once but loved to see
him more."

DENISON.

Admiral Farragut.

Admiral Farragut has a world-wide fame .He is known

To every wind that blows,
And every star that twinkles.

His heroism, his patriotism have written his name high on the pillar of fame.

Secretary William H. Seward, at Auburn, related the following characteristic anecdote of him, which shows us the hero in another dress :

The night before the battle of Mobile, one of his officers said : "Admiral, won't you consent to give Jack a glass of grog in the morning—not enough to make him drunk, but enough to make him fight cheerfully?" "Well," replied the Admiral, "I have been to sea considerably, and have seen a battle or two, but I never found that I wanted rum to enable me to do my duty. I will order two cups of coffee to each man at two o'clock, and at eight o'clock I will pipe all hands to breakfast in Mobile Bay." And he gave Jack the coffee ; and then he went up to the mast-head.

"The men had their coffee, and each seemed a host,
As he manfully stood at his perilous post ;
For their leader shrank not from the danger they passed,
They knew he would stand with them firm to the last ;
And many an anxious glance upward was cast
At the heroic Admiral, lashed to the mast."

This has been well interwoven into verse by Linda May :

"No, I'll give them good coffee ;
there's no need of rum
To keep up a man's courage when
fighting hours come ;
I've been on the ocean in stormiest
nights,
Have seen some hard service and one
or two fights ;
But I never yet found I needed a
glass
Of spirits to help, or the danger to
pass.
They'll have two cups of coffee at two,
and then wait
Till I pipe all to breakfast in harbor
at eight."

The Admiral and his Son.

When Admiral Farragut's son was about ten years old, the father said in his hearing that, when he was old enough to make a compact and keep it, he had a bargain to offer him. His son rose up, and asked what the compact was. The Admiral said : "The proposal I intend to make is this : If you will not smoke or chew tobacco, drink intoxicating drinks or strong wines, till you are twenty-one years of age, I will give you one thousand dollars." "I am old enough to make that bargain now," said young Farragut ; "I will accept the offer." The bargain was closed, and when young Farragut was twenty-one the cash was handed over.

The Fatal Glass of Wine.

Wine has been considered innocent and necessary at a wedding.

A young man at his wedding refused a glass of wine. "What, not one glass of wine?" said his bride—"not one glass of wine with me at my wedding?" "No," said he, "I cannot." He was a pledged man. "Not one glass? Oh! fie! Here, taste it." She put it to his lips, and he drank. The temptation was too powerful. Before the party broke up at the midnight hour, he was drunk upon the floor. The parents lived to see their daughter the wife of a drunkard, and after a while she returned home to live with them, for she could not live with him. Is it not time this evil was put away from Christian families? It is used only to drink the health and happiness of the bride and the bridegroom, but "at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

The First Family Prayer at a Tavern.

Rowland Hill was once driven by a storm into a village inn, and compelled to spend the night. When it grew late, the landlord sent a request by the waiter that the guest would go to bed. Mr. Hill replied : "I have been waiting a long time, expecting to be called to family prayer."

"Family prayer! I don't know what

you mean, sir; we never have such things here."

"Indeed! Then tell your master I cannot go to bed until we have family prayer."

The waiter informed his master, who, in consternation, bounced into the room occupied by the faithful minister, and said: "Sir, I wish you would go to bed. I cannot go until I have seen all the lights out, I am so afraid of fire."

"So am I," was the reply; "but I have been expecting to be summoned to family prayer."

"All very well, sir; but it cannot be done at an inn."

"Indeed! Then pray get my horse. I cannot sleep in a house where there is no family prayer."

The host preferred to dismiss his prejudice rather than his guest, and said, "I have no objection to have a prayer; but I do not know how."

"Well, then, summon your people, and let us see what can be done."

The landlord obeyed, and in a few moments the astonished domestics were upon their knees, and the landlord called upon to pray.

"Sir, I never prayed in my life. I don't know how to pray."

"Ask God to teach you," was the gentle reply.

The landlord said, folding his hands, "God, teach us how to pray."

"That is prayer, my friend," cried Mr. Hill joyfully; "go on."

"I am sure I don't know what to say now, sir."

"Yes, you do. God has taught you how to pray; now thank him for it."

"Thank you, God Almighty, for letting us pray to you!"

"Amen! amen!" exclaimed Mr. Hill, and then prayed himself.

Two years afterwards Mr. Hill found in that same village a chapel and a school, as the result of the first effort of family prayer at the "Black Lion."

A Fact with a Moral.

We have lately seen a two-dollar bill of the Commercial Bank with the following written on the back:

"DETROIT, March, 1860.

"This is the last of one hundred thousand dollars left me by my grandmother. I wished it had been two.

This is a warning to beware of lager-beer saloons!"

The name of the writer is also appended to his testimony. Now, here is a most significant illustration of the just grounds Solomon had for his loathing of all the labor he had performed to gather earthly treasure, because, in leaving it to the man who was to come into its possession after him, it was all uncertain whether he "would be a wise man or a fool." Certain it was in this case the labor and care resulted in no better fruit than to bestow a vast amount of wealth upon one to whom it was not only no good, but, while it lasted, furnished the means of accelerating, and perhaps completing, his ruin.

A Fearful Bar.

A bar on which thousands every year are shipwrecked; a bar to personal, domestic, and social happiness; a bar that has brought many a guilty man to the bars of a prison; a bar that brings many a man, by a short course, before the bar of God; and a bar against which the community should be barred by the strongest bars of legislation and religious influence—is the bar of a grog-shop.

A Flurried Editor.

"Does the Court understand you to say, Mr. Jones, that you saw the editor of the *Augur of Freedom* intoxicated?"

"Not at all, sir. I merely said that I have seen him frequently so flurried in his mind that he would undertake to cut out copy with the snuffers; that's all."

Facts Worthy of Notice.

It is a fact that nine-tenths of the inmates of our poor-houses were brought there, directly or indirectly by the use of ardent spirits.

It is a fact that three-fourths of all the convicts in our State prisons were hard drinkers previous to the commission of the crimes for which they are now imprisoned.

It is a fact that the greatest sufferers from disease and those whose maladies

are the most difficult to cure, are those who are addicted to the use of ardent spirits.

It is a fact that of all who commit suicide in this country, ninety-nine one-hundredths are the immediate or remote victims of ardent spirits.

It is a fact that in all the families where the children are dirty, half-naked, and ill fed, the rooms filthy and in disorder, the husbands cross, discontented, and peevish, and the wives slatterns, ill-tempered, and quarrelsome, one, if not both, the parents are drinkers of ardent spirits.

It is a fact that those who least frequently attend the worship of God in the sanctuary, most of those who by their oaths, blasphemies, and horrible execrations shock the ears of modest people, are spirit-drinkers.

It is a fact that those who are most easily led to ridicule and profane sacred things, and to join in every kind of dissipation and profligacy, are spirit-drinkers.

It is a fact that of all who have died of the cholera in Europe and America, seven-tenths at least were spirit-drinkers, and one-half decidedly intemperate.

Doctor Fothergill and the Gentleman.

Doctor Fothergill was the physician of John Wesley, and he thought much of his skill, as he saved his life on more than one occasion.

Doctor Fothergill was a celebrated physician of London, who began to practise in the year 1740, of great skill, much charity, and a peculiar gravity of character. Just before his death, a gentleman of Cumberland, an intemperate man, possessed of few Christian virtues, applied to the doctor for advice. Fothergill, who knew the character of the man, but chose to conceal his knowledge, enquired what was the ailment, to which the patient replied he was very well in health, ate well, drank well, and slept well, but wished to know how he might be guarded against sudden snaps. The venerable physician, feeling a supreme contempt for so dissolute and abandoned a character, gave him a prescription for his complaint in the following deserved reproach: "Do justice, love mercy, walk humbly

with thy God, and do not snap the bottle too often."

Fatal Opposition.

Teetotalers are frequently taunted with the "absurdity" of their conduct in abstaining from the use of various drinks; and instances are not wanting in which teetotalism is actually opposed by professing Christians on the ground of its 'absurdity.' The following case may prove that there is good ground for the charge of absurdity to be preferred against those who reject teetotalism.

"Have you signed the pledge?" said a neighbor to his friend, who was a professor of Christianity and a preacher.

"No," was the reply, "I am not so foolish."

"Why, brother, will you not join us?" responded the neighbor.

"I have two good reasons," was the answer. "First, teetotalism will kill one-half of you in six months; and, secondly, the thing is so absurd that by this time twelvemonth it will be scouted from the world and forgotten."

So spake the Christian professor and teacher ten years ago. Poor fellow! he has long been a drunkard. He has been dismissed from the church, beats his wife, ill-uses his children, has called his creditors together to tell them there was not half of twenty shillings in the pound; and now not unfrequently preaches for Satan in the kitchen of the pot-house! Teetotalism would have saved him, for drink proved his ruin. Had he signed the pledge and kept it, he would now, in all probability, have been a member of the church; his wife would have had a good husband; his children a kind father; his creditors a customer in whom they could confide; and still he might have filled the pulpit to the approbation of all.

To all appearance, this man is now lost; yet the church that dismissed him is as opposed to total abstinence as ever. A soul is ruined, poisoned with drink! Nevertheless, the church continues to use the cup that proved his death. Find the men who would have saved him from falling, and who were anxious to restore him, and give him back to his family, to society, and to the church, a regenerated man—these

men are still loaded with anathemas for their pains. But though this man, like hundreds more, has fallen, teetotalism still lives! It has neither been "scouted from the world" nor "forgotten." It progresses and triumphs, and will continue to do so till it has accomplished the object for which it was established.

Father, Hadn't you better Take a Sheep too?

An able farmer, about the time the temperance reform was beginning to exert a healthful influence in the country, said to his newly-hired man: "Jonathan, I did not think to mention to you, when I hired you, that I think of trying to do my work this year without rum. How much more must I give you to do without?"

"Oh!" said Jonathan, "I don't care much about it; you may give me what you please."

"Well," said the farmer, "I will give a sheep in the fall, if you wish to do without."

"Agreed," said Jonathan.

The oldest son then said: "Father, will you give me a sheep if I will do without rum?"

"Yes, Marshall, you shall have a sheep if you will do without."

The youngest son, a stripling, then said: "Father, will you give me a sheep if I do without?"

"Yes, Chandler, you shall have a sheep also if you do without rum."

Presently Chandler speaks again:

"Father, hadn't you better take a sheep too?"

This was a poser. He hardly thought that he could give up the "good creature" yet. But the appeal was from a source not to be disregarded. The result was, the demon rum was thenceforth banished from the premises, to the great joy and ultimate happiness of all concerned.

The Father's Choice.

We were once very much surprised to hear a gentleman of good sense say: "I had rather my daughter should marry an old drunkard than a cautious drinker." On our expressing our sur-

prise he added: "If she were to marry a drunkard, he would soon die, and she would be released; but if she marry a temperate drinker, she must witness his degradation, she must follow him in his downward course, she may be connected with him many years, and her trouble would kill her about as soon as his intemperance would kill him."

The Father and his Ruined Sons.

Hon. William E. Dodge said he knew a young man, the son of a highly respectable merchant, who was then a drunkard, banished from his father's house. He signed the pledge, and for a time prospered in life. One New Year's Day he called upon his father, and as they had not met for a long time before, the father pressed a glass of wine upon his reformed son. He yielded, and that night was beastly intoxicated. He is now a poor, homeless, wandering drunkard. The father unheeded the solemn lesson; he still kept the fatal beverage in his house, spread it before his children. A second son was ensnared, and is also a drunkard.

Failures.

The following lines were written on a man who first kept school, and next a public house, and failed in both:

Extremities don't pay. I've tried 'em twice:

I've retailed virtue, and I've wholesaled vice

The First Barrel of Rum.

The following particulars of the arrival of the first barrel of rum in Norwalk, Conn., give an idea of the estimation in which the primitive settlers of New England held the necessity and use of ardent spirit: "A packet-master had returned from Boston, and it was noised abroad that he had brought with him a barrel of rum! The civil authority, the selectmen, and the principal inhabitants of the town came together and enquired if the thing was so. He assented. They declared with one voice, 'You shall never land it on our shores!'

What, a whole barrel of rum! It will corrupt our morals and be our undoing."

Alas! how the times have changed! How many barrels of rum have been landed there since, filled with ruin and death, and no one afraid.

Feelings Hurt.

A brother of our acquaintance, in passing to one of his stated appointments, stopped and preached for a church on the way. In his discourse he animadverted with some severity on the disgraceful practice of intemperance, especially among the professors of religion. Upon visiting that neighborhood again, he was told that he had hurt some of the brethren's feelings; and, in a second discourse, he apologized to this effect: "I understand, my brethren, that when I was last here, I was so unfortunate as to hurt some of your feelings by my remarks upon drunkenness. Since nothing was further from my intentions, I feel that it is my duty to make an apology, which is this: being a stranger here, I most solemnly declare that I did not know that there was a drunkard belonging to this church." The hint had its effect. The grumblers were drunkards, and at the next church meeting were excluded. Fact.—*Biblical Recorder*.

The Five Cradles.

A man who had recently become a votary to Bacchus returned home one night in an intermediate state of booziness; that is to say, he was comfortably drunk, but perfectly conscious of his unfortunate situation. Knowing that his wife was asleep, he decided to attempt gaining his bed without disturbing her, and, by sleeping off his inebriation, conceal the fact from her altogether. He reached the door of his room without creating much disturbance, and, after ruminating a few moments on the matter, he thought if he could reach the bedpost, and hold on to it while he slipped out of his apparel, the remainder of the feat would be easily accomplished. Unfortunately for his scheme, a cradle stood in a direct line with the bedpost, about the middle

of the floor. Of course, when his shins came in contact with the aforesaid piece of furniture, he pitched over it with a perfect looseness; and upon gaining an erect position, ere an equilibrium was established, he went over it backward in an equally summary manner. Again he struggled to his feet, and went head foremost over the bower of infant happiness. At length, with the fifth fall, his patience became exhausted, and the obstacle was yet to be overcome. In desperation he cried out to his sleeping partner: "Wife! wife! how many cradles have you got in the house? I've fallen over five, and here's another afore me!" Suffice it to say that his wife was by this time completely awake, and a curtain-lecture ensued which rang in his ears for many a succeeding day.

Governor Gilmer and the Congressional Total Abstinence Society.

The Congressional Total Abstinence Society held its anniversary in the Hall of Representatives in Washington, Feb. 25, 1842, and Thomas W. Gilmer, ex-Governor of Virginia and Secretary of the Navy, offered the following resolution and made an eloquent address, of which we give a very brief extract, in which he related an anecdote that has a peculiar point:

"On motion of the Hon. Thomas W. Gilmer, of Virginia, *Resolved*, That it be recommended to the young men of America, especially to all who purpose devoting themselves to the service of their country, to shun, at all times and on all occasions, in the hours of severe study, in professional labor, on festive occasions, and at political meetings, the intoxicating bowl, always unnecessary, always dangerous, and often ruining some of the brightest hopes of the nation.

"The members of this Congressional Society, Mr. President, are watchmen on the high ramparts of our country's defence. We are sentinels around the citadel of the public safety, and it becomes us to 'watch and be sober.' It is said of the Indian tribes (among whom, by the way, ardent spirits were unknown until introduced by white men) that they are in the habit, when engaged in war or in the chase, of exacting total abstinence from their sen-

tinels. Their watchmen must always be 'sober Indians,' however the rest of the tribe may choose to indulge themselves. And, sir, shall we not learn a lesson of precaution and virtue from these rude sons of the forest? Shall their watchmen be sober to guard the wigwam, and we, who are here to guard the rights of seventeen millions of people, not emulate their example? And when hailed by our constituents with 'Watchman, what of the night?' shall we not be always ready to give the sober answer, 'All's well!' or to give timely warning of the approaching danger?

"We have the highest authority, sir, for the maxim, 'He that striveth for the mastery should be temperate in all things.' It is worthy of being inscribed even on the banners of this temperance society. Let the advocate of temperance, like the advocate of every other great truth and great principle connected with the moral elevation of man, not forget what are the true weapons of our warfare. While we employ reason, persuasion, and offer every moral inducement to our fellow-men to be just to themselves and to all their relations in life—while we add to these the force of an example which we believe is useful to others as well as to ourselves, let us never permit our feelings or convictions, however strong, to degenerate into the intemperance of fanaticism. Let us be content to do our duty and to leave the high and holy prerogatives of judgment and condemnation where alone it belongs; where we are assured it will be exercised towards us as we exercise it towards others. Let us 'be temperate in all things.'"

THE PRINCETON.

Three days after the melodious voice of Gilmer was heard ringing through the Hall of Representatives, saying to the rising youth and statesmen of America, Beware of the wine-cup! he went with the President of the United States and many distinguished gentlemen and ladies on an excursion down the Potomac on board the *Princeton*. They had just dined, and wine was drunk very freely; but the noble governor, true to his principles, drank no wine.

Soon after dinner, when all were on deck, the large gun, called the Peace-Maker, was fired off. It exploded, scattering death and destruction all around.

The honored and deeply-lamented Gilmer suddenly went into the world of spirits with Mr. Upshur, Secretary of State, Commodore Kennon of the Navy, and three others. The appalling scene baffles all description. Horror-stricken at the sight, stern warriors grew pale; the sons of gayety and dissipation fled; the patriot bowed, trembling for his country. There was mourning all over the land. Such was the sad end of the genuine patriot, the pure temperance man, the model statesman, Thomas W. Gilmer, "who being dead yet speaketh.

STRANGE CONTRASTS.

The utmost hilarity and glee preceded the explosion, and among the toasts proposed was one by Miss Wickliffe, daughter of the Postmaster-General: "The American flag, the only thing American that will bear stripes." This was received with thundering applause. The lady's health was drank with three times three, and she was declared worthy of marrying a hero. Scarcely was that toast drunk than the whole scene was changed into one of wretchedness and woe.

Professor Goodrich, and How his Eyes were Opened.

Professor Goodrich of New Haven, Conn., says:

"Had I been called three years ago to express my views of the subject, they would probably have been different from those I entertain at present. I am now astonished that I did not take higher grounds. But changes have since taken place of immense importance. The enquiry has shown that the causes of intemperance are situated further back than is generally supposed. I had a widow's son committed to my particular care. He was heir to a great estate. He went through the different stages of his education, and finally left Yale College with a good moral character, and bright in prospects. But during the course of his education he had heard the sentiment advanced, which I then supposed correct, that the use of wine was not only admissible, but a real auxiliary to the temperance cause. After he had left the college, for a few years he continued to be respectful to me. At length he became reserved, and the next I heard was, he rushed one

night unceremoniously into my room, and his appearance told the dreadful secret. He said he came to talk with me. He had been told, during his senior year, that it was safe to drink wine, and by that idea he had been ruined. I asked him if his mother knew this. He said no; he had carefully concealed the secret from her. I asked him if he was such a slave that he could not abandon the habit. 'Talk not to me of slavery,' said he. 'I am ruined; and before I go to bed I shall quarrel with the barkeeper of the Tontine for brandy or gin to sate my burning thirst.' In one month this young man was in his grave. It went to my heart. Wine is the cause of ruin to a great proportion of the young men in our country. Another consideration is that the habits of conviviality and hospitality are now directed to the use of wine. Once it was the use of distilled liquor. Toddy, and sling, and bitters were the fashion."

Prof. Goodrich on the Total Abstinence Pledge.

I do firmly believe that nothing but this measure, practically adopted by the friends of temperance, can save our country from a widespread deluge of calamity and crime. I therefore hold it to be the duty of every man openly to avow this principle, as well as to act upon it, not, on the one hand, because I consider it to be sinful in itself to take a drop of alcohol into the system; nor, on the other, because I regard it as a mere matter of expediency, in the low sense of that term, as often used to denote convenience. It is, in my view, matter of the highest moral obligation for every man to live, not for himself alone, but for the benefit of those around him; and when there is a great, an enormous evil, which threatens ruin to the community, which can be put down by entire abstinence from a popular indulgence—which can never be put down without such abstinence—I feel it to be a question of conscience, to be the imperative dictate of duty, to abstain as a beverage even from pure wine and cider in such circumstances, much more from those filthy and noisome mixtures sold in this country under the names of wine and beer.

You see I rest my principles upon

the existing state of things, not on any abstract questions which have sometimes been discussed. The case was totally different, as I believe, in the time of Christ, before the art of distillation had concentrated the evils resulting from the abuse of the fruit of the vine into that dreadful instrument of ruin which now exists. You see, too, that my principle sets aside the question of the use of wine at the sacrament, for the evil (if there is any at all) from so rare and slight a use of the substance in question is so unimportant as not to require any such guards as those we are bound to set up when it is made a common beverage.

I should rejoice to see all the friends of total abstinence unite on this ground—the high ground of imperative duty, resulting from the present circumstances of the human race. Leaving every other question as of secondary importance, let them press this duty on the hearts and on the consciences of men in the spirit of Christian fidelity and love. If the cause is unpopular, I am willing to bear the reproach whenever and wherever it may fall upon me.

A Groggerly in David's Time.

The Rev. Mr. Pierpont in his address at the Tabernacle was sure that there were groggeries in David's time, in the lanes and alleys of Jerusalem, with little red curtains before the windows. He was confident there was a description of the dramseller in the tenth Psalm, which he read with great effect. It is commended to the attention of such as are in the trade:

Verse 6. He hath said in his heart, I shall not be moved: for I shall never be in adversity.

7. His mouth is full of cursing and deceit and fraud: under his tongue is mischief and vanity.

8. He sitteth in the lurking-places of the villages, in the secret places doth he murder the innocent: his eyes are privily set against the poor.

9. He lieth in wait secretly, as a lion in his den: he lieth in wait to catch the poor: he doth catch the poor, when he draweth him into his net (his shop).

10. He croucheth and humbleth himself, that the poor may fall by his strong ones (his strong liquors).

11. He hath said in his heart, God

hath forgotten: He hideth his face, he will never see it.

John B. Gough.

On a certain Sabbath evening, many years ago, a reckless, ill-dressed young man was idly lounging under the elm-trees in the public square of Worcester. He had become a wretched waif on the current of sin. His days were spent in the waking remorse of the drunkard; his nights were passed in the buffooneries of the ale-house. As he sauntered along, out of humor with himself and all mankind, a kind voice saluted him. A stranger laid his hand upon his shoulder, and said in cordial tones, "Mr. Gough, go down to our meeting at the town-hall to-night." A brief conversation followed, so winning in its character that the reckless youth consented to go. He went, he heard the appeals there made. With tremulous hand he signed the pledge of total abstinence. By God's help he has kept the pledge. The poor boot-crimper who tapped Gough on the shoulder, good Joel Stratten, has lately gone to heaven, but the man he saved is to-day the foremost reformer on the face of the globe—John B. Gough.

John B. Gough, the Unequaled Temperance Orator.

I have been acquainted with Mr. Gough almost from his entering the temperance field; have made speeches with him in his earlier days; heard his first speech in New York City. He has been my guest, prayed at my family altar. He prayed with the fervor of a saint and with the simplicity of a child.

At the fireside he related anecdotes beautiful, sparkling, and was as interesting there as on the platform.

J. B. Gough's First Temperance Speech in New York.

I attended the eighth anniversary of the American Temperance Society in the Broadway Tabernacle in New York in 1844. Dr. Leonard Bacon made a characteristic address of great strength and power. The hour was getting late, and I with others was on the point of retir-

ing. My hat was in my hand, and I was ready to go, when they introduced a young man by the name of John B. Gough. He was unknown to fame. He had spoken but a few words before he thrilled, captivated, and carried away the audience. No one had a disposition to leave then; all were spell-bound. He represented intemperance as death on a pale horse riding on triumphantly, crushing his wretched victims under his feet, till the advocates of temperance arrested him in his cruel career by seizing him by the bridle and pushing him back upon his haunches.

His simplicity and modesty were the admiration of all. In a few minutes there was weeping all over the house. Alluding to himself, he said, "God forbid that I should boast of my degradation! Oh! there is a dark spot upon my past life; and if by any efforts in the temperance cause I can wipe it out, I shall feel that I have attained the height of my ambition. A bright star of hope now gleams upon my pathway, and the dark pall which has hung over my existence for a few past years is looped up, and I can see in the distance the gleaming of that bright star; and I thank God, who has plucked a brand from the burning, and that I am deemed worthy to raise my voice in this cause which I love." Mr. Gough showed the heart-hardening influence of the liquor-traffic—the poor woman in Oxford, Mass., whose son returned from a long prodigal absence, having signed the pledge, but was induced by the heartless rumseller to drink before going home, and in the morning was found dead in the rumseller's barn, the rumseller helping to carry him to his mother on a board, when the mother cursed him as the murderer of her son. He acknowledged he had given him the liquor, but did not know it was her son. She told him he did, and cursed him. His descriptive powers, his inimitable eloquence, that evening gave him the position of the prince of temperance lecturers.

The three following anecdotes were related with inimitable grace and tremendous effect by J. B. Gough at the Tabernacle in Broadway, in the first speech he delivered in New York City, in May, 1844.

THE RUMSELLER AND THE YOUNG LADY.

In one of the quiet towns of Massachusetts a young lady, the only child

of her parents, who had an accomplished education and all the charms of modest beauty and noble intellect, went to a rumseller who was daily enticing her father to drink, intending soon to possess his snug little farm. She told him he was not only destroying her father, but bringing ruin and disgrace on her and her mother. Oh! he said, she would soon be married; she need not trouble herself. She replied she never would. She could never consent to involve in their shame one that she loved. She would never leave her mother, but would work with her own hands, and every day bring him the amount of money he now received of her father, if he would sell him no more. She entreated him with tears. But, with an infernal leer, he asked the poor girl if he should say to her father that she had requested him to sell him no more. Her eyes flashed and reason reeled. "You are not a man!" said she. She is now a maniac in the Worcester Asylum.

THE RUMSELLER AND THE PETITION.

A poor old lady, in another Eastern town, who formerly lived in affluence, had a husband and two sons who gave themselves up to intemperance. One day the father and sons were drinking at the tavern with others like themselves, when a hearse passed by the door. One of the sons swore, with an idiot grin, he would be the next who rode in that carriage! The next morning he was found dead, with his face in a muddy pool of water not large enough to drown a cat. In view of this awful judgment, the mother wrote a petition to the rumseller, entreating him to sell her husband and remaining son no more liquor. The petition, under such circumstances, one would think, might have melted the heart of stone. But the rumseller cut it up, and rolled it into lighters, which he put in a tumbler and set on the shelf; and every time the old man or his son came into the bar-room he would give them a cigar and hand down the tumbler of lighters to light it, till they were all consumed; and then he boasted that he had made the husband and son burn up the pious petition of the old woman!

THE DRUNKARD'S EXPERIENCE OF ONE DAY.

How much untold misery can be crowded into one day! Horrors upon

horrors, woes upon woes indescribable, and all within the short space of twenty-four hours.

Mr. Gough once said: "Well I remember the 4th of July, 1842. It was the most miserable day I ever experienced. And, young men, let me say here it is humiliating to me to thus lay bare the secrets of my own experience to you; but I have vowed to God that all my faculties, all my energies, all the power he shall give me and the life he shall grant, shall be expended in battling the hard-headed, black-hearted iniquity; and if I can, by showing the scars where the iron entered into my soul—by showing how I was hurrying to the rapids, until Infinite Mercy snatched me from the brink—if I can save any young man from a similar fate—save him as I was saved, as if by fire—I will bite the dust before you. I have sometimes found the experience of a man is sufficient to teach a vital truth without the addition of a word. If you go to a physician who has just amputated a limb, and hear him describe the operation, the rapidity of the movement, the mode of its execution, you may feel astonished at the skill displayed. You may turn away and think it was a very pretty operation. Go to the man who lost the limb; hear him describe how he felt when the flesh was divided, when the knife touched the bone, and you will think it was a horrible thing. Some may say it is egotistical. Now, I would not give that (snapping his fingers) for a minister of religion who was not in this respect egotistical; who could not tell what he knew of the deceitfulness of the human heart, of the renewing influences of the grace of God. When I tell you what I have known of this bitterness, I can stand up and say that the curtain that hung over the drunkard's grave is lifted; the bright star of hope is beaming upon me, growing brighter and brighter every day, until to-night I can feel, as it were, bathed in a flood of light, and can thank God for his infinite mercy. I will, therefore, give the experience of that day without hesitation. I had, to that time, no friends—acquaintances I had, it is true, but no friends. Ah! young men, it is a hard thing to find yourself thus alone, to feel that you are a waif upon the stream, not a tear shed for your troubles or a throb of pleasure felt in your prosperity. I have had the feeling of solitude come

upon me—never in the wild forest, never in the woods, where the singing of the birds and the whisperings of the winds are heard, but among the haunts of men; to walk in the city, street after street, and see no familiar face; to have no home, rambling over God's earth as if over a burning desert, with no resting-place for the sole of the foot. I was alone, and I thought, as I had no friends and no money, I would go to work. I did. I am a book-binder by trade, and I was soon hammering away upon the books. Presently I heard some music. Now, I am passionately fond of music, and I could not resist the temptation to go out into the street and hear it. Just as I was going out a gentleman said to me, 'It is a beautiful sight.' 'It is? What is it?' 'The temperance societies at the back of the grove on their way to take part in the ceremonies of the day.' 'Oh!' said I, 'I want nothing to do with them.' And so saying, I went up-stairs, and began hammering again. The music came nearer and nearer. I couldn't stand it any longer. 'I don't care,' I said, 'whether they be temperance bands or not, but I must go and hear them.' I went into the street, and leaned against a post. As the teetotalers approached, I tried hard, as many do, to put a sneer on my face and to curl the lip, that passers-by should think that one man was looking on with a great deal of contempt on the proceedings—'a parcel of old women—teetotalers! Pooh!' It was certainly a beautiful sight. The banners were fluttering away in the wind, the people looked cheerful and healthy, the music was full of spirit. When the last in the procession had turned the corner, I felt as if a beautiful picture had been hidden. I was much affected, and the tears coursed down my cheeks. I came there to sneer, but it had made me think of the time when I was a happy boy; it made me think of the time when, in the little village of Sandgate, William Wilberforce gave me a prayer-book; when I kneeled by my mother's knee, and when her soft, warm hand was laid on my head. In contrast to that—and the contrast thrilled through every nerve—I saw a poor, desolate, despised drunkard. Oh! how bitterly I felt! I went to work until night. Then I went to the hotel I was accustomed to frequent. 'Give me some

brandy,' I said. I took it and drank it. 'Give me some more!' I took that and drank it. 'Give me more!' 'You have had enough.' 'I don't care, I will have more.' The young men said afterwards I was mad. I scared them by my talk. At three o'clock in the morning I went out of the town, and bathed my brow in the clear air. I went to the graveyard, and read of those whom I had known in the days of the past; I pulled up the grass in my frenzy, and cursed my own infatuation. I had a bottle of laudanum in my pocket, and sat leaning for a little while on a fence bordering on a railroad, and began to think how I wished I could lie there and let the next train of cars cut me in two. I wished to die. Then I thought of men being sometimes found cut in two by a train, with a bottle of liquor by their side, and of its being called an accident instead of the truth—a suicide with such circumstances as mine for the cause. I took the bottle and drew the cork, but my hand shook, and that saved my life; for the very edge of the glass struck against my teeth. I looked to the city, and heard the hum of business. 'I was a man who had seen good days, not a poor miserable thing yet. I am as God made me. I am neglected by society.' Bitter in spirit, I entered the inn again. 'Give me some brandy! Ha! ha! who cares?' That, young men, is one day in the life of a drunkard.

Gough and the Terrible Woman.

J. B. Gough relates the following in his autobiography with inimitable grace:

I have more than once spoken to an audience of what are termed "outcasts," and a pitiful sight it is. On one occasion I addressed eight hundred, and on another—in Glasgow—over three thousand. The city missionaries had, by their influence, induced the poor creatures to come. There were rags, and filth, and degradation beyond description. It seemed as if the last lingering trace of human beauty had been dashed out by the hoof of debauchery, and the die of the devil stamped on the defaced image of God; and all of them human beings, with hearts and souls, with a love for the pure and beautiful

—men and women—yes, and children— with such human histories of want and suffering, privation and misery, as might well be traced in tears and written in blood.

On one occasion, as I entered the audience-room, where some hundreds of this class had assembled, with the provost of the borough and a minister of the town, who accompanied me, the former said, as we came in: "Mr. Gough, you have 'Fire' in the house to-night."

I asked, "What do you mean?"

He said, "Do you see that tall woman near the platform?"

"Yes."

"Her nickname is 'Hell-fire'; she is known by no other name in the vicinity of her wretched residence. When she appears in the street, the boys cry 'Fire! Fire!' She is the most incorrigible woman in the borough. She has been brought before me scores of times, and sentenced to imprisonment from four days to six months. She is ripe for mischief, and if she makes a disturbance you will see such a row as you never saw before. The power of the woman's tongue in blasphemy is horrible."

When I rose to address the audience, I expected a row, and confess to a nervous feeling of apprehension. I spoke to them as men and woman, not as outcasts or things. I told them poverty was hard to bear, but there might be comfort, light, and peace with poverty; told them I had been poor, very poor; spoke to them of my mother and her struggles; then of her faith, and love, and hope; that there was no degradation in poverty—only sin caused that. In proportion to wrong-doing was the degradation, and so on. I saw a naked arm and hand lifted in the crowd, and heard a voice cry out: "That's all true."

The woman ("Fire") rose to her feet, and facing me, said: "That's a' true, mon; ye're telling the truth." And stretching her arms to the audience, said: "The mon kens what he's talking about."

When I concluded, she came on the platform, and I almost thought she might tackle me. She was a large woman, and looked like a hard hitter, and I never desired to come in contact with "strong-minded" or big-fisted women; but after looking at me a moment, she said: "Tak' a gude look at me, mon.

I'm a bit of a beauty, an't I?" Then coming close to me, "Would you gi'e a body like me the pledge?"

I answered at once, "Yes, ma'am."

A gentleman said: "She cannot keep it; she will be drunk before she goes to bed to-night. Better not give her the pledge."

I turned to her: "Madam, here is a gentleman who says you cannot keep it if you sign it."

Clenching her fist, she said: "Show me the mon."

I asked: "Can you keep it?"

"Can I? If I say I wull, I can."

"Then you say you will?"

"I wull."

"Give me your hand on that." And I shook hands with her. She signed it, and I said: "I know you will keep it; and before I go to America I will come and see you."

"Come and see me when you wull," she answered, "and you'll find I ha'e kept it."

It must have been two years from that time I was speaking there again, and after the lecture a gentleman said to me: "I wish to introduce to you an old friend, whom perhaps you have forgotten—'Mrs. Archer,' no longer 'Fire.'"

I was introduced, and shook hands heartily with her and her daughter, who sat by her. I had noticed the woman during my speech, for she hardly took her eyes off me from the time I rose till I sat down. I went to her house, and part of what she said to me was this:

"Ah! Mr. Gough, I'm a puir body; I dinna ken much, and what little I ha'e kenned has been knocked out of me by the staffs of the policemen; for they beat me about the head a good deal, and knocked prutty much a' the sense out of me; but sometimes I ha'e a dream—I dream I'm drunk, and fighting, and the police ha'e got me again; and then I get out of my bed, and I go down on my knees, and I don't go back to my bed till the daylight comes, and I keep saying: 'God keep me; for I canna get drunk any mair.'"

Her daughter said: "Ay, mon! I've heered my mither in the dead of night, on the bare floor, crying, 'God keep me'; and I've said, 'Come to yer bed, mither, ye'll be cauld'; and she'll tell me, 'No, no, I canna get drunk any mair.'"

I received a letter from the provost of the borough, dated February, 1869, tell-

ing me that Mrs. Archer ("Fire") had been faithful to her promise, was keeping a small provision store or shop, had taken a little orphan boy out of the streets, and was bringing him up well, and sending me her photograph.

THE DRUNKEN HUSBAND AND THE SUFFERING WIFE.

John B. Gough related the following touching story in his own inimitable style: I was once asked to go and see a drunkard—the worst, they said, in the whole town. I said, "You have no right to ask me to go and see him, unless he wishes to see me; if he comes to me, I will see him; or if he wishes me to go to his house, I will go." If I went unbidden he might say, "Who told you I was a drunkard? Mind your own business, and I will mind mine; wait until I send for you." I have no more right to go into the poor man's house than into that splendid mansion. The servants would turn me out there; and the working-man has as much pride as another man. "But," it was replied, "the man beat a little girl fourteen years of age (and she will carry the marks to her grave) because she went to bed before he went home." "I do not want," I said, "to go to such a man." "But, his wife is very ill with a bilious fever, and the doctor thinks she cannot get over it; the man has not been drinking for some days, and if you could see him now I believe you might do him some good." Under these circumstances I said I would go, and I went accordingly, and tried to make some excuse for calling. When he came to the door he knew me. "Mr. Gough?" he said. "Yes," said I; "will you give me a tumbler of water, if you please?" "Oh! yes; won't you walk in?" I then walked in, and I sat one side of the table and he the other. Two little children were playing in the room; and a door was half opened which led into another room where the wife was lying ill. I began to talk to the man about everything I could think of but temperance—about trade, the crops, railroads—till I got on to drink, then he headed me off. I began again, and talked about the badness of the roads, travelling, business, drink—he headed me off again. I fancied I saw a malicious smile in his eyes, as much as to say, "Young man, you are not up to your business yet"; and I thought I must give it up. Providen-

tially, I thought of the children, and I said, "Pretty-looking children those, sir." "Yes, sir," said he, "they are pretty good children." "And you love your children, don't you?" "Bless the children!" said he, "to be sure I do." "And you would do anything in the world to benefit them, wouldn't you?" I asked. Then he looked as if he expected something else was coming; but he said, "Yes, to be sure, I ought to be willing to benefit my children." "Well," said I, "I am going to ask you a plain, simple question—don't be angry with me: suppose you never drank any more liquor as long as you lived, don't you think those children would be better off?" "Well," he said, apparently puzzled, "I own you have got me this time; the children would be better off if I were to quit drink." "And you have a good wife, haven't you?" I enquired. "Yes, she is as good a wife as ever a man had." "And you love your wife?" "To be sure I do." "And would do anything to please her?" "Well, I ought to." "Now," said I, "suppose you should sign the pledge; would that please her?" "By thunder, I guess it would; I couldn't do a thing that would please her like that. If I signed the pledge, I believe my old woman would be about her business in two weeks." "Then you will do it, won't you?" "I guess I will." And he at once spread out the paper, squared his yards, and wrote his name. The children had been listening with eyes wide open, looking like little saucers, as we were talking about temperance. One said to the other, "Father has signed the pledge." "Oh!" cried the other, astonished, "I will go and tell mother." And away she ran. The mother, when she heard it, called out, "Luke, Luke, come in here." The man went in, and took me with him. The wife's face was ghastly pale, the eye large and sunk in the socket; with her long, thin fingers she gripped my hand, and with the other took the hand of her husband; and her face, sharp as it was, looked radiant in the light that seemed to bathe it, coming from the throne of everlasting love. She then told me what a good husband she had. "Luke," she said, "is a kind husband and a good father; he takes care of the family, and is very kind to them; but the drink, you know, sometimes makes a little difficulty." Oh! that little difficulty. God only and the

crushed drunkard's wife know what it is. The man shook like a leaf; then tearing down his wife's night-dress, he said, "Look at that!" On her white shoulders was a bad-looking mark. Again he said, "Look at that!" and I saw a bruise on her neck, which made my flesh creep. "Three days before she was taken sick," he said, "I struck her. God forgive me! She has been telling you she has got a good husband. Am I? Am I a good husband? Look at that! God Almighty forgive me." He bowed over that woman, and I never saw a man cry so in my life; it seemed as if he had gone into convulsions. "Don't cry, Luke," sobbed his wife, "don't, please don't; you would not have struck me if it hadn't been for the drink. Now you have signed the pledge, we shall all be happy again. Don't cry."

PORTRAIT OF THE DRUNKARD.

The following portrait of the drunkard was sketched and painted by a master-hand, John B. Gough, who well knew by sad experience what he was talking about: "Look at the drunkard! What is he? Look at him, gibbering in the idiocy of drunkenness, the dull waters of disease standing stagnant in his eyes, sensuality seated upon his cracked, swollen lips. What is he? His intellectual nature become devil, his animal become beast. What is he? See him swept out with the pitiful leavings of a dram-shop, the horrible stench of the last night's debauch clinging to him. What is he? Society has shaken him out of her superabundant lap as a thing unworthy of love or pity. Yet is he a man, not a thing; a man, not an animal—a being having a man's heart, a man's brain, a man's sensibility; that can stand up and say, I am greater than all God's material universe; that is but the nursery of my infant soul, sublime as it is. Which is greater, the child or the nursery? I am greater than God's material universe. I can say to the sun, "I am greater than thou art, thou glorious orb, for I shall be when thou art not. When thou hast perished; when ten thousand storms have passed over the mountain-tops; when the lightnings of heaven shall no longer play on the highest pinnacles of the earth; when the stars shall melt and disappear; when the universe shall be moved as a cottage, and all material things shall pass away in the final crash of doom, I

shall still live; for within me is the fire of God, a spark of immortality that cannot be put out." Now look at him—poor, miserable, besotted, creeping wretch, in his deep, dark, damning abasement—and will you not curse the influence that makes him what he is? Will you not, in the name of a common humanity, come up on the mighty battlefield, and war against the instrumentality that thus debases a human brother?"

A CURE FOR COMPLICATED DISEASES.

Mr. Gough observes: "Some physicians may prescribe it conscientiously; but I believe some prescribe it because they are such miserable dolts they ought to send back their diploma; they do not deserve it. They do not know what ails a patient, and so they will prescribe beer; and I believe some of them are in partnership with some of the brewers too, and they give beer just as I heard of a physician who gave medicine. He was a regular stingy fellow, and when he made up prescriptions he had a big black bottle, into which he used to put all that was left. There was in that bottle Epsom salts, rhubarb, mercury, and all kinds of powders and drops—everything that he had ever prescribed; if there was anything left, he put it in the black bottle. Somebody said to him, 'You are very saving; what is the use of it?' 'Oh!' said he, 'when I find a poor fellow that has got a complication of diseases, you know, and I don't know what upon earth to do for him, I give him a dose out of the black bottle.' I believe some of these doctors don't know what to do with their patients, and so they tell them to take a little porter, or something of that sort, for it is a handy thing to recommend. But we are not waging war against intoxicating drink as a medicine; we are waging war against it as a beverage, because it is utterly useless.

"THE RAPIDS.

"I remember riding from Buffalo to Niagara Falls, and I said to a gentleman, 'What river is that, sir?' 'That,' he said, 'is Niagara River.' 'Well, it is a beautiful stream,' said I, 'bright, and fair, and glassy; how far off are the rapids?' 'Only a mile or two,' was the reply. 'Is it possible that only a mile from us we shall find the water in the

turbulence which it must show when near the falls?' 'You will find it so, sir.' And so I found it; and that first sight of the Niagara I shall never forget. Now launch your bark on that Niagara River; it is bright, smooth, beautiful, and glassy. There is a ripple at the bow; the silvery wake you leave behind adds to your enjoyment. Down the stream you glide, oars, sails, and helm in proper trim, and you set out on your pleasure excursion. Suddenly some one cries out from the bank, 'Young men, ahoy!' 'What is it?' 'The rapids are below you.' 'Ha! ha! we have heard of the rapids, but we are not such fools as to get there. If we go too fast, then we shall up with the helm and steer to the shore; we will set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail, and speed to land. Then on, boys! Don't be alarmed; there's no danger.' 'Young men, ahoy there!' 'What is it?' 'The rapids are below you.' 'Ha, ha! we will laugh and quaff; all things delight us. What care we for the future? No man ever saw it. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. We will enjoy life while we may; we will catch pleasure as it flies. This is enjoyment; time enough to steer out of danger when we are sailing swiftly with the current.' 'Young men, ahoy!' 'What is it?' 'Beware! beware! The rapids are below you.' Now you see the water foaming all round. See how fast you pass that point! Up with the helm! Now turn! Pull hard! quick! quick! Pull for your lives! Pull till the blood starts from the nostrils, and the veins stand like whipcord upon the brow! Set the mast in the socket! Hoist the sail! Ah! ah! it is too late. Shrieking, cursing, howling, blaspheming—over you go. Thousands go over the rapids every year, through the power of evil habit, crying all the while, 'When I find out, that it is injuring me, I will give it up.'

THE PRISONER'S CONFESSION.

Mr. Gough gives the following: "In the United States I have been accustomed to speak in State prisons—although I was not allowed to do so in this country, when the wife of a poor miserable creature wanted me to speak a word to her husband—and having been permitted to ask the question, 'What brought you here?' the answer almost invariably has been, 'Drink,

drink, drink!' I remember, in New Hampshire prison, I saw a very benevolent-looking man seated before me. The chaplain said, 'Do you see that man?' 'Yes.' 'I want you to notice him particularly.' I did. 'That man,' said he, 'is here for murder.' 'What! a man like that?' 'Yes, for the murder of his wife.' When I went round, I took hold of his hand and said to him, 'Now, my friend, I have heard of your crime, and am perfectly astonished when I look at you, and I want to know the reason why you did it.' He looked at me a moment, and said, 'Yes, I loved my wife and children as well as any man in New Hampshire ever loved a wife and child. I loved them, sir; but I drank—I drank—I neglected them. It went on and on; my wife's face grew paler, and her eye grew larger, and I caught her many and many a time weeping bitterly; and it made me mad—mad with myself; I knew I was causing it; and then,' said he, 'I would wish she was dead. I could not bear to see that pale, pleading face everywhere—at the corner of the street, in the dram-shop, in the very glass I would see her glittering eye upon me; and it made me mad—mad, sir. And sometimes I would be sober for a week or two, and then I would feel sorry I had ever said a word to her; but drink I must, and then I would wish her dead. One day I came into the house; she did not hear me; she did not know I was there. She was seated upon a chair, with her elbow upon the table, and her pale face lay upon her hand, and the comb had fallen from her hair, and her long hair (she had beautiful hair) hung all down her shoulders. And I stood and looked, and I saw the tears rolling down her cheeks one after another. The devil entered into me. I went into the next room; I got a rifle, and shot her dead! I am here; I do not expect to get out; I want no pardon. I am sentenced to prison for life. But oh! sir, believe me, believe me,' and he grasped my hand—'believe me, I never would have done it, if it had not been for the drink! Oh! no.'

THE TESTAMENT AND THE PINT OF GIN.

John B. Gough relates the following story as no other man could:

"Is this your child, woman?" said the lady. "Yes." "Do you send her to the Sunday-school?" "No; she has no

clothes to go." "I'll find her clothes." "But her father would sell them for drink." "Well, send her to my house on a Sunday morning, and I'll give her clothes to go to school, and she can come home in her old clothes." The girl went to school, and was very attentive, and they gave her a Testament. She soon was able to read it. Then she would ask people, "Jesus says, 'Suffer little children to come unto me'; does he mean all little children?" And how glad she was to find that he was no respecter of persons! She soon lay on her death-bed, and she hugged the Testament always to her heart, and asked people to read it for her. The father came in and sat by the side of his child. I will never forget his look as he told me, "I was mad. I wanted drink. I must have it. There was fire in me, and I must have it. I had stripped the house of everything I could lay my hands on; and if they had not kept a watch, I would have stolen the bed of my dying child; and had she been dead, I would have stolen her body." He thought she slept. He just looked at her, and put his hand under her pillow, took out the Testament, and got a pint of gin for it. "The gin started the stagnant blood in my stomach, and I felt better. I sat down by her side. As I sat there, the stupefying influences of the drink made me feel pleasure, though momentary." She awoke, laid her hand on his, and said, "Father, I am going to heaven; for Jesus said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me,' and I have come as well as I knew how. But, father, when I get to heaven, if Jesus should ask me what you did with my little Testament, what shall I tell him?" It was like a flash of lightning through him. He had robbed her of the precious Word of God, and robbed her of it for a pint of gin! It all flashed before him. He looked at her as a swift-accusing messenger. "And," said he, "that child, before she died, held my two hands in her little ones, and heard me cry, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!'" That man, you could not dream he could have been such a brute. The blessing of many who were ready to perish rests upon him. He now works and labors and toils, a humble, devoted servant of Christ. Take away from a man the power of drink, and he becomes a man like you, with human affections and sensibilities.

THE POWER OF SYMPATHY.

A man was leaning, much intoxicated, against a tree; some little girls coming from school saw him there, and at once said to each other, "What shall we do for him?"

Presently one said: "Oh! I'll tell you; let's sing him a temperance song." And so they did. Collecting around him, they sang:

"Away the bowl, away the bowl,"

and so on in beautiful tones.

The poor fellow enjoyed the singing, and, when they had finished the song, said: "Sing again, little girls, sing."

"We will," said they, "if you will sign the temperance pledge."

"No, no; we are not at a temperance meeting; there are no pledges here."

"I have a pledge," cries one. "And I have a pencil," cried another; and holding up pledge and pencil, they besought him to sign it.

"No, no; I won't sign now. Sing for me."

So they sang again:

"The drink that's in the drunkard's bowl
Is not the drink for me."

"Oh! do sing again," said he, as he wiped the tears from his eyes.

"No, no more," said they, "unless you'll sign the pledge. Sign it, and we'll sing for you."

He pleaded for the singing, but they were firm, and declared they would go away if he would not sign.

"But," said the poor fellow, striving to find an excuse, "there's no table here. How can I write without a table?"

At this, a quiet, modest, pretty little creature came up timidly, with a finger on her lips, and said: "You can spread the pledge on the crown of your hat, and I'll hold it up for you."

Off went the hat, and the child held it, and the pledge was signed; and the little girls sang with a thrill of delight,

"Oh! water for me, bright water for me."

I heard that man in Worcester town-hall, with uplifted hands and quivering lip, say: "I thank God for the sympathy of those children. I shall thank God to all eternity 'hat he sent those little children as ministers of mercy to me." — *J. B. Gough's Autobiography.*

"Awful" Gardner and His Experiences.

Orville Gardner, of New York, familiarly known as "Awful Gardner" on account of his awful character and awful conduct, is "a brand plucked from the burning." His was a ransom from near the pit. He is a prodigy of mercy, a miracle of grace. I have heard him relate his drunken, temperance, and Christian experience. He does not belong to the class that separates temperance from religion or substitutes temperance for religion, but blends them together. I heard him relate his experience, and he concluded thus: "I am a passenger on the golden railroad of heaven. I have a through ticket, and there are no draw-bridges on the road"—alluding to the disaster at Norwalk occasioned by the draw-bridge—"and Jesus is my conductor." We will let him speak for himself. After his reform he made his first talk in Newark, N. J. He detailed his experience in a naïve and simple yet interesting manner, and claimed the sympathy of the audience in the remarks he was about to make. He had never before attempted to make a temperance lecture, and did not know how he should succeed. But he would do the best he could, and hoped to have the help of God. There were two sides to this question as well as all others. One was the rum side, the other the sobriety side. He proposed to look a little while at both sides. He would take for his text the rum-drinker. He commenced by drinking hard cider, then strong beer, then a little wine, then a drop of brandy, until finally he could take his gin and sugar without any water. You will find him at last in the lowest places to be found, drinking miserable fire-water. Then he loses his health, self-respect, character, and looks what we used to call decidedly "seedy." You will see him with his boots down at the heels, the knee of his pants worn till it is perfectly glazed with grease, and it's not much longer before the knee protrudes, and he is bare-footed, hatless, coatless, vestless, and almost shirtless—all, all swept off by the tyrant rum. His family are robbed of food and raiment, and are turned out of home. I believe, my friends, I have been just there myself. I have been so drunk I was not fit to go home to my wife. The end of the road

is at the bottom of the hill, and there will every man bring up who continues the use of rum. He thanked God that he had been saved from the gutter. He had got so low that he had begun to lose his shame.

The sober man was happy; he had a home, friends, money, and a chance for riches. He goes along saving the money others are spending for rum, and is getting wealthy. I used to think there was no fun without rum, but I was miserably mistaken. Rum sometimes makes a person get up on his dignity, and he feels very large, as if he owned half of the town. I have seen the time when I was high, when I would parade the streets with my hat cocked on one side of my head, and imagine I was mayor of the city or some other dignitary, fearing neither God nor man, without a shilling in my pocket.

But when I got sober, and the rum had all gone out of me, I found I was hardly anybody. Imagination will sometimes carry a person a very long distance. But I hope I have done with such scenes for ever.

The life I now lead is a life of peace and joy. I have been a bad man, and I am ashamed of it. What a bad man I was in this city years ago! I was "Awful Gardner." What a terrible name! But I have got religion, thank God for it! I felt sorry here to-night, as I thought of my past transgressions. I felt glad to see so many here, and I am glad to stand up before you as a monument of God's mercy. Now, my dear friends, I have to bring in religion in this little conversation of mine, because I think religion and temperance are closely connected with each other. A drunkard has no happiness here or in eternity. Sobriety is the best life to lead. I know it by experience, that best of teachers.

My life has been an eventful one. I have passed through many scenes when my brain has been on fire through the use of strong drink. We go in a saloon and sit down, and pay our shilling, take the liquor dealt out to us, and then wait for some one to come in and treat. Some one does come in, and we drink again and again, until we find our way in the gutter. I have been incarcerated in prison, oh! how many times I can't tell. I own the corn. I have been locked up all over the country. I have been locked up here in New York, Al-

bany, and all through Canada, and away down South—always for getting drunk or getting in a fight while under the influence of the maddening cup. There is no use of talking, I have been through the mill. But a merciful God has spared me, and stayed my steps ere yet it was too late.

I may wander away from the path of righteousness, but I trust not. I had hard work to leave off drinking rum. Gin and sugar in the morning seemed necessary to my existence. I was a perfect slave to rum. Rum led me into all sorts of trouble, and never yet got me out of a single scrape. Rum is a very large two-edged sword, and with it the devil cuts off scores of human beings. It nearly took my head off. I did not sign the pledge. My conscience kept troubling me every time I took a drink of rum, and I went to Boston, to see if a spree with boon companions there would not destroy its pangs. The first move I made there, I was locked up. Some friend got me out of jail, and I got drunk and kept drunk for some time. I had a little touch of the tremens, and raised a fourth-story window to jump out and kill myself, but the Lord saved me. I had to walk the street all night, for fear I would jump from the window. I returned, bringing my guilty conscience with me. Finally I got a bottle of old Jamaica, and went down on Long Island, and there, alone, I struggled with the appetite within me. I prayed to God to aid me, and he did. I rose up and said, "God, I will quit." I resolved never to taste another drop of liquor, and I buried the bottle. God has aided me, and, may it please him, the bottle will never have a resurrection. Man can accomplish great and wonderful things, if he only puts himself in exercise.

A sober man is within arm's reach of religion. Temperance brings him to the very door. No man can drink liquor and serve God. I told Jesus Christ, if he would convert me, I would give myself, soul and body, up to him and his work, and I am trying to keep my promise. I verily believe I never would have been converted but for the prayers of a good old mother. O mothers! pray for your children.

I never forgot the family altar and the Sabbath-school of my youth, and many a time have the recollections of those things caused me to weep in my course

of sin. God will answer prayer. Now, young men, come to Jesus. Renounce rum and all iniquity. It only takes this money thrown away and dresses you well, and enables you to make excursions for recreation in the country. May God help you to give your heart to him and your hand to the pledge.

Give Me back My Husband.

Not many years since a young married couple from the far, "fast-anchored isle" sought our shores with the most sanguine anticipations of prosperity and happiness. They had begun to realize more than they had seen in the visions of hope, when in an evil hour the husband was tempted "to look upon the wine when it was red," and to taste of it "when it gave its color in the cup." The charmer fastened around its victim all the serpent-spells of its sorcery, and he fell; and at every step of his rapid degradation, from the man to the brute, and downward, a heart-string broke in the bosom of his companion.

Finally, with the last spark of hope flickering on the altar of her heart, she threaded her way into one of these shambles where man is made such a thing as the beasts of the field bellow at. She pressed her way through the bacchanalian crowd who were revelling there in their ruin. With her bosom full of "that perilous stuff that preys upon the heart" she stood before the pander of her husband's destiny, and exclaimed in tones of startling anguish, "Give me back my husband!"

"There's your husband," said the man, as he pointed towards the prostrate wretch. "That my husband! What have you done to him? That my husband! What have you done to that noble form, that once, like a giant oak, held its protecting shade over the fragile vine that clung to it for support and shelter? That my husband! With what torpedo chill have you touched the sinews of that manly arm? That my husband! What have you done to that noble brow, which he once wore high among his fellows, as if it bore the superscription of the Godhead? That my husband! What have you done to that eye with which he was wont to 'look erect in heaven,' and see in his mirror the image of his God? What Egyptian

drag have you poured into his veins, and turned the ambling fountains of his heart into black, bitter, and burning pitch? Give me back my husband! Undo your basilisk spells, and give me back the man that stood with me at the altar."

The ears of the rumseller, ever since the first demijohn of that burning liquid was opened upon our shores, have been saluted, at every stage of the traffic, with just such appeals as this. Such wives, such widows and mothers, such fathers and fatherless, as never mourned in Israel at the massacre of Bethlehem or at the burning of the Temple, have cried in his ears, morning, noon, and evening, "Give me back my husband! Give me back my father! Give me back my boy! Give me back my brother!"

But has the rumseller been confounded or speechless at these appeals? No! not he. He could show his credentials at a moment's notice with proud defiance. He always carried in his pocket a written absolution for all he had done, and could do, in his work of destruction. He had bought a letter of indulgence—I mean license! a precious instrument, signed and sealed by an authority stronger and more respectable than the pope's. He confounded! Why, the whole artillery of civil power was ready to open in his defence and support. Thus shielded by the ægis of the law, he had nothing to fear from the enemies of his traffic. He had the image and superscription of Cæsar, or his credentials, and unto Cæsar he appealed; and unto Cæsar, too, his victims appealed, and appealed in vain.

Grandmother's Temperance Story.

H. Stuart relates the following story of grandmothers. Alas! how many grandmothers could tell tales of woe and stories of anguish.

"I hear you children talk a great deal about temperance," said our old grandma. "Would you like to hear the first temperance story that I ever heard?"

"Oh! yes," we all exclaimed, always ready for one of grandma's stories.

"When I was a little girl, we lived among the hills of Scotland, where my father had a large sheep-farm. Temperance was never heard of then, and every day for dinner we had home-made

beer, and all drank as much as they wanted; and no friend ever came in without being asked to have some old whiskey. On market and fair days I have seen the men come home sick, as the little folks were told; and all the remark that would be made about it was, 'Folks must have a little fun sometimes.' I used to think that getting sick was queer fun; but as I grew to understand that it was the whiskey that made them sick, I would wonder how people would take so much trouble to brew anything that made them sick and cross for a long time after they drank it.

"One day I shall never forget; we were in the kitchen with our mother, who was speaking very kindly to a poor crazy woman, who had stopped to rest and beg a cup of milk. Mother felt so sorry for the old woman that she brought a glass of hot whiskey and offered it to her. In an instant glass and whiskey were hurled to the back of the fire. How her eyes sparkled! She screamed out, 'How dare you give me a drink of fire—fire, I say?' We did not know what to think, and clung to mother, who tried to quiet the old woman, but it was of no use. 'I want to warn you and your pretty little ones never to taste the stuff that has burned up my husband and child, and left me to wander without a home. I was married to as fine a lad as ever walked, and we had a sweet little babe and cosey home. My husband and I always kept the jug in the corner of the cupboard. After a while I thought it had to be filled a great deal oftener than when we were first married, and not only that, but Joe (my husband) would stay too long when out with a friend; and I would mix some hot drink to put me to sleep, and sometimes would drink so much I could scarcely remember even to go to bed afterward. So you see I was getting fond of it too.

"One night I left the baby in Joe's care, and set the jug and a glass on the table for company while I stayed with a sick neighbor. Before morning, we heard a noise, and, going out, found it was my house in flames; but by the time we got there, the roof had fallen in on Joe and the baby. They never would have been burned up if he had not had the jug for company. He must have drunk himself stupid, and let the candle or his pipe fall into the cradle,

I learned to hate it too late ; but I want you to hate it as much as I do.'

"My dear children," said our grandmother, when she had finished her story, "that was our first lesson in temperance, and it was a good one. Not one of us who heard the old beggar-woman ever would drink after that. We did not have Bands of Hope in those days ; but I am thankful we have now, and I bless God that my dear little grandchildren belong to one "

The General and His Friend.

A general in the Southern States some years ago had contracted an appetite for strong drink. A friend of his who knew his danger resolved to visit the military officer, warn him of his danger, and try to recover him from the error of his way. He did so, and made known to the general the object of his visit.

The general's reply was, "Hear me, first, a few words, and then you may proceed. I am sensible that I have contracted a strong appetite for spirituous liquor. I am sensible that the gratification of this appetite will lead to the loss of reputation, the loss of property, the loss of domestic happiness, the disgrace of my family, a premature death, and the irretrievable and eternal loss of my immortal soul. And now, with all this conviction upon my mind and flashing over my conscience like peals of lightning, if I still continue to gratify my propensity for strong drink, and am not persuaded to abandon the habit, do you think that what you can say will do it?" The friend took his hat, retired, and uttered not a word.

The Gentleman and His Host.

A man of temperate habits was once dining at the house of a free drinker. No sooner was the cloth removed from the dinner-table than wine and spirits were produced, and he was asked to take a glass of spirits and water. "No, thank you," said he, "I am not ill." "Take a glass of wine, then," said his hospitable host, "or a glass of ale!" "No thank you," said he, "I am not thirsty." These answers called forth a loud burst

of laughter. Soon after this the temperate man took a piece of bread from the sideboard, and handed it to his host, who refused it, saying that he was not hungry. At this the temperate man laughed in his turn. "Surely," said he, "I have as much reason to laugh at you for not eating when you are not hungry, as you have to laugh at me for declining medicine when not ill, and drink when I am not thirsty.'

Doctor Guthrie and the Cab-Driver.

Doctor Guthrie is a splendid man, as well as a noble minister. He has done noble service in the cause of temperance—a regular, square-built teetotaler. 'Tis singular how he became a thorough cold-water man. He relates it himself with capital grace :

A great temperance meeting was lately held in May Street Church, Belfast. The church was filled nearly an hour before the appointed time by clergymen, as well as lay gentlemen, together with a large number of ladies, from every part of Ulster. Dr. Guthrie, who was the first speaker, was received with rapturous applause. In the course of his address the reverend doctor said : "I was first led to form a high opinion of the cause of temperance by the hearing of an Irishman. It is now, let me see, some twenty years since I first opened my mouth in the town of Belfast. Having left Belfast and gone round to Omagh, I left that town on a bitter, biting, blasting, rainy day, cold as death, lashing rain, and I had to travel, I remember, across a cold country to Cookstown. Well, by the time we got over half the road we reached a sort of inn. By this time we were soaking with water outside, and as those were the days of toddy-drinking, we thought the best way was to soak ourselves with whiskey inside. Accordingly, we rushed into the inn, and ordered warm water, and we got our tumblers of toddy. Out of kindness to the cab-driver we called him in. He was not very well clothed—indeed, he rather belonged in that respect to the order of my ragged school in Edinburgh. He was soaking with wet, and we offered him a good rummer of toddy. He would not taste it. 'Why,' we asked, 'will you not taste

it? What objection have you?' 'Why,' said he, 'please your reverence, I am a teetotaler, and I won't taste a drop of it.' Now, that was the declaration of the humble, uneducated Roman Catholic cabman. It went to my heart, and went to my conscience; and I said, if that man can deny himself this indulgence, not for his own sake, but for the sake of others, why should not I, a Christian minister? I felt that, I remembered that, and have ever remembered it, to the honor of Ireland. I have often told the story, and thought of the example set by that poor Irishman for our people to follow. I carried home the remembrance of it with me to Edinburgh. That circumstance, along with the scenes in which I was called to labor daily for years, made me a teetotaler. I wish, ladies and gentlemen, that you should understand the ground on which I stand. There are two parties engaged in the total-abstinence cause. We work to the same end, though we do not exactly embrace the same principles. I wish everything to be above-board. I do not agree with my friends of the total-abstinence cause who think that in the use of these stimulants there is anything absolutely sinful. No; it is on the principle of Christian expediency I am a teetotaler. I don't quarrel with those who, as the Americans say, 'go the whole hog.' I don't see why we should quarrel. We may be on different rails, but the terminus is the same. This is the ground I stand on. I was driven to that ground by the feeling that, if I were to cultivate what Dr. Chalmers called the outfields, if I were to bless humanity, if I were to win sinners to the Saviour's feet, if I were to build up souls from the wrecks of the Cowgate and the Grassmarket of Edinburgh, I must become a total abstainer. I felt it necessary that these poor people should abstain, otherwise they could never be reformed—that drink was the stone between the living and the dead, and that stone must be rolled away. It was the demon that met me at every path." Dr. Guthrie having stated that, according to his experience, the vice of drunkenness prevailed less in the upper than in the middle and lower classes of society, entered into a lengthened and eloquent explanation of the great service rendered to Scotland by the operation of Forbes Mackenzie's Act, and concluded his address as follows "I am one of the few

total-abstinence ministers in Edinburgh. I am a total abstainer on principle, and I am bound to say it, that I do as much work upon water as any man on wine, and far more than many of my brethren do on wine. I have tried wine, and I have tried water. I am far healthier on water than I was on wine. My adage is, and I want that to be the adage of every man, 'Water, water, everywhere, and not a drop of drink.' Since I became a total abstainer my head is clearer, my health has been stronger, my heart has been lighter, and my purse has been heavier; and if these are not four good reasons for becoming a total abstainer, I have not a word more to say on behalf of total abstinence."

The Genteel Wine-Drinker and the Gentlemen.

As a train of cars between Philadelphia and New York stopped at the half-way place, while the locomotive and tender were being supplied with wood and water, several of the passengers got out to stretch their limbs and look round. In the apartment where our informant sat (a valuable member of the Legislature of New York) was a red-faced, genteel wine-drinker; and within a few feet of them, in full sight, was the bar, "with all that could tempt the eye and please the depraved taste" of the quaffer of alcoholic stimulus. Said the genteel wine-drinker to an intelligent-looking young man, "Friend, just pass this fip, and tell the barkeeper to hand me a glass of his best Madeira"; who with a low bow replied, "Excuse me, sir; I am pledged not to furnish it to others, as well as not to use it myself." A slight blush and a bite of the lip, and the sixpence was returned to the pocket. But soon it was between the thumb and finger, and extended towards another passenger who was walking by, with "Please, sir, hand this fip, and order me a glass of wine." "Sir," said the fellow-passenger, "I think it wrong to drink poison, and cannot, therefore, be a partaker with you, sir." A deeper crimson suffused his cheek, and a curl of the lip, indicative of deep chagrin, marked the countenance of the wine-drinker. At that moment the cry, "All aboard! all aboard!" was heard. The fip still remained clenched between the thumb

and finger of the red-faced gentleman, and he evidently was very unwilling to lose his accustomed stimulus; so, with the cry 'All aboard!' he laid his hand, with the tip in it, on the shoulder of a very pleasant-looking young man, who was standing between him and the bar, and said, "Just pass this, and order me a glass of wine, quick!" With a smile of conscious superiority, the young gentleman replied, "I am in the situation of the two gentlemen you have already asked." Our informant, the Hon. F— G—, is also a "cold-water man." The wine-drinker sat pensive, and made no further attempt to procure alcoholic stimulus until they arrived at New York. We hope he did not then, and never more will. Firmness, coupled with gentlemanly decision, on the part of the friends of temperance, especially when they travel and mingle with their fellow-men, would do much to correct the fashion, as it regards the use of intoxicating drinks.—*Albany Temperance Record.*

The General and the Irish Drummer.

An Irish drummer, who indulged too freely, was accosted by the general at review: "Pat, what makes your nose so red?" "Plase your honor," said Pat, "I always blushes when I spakes to an officer."

A Good Resolution.

"What will you take, Dave?" said Joseph, the other night, to a young man well known for his convivial propensities. To the great surprise of the young blood, the reply was, "I'll take the pledge!" And he moved towards a temperance meeting near at hand. Joseph departed alone in a brown study. There's wisdom!

A Good One.

The following is selected from toasts given at the celebration at Lowell:

"A moderate drinker—a guide-board, showing the slow but sure way to the gutter."

Goggles.

A gentleman drank to excess so that it affected his eyes, and he was obliged to wear a pair of green goggles. He was complaining to a lady how he suffered with his eyes, and he said, "Oh! that I knew what would do for my sore eyes. I would give anything." The lady said, "I can recommend a cheap and effectual remedy." "Well," he said, "I will be so thankful," and enquired what it was. Said she, "Take your goggles down from your eyes, and place them over your mouth, and you will soon get well."

Rev. Nathaniel Hewitt and the Toast.

Whilst in England, he was invited to dine at the mansion of Rev. John Pye Smith, a gentleman engaged in every good object, and of course a friend to temperance. Lacruse, a Swiss gentleman, was present with others at dinner. When the repast was ended, the cloth was removed from the table, and the wine placed on it. Each gentleman's glass was filled, and each was requested to drink to the health of King William IV. "I could not drink it," said Mr. Hewitt, "for I never drink wine, only when I am sick. I assured the gentlemen that I could not even to the health of King William; for in my own beloved country I do not drink it to the health of King Andrew!" The congregation were suddenly electrified; for they could not but see the consistency and noble magnanimity of their temperance fellow-citizen; and a smile, with a general burst of admiration, simultaneously pervaded the listening assembly.

The Rev. Thomas P. Hunt.

I once had an interview with the old temperance veteran at his residence at Wyoming. Mr. Hunt was one of the most effective temperance lecturers, and did noble service against King Alcohol. He was not only witty, but he was as bold as Luther, fearless as John Knox. He was small of stature and quite deformed. I heard him say in an ad-

dress some years ago, "My work is almost done, and I have only one request to make, which is this: when I am dead, put my old, deformed body into a cannon, and fire it off at the first rumseller that comes along."

NOT A FAILURE.

Rev. Thomas P. Hunt, at a temperance meeting years ago, discussed this proposition in his own peculiar style, full of wit and humor:

"That it was a failure had been boldly declared; and the enemy knew the force of such declaration. But what is the state of this country and other countries? In the pious and sober part of the community, in nearly all our mechanical shops and manufacturing establishments, among agriculturists and mariners, the work of temperance is nearly triumphant. But we see a great deal of drinking in our taverns and steamboats, and all along our streets, and drunkards are multiplying and opposition increasing! And what if we do? Is it not so in cleaning out a spring or fountain? Do you not bring up all the mud and filth, so that it appears that you are doing more harm than good? Let us alone, and we will soon show you the white sand and the pure spring-water; and then you will thank us for our labors. We have done a great deal, but we have a great deal more to do, and we know it. Public sentiment is fast setting against the rum-traffic, as doing far more injury to society than counterfeiting and other deeds, which are not to be borne. He trusted the friends of temperance would be united and firm, and especially be active in bringing up the rising generation in the way they should go."

RUMSELLING WORSE THAN COUNTERFEITING.

"But is it a fact," said Thomas P. Hunt, "that the business of making and vending intoxicating drinks does more injury than that of counterfeiting? Let any man answer the question by what he has seen and heard and personally knows on the two subjects, and what do you suppose it will be? Go to the penitentiary, and from cell to cell, and from dungeon to dungeon, enquire, What brought you here, the counterfeiter, or the alcoholic advocate? And seven-tenths will answer, If it had not been

for the intoxicating cup, we had never been here. Go to the almshouse, and enquire, What has broken down these constitutions, ruined these minds, and gathered this multitude of sufferers? And seven-eighths will reply, It was intemperance. Go ask the childless widow, mourning and refusing to be comforted, Why are you a childless widow? And thousands of them will upbraid the use of liquor, where one will point to the counterfeiter as the cause of their grief. Go ask the wife whose head droops and heart bleeds, What monster has attacked your happiness? Go ask the young man, fallen, and blasted, and ruined, Whose work is this? Go to riot, confusion, robbery, murder, and ask, Who has done all this? And while here and there the counterfeiter is blamed, an acclamation of voices tells of the agency of the traffic in intoxicating drinks in almost every other case. This is no exaggerated statement. Statistics, carefully and faithfully collected, which will not and cannot be denied, can be produced to prove it. Now, then, if the traffic is believed to be worse, and is proved to be worse, than counterfeiting, can any good man continue in it? What! a good man do worse than counterfeiters? Impossible."

REV. THOMAS P. HUNT AND THE RUMSELLERS.

Father Hunt, it is generally known, openly advocated the hanging of rumsellers. "You are rather too severe, friend Hunt," said a teetotaler to him one day. "Yes, but don't you see," was the quick reply, "that if we hold up the gallows to them pretty strongly, they will not grumble at the penitentiary?"

CALLING FOR VOLUNTEERS.

At the anniversary of a temperance society in Philadelphia, at its conclusion Rev. John Marsh stated that in our temperance movements our principal hope was in the rising generation; and as the Rev. T. P. Hunt was about to beat up for volunteers from among the crowd in the galleries, he would read the following hymn composed for the occasion:

Children, who have rallied now
Where Immanuel's soldiers bow,
Who will take the temperance vow,
And be a volunteer?

Children! hear the battle-cry,
Sounding loud, and sounding high,
From the throne of God on high;
Who'll be a volunteer?

See! the foe is gathering fast;
Hark! his clanging trumpet-blast!
Who will fight him to the last,
And march a volunteer?

Lo! o'er all the tented field
God will be our sun and shield;
Alcohol, the foe, shall yield,
If all will volunteer!

The hymn was sweetly sung by a little girl, nine years old, in the gallery.

Mr. Hunt then called for the volunteers; not, however, for the temperance ranks, but the drunkards'. He set before the children the advantages and beauties of drunkenness, and called upon them to enlist; but could gain none. He then called upon fathers to give up their sons to be drunkards, and mothers to give up their daughters to be drunkards' wives; but all in vain. Next he invited all the children to the cold-water banner, and gave them the opportunity to express their assent by rising. Nearly the whole in the gallery rose. Mr. Hunt called upon the rum-sellers, brewers, and vintners, if there were any in the house, to look at them, and see their trade sinking.

THE APOLOGY.

J. H. W. Hawkins and Rev. Thomas P. Hunt met for the first time at a public meeting at Faneuil Hall at Boston. As Mr. Hunt took the stand Mr. Hawkins came forward and said: "Mr. President, I have a pledge to fulfil at this moment. Some fifteen years ago, while rambling in a state of intoxication about the city of Philadelphia, I heard the voice of a man, speaking in the open air, with a crowd around him. I pressed through the crowd, and found he was talking in favor of temperance, when I staggered up to him and said, 'Mister, you're an old fool.' When I became a sober man, I resolved, the first chance I had, to apologize to him; and now, old man," said he, grasping Mr. Hunt's hand, "I ask your pardon, for you were the man." The audience made old Faneuil ring again, as they were congratulating each other on the changes that had taken place.

THE CHRISTIAN RUMSELLER AND THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE'S APPEAL.

The Rev. Thomas P. Hunt relates the following: "I saw not long since,

standing before the counter of a professor of religion, a wife with her daughter, begging the professor of religion not to sell any more liquor to her husband. This woman had been born in affluence, and was reduced to poverty by the drunkenness of her husband. The professor had sold him the first gallon of spirits, and his wife was sleeping in the bed which once belonged to the drunkard's wife. His children were adorned with the ornaments which once belonged to the drunkard's children. I add, from such Christian rumsellers good Lord deliver us, and palsied the tongue and blistered the lips that would refuse to say amen."

J. H. W. HAWKINS AND HIS DAUGHTER HANNAH.

Mr. Hawkins was a drunkard of over twenty years, degraded, and near ruin. The day before he signed the Washingtonian pledge he was as miserable as a man could be. He gives a graphic description of it. He says: "June 13, 1840, I drank and suffered awfully. I cannot tell how much I suffered in mind; in body everything, in mind more. I drank dreadfully the two first weeks of June—bought by the gallon, and drank, and drank, and was about taking life—drank all the time." He had a pint of whiskey. His wife invited him down to breakfast. His daughter then came and invited him down. And then she said, "Father, don't send me after whiskey to-day." He was tormented before, but this from his affectionate daughter, for whom he felt a peculiar love, increased his anguish. He told her to leave the room, and she cried, and went down to her mother and said, "Father is angry with me." After a while she returned, and he beheld his little daughter; he felt wretched, as he thought of his past life, his degradation, and how miserable he had made his friends. He called his daughter to him and said, "Hannah, I am not angry with you, and I shall not drink any more." They mingled their tears together. How much the affection of that daughter may have had to do with his reformation! Can any appeal be more touching than that of a small, affectionate daughter? Can we wonder he loved Hannah as he loved his own soul? Hawkins kept the promise he made to her: "I shall not drink any more."

HAWKINS AND THE PLEDGE.

On Monday night he went where his old bottle companions were—men with whom he had fished, and they had got drunk together, and had been like Milton' devils,

“ In full concord joined.”

No one knew where he was going, not even his wife. He went to the society of reformed drunkards. One said, “ There is Hawkins, the ‘ regulator, the old bruiser,’ ” and they laughed heartily. But he felt “ like everything else but laughing.” He was as sober as a judge, and as solemn as if his final hour had come. The pledge was read, and Hawkins signed. He says, “ I never had such feelings before. It was a great battle,” and he might have added, a great victory, also a splendid triumph. It was late when he returned home. His wife heard his footsteps, and she listened to see whether the gate opened sober or drunk, for she could always tell ; to her great joy, it opened sober. He entered, and she smiled, which he returned, and he said, “ I have put my name to the temperance pledge, never to drink as long as I live.” As he said this with wonderful emphasis, she wept tears of joy, and he mingled his tears with hers. Their crying waked up their daughter Hannah, and she wept also. The next morning he went to see his aged mother, who had prayed twenty years for her drunken son. He told her what he had done. Tears of joy trickled down her aged, wrinkled cheeks, and she exclaimed, “ It is enough ; I am ready to die.” What an era that was in his history ! How sacredly he kept his pledge, fulfilled his promise ! Paradise to him and his family were regained. He became one of the most effective temperance lecturers, and had numerous seals to his ministry.

HAWKINS AND LATHAM.

The first Washingtonian Missionary Meeting ever held in the United States was held at Greene Street M. E. Church, New York, on March 23, 1841. The reformed drunkards of Baltimore were there, among the most prominent Mr. Hawkins. His speech was eloquent, his appeal tremendous. The effect was electrical. It made a new era in the temperance cause. The meeting was a grand success. There was a wonder-

ful melting of hearts, a grand baptism of tears.

During Mr. Hawkins's address a scene of wonderful moral sublimity transpired. The house was crowded. A tremulous voice was heard from the gallery enquiring, “ Can I be saved ? I am a poor drunkard. I would give the world if I was as you. Is there any hope for me ? ” “ Yes, there is, my friend,” said Mr. Hawkins in the kindest manner. “ Come down and sign the pledge, and you will be a man. Come down, and I will meet you and we will take you by the hand.” What a moment of thrilling interest ! All eyes were upon the two men. The man came down from the gallery. Mr. Hawkins came down from the platform, and with others met the man half-way, and accompanied him to the desk, and guided his hand as he signed his name ; and then such a shout from the friends of temperance was heard as must have been music in the ears of angels. Mr. Hawkins exclaimed, as the poor fellow signed the pledge, “ Is there a man that does not rejoice in this ? What does not all this promise to him and his family, if he has one ! ” Others followed his example that night, and it was the commencement of a mighty work that gladdened the eyes of angels and thrilled the heart of the world's Redeemer. A glorious revival of religion followed in that church, and hundreds were converted, and they formed a Washingtonian class.

LATHAM'S SPEECH AT A TEMPERANCE MEETING.

Mr. Latham said he was young to address an audience like that, being but one year old that day. One year ago he was a miserable drunkard. He did not tell of that to glory in it. No. He was ashamed of it, and sorry for it. But as he had been one, he was willing to confess it, and felt it his duty to do so. “ I went to the church in Greene Street the day John Hawkins came here. I had been drunk twice that day. I drank to strengthen my resolution to go into the church. I heard what he said of himself, and I asked myself, if he could be saved, why might not I be ? And I felt so much that I spoke my feelings aloud ; they brought me down, and I signed the pledge, one year ago to-day. And oh ! what a different man I have been ever since ! I have the same body, Lones,

and sinews, but oh, how changed in every respect! I look upon myself as a wonder. The doctors said that we could not be reformed; we should all die if we left off drinking. But the Almighty, in his goodness, was determined to break this illusion. The doctors knew nothing about it, and, to prove they did not, I will mention that it was six months from its commencement before a single member of our society died, though it got to be very numerous. If any man will sign our pledge honestly, and stick to it a little while, he will meet with no difficulty. He will meet with the greatest trials and temptations, but he must be firm. I lay on my bed three days, my wife sitting by and doing a little something, but no money and no food in the house. At length I took a basket and went out. I worked at beer-pumps. I met all my acquaintances, and all said, Drink a little, or you will die. But the words of John Hawkins were right before me: 'Live or die, never touch another drop'; and that saved me, and has saved thousands of others, and has saved a great many temperate men, moderate drinkers, from becoming drunkards."

THE CLERGYMAN AND THE JUDGE.

Mr. Hawkins introduced the anecdote of Judge M——'s definition of drunkenness in his usual happy manner of telling a story. A clergyman had been accused of intemperance by an individual whom he wished to have arraigned for a libel on his reputation. He applied for this purpose to Judge M——, then an eminent lawyer in Baltimore. Having heard the clergyman's complaint, and after a severe scrutiny of the person of the complainant, Mr. M——, not inexperienced himself in the effects of drink, questioned his client in the following manner: "Sir, in order to do my duty to you more faithfully, I wish to enquire, first of all, are you guilty of the charge? Do you ever get drunk?" Astonished at the question, the clergyman was about to say, "Never"; but having a good degree of conscientiousness, he hesitated; and then he replied: "What do you mean by drunkenness?" "Why, sir, I mean by drunkenness that condition of the human faculties in which, by the use of fermented liquors, a man is enabled or induced to do certain acts which he could not do, or would not do, without such use. For instance, sir—and I beg

you not to deem me personal or irreverent—a man may sometimes preach a more eloquent discourse, and utter a more fervent prayer, excited by drink, than he could do in the previous languid state of his feelings. He may not think so, but I call him drunk. This is my definition of drunkenness." The clergyman replied: "Mr. M——, I withdraw my complaint!"

J. H. W. HAWKINS AND FATHER MATHEW.

The 6th of October, 1849, there was a magnificent demonstration of the friends of temperance in Taunton, Mass., to welcome the arrival of the far-famed philanthropist, Father Mathew.

Several addresses were made. At the close of a short and spirited speech by Mr. Hawkins, he extended his hand to Father Mathew, who immediately arose and grasped it in a most hearty and affectionate manner. It was a gratifying spectacle to see those veteran heralds of temperance shaking hands and smiling benedictions on each other, as though both hearts were beating in each bosom. They were both robust-looking men, just past the prime of life, somewhat resembling each other in form, if not in feature. When Mr. Hawkins renewed the pledge he had never violated, the good friar, who administered it, stooped down and kissed him in a most paternal and patriarchal manner.

HAWKINS AND THE MERCHANT.

Mr. Hawkins said in one of his speeches: "I will now tell you of an incident that occurred a short time since, which will no doubt be pleasing to you. It was truly so to me; it was so unexpected, and came in such good time. The circumstances are the following: The family being in need of some dry goods, I went to the wholesale store of a wealthy merchant, a well-known temperance man here, for the purpose of getting remnants, thinking they would be cheaper. The gentleman knew me, and after looking about he said he had no remnants, but plenty of whole pieces. He commenced taking them down, and requested me to select for myself. I told him I did not wish to go too high. He said, in a jocose manner, 'There is no danger of that, for you are a short man.' I made my selection for jacket, vest, and pants for A——, and he cut

them off. While doing so I discovered him eyeing my faded coat. I asked him the price of the articles. Said he, looking me in the face, 'I shall charge them to temperance'; and turning round, he pulled from the shelf a most beautiful piece of black cloth, proceeded to cut from it material for coat and pants, and then from a piece of black velvet a vest. 'There,' said he, 'I make you a present of that, for it was you who brought back to me and his mother our son; and he is now a sober man.' Pointing to him at the desk, he said, 'He is a good boy and a pious Christian.'

PUTNAM AND THE WOLF.

John Hawkins, in an address at Saratoga Springs, gave some account of Putnam and the wolf—as how the old man went into the den and shot the wolf and dragged her out; but, said he, some of our modern Putnams take the wolf down into the den, and feed her there. Nightly there is prayer over that den, and some of the victims of this devourer may be the sons of the praying fathers and mothers.

HAWKINS AND THE WEALTHY LADY.

On one occasion he received a note in the handwriting of a female, desiring him to call at her residence at an hour appointed. He repaired there at the time specified, conjecturing that it was the case of a wife or mother solicitous for the rescue of a husband or a son from intemperance. He found the residence on one of the most fashionable streets in the city, exhibiting every appearance of luxury and wealth. Having announced his name, he was asked to walk into the drawing-room. In a few moments the lady entered, magnificently attired. He was gratefully and modestly received; but what was his astonishment on being informed that the person before him had sent for him to consult and advise with him in regard to her own habits of intemperance, which she feared were rapidly working out the ruin of her soul and body. She made a full confession of her sin, with tearful eyes, appealing to him as if he alone possessed the power of rescuing her. He gave her the best advice he could, and had the pleasure afterwards of hearing of her entire restoration to sobriety and peace of mind. Mr. Hawkins never divulged the name of the party or the scene of this incident.

NEW ENGLAND RUM VERSUS FOREIGN MISSIONS.

The following was published by Mr. Hawkins in the *Washingtonian*. It was a grand hit. "Mr. Editor, for the information of our Foreign Missions and all others concerned, please give knowledge of the fact that the brig *Lincoln*, now lying at Lewis's Wharf, Boston, is loading with molasses rum for Smyrna. What a comment upon a civilized and Christian (?) nation!"

J. H. W. H.

HOW THE WINE-DRINKER WAS CURED.

A gentleman of good standing in society gives the following account of the manner in which he was cured of wine-drinking. "I was," says he, "a cheerful, generous wine-drinker, and after drinking with some friends at the T—, where we indulged ourselves as usual, we strolled out in the edge of the evening, and on our return passed the place where John Hawkins was speaking. Observing the thronged assembly, I proposed going in, but my companions laughed at my folly; however, I overruled them, and we sat awhile listening to his experience. At length my companions proposed going, and rose for the purpose, when Hawkins, observing us, said, 'Ho! you gentlemanly wine-drinkers, you need not retire, for I shall say nothing to you this evening. My business lies wholly with the poor unfortunate drunkards. I wish first to save them, and when I have done with them I will turn to you; and it will be only a continuance of my work, for as sure as you go on drinking your wine, by the time they are all reclaimed you will assuredly be in their place and need the same charity.' The arrow thus shot sank deep in my soul. The thought of taking the place of these drunkards who over the country are reforming was too much for me. I instantly resolved on giving up wine-drinking, and become a thorough teetotaler."

THE EGG MAN.

Mr. Hawkins says, "I lectured at night in the open air near Spring Market, Newburyport. I had not proceeded far before I received an egg in my back. Rather rough treatment all round! The next day the gentleman (?) was recognized as being a notoriously bad

man by the name of Rinaldo, rather a famous name among robbers. I made application to a magistrate for a little 'legal suasion' to mix with my 'moral suasion.' It was granted, and the egg cost him little short of ten dollars and a lodgment in jail. I reckon he thought eggs had 'rizen' in price."

HAWKINS AND THE ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIEST.

The interest felt in Mr. Hawkins's labors by the Roman Catholic population was so great in Savannah that Father —, of the Catholic church, determined so far to dismiss his prejudices against a Protestant as to invite him to address his people on a day which he should name. He accordingly called upon him, stated the extent to which intemperance prevailed among his flock, and solicited his aid in their behalf. Mr. Hawkins cheerfully consented, and at the time appointed repaired to the church, which was one of ample dimensions. He found to his astonishment, on entering, that every seat was filled. On advancing to the chancel, he observed that a table had been placed in front of it. Father — enquired of the sexton why it was there. "And sure, sir, it is for the spaker to stand upon," was the reply. "Remove it immediately; Mr. Hawkins is good enough to stand within my chancel." He took his seat immediately in front of Mr. Hawkins, and as he proceeded in his remarks the tears began to course their way down the good father's face, and before he had concluded he wept, as hundreds of others in that congregation did, like a child. Mr. Hawkins had evidently produced a great effect upon his hearers. As soon as he had concluded, Father — sprang upon his feet, under great emotion, and ordered the sexton to "fasten every door of the church. Let not a man or a woman leave the house until you have all signed this pledge!" he exclaimed, pointing to it, as it lay upon the table; nor did he desist until his flock were all pledged to the principles of total abstinence.

George Haydock, the Ex-Professional Wood-Sawyer.

Who that ever saw George Haydock forgot him? He resided in Hudson

N. Y., and was one of the worst drunkards in that city; then he reformed, and became a most effective temperance lecturer.

Previous to his reformation, George Haydock was employed to blast rocks north of Hudson City. Having put in a heavy charge of powder, and being intoxicated, it exploded and blew him up about fifteen feet in the air. He was terribly mangled, and for weeks his life was despaired of. This sobered him. Nothing short of an explosion could have done it.

In lecturing some years after, I heard him say, "See what I have suffered in the service of King Alcohol. He knocked out one of my sky-lights, and knocked off one of my understanders." (In that explosion he lost an eye and a leg.) It was a terrible appeal to an audience, standing on one leg and showing what he had suffered in the cause of King Alcohol.

THE HYPOCRITE, AND HOW GEORGE DETECTED HIM.

On board a New Haven steamboat I met George, and he told me that a few days before he came across a man who professed to be a great temperance advocate and friend, but his breath sent forth a strong advertisement. It exposed him. It told the story.

George related to him the following: Once there was a little white and dark spotted animal at the mouth of the burrow of a woodchuck, who had gone out into the meadow, and when he returned, he thus addressed the little spotted animal, "Who are you?" It replied, "I am a woodchuck." "No, you are not a woodchuck; you are not the color of one." "Yes, I am a woodchuck; they are not all colored alike." "I say you are not a woodchuck; I know by the smell of your breath."

I need not tell the reader the little spotted animal was a skunk, whose breath is not very odoriferous.

GEORGE HAYDOCK AND THE DRUNKEN OPPOSER.

George Haydock, having made a few weeks' tour in Connecticut, related the following, showing "truth stranger than fiction":

"At a temperance meeting one evening, a man, whose appearance would have been respectable had he been sober, made some disturbance; and being

much intoxicated, it was proposed to put him out. To this Haydock objected, saying, he would get his name to the pledge, and they would yet make him president of a temperance society. He, however, after listening a while, went out, muttering and threatening as he went.

"The next morning, the same man appeared in the village with two rum-jugs swinging on the sides of his horse; stopping between two rum-shops, he set down his jugs; then taking up one of them, he repaired to one of the shops, and asked if he had cider brandy. The keeper answered yes, but it was rather new. He then, raising his jug high in the air, said, 'This jug has cost me fifteen hundred dollars! I now swear eternal enmity to rum and rumsellers;' and smashing the jug upon the door-mat, he turned to the other shop with the other jug, and performed a similar ceremony and oath; and then brought a third jug, and repeated the same at an apothecary's store, where it was only kept for medicine. After this he signed the pledge, and on the following week was made president of the Howard Total Abstinence Society. After he had taken the chair, and the addresses were gone through, eighty-one signed the society's pledge."

HAYDOCK, THE RUMSELLER AND HIS AIDS.

Mr. Haydock held eight different public meetings at Coeymans, N. Y., with glorious results. Of course this excited the indignation of the rumseller. He says: "At one of the meetings it was made known around that the rumseller's troop were coming up to put down the meeting; the main part of this troop came up accordingly, entered the meeting, and took their seats peaceably. The rumseller then came up himself, in connection with two of his aids, one of them having the revised statutes under his arm, determined to put me down by law. The rumseller came to the door, looked in, then cleared out, leaving me undisturbed. One of the aids had been in State Prison for stealing; the other was dressed in an old pair of light pants with dark patches on the knees, and the crown of his hat out, his family having long since been sent to the Poor House; this was the gentleman who had the revised statutes. Such were the rumseller's aids."

J. Vine Hall.

His history is one of rare interest.

The Rev. Newman Hall is well known in America, having visited this country and been honored by the churches. He is the popular pastor of Surrey Chapel, London, and the successor of Rev. James Sherman. Mr. Hall has a fame on both sides of the Atlantic. His father was a miracle of mercy. At forty-two he was in the wine and spirit trade, "the disciple of Tom Paine both in principle and practice, sitting up whole nights at convivial parties, never going to bed sober," and his "Wonderful Escape" by the marvellous grace of God is narrated. He had been an abandoned drunkard of the very worst type, and was all but miraculously rescued from sinking into eternal ruin while drunk. Again and again the razor was in his hand to cut his throat, and yet he was miraculously spared. Such was the power which drink had over him, that his son tells us "the poor man would have suffered the amputation of all his limbs, could so severe a method have rid him of his deadly habit, which, like a vulture, had fastened upon his very vitals." Poor fellow! The Spirit of God strove mightily with him. He yielded, and became a co-worker with God in rescuing himself from this degrading habit. A good physician gave him a preparation of steel, with the assurance that, if faithfully taken every day, it would infallibly destroy the inclination for strong drink. He commenced taking it in March, 1816, and continued taking it till the September following. Every bottle was taken with earnest prayer. The remedy was crowned with triumphant success. That degraded drunkard was reclaimed, and was made the honored instrument of reclaiming hundreds. He wrote the "Sinner's Friend," which has had a circulation of a million and a half of copies, and has been translated into perhaps twenty languages, and even this is not all; he was honored to give to the world and the church the Rev. Newman Hall, LL.B., the gifted minister of Surrey Chapel, the author of "Come to Jesus," and other valuable tracts which have had the widest circulation except the "Sinner's Friend") of anything published in our day.

THE REMEDY.

The following is a copy of the pre-

scription which, under the blessing of God, wrought a cure in the case of J. Vine Hall, and which, we doubt not, will prove equally successful in every case in which it is tried with similar prayer, resolution, and perseverance: Sulphate of iron, 5 grains; magnesia, 10 grains; peppermint water, 11 drachms; spirit of nutmeg, 1 drachm; taken twice a day. Mr. Hall drank upwards of 300 bottles of it, and ultimately rejoiced in a complete emancipation from the power of the demon of strong drink. Who will give up a degraded friend in the light of a case like John Vine Hall.

Thus far I have copied, but it seems after all that the medicine prescribed by the physician was not the means of his cure, but his giving every kind of intoxicating drink a terrible letting alone. It is the only remedy under heaven. "Touch not, taste not, handle not." Here is safety, and nowhere else. All other is dangerous ground, and fraught with destruction and death. This remedy is far better than a thousand prescriptions from a thousand physicians.

HIS STRUGGLES AND HIS TRIUMPHS.

Mr. Hall was a noble soul and every one loved him. He was a capital singer, full of anecdote and brilliant in conversation, and was invited to drinking parties. He professed religion, but he made shipwreck of the faith. He became a wretched drunkard. Teetotalism was not known in those days. Some friend suggested that a physician might do him good, and he rejoiced in the idea that he might be cured. He signed a statement that he was willing to be put into an asylum, and deprived of his liberty, to be cured of his disease. The physician prescribed, and although there was no help afforded, he took the prescription three times a day, the record stating, "every bottle taken with prayer." But in spite of the medicine, after a little while, in which he was rejoicing in being fully delivered, he was overtaken again. The physician said, "It is evident you are not able to stand the brandy, and you must give it up." He resolved at once, however fond he was of a glass of brandy and water at night, to give it up that moment. The date was then put down, and ever afterwards that day was kept as an anniversary to God, to recall the time when

his brandy was given up. Then followed earnest prayer and faithful attendance on the means of grace. By-and-by, after weeks of rejoicing, the entry in his record is, "Fallen, through intemperance in taking wine." The physician said, "Well, dear friend, you must give up wine, and confine yourself to porter." Whereupon the entry was made, "From this day resolved to take no wine," and that day was another anniversary in his life. On the recurrence of it he always kept that day a thanksgiving to God.

In his diary there is another dreadful confession, "Fallen, through excess in porter." The physician said, "You must give up your porter, and confine yourself to small table beer." He wrote, "Resolved, anything to be delivered from this evil. From this time no porter"; and that day was kept till the end of his life as an anniversary. And so it went on, he confining himself to the ordinary table beer for the household. Then the physician said, "It is very evident you must touch nothing of the sort at all." He renounced even that, and then came the crowning triumph. It was not the medicine that saved him, though it might have had a little effect at first, but it was the total abstinence. If the physician had said in the beginning, "It is evident you cannot touch anything of the sort, I need not give you any medicine; let there be abstinence," from that moment there would have been an absolute cure, but the idea was never suggested. It was the grace of God that saved him, but it was total abstinence that was the means of that salvation.

Such is the account Newman Hall gives of the salvation of his father from a drunkard's grave, of his struggles and conquest, of conflict and victory. Newman Hall, who gives the above account of the rescue of his father, also informs us how he was converted to teetotalism.

It was a cause of joy to my father that his sons took up the same cause. I have had the honor for twenty-five years of advocating total abstinence. When a young man at college I used to argue with my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Sherman, and say that I was never in danger of becoming a drunkard; and if I could take a couple of glasses of wine, and leave off that was a very fine example. One day Mrs. Sherman said, "I have been praying for you that you

might adopt this total abstinence principle." I replied, "I think I am bound to say that I will try it for a month." I have been trying it for the last twenty-six years, and I am not disposed to forsake the practice.

HEAD DOWNWARDS.

A course of dissipation is always downward; he never rises, but descends lower and lower till ruin overtakes him. He may begin in the splendid hotels, with costly drinks; you will find him after a while in the low and cheap grogeries with altered company and altered dress.

I knew a young man belonging to one of the fine families in Westchester County, of fine talents and excellent education. Many hopes clustered around him, and his morning was bright and beautiful. But he commenced a course of dissipation. Efforts were made to save him—all in vain. He went from bad to worse, till ruin overtook him. The story is soon told. One cold winter's morning he was found in the Hudson River, having pitched head foremost into a hole the fishermen had cut in the ice in which to put their nets. Being drunk, he went into the hole and his body was frozen in, one-half in the ice the other half out, and his hand had hold of a jug of rum half emptied of its contents. What a terrible death! head foremost to destruction, the way he had been going for a long time. Nothing but the cold ice for his winding-sheet, and the north winds singing his funeral requiem. Dying alone, shunned by man, forsaken by God, abhorred by devils, going head foremost down to a drunkard's hell, with the very instrument in his hand that was the means of his destruction. O rum! rum! thy tender mercies are cruel.

HOW A DRUNKARD BEGAN TO LOVE LIQUOR.

Read his tale of sorrow, ponder over his bitter experience as related by himself. I have heard my dear mother say, that when I was a little baby, she thought me her finest child. I was the pet of the family; I was caressed and pampered by my fond, but too indulgent parents. Before I could well walk, I was treated with the "sweet" from the bottom of my father's glass. When I was a little older, I was fond of sitting on his knee, and he would frequently

give me a little of the liquor from his glass, in a spoon. My dear mother would gently chide him with, "Don't, John, it will do him harm." To this he would smilingly reply, "This little sup won't hurt him—bless him!" When I became a schoolboy, I was at times unwell, and my affectionate mother would pour for me a glass of wine from the decanter. At first I did not like it, but as I was told that it would make me "strong," I got to like it. When I left school and home, to go out as an apprentice, my pious mother wept over me, and amongst other good advice, urged me "never to go into the public-house or theatre." For a long time I could not be prevailed upon to act contrary to her wishes, but, alas! the love for liquor had been implanted within me! Some of my shopmates at length overcame my scruples, and I crossed the fatal threshold. I reasoned thus: "My parents taught me that these drinks were good; I cannot get them here except at the public-house; surely it cannot be wrong then to go and purchase them." From the public-house to the theatre was an easy passage. Step by step I fell. Little did my fond mother think, when she rocked me in my little cot, that her child would find a home in a prison-cell. Little did my indulgent father dream, when he placed the first drop of sweetened poison to my childish lips, that he was sowing the seeds of my ruin! My days are now nearly ended; my wicked career is nearly closed. I have grown up to manhood; but, by a course of intemperance, have added sin to sin. Hope for the future I have not; I shall soon die—a poor drunkard!

A Heroine.

The Cambridge City folks had a bit of rare fun a few days ago. Mrs. C—, whose husband was a printer, and much given to drink, delayed dinner for Mr. C— until after two o'clock; but as she waited much longer than usual, she started in pursuit of him. She sought him in the printing-office, where she learned to her grief that Mr. C— was at the grocery. She started quickly for that place, with a bit of clapboard, and on entering, found C— highly intoxi-

cated. She pounded him and then fell on the grocery-keeper, and ran him out of the store at the street door. The wife of the keeper entered in his defence, but Mrs. C—— quickly put her to flight, and having cleared the “tanyard,” fell to mauling and pounding the jugs, bottles, kegs, and barrels, until everything containing spirituous liquors was demolished. The keeper mouthed many things, while the “hope of his gain” was being ruined, but received no sympathy from the public.

A large sum of money was made up by the citizens of Cambridge and sent to Mrs. C——; and the grocery-keeper was informed that, if he did not wish to leave town on that time-honored, old-fashioned, much-talked-of, but less used fence-rail, clad in soft tar and the royal feather of the babbling goose, he would make himself scarce, without redress in any shape or form. May the Lord send more Mrs. C——s!

Bishop Hopkins's Temperance and Infidelity.

The late Bishop Hopkins of Vermont will long be remembered as the great champion of slavery, being a defender of the peculiar institution from the Bible. The same bishop will be remembered as a grand opposer of the temperance cause; therefore he published a book with this imposing title, “The Triumph of Temperance, the Triumph of Infidelity.” He charged temperance as assuming to do what Christianity could not do, and setting Christianity aside as useless. But the bishop engaged in a very unequal contest. He calculated without his host. Temperance emanated from the Gospel, as the rays of light do from the sun. The Bible is the Magna Charta of temperance. Its principles there stand out as conspicuous as the sun in the heavens. It teaches that temperance is one of the “fruits of the spirit”; “that he that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things;” that it is an important link in the grand chain of Christian graces; that temperance and religion are beautifully blended together like the colors of the rainbow. The bishop's work was a failure. Good men looked upon it with a smile, and upon the bishop with pity, while tem-

perance went on like the sun in the heavens from its morn to its meridian.

Horrid Effects of the Triumphs of Teetotalism.

The horrid effects of this mania, should it prevail, are thus amusingly described in an English periodical:

Blackwood, in his magazine, observes: “We wish the teetotalers would make a grand invasion of the distilleries, and, after boiling a few of the concoctors of conflagration in their own vats, let in the Thames to liquefy the whole plant. With all this we are aware of the respect due to vested interests. The physicians, to whom apoplexies are a rent-roll; the surgeon, who lives on the broken bones of humanity; the undertakers, who keep themselves in their own houses by removing every one else from theirs; and last, and most grasping of all, the chancellors of exchequers, who tax the tombstones, and lay their hand upon every thing above and under ground. The slightest check on the national propensity for gin would be answered by a general wail from the whole multitude who live on the sad varieties of human woe! The workhouse would exhibit the portly matrons and pampered clerks, who preside over the distribution of the six million pounds sterling, which go in potatoes and cheese to the pauperism of Britain, lank as the mice that roamed their empty halls. The turnkeys of the county jails would grow melancholy, and toy with handcuffs no longer. Jack Ketch would pronounce his occupation over, and the drop itself might be sold for old furniture, not required at present by the owner. But the calamity would not end here; Themis herself might give up her last breath in a groan that would shake the land from Westminster Hall to the Lizard. The judges would find their circuits reduced to the important duty of marching into the counties with a posse of clowns before them, and the sheriff's carriage to make up the show. The leanness of the courts would soon reduce the corporiety of the lawyers, and a speedy mortality, or a general recruiting for the East India Company service, would be the only resource against eating each other; with the barristers the

solicitors must go, that active race, whose smaller dimensions by no means preclude their rivalling activity in extracting their subsistence from whatever they can fix on. The generation of clerks and law subalterns, of all shapes, sizes, and stands, must be reduced to the famishing point without delay; all must perish alike."

Inonorable.

A poor tippler who had spent hundreds of dollars at the bar of a certain groggery, being one day faint and feeble, and out of change, asked the landlord to trust him for a glass of liquor. "No," was the surly reply, "I never make a practice of doing such things." The poor fellow turned to a gentleman who was sitting by, and whom he had known in better days, saying, "Sir, will you lend me sixpence?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. The landlord with alacrity placed the decanter and glass before him. He filled his glass pretty full, and having swallowed it and replaced the glass with evident satisfaction, he turned to the man and said: "Here, sir, is the sixpence I owe! I make it a point, degraded as I am, always to pay borrowed money before I pay a rumseller."

Half and Half.

A rumseller was hauled up in Vermont last year, and put through a course of discipline for selling ardent liquors contrary to the statute in such case made and provided. Boniface grumbled, and insisted that the temperance men were very short-sighted. "I had already got the old soakers," he observed, "to drinking liquor that was at least half water; if they had let me alone awhile longer, I should have had them drink clear water without knowing it."

Washington Irving, Gentleman Dick, and the Cider.

On a beautiful day in July, 1855, I spent a day, by invitation, at Sunny Side,

with Washington Irving, and such a day I never enjoyed. He was in a vein to relate anecdotes which to me were full of interest. He said there was a colored man so polite he was called "Gentleman Dick." It will be remembered Mr. Irving named a favorite horse after him, and he was so ungentlemanly he threw his master off his back and injured him.

In his boyhood Mr. Irving said he spent considerable time in the neighborhood of what was afterwards called Sunny Side. Being very fond of sweet cider, he went with some boys and "Gentleman Dick" to a cider-mill, on the hill, and they rolled a barrel out of the mill, and Dick took turns drinking out of the bung-hole. While thus engaged, one said, "Hark, some one is coming." They all run down the hill, and in their hurry started the barrel rolling, and it was nearly full of cider, and every time it rolled over the cider spilt out, making a kind of swashing noise; and the barrel gained upon them, for it went with accelerated force and increased motion, and they were terribly frightened, supposed some one was running after them, and, what was their surprise, when they got to the bottom of the hill, to find their fears all imaginary. But he said, with a hearty laugh, "that it cured him and the rest of the boys of ever going again to steal cider."

WASHINGTON IRVING AND THE WINE.

On that day I dined with him, and he was exceedingly courteous and presented me with a glass of wine. Never in my lifetime did I have as hard work to refuse. I was his guest, sharing in his hospitality, and it seemed that if I refused, it would be a reflection upon mine host. I mustered up courage, and said, "Mr. Irving, I am much obliged to you, but you will please excuse me; for over a quarter of a century I have been pledged to touch not, taste not, and handle not." Said he, "I commend your course; 'tis very wise. I seldom take a glass of wine; I do occasionally," said he smiling, "take a glass with my brother Peter, who is so deaf this is the only way we can converse together."

THE RUINED FAMILY.

The depopulating pestilence that walketh at noonday, the carnage of

cruel and devastating war, can scarcely exhibit their victims in a more terrible array than the exterminating drunkenness. I have seen a promising family spring from the parent trunk, and stretch abroad its populous limbs like a flowering tree covered with green and healthy foliage. I have seen the unnatural decay beginning upon the yet tender leaf, and gnawing like a worm in an unopened bud, while they dropped off, one by one, and the ruined shaft stood alone, until the winds and rains of many a sorrow laid that too in the dust. On one of those holy days, when the patriarch, rich in virtue as in years, gathered about him the great and little ones of the flock, his sons, and his daughter, I, too, sat at the festive board. I pledged therein hospitable health, and expatiated with delight upon the eventful future, while the good old man, warmed in the genial glow of youthful enthusiasm, wiped a tear from his eyes. He was happy. I met them again when the rolling year brought the festive season round. But all were not there. The kind old man sighed as his suffused eye dwelt on the then unoccupied seat. But joy yet came to his relief, and he was happy. A parent's love knows no diminution—time, distance, poverty, shame, but give intensity and strength to that passion, before which, all others dissolve and melt away. Another year elapsed. The board was spread, but the guests came not. The man cried, "Where are my children?" And echo answered, "Where?" His heart broke—for they were not. Could not heaven have spared his gray hairs this affliction? Alas! the demon of drunkenness had been there. They had fallen victims of his spell. And one short month sufficed to cast the veil of oblivion over the old man's sorrow and the young one's shame. They are all dead.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

The Indignant Wolves.

At a large and highly respectable meeting of the wolves in the district, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we will no longer endure in silence.

Resolved, That, as free and independent wolves, we will not suffer any man

or body of men to interfere with our business, or abridge our rights and privileges.

Resolved, That we will test the constitutionality of all laws making it a penal offence for wolves to murder sheep and lambs, and that a committee of three experienced wolves be appointed to look after our interest, and to employ additional counsel for this purpose, if necessary.

Resolved, That highly as we value political liberty personal liberty we hold to be above all price.

Resolved, That all persons opposed to the ultraism, intolerance, and persecuting conduct of these intemperate members of the anti-wolf society be invited to unite with us, in legal and constitutional resistance to their attacks upon our rights and our characters.

Resolved, That we are behind no man, or body of men, in our love for sheep and lambs, though we may not have the same fanatical way of showing it.

Resolved, That we look upon shepherds, who set traps for wolves, or who have the meanness to employ spies to detect any of our respectable fraternity in murdering sheep and lambs, as the most contemptible poltroons in creation, utterly unworthy the notice of any wolf in good standing.

Moral—If wolves are not rumsellers, rumsellers are wolves.—*Boston Temp. Journal*.

Intemperance in Eating.

"Do you think," asked a delicate lady, "that the sin of intemperance in eating is quite as great as that of drinking? To me, at least, it is far more disgusting." "My dear lady," was the reply, "excessive eating is unquestionably bad enough; but it can never bear the least comparison with excessive drinking, until it is proved that the more a person eats, the more he wants to eat—until his mind and his body become alike ungovernable in consequence of such excess, his passions excited, his reason extinguished, his home rendered miserable, his money wasted, and every one connected with him degraded and unhappy. When such effects are produced by over-eating, it will be time to measure out our daily food, or to form a society for the purpose of introducing the general use of a limited quantity."

pp 85. 86.
Mining

did he, as many a white man would have done, give it over as a "vain attempt." But in the years 1805 and 1806 Little Turtle betook himself to various methods to accomplish this truly desirable object. By every argument in his power he labored to gain over to his cause influential and religious characters, and urged on them to recommend the measure to the President of the United States, which by the legislature of Ohio, at its session of 1804, had been neglected. For this purpose Little Turtle travelled through various parts of the United States, and among the rest betook himself to the Quakers. Being permitted to deliver his sentiments publicly, perhaps at a yearly meeting of the Friends' Society, he expressed himself nearly as follows :

"My white brothers, many of your red brothers in the West have long since discovered and now deeply lament the great evil of drunkenness. It has been many years since it was first introduced amongst us by our white brothers. Indians do not know how to make strong drink. If it be not shortly stopped among our people, it will be our ruin. We are now, in consequence of it, a miserable people. We are poor and naked. We have made repeated attempts to suppress this evil, and have failed; we want our white brothers to help us, and we will try again.

"Brothers, we want you to send to our great father, the President of the United States, and let him know our deplorable situation, that the bad ones among our white brothers may be stopped from selling whiskey to the Indians. Could you, my brothers, see the evil of this barbarous practice, you would pity the poor Indians!

"Brothers, when a white man trading in our country meets an Indian, he asks him the first time, 'Take a drink?'; he says 'No.' He asks a second time, 'Take a drink? good whiskey'; he says 'No.' He asks the third time, 'Take a drink? no hurt you'; he takes a little, then he wants more, and then more. Then the trader tells him he must buy. He then offers his gun. The white man takes it. Next his skins; white man takes them. He at last offers his shirt; white man takes it.

"When he gets sober, he begins to enquire: 'Where is my gun?' He is told, 'You sold it for whiskey.' 'Where are my skins?' 'You sold them for

whiskey.' 'Where is my shirt?' 'You sold it for whiskey.' Now, my white brothers, imagine to yourselves the deplorable situation of that man, who has a wife and children at home dependent on him and in a starving condition, when he himself is without a 'shirt!'"

The speech of which the above is the substance was with other documents transmitted by the Quakers to Mr. Jefferson when he was in office as President of the United States. By him it was transmitted to the Governor of Ohio, with a pressing request (see Journals H. R., 1808-9) that it should be laid before the legislature of that State at its next session. He did so. The legislature with great promptitude acted on the subject, and passed the excellent law which is now in force on that subject.

What an example has been set by this Indian chief, worthy the imitation of any great man! And what a pity that the legislature of Ohio, after having passed so excellent a law, restraining the vending of spirituous liquors to the Indians, should not have passed a similar law against drunkenness among our own citizens!

Intemperance of Great Men.

The biographers of some of the most distinguished literary characters of this and other countries present lamentable examples of the direful effects of alcoholic liquors on the intellect. The national injuries thus sustained may be considered in a twofold point of view; that is, in the first place, from the partial incapacity for mental labors which is thereby produced; and, secondly, the premature mortality of men whose mental exertions might otherwise have greatly benefited their country. Byron and Burns form prominent examples. Prior, according to his biography, was not free from the charge of intemperance. Dr. King states that Pope hastened his end by drinking spirits. Pope remarks that Parnell was a great follower of drams, and strangely open and scandalous in his debaucheries; all are agreed that he became a sot and finished his existence. Dryden, in his youthful days, was conspicuous for his sobriety; "but for the last ten years of his life," observes Dennis, "he was much acquainted with Ad-

dison, and drank with him even more than he ever used to do—probably so far as to hasten his end.” “Cowley’s death,” remarks Pope, “was occasioned by a mean accident while his great friend, Dean Pratt, was on a visit with him at Chertsey. They had been together to see a neighbor of Cowley’s, who, according to the fashion of the times, made them welcome. They did not set out on their walk home till it was too late, and had drunk so deeply they lay out in the fields all night. This gave Cowley the fever and carried him off.” The great Shakspeare also fell a victim to the same direful habit.

The Irishman’s Dream.

At a temperance meeting in Ireland a Mr. Flynn was called up. As he stood upon his feet, he said he would relate a curious dream he had had.

“I thought,” said he, “I was going down Patrick-strick Street, and I saw two fellows racking off two puncheons of the ‘devil’s own,’ and I had the curiosity to peep into the bung-hole; but being so long a teetotaler, the fumes got the better of me, and into some old ruin in the Liberty I strayed, and there fell fast asleep; how long I slept I know not, but my dreams were long enough. I dreamed that I was on a long and weary road, and it was covered over with grains and mash, and as I was looking around me I saw an old fellow that lived in the Liberty and kept a public-house, so I went up to him and asked him where that road led to? Leads to? said he, why, it leads to Old Nick. O murder! said I, am I on the road to hell? Sure enough you are, said he. Well, said I, you will be with me at any rate. I think, said he, you will not get in; but come along, anyhow. We jogged on, at all events, until we came to a turnpike gate, and out jumps a little fellow and asked me what I wanted? I want to pass on, said I. You cannot, said he. Why, said I? There is no person to pass here to-day, said he, but two. And who might they be? said I. One is the postman from Cork, Limerick, and Clonmel, and the other is the reporter from the *Teetotal World*; for Old Nick himself cannot stop him. You must pay a penny, any way, said he. For what? said I. I’ll let you pass,

said he, if you do; for you will not be noticed at the other gate, if you overtake the funeral. Give me change of that, said I, pulling out my medal; and when he saw the name of Dr. Doyle on it, he sighed, and was closing the gate, but I rushed in. Oh! said he, there is positive orders not to let any teetotaler go this way; all others are welcome. Oh! said I, you are keeping me too long; so I ran by him and got up to the old chap again. We were chatting away as we went, and on reaching the next gate, there we saw the hearse, and next to it the drunkard’s omnibus. It was full of briefs, warrants, lattitats, summonses, executions, informations, death-warrants, and every piece of paper that was ever invented to annoy and ruin man was pinned all around it. On the top of it was a bar-boy, with his coat off, and he standing before a three-pull porter machine, and he working with all his might, to the tune of “Coming, sir.” On the back seat was the jolly Bacchus sitting on a keg, labelled on the end rich raspberry. He had another small cask before him, and it had a label on it of aromatic infusion. Next came a dozen horses that I often saw under porter drays, and they had yoked to them the stretcher, and it was covered with a pall. I was curious enough to lift it up, and what do you think I saw? Why, it was full of glasses, naggins, cans, quarts, croppers, jugs, and bottles, all laid on labels of ginger-beer, teetotal cordials, and Guinness’s XX, with pure malt, etc. Where, said I, can they be going with all the empty vessels? Empty indeed! said he. Yes, said I. Why, said he, they are all full; so I lifted up the pall again, and I saw a few of the women’s pocket pistols. It must be these that are full, said I; so I took one and looked into it, but could see nothing; so I went to him and asked him what was in them? Why, said he, they are full of the orphan’s tears and the widow’s sighs—they are full of the blood of the murdered and the remorse of the murderer—they are full of the curses of the ruined maid and the broken-hearted parents—they are full of the groans of the convicts and the last words of the dying felon. Yes, said he, they are overflowing with all the miseries, the curses, the blasphemies, that ever disgraced this earth; but since teetotalism has spread abroad, his satanic majesty sent to gather them

in, as they would not be of any longer use on earth ; he is going to bury them and the corpse together. And where is the corpse? said I. In the hearse, said he. Now, the hearse was an open one, and yet I could see no coffin. There is no corpse in the hearse, said I. Indeed there is, said he—two ; but they are wrapped up so close together that you cannot see them. And who are they? said I. Oh ! said he, his grief almost smothering him, it's the publicans' licenses and the patent of Donnybrook fair. And where are they to be buried? said I. Near John's Well, said he. These roads are very much deserted, said I. Not of late, said he ; for we have ten or twelve of them coming daily since Mr. Corkran and Mr. Haughton and a few other gentlemen began to advocate temperance ; but when Father Mathew came, he gave them a galloping decline, and they are coming since that in hundreds. Did you try no doctors? said I. Oh ! we did, said he. And who might they be? said I, for I know almost all the Dublin doctors. Why, said he, we tried Doctor Ginger-beer, Surgeon Pop, Doctor Treacle-beer, and Surgeon Aromatic Infusion ; and our apothecaries were Mr. Tincture of Lemon, Mr. Repealers' Cordial, and Mr. Imperial Spruce. But it was all no use ; they left nothing undone, but they are only getting worse and worse every day. And who are all these men with the funeral? said I. Oh ! they are the brewers and distillers who came to see their last friends to their last home, and with them came the hangman and the turnkeys ; and all these that are bringing up the rear are the first division of the dismissed police, who are all to be discontinued. Just as he was speaking a great sound of music came sweeping on the breeze ; so I looked up, and there were all the pianos and harps that the publicans ever bought out of the poor man's money, ranged on the stillions of their cellars, drawn by their cocktailed horses ; and next came a wagon loaded with all the old fiddlers and pipers who used to play at Donnybrook, going to play one dirge over the corpse. Suddenly the air became impregnated with sulphur, and the Old Boy himself came forth, and kissed and hugged the bodies in the hearse, and then he looked amazed at the omnibus ; but when he saw the stretcher, he burst out in the following lamentation : O you, my

trusty friends, who never failed to make a brother shed a brother's blood ! what has brought you here? O you that never failed to fill the streets with prostitutes and the gibbets with victims ! why have ye returned—is there none to destroy? O you, the handmaids of treason, the forerunners of poverty, of sickness, and of crime ! could you do nothing for me in this hour of desolation? Oh ! could you work no longer? How long he would have continued I know not ; but, fixing his eyes full on Tom Flynn, he was just going to vent all his fury on me, when I shouted out with all my might : I am a teetotaler. And what brought you here? said he ; there are particular orders not to let any teetotaler come this way. I only came to the funeral, said I. Well, he will not be buried for forty days, said he—that will be the 10th of October ; and then, said he, you may come and see the ceremony. You may be sure I did not delay until I got outside the turnpike, and when I came to the last gate I began knocking with all my might. Who is there? said the porter. It's Tom Flynn, from the Black Rock, said I ; open the door. He opened the door, and where do you think I got into? A cordial-shop, where I awoke. Yes, my friends, every cordial-shop has a private entrance to these regions ; and though I, and the postman, and the reporter got free, take care, would ye all be so fortunate. Oh ! if ye could hear the howling of the damned, which even in imagination made my blood rush in icy chillness to my heart, you would shun the cordial-shops ; for, believè me, they are private entrances to hell."

The meeting then separated

Charles Jewett, M.D.

Doctor Jewett is one of the great men in the temperance ranks—a prince among temperance lecturers. Oft have I heard him with intense delight ; once at the State convention at Saratoga Springs. He had talked an hour, and said, "I must close my address." "I am sorry," said a lady just in front of me ; and she was not the only one who was sorry. The doctor abounds in argument, in illustration, in wit and poetry. Intemperance has had no

mightier opponent; temperance no abler champion. He has brought out a new work, "Forty Years' Fight with the Drink Demon"; an able production, worthy of the pen of its gifted author. A few anecdotes concerning Dr. Jewett I had gathered before that volume came into existence.

DR. JEWETT, THE CAPTAIN, AND THE
ESQUIRE.

Dr. Jewett had engaged to speak in the evening at W—, in Massachusetts, and, having no acquaintances in town, put up at the hotel. Among those who visited the bar during the afternoon was a Captain A—, who kept himself about half-seas over, and, remaining in the bar-room, drank about once an hour. Another was Squire H—, a stout man of about fifty, whose manner indicated that he felt his importance, and as often as he came for his drink—and it was pretty frequently during the afternoon—he cast a look of contempt upon Captain A—, whom he regarded as a miserable drunkard, though he did not swallow half as much liquor as himself. Drunk as he was, the captain noticed the contemptuous look of the squire, and no doubt resolved to be even with him when opportunity should afford; for he felt that he was as good a man as the squire, although, being a weaker man, he could not carry off steadily so much whiskey. Captain A— was a genial, good fellow naturally, a perfect gentleman in his manner, even when tipsy, and a great wit withal. During the afternoon he formed an acquaintance with Dr. Jewett, had a long talk with him, and concluded to accept the doctor's invitation to attend the lecture. The hall was filled. Captain A— sat on one of the front seats, and listened respectfully, though considerably intoxicated. When the service had ended, he rose, hat in hand, and, hardly able to stand steadily without support, spoke as follows:

"Fellow-citizens, the speaker has, in the conclusion of his interesting (hic) discourse, made an appeal to the drunkards. Well, it's all right and (hic) reasonable, and I have nothin' to say against it. Now, I don't know but I'm the only (hic) drunkard there is in the room, and I hope I am; but (and with this he turned partly about, and cast his eye over the room)—but, Squire H—, where are you?"

A roar of laughter showed that this hard hit at the squire was fully appreciated and keenly relished by the audience. Years have since passed, but the recollection of that evening, the doctor's lecture, and this curious and laughable conclusion have not faded from the memory of the people of W—.

A BOSTON "BREWER" IN HIS OWN VAT.

The fire glowed bright beneath the still,
And fiercely boiled the foaming flood,
Destined the drunkard's veins to fill,
To scorch his brain and fire his blood.

The workmen cheerily plied their tasks,
When in the great distiller came
To inspect the work; and now he asks,
"How boils the flood? How burns
the flame?"

Vexed that the hell-broth cooks so slow,
He mounts the vat with careless tread

To stir the mixtures vile below,
But slips, and plunges over head!

Panting and gasping hard for breath,
He struggles with the damning tide,
And would have yielded there to death,
But helping hands were now applied,
Which dragged him from the foaming
vat,

Resembling much a drowned wharf-rat.

Bedaubed with yeasty slime and foam,
Fragrant and dripping as he passed,
This great distiller sought his home—
By sad experience taught at last
This truth, contained in holy writ:
Who for his neighbor digs a pit,
Will sometimes tumble into it!

DR. JEWETT AND THE LIQUOR-DEALER.

In the year 1838 Dr. Jewett had a controversy, through the columns of a Providence, R. I., paper, with a wholesale liquor-seller, as to whether the liquor-trade ought to be regarded as a legitimate business, and generally as to its essential character as just, moral, respectable, etc. Those acquainted with the doctor can readily believe that the pen-pictures of the nefarious business which he held up before the Providence liquor-seller and the public were anything but flattering. In the doctor's closing article the following lines occurred. He had previously spoken of

the essential vileness of the business, and added,

“I'd sooner black my visage o'er,
And put a shine on boots and shoes,
Than stand within a liquor-store
And rinse the glasses drunkards use.”

We have no evidence that the perusal of the lines profited the venerable liquor-seller engaged in the controversy, but it effectually cured a young man who had but recently engaged in the business. He quit it at once, declaring that he never rinsed a glass for a poor slave of drink afterward but that last line would instantly sing its way through his brain—

“And rinse the glasses drunkards use.”

It impressed him so strongly with the essential meanness of the business that he could not follow it and look his fellow-men in the face, and he at once decided to abandon it. So much for the power of ridicule when the shaft is skilfully directed.

THE DREAM.

“I dreamt a dream, which was not all a dream.”

At a public meeting, held at the Marlboro Chapel, Boston, during the sitting of the Massachusetts Convention, Dr. Jewett, in the course of some remarks, said he would relate a dream, giving in verse “The Rumseller's and Rum-drinker's Lamentation.”

The labors of the day were past,
And, wearied with its toil and care,
I'd reached my own hearth-side at last,
And threw me in my easy-chair.

There, as I sat and mused upon
The changing state of man's affairs,
My mind was saddened with the gloom
Which every earthly prospect wears.

Sleep stole my senses one by one,
When in his chariot of air
Imagination bore me on,
And dropt me in your Still-House
Square.

The place was gloomy as the grave,
And from a dark and dismal den,
Not distant far, there came forth sounds
As from a group of drunken men ;

And with them curses mingled oft,
And nearer drew the sounds, and
soon

There seemed a man approaching slow,
Seen dimly by the midnight moon.

And while the group more distant sang,
And shouted forth their haw! haw!
haw!

This man drew near and thus exclaimed,
“My curse upon the license law.”

With that he stamped upon the stones
With which were paved the public
way,

And still spoke on—I caught the tones,
And thus he said, or seemed to say :

Alas! for the days of our glory are
past,
And the long-dreaded evil has reached
us at last.

We must now our respectable traffic
give o'er,
For our license is out, and we cannot
get more.

No more shall the poor, oppressed la-
borers come

To our shops, to replenish their bottles
with rum.

Oppress'd by tyrannical laws, they may
sigh

And mourn over joys that are past, and
go dry ;

But they must not blame us, for we've
often declared,

That we would still fill up their jugs if
we dared.

No, they must not blame us ; and if
they find their doom

Is to spend all their long, tedious even-
ings at home,

With a rabble of children and a sad,
peevish wife,

Without even one gill of the comfort of
life,

Then from each toper's throat the hot
curses shall pour,

Before which these temperance fanatics
shall cower,

Repent their rash acts, and with hearty
good-will

Give us what we contend for—a license
to kill.

He passed ; and next the drunkard
came,

With blood-shot eye and face of flame,
With drivelling mouth, with pimpled
nose,

With crownless hat and tattered clothes,
With trembling hand, with unshod feet,
That sought by turns both sides the
street ;

With zigzag step he strode along,
Unmindful of the tittering throng
Of thoughtless fools of various sort
That followed, just to enjoy the sport.

Sudden he stopped, as he were lost,
And leaning 'gainst a friendly post,
While round him closed the gathering
crowd,

Thus belched his troubles forth aloud :

“ Nabers and frinds, and can this be,
And shall we be no longer free ?
Say, has the time, long dreaded, come,
When we can't have one drop of rum ?
If that's the case, it beats creation,
And I'll up stakes and quit the nation.
Why, sir, if we submit in quiet,
The next they'll rigilate our diet,
And say by law we sha'n't eat carrin
Or flesh of beasts that died of murrin.
'Tis very strange that men should think
To rigilate by law our drink.
In laws like this there is no merit ;
They rouse up our New England sperit.
We'd have folks know that we're born
free ;

Our fathers fought for liberty ;
And 'fore our nateral rights we'll yield,
We'll shoulder arms and march the field,
Assert our rights, as freemen should,
And battle for the public good.
But not alone shall we go forth ;
Our friends will come from South, from
North,
From East, from West, good, sturdy
fellers,
Led on by BOSTON LIQUOR-SELLERS.”

A CHANGE SUGGESTED.

Some years ago Doctor Jewett, while travelling in the Province of New Brunswick, had his attention directed by a fellow-passenger to a curious sign over the door of a liquor-shop. A rude painting of a beehive occupied a portion of it, and the following verse the remainder :

“ Within this hive we're all alive,
Good liquor makes us funny ;
As you pass by, step in and try
The flavor of our honey.”

The doctor proposed the following change, substituting for beehive the picture of a plucked pigeon or a muskrat skinned, with the following verse :

“ We've liquors here of every kind,
And sell them cheap, as you shall find :
They'll make you feel quite funny !
Perhaps they'll sprawl you on the floor ;
If so we'll kick you out the door,
After we've got your money.”

THE JUG.

One afternoon, as a boy named Samuel was returning from school, he was overtaken by a very heavy fall of snow, which came on suddenly with a violent

wind. There was already much snow on the ground, and this driving storm drifted in large piles to the side of the road. Samuel fought his way along, buffeting the wind and snow, till he came to the hill at the foot of which he lived. He was running down this hill when he saw something red at the side of the road, and stopped to pick it up. What was his surprise to find a child asleep in the snow ! He looked again ; it was his little sister Catherine. A thin red calico shawl was pinned over her shoulder ; her tattered bonnet had fallen from her head. One little hand was half raised, as if imploring help ; the other grasped the jug.

“ O my sister ! my sister is dead !” exclaimed Samuel. He caught her up, and ran down the hill, carrying her benumbed frame in his arms.

He reached the house, and fell with his burden at the door. His mother came and gave one agonizing shriek. His father was asleep on the bed ; he felt too sick to move, but not to drink, and had forced his little girl to go and procure for him the poison that was fast sending him to the grave. It snowed but little when she went out, but the storm had increased in violence, and her feeble frame was unable to bear it. Samuel and his mother brought the child into the house, and, after rubbing her some time, perceived signs of life. They then put her into a tub of cold water, and with returning consciousness the sufferings of the poor child commenced. She drew her breath with difficulty, and her groans and convulsions showed how great was her pain. They laid her on the side of the bed with her miserable father, and Samuel ran for the doctor.

The doctor came and said there was little to be done. Though the child recovered for a while, he said she had not long to live in this world. He did all he could, and kindly soothed the little sufferer. A burning fever and delirium came on. The poor child still thought she was striving to get home. “ Oh ! this jug is so heavy,” she would exclaim. “ I shall fall down—I cannot go any further. Mother ! Samuel ! do come and help me.” Towards morning she fell into a disturbed sleep ; and when the doctor came, he found her easier, but it did not last long. After a few days and nights of pain and distress the little, unfortunate child of a

drunkard went to the home of the blest, where intemperance never enters and its evils never are felt.

Judge Rose and His Daughter.

Judge Rose lived in Bellville, on the banks of a great river of the West. Every year he went to Washington, and his voice was often heard in Congress. Yet, though he was called great, he was not good, because he was very fond of drinking wine, brandy, etc., and frequenting the gambling-rooms so numerous in that city. Those habits gained upon him daily, until they conquered all his moral strength. His townsmen refused to send him as their delegate.

Judge Rose had an amiable wife and three pretty daughters. Mary, the eldest, was his especial pet. He thought more of her than he did of himself, and no wish of hers was ungratified. She was of a sweet disposition, and so obedient and respectful to her parents and everybody about her that she was beloved by everybody. And though her father's dwelling was most elegant, and they had beautiful grounds, and servants, and horses, and carriages, and fine clothes, she never put on airs, as many do, but was modest and retiring. Mr. Rose and his wife and daughters were all members of a Christian church. He was often suspended from its fellowship, and on promise of repentance received again. His influential position in society, and the pious confidence of his wife and daughters, caused much pity for them, and elicited much patience. They hoped by love and forbearance to restore him wholly. But all the love of his family and the church could not stop this erring man in his downward career.

At last, so low did he fall as to lose all self-respect, and frequent the lowest whiskey-shops in town. Daily he went out unshaven, unwashed, ragged, and almost naked, and when drunk would sing some low song, which would draw around him a crowd of boys to jeer and laugh, and scorn the once dignified and respected judge. In personal appearance he was the lowest of the low.

It is not to be supposed that Christian and temperance men allowed such a man to ruin himself without efforts to

save him. Earnest and persevering efforts were put forth, prayers were offered up, and his family left no avenue to his heart unentered. But all were alike useless and hopeless. His wife and daughters wept and prayed, but finally despaired entirely.

Mary, his pet, often labored to save her father from open disgrace, if not private sin. She became very sad, and refused to attend church or enter society. When her father was sober, he had sense enough left to perceive the sorrowful change in his once happy Mary, and seemed to regret his course more for her sake than his own.

One morning he started as usual for the drinking-shop. He was a horrible object, indecent to look at, as well as filthy. His wife tried to hold him back, and get him at least to put on some decent clothing, but he would not yield. Mary made her appearance by his side, clothed in rags, low at the neck, bare-armed and bonnetless, with an old whiskey-bottle in her hand. Taking her father's arm, she said:

"Come, father, I'm going too."

"Going where?" staring at her as if horror-struck.

"To the dram-shop. What is good for you is good for me."

Then she began to flourish her bottle and sing one of the low songs she had heard him sing in the streets.

"Go back, girl; you are crazy. Mother, take her in."

"But I am going, father, with you to ruin both soul and body. It is no use for me to be good while you are going on to the bad place. You'll be lonely there without your Mary."

"Go away, girl; you'll drive me mad."

"But you have been mad a long time, and I am going mad too."

So Mary pulled away at her father's arm, and went on to open the gate. He drew back; she still dragged on, and sang louder. A few boys began to run toward them, and then her father broke from her hold and went in the house. There he sat down, and putting his face in his hands wept and sobbed aloud. Still Mary stayed out.

"What is the matter?" said Mrs. Rose.

"Mary is crazy, and I have made her so. I wish I was dead. Do go and get her in. I won't go out to-day."

Mrs. Rose went and told Mary what her father had said, and then she went

in and sat down with her bottle in hand, and all day she kept on her rags. Mr. Rose was in a terrible state for want of his accustomed stimulus, and frequently would go to the door; but Mary was ready at his side on every occasion. Mrs. Rose prepared her meals with extra care, and gave him cups of good strong coffee, and the latter part of the day he lay down to sleep. When he woke up, Mary was still in her rags, and her bottle by her side.

With much trembling and shaking he put on a good suit of clothes, and asked his wife to send for a barber. Then after tea he said, "I am going out."

"Where?"

"To the Temperance Hall. Go with me, and see if I don't go there."

So Mrs. Rose went with him to the door of the hall, Mary still saying, "I must follow, for I am afraid he will go to the whiskey-shop without me."

But his wife saw him go up-stairs and enter the meeting-room, and the door closed upon them. Then she and Mary went home to rejoice with trembling at the success of the stratagem.

Surprise, joy, and some distrust pervaded the minds of the assembly of temperance brothers when Mr. Rose walked in, and was invited forward and asked to speak whatever he wished.

He rose and told the tale of a day, and added:

"When I saw how my angel daughter was transformed into a low, filthy vulture, when I knew how much lower she would have to descend if she went with me, I abhorred myself. She vowed to go everywhere I went, and to do everything I did. Could I see her do that? Her loveliness stained, her character ruined, she pure as an angel! No, sir! if it kills me, I will leave off, and never touch, taste, or handle more, from this night henceforward for ever. And now, gentlemen, help me to be a man again."

The building vibrated with the cheering, stamping, and clapping, and a gush of song rose from those manly hearts which might have been heard for miles.

Oh! there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth; and should there not be joy on earth?

Dr. Johnson and Hannah More.

Mrs. Hannah More asked Dr. Samuel Johnson "why he drank no wine."

He honestly and wisely replied, "Because if I drink at all I shall drink too much. Abstinence is as easy as moderation is difficult."

Just a Thimbleful.

Doctor Gregory was an eminent physician of Scotland, one who set a good example to his patients; for he had long abstained from the use of all fermented liquors. That gentleman was sent for to visit a lady who was often visited by singular paroxysms of the nerves. The doctor enquired if she was accustomed to take anything at such times. She replied, "Nothing." "What, nothing at all?" "Why, sometimes I do just take a thimbleful of brandy." The doctor immediately took up his hat and stick, and said, "Madam, good-morning. Give up your brandy, and you will be well in six weeks; keep to your brandy, and you will be in your grave in six months."

The Judge and the Bar-Tender.

An old friend of the late Judge Fletcher, of this city, related to the writer many years ago the following anecdote:

Mr. Fletcher, when a young man, boarded in the old Exchange Coffee-House. Without much consideration, he had fallen in with the drinking fashion of the day, so far as to have a glass of spirits and water brought to his room every night, to be taken on going to bed, as a "night-cap." One night an unusual press of company prevented the bar-keeper from carrying up Fletcher's usual dram. The esquire didn't regard it as quite the thing for him to go to the bar and get his grog; and so went to bed without his "night-cap." But to sleep he could not. All night long he tumbled about for lack of his accustomed drink. And as he did so, his active and discriminating mind worked diligently. The fruit of his reflections appeared next morning, when on getting up, weary and worn by his hard and restless night, Mr. Fletcher went directly to the bar-keeper: "Mr. —, you didn't bring me up any brandy and water last night, and as a con-

sequence I have slept little or none all night."

The bar-keeper was very sorry. This neglect should not occur again. "Not so," rejoined Mr. Fletcher. "Never bring me another drop of liquor unless I order it. If it has come to this, that I can't sleep without the help of a tumbler of toddy, it is high time that I stopped drinking and broke up the dangerous habit."

From that day Mr. Fletcher became a thoroughgoing temperance man.—*Boston Traveller.*

King Philip Drunk and King Philip Sober.

A woman requested justice of King Philip for some alleged injury, and in detailing her case made statements which were not pleasing to the king. Philip, after hearing her arguments, decided the case against her. The woman, who, it appears, possessed a resolute spirit, on hearing the decision, replied with great calmness, "I appeal!" "How," said Philip, "from your king? To whom then?" "To Philip when sober," was the spirited reply. The conduct of the king on this occasion was worthy of a more virtuous man. He took the case a second time into consideration, repented of his previous injustice, and rendered the woman redress for her grievances.

Kirkham the Grammarian.

The multitudes of young people who have studied Kirkham's grammar will read with sadness the following: Kirkham, the distinguished grammarian, was found in an old distillery in the last agonies of delirium tremens. He died about five minutes after he had been discovered by the passers-by. How have the mighty fallen!—*Ky. Standard.*

Rev. Mr. Kettle and the Enquirer.

Mr. Kettle was a preacher in Massachusetts, and he was ever ready to answer a fool according to his folly.

One Sabbath he preached a sermon

which offended one of his parishioners. The next morning the vexed man met him and said: "Well, sir, I told our folks that the Kettle boiled over yesterday." "I thought you looked as if you were scalded," was the prompt reply.

At the close of a temperance lecture which Mr. Kettle delivered in a school-house where were several hard drinkers, one of the latter, as he was going out the door at the close of the lecture, turned round and cried out, "Mister, can you tell me the way to hell?" "Yes," said the lecturer: "keep right on in your present course, sir."

The King of Rumsellers.

Alexander Welsh, familiarly known as "Sandy Welsh," I knew very well. Sandy was quite a character. For a time he was the prince of rumsellers, but he became a changed man, abandoned the misery-making traffic, and became an able champion of the temperance cause. The reader will get the best idea of him in an account he gave of himself in a public meeting in New York City, held March 22, 1842.

We have here his own portrait, sketched and drawn by his own hand:

"I am called King of Rumsellers (and I suppose I am), in the way of ridicule. I stand before you one of an unfortunate or fortunate class of reformed drunkards. I have been nine months on the list, and I have had a new life of it. I never attended a temperance meeting in all my life. I said it was all a humbug. I was converted in a rum-shop where more rum had been sold than in any place in New York. I was sitting there till twelve o'clock at night with friends—I call them friends—drinking friends. I had drunk that day twenty-five glasses. Few know what is going on in New York after twelve o'clock at night, and no man can tell the extent of his drinking. It is only when a man drinks twelve glasses that he begins to get dry. I was asked to drink that night; but I made up my mind to drink no more. But I would not come out then, for I kept a rum-shop, and had to ask men to drink rum. But that is poor business; it will always end in making the rumseller himself a drunkard. I would not drink, and the drinkers began to suspect me—that I had been

among the teetotalers. They do not love to have a teetotaler among them. Some have advised me not to go into the rum-shops. I do not go much ; only, when I see a poor fellow there, I go in and say, 'Come, now, this won't do ; come and sign the pledge.' I don't want to hurt the rumsellers, but they had better quit, now the cause is going on. I met one to-day, and he said last night he had a ball at his house, and he took only twenty-seven dollars for liquor, whereas last year he took ninety ; and said, 'If you want my room for a temperance room, you may have it for nothing, and I will light it up.' I stuck to my plan. Two months before I made up my mind to sign the pledge, and I'll tell you how I came to. I was invited, among some gentlemen, the governor, corporation, mayor, and four hundred others, to the opening of the New York and Erie Railroad. There is drinking in high places as well as in low. Some are here to-night who were along with us—I see you, gentlemen! Soon after we left the dock I went to the bar to get some lemonade, but it was all crowded full. When we arrived at Goshen, I went out and got my dinner and two glasses of water. When I came back to the cars, I saw a dozen of champagne brought in. I was asked to partake ; I said no. I had not signed the pledge, but I had made up my mind not to drink. Soon a second dozen came and was drunk up, and then a third, and a fourth, and a fifth, all drunk by men in high stations, and some of your old pledged men too. Then came the result : one hanging his head out of the window of the car like a dead calf ; another tumbling over on to his neighbor ; then settling all manner of subjects, politics, religion, railroads, all mixed up with hurrahs and shouting. I then saw what liquor would do with gentlemen. I made up my mind to sign the pledge."

Law and Love

Rev. Edward Beecher was addressing an audience in Boston in favor of applying the law to the rumsellers. While urging the necessity of stopping the wholesale dealers, he enquired :

"Does any one ask how this can be done? I reply, by public sentiment and by law."

Miss Abby Folsom rose and said : "I deny it is law ; I testify 'tis love."

"I agree to the testimony," replied the doctor ; "law is but the manifestation of love—the law of God is the law of love."

Abraham Lincoln.

Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, was a temperance man. When the committee of the nominating convention came to him at Springfield, Illinois, to inform him of his nomination, some of his neighbors, acquainted with his temperance habits—his not being prepared to give a political committee the usual treat—sent to his house some bottles of champagne ; but he said, "It won't do here"; and ordered it back where the committee might be assembled.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND WINE.

When he was elected President and on his way to Washington to be inaugurated, his march was like that of a triumphant conqueror. He had a grand reception at Cincinnati, and they presented him with some wine. Mr. Lincoln declined, saying : "For thirty years I have been a temperance man, and I am too old to change." What a noble example! How praiseworthy such conduct!

HIS INAUGURATION.

Mr. Lincoln had been in the habit of making temperance addresses. After his inauguration he was asked by a friend "if he was not overawed in addressing that immense audience of intellectual men?" Mr. Lincoln replied, "Not half so much as he had been in addressing a temperance meeting."

A License no Justification at the Bar of God.

"Yes," once said Rev. Mr. Pierpont, "you have a license—and that is your plea. Well, my friend, if that is your plea, I would adjure you to keep it—lock it up among your choicest jewels—guard it as the apple of thine eye ; and when you die, and are laid in your coffin, be sure that this precious docu-

ment is placed within your cold and clammy fingers, so that when you are called upon to confront the souls of your victims before your God, you may be ready to file in your plea of justification, and boldly to lay down your license on the bar of the Judge. Yes, my friend, keep it; you will then want your license, signed by the commissioners of Hampden, and endorsed by the selectmen of Springfield."—*Eastern paper.*

The Lawyer and His Morning Dram.

A practising lawyer, now one of the best examples of a wise Christian judge, many years ago, while busily pursuing the practice of his profession, contracted that ugly and unmanageable disease, "chills and fever," which infests the swamps and streams of our country. Various remedies were suggested and tried, but all to no purpose. At length his physician, who had no temperance scruples, advised the regular use of a "morning dram" as the only possible means of eradicating the disease. His patient was a man of temperate habits, but having no fears that he would be in any danger from the prescription, immediately procured the necessary ingredients for his nice morning dram. It was well flavored, and for a fortnight the prescription was strictly attended to. Perhaps it became more and more palatable every morning, without the patient perceiving it. About the expiration of that time, one morning he jumped out of bed, and with most inordinate haste commenced dressing as if the house was on fire. No startling cry was, however, heard, and yet it would have been amusing to have seen the urgent hurry he manifested in getting on his pants. Quick as thought his cravat was adjusted, and his comb and brush were applied in hot haste in arranging his hair. "What," said he, to himself, "am I in such a hurry about?" No urgent client demanded his immediate attention to business, no cause of alarm disturbed him, and yet, in spite of the almost total absence of any claim, he was nearly crazy to get his clothes on. Immediately he solved the problem thus: "It is simply to get the dram. It is about to become my master. I will not be its slave! and

from this moment I will not touch it. Happy decision. He quickly passed out of his room, but said nothing. At breakfast his thoughtful wife said to him: "Mr. —, you have forgotten your dram!" "No, madam, I have not," said he; "but, wife, did you not observe my haste to get on my clothes this morning? I found it was to get the dram; I saw it was about to master me, and I have resolved never to touch it." And he did not. To this day he is a bright, if not a rare example, of a sober, wise, and excellent judge.

Little Jane and Her Father.

"What are you doing there, Jane?"

"Why, pa, I am going to color my doll's pinafore red."

"But what have you got to dye it with?"

"Beer."

"Who on earth told you beer would dye red?"

"Why, ma said that it was beer that made your nose red, and—"

"Here, Susan, take this child."

The Little Beggar Boy.

How children suffer from the dissipation of their parents! The Rev. Thomas Guthrie, D.D., relates the following tale of woe:

"I was returning from a meeting one night about twelve o'clock, in a fierce blast of wind and rain. In Prince's Street a piteous voice and a shivering boy pressed me to buy a tract. I asked the child why he was out in such a night and at such an hour. He had not got his money; he dared not go home without it; he would rather sleep on a stair all night. I thought, as we passed a lamp, that I had seen him before. I asked him if he went to church. 'Sometimes to Mr. Guthrie's,' was the reply. On looking again, I now recognized him as one I had occasionally seen in the Cowgate Chapel. Muffled up to meet the weather, he did not recognize me. I asked him what his father was. 'I have no father, sir; he is dead.' His mother? 'She is very poor.' 'But why keep you out here?' And then reluctantly the truth came out.

I knew her well, and had visited her wretched dwelling. She was a tall, dark, gaunt, gypsy-looking woman, who, notwithstanding a cap of which it could be but premised that it had once been white, and a gown that it had once been black, had still some traces of one who had seen better days. But now she was a drunkard; sin had turned her into a monster; and she would have beaten that poor child within an inch of death, if he had been short of the money, by her waste of which she starved him and fed her own accursed vices."

George Lippard, the Author.

In an old house in an unfrequented part of Philadelphia, resides, in almost a dying condition, what remains of George Lippard. He has no attendant, is hypochondriacal, is much emaciated, and troubled with despondency. Had he but received one penny a volume for his published works, and saved the money, he would now be rich; yet he may die in that old house alone, where his life is now fast fading out. He said in the hearing of a visitor, a few days since, "Oh! I am afraid I shall be left to starve. My memory is fast leaving me; I am becoming an idiot. I wrote some yesterday, and then, O horrors! the pains near my heart! for two hours I suffered all the agonies of death, and yet I was alive! If I was only prepared, it would please me well to have this thin veil between myself and eternity drawn aside; and yet I dread that future. There is no return. O death! can I meet you like a man—like a Christian? 'Tis fearful, dreadful, and yet I wish it was over; I care not to live; mine has ever been a life of bitterness."

In the sad picture we have here is seen another evidence of the remorseless ruin brought by intemperance. This is the power that has brought Mr. Lippard so low. His bad habits led him into wild extravagances, and in his frolics he would squander money very foolishly and recklessly. A friend says he would call, at times, for a couple of drinks at a tavern, throw down a dollar, and walk off without waiting for his change. How sweet a relief would some of his wasted money now be to him! In the name of all such sufferers, let us have a prohibitory law.

Since writing the above, we learn by the *Times* that the unfortunate Lippard is dead. L. B.

I heard young Lippard lecture in the days of his prime to a crowded and fashionable auditory. I little dreamed then of a career so foolish and ruinous. Lesson after lesson he took in the school of vice, lower and lower he descended the ladder of infamy, till he reached the bottom of human wretchedness.

The Little End of the Horn.

A tailor in New Jersey was about to change his business and open a tavern. His wife was very much opposed to it. He procured his bar, decanters, rum, etc., all ready, when he began to think about a sign. He wanted something new, and this puzzled him a good deal. At length he went to his wife and asked her. "I'll tell you," said she, "what kind of a sign to get. Have a big horn painted, and yourself crawling out at the little end." And sure enough he did come out at the little end, for he manufactured himself into a drunkard, and finally went to ruin.

The Landlord Outwitted.

A quick-witted toper went into a bar-room and called for something to drink.

"We don't sell liquor," said the law-abiding landlord. "We will give you a glass, and then if you want to buy a cracker we'll sell it to you for three cents." "Very well," said the toper, "hand down your decanter."

The "good creature" was handed down, and our hero took a "stiff horn," when, turning round to depart, the unsuspecting landlord handed him the dish of crackers, with the remark, "You'll buy a cracker?"

"Wall, no, I guess not; you sell them too dear. I can get lots on 'em, five or six, for a cent elsewhere."

The Lecturer and the Rumseller.

A gentleman was invited into one of the towns of Massachusetts to lecture on temperance. Several days previous

to the time appointed, general information was given to all the inhabitants of the town, and it created considerable excitement. The friends of temperance were glad of it, but the rumseller and drinkers were exasperated. At length the time for commencing the lecture came, and the house was well filled. Soon after the service commenced the door opened, and in came one of the principal tavern-keepers of the town, accompanied by a miserable and squalid looking individual, beastly intoxicated. They marched up the aisle, and took their seats near the pulpit, directly in front of the lecturer. The speaker proceeded in his discourse, portrayed the awful consequences of intemperance, enlarged upon the iniquity of the traffic, and appealed to the audience to make every exertion to rout out the monster from the land. He grew warm and animated, and pressed home the truth to the hearts and consciences of his hearers. During this time, the tavern-keeper sat mute, but it could be seen by his countenance that he did not relish what was said. Not so his companion, for when the speaker said anything that was cutting or severe, he would mutter out, "It's false," "That's a lie," "There's no truth in it," and such kindred expressions, till finally he fell asleep, and gave good evidence by his snoring that he was lost to all that was passing around him.

Very soon the lecture was finished, when the inn-keeper arose, and said he wished to say a few words in reply to the gentleman. He had been an inhabitant of that town for many years; had endeavored to get an honest livelihood; had minded his own business; had never wronged his neighbor that he knew of; and he could not sit still and hear such vile and wicked slanders without endeavoring to counteract them. If such doctrines as had been propagated by the speaker should become universal, there would be an end to all society; he hoped and trusted that the good sense of his townsmen would not permit them to be led astray by the delusions of temperance people. The temperance reform was all a humbug—it was priestcraft, and all signers to the pledge were hypocrites. He said he would close what he had to say by asking one question of the lecturer. Said he, "Mr. —, if the teetotal plan succeeds, what are we going to do with

our apples, our rye, our oats, and our barley? Yes, I say, what are we going to do with our barley, our oats, our rye, and our apples? Yes, Mr. Speaker, that's the question to be settled, what are we going to do with our oats, our barley, our apples, and our rye?" He became highly excited, and, after repeating the question several times, with more earnestness than before he, at the top of his voice, and giving his hat, which he held in his hand, a twirl through the air, hit his sleeping companion across the face, reiterating the question for the twentieth time. "What, say I, are we going to do with our apples, our rye, our barley, and our oats?" The old fellow who had been asleep awoke from the blow he received, and, thinking it came from the lecturer, grumbled out, "Why, fat your hogs with them, you old fool!" The audience were convulsed with laughter, and the tavern-keeper rushed from the house chagrined and mortified.—*Pawtucket Gazette*.

Little Mary and Her Drunken Father.

Facts are stranger than fiction. A temperance lecturer appointed a meeting in a country school-house at a late hour in the afternoon, but early enough to accommodate the children of the school who might wish to be hearers. Therefore the teacher and children of the school comprised the principal part of his audience, for but few of the inhabitants of the school district attended. Of course much of the address was adapted to children. Near the close of his address, the lecturer took from his pocket a paper, on which was written or printed the pledge, and enquired who of the children would take the pledge, and see how many subscribers to it could be obtained among the children and people of that neighborhood. A little girl whose name was Mary, about seven years old, daughter of a notorious drunkard, rose, said she would take the pledge and get all the subscribers she could, and thus the meeting closed. In the evening the father came home intoxicated, and nothing was said to him till morning, when Mary presented herself before him with her temperance pledge, stating how she came by it, and asked

her father to sign it. He looked at her maliciously and indignantly, saying, "Don't come to me with your temperance nonsense," at the same time aiming a full blow on the side of her head with his flat hand, which laid her prostrate on the floor. On seeing her fall, and rise crying, a heavier blow smote his conscience for his drunkenness and cruelty, which resulted in a secret resolution in his own mind that he would never taste of liquor, that had made him so cruel to his darling daughter. The resolution he kept in his bosom. Little Mary, soothed and comforted by her mother, went to school with her pledge, and obtained upon that day the signature of her teacher, and the whole of the children that attended the school. On her return home at evening she showed her paper to her mother privately; but, fearing to say anything to her father, she went around among their neighbors getting many signatures, but for the space of two weeks said nothing more to her father, he keeping silent also.

At length the time came when he could keep silence no longer. One morning before school-time he called Mary to him, and said: "Mary, how many names have you got subscribed to your temperance pledge?" "I will show you the paper," said she, running to her place of deposit, and handing to him the paper which had cost her a blow on the head and a heavier blow on her father's heart which was now coming to light. The father took the paper, sitting in his chair, and Mary with anxiety standing before him looking him full in the face, while he counted the number of the names, and when done, looking pleasantly at her, he said, "Mary, you have got one hundred and fifty names signed!" On hearing this, she sprang on to his lap, threw her arms around his neck, impressed a kiss upon his cheek, and earnestly said, "Now, father, you sign it, and that will make fifty-one." The appeal, coming from his sweet little daughter with all her soul in her eyes, was irresistible. "Mary," said the father, "I will do it." And immediately added his name, and explained to his family the convictions of his mind from the circumstance of his cruel blow, which had been providentially overruled for his conversion to the cause of temperance. He began to live a new life of temperance, industry, frugality, and he became a devout Christian and was

very useful to his fellow-men. After a lapse of years, the same temperance lecturer who gave to little Mary the temperance pledge, visited the family in their new abode, and became acquainted with the wonderful history of the little scrap of paper. Here to his joy he found that the once drunken father had not only become temperate, but a professed Christian, a member of an Evangelical Church, and the superintendent of a flourishing Sabbath-school; and his wife a member also; that Mary, then in her teens, was a member of the church and a teacher in the Sabbath-school; all constituting a Christian family of prayer and devotion to the service and glory of God, and all useful, promoting the cause of temperance.

Licensed to Sell.

"Don't, oh! don't sell him any more drink! Have pity upon us," cried a poor heart-broken wife to a gin-shop keeper. "You have got nearly all we had in the world; my poor husband's character, health, and reason are nearly all gone. For the sake of this poor, unhappy family, don't let him have any more liquor." "Get out of my shop, or I'll turn you out; don't come here with your noise; I am licensed to sell." responded the hard-hearted gin-seller.

The Lawyer and the Vendue Master.

A respectable lawyer in the neighborhood of Boston was about to sell the wood which was standing upon a certain piece of ground. He knew that ardent spirit is poison, and of course that it is wicked for men to drink it, or to furnish it to be drunk by others; and although it had been the custom, on such occasions, to furnish it, he told the vendue master not to furnish any, but in its stead to furnish nourishing food. The vendue master consented to follow his directions; "but," said he, "I am very sorry; you will lose a great deal of money. I know how it works; and you may depend upon it that, after men have been drinking, the trees look a great deal larger than they did before."

Licensea Taverns a Curse.

At a horse-race in New Jersey there were drunk \$1,500 worth of ardent spirit and \$600 worth of wine; and during the days devoted to it there was an amount of idleness wickedness, blasphemy, and pollution which might well make the patriot tremble. A tavern-keeper who had reaped largely of the spoils remarked that he did not approve of such things; "but," said he, "it is necessary for us to get up something of this kind for our support. The ordinary business of tavern-keeping will not sustain us." Here, then, we have the truth. Our legislatures license tavern-keepers to accommodate the public. The public do not demand or support them; and to sustain themselves they must get up horse-racing, gambling, cock-fighting, and every species of wickedness. Are not licensed houses, then, truly a curse which ought to be done away with?

The Landlord.

Let me alone," said a tavern-keeper, "let me alone; I do not sell to drunkards; if I do not sell, some one else will, and I only sell to support my family." A year or two made it manifest that his bar had at least one good customer, and he ended his days a drunkard and in a prison.

Lord Stanhope and Father Mathew.

When Father Mathew had made the world hear of his wonderful transformation of Ireland from a den of whiskey-drunkards to a garden of sober men, it entered into the hearts and heads of the leaders of the National Temperance Society of England to invite him over, in order that he might try his skill in making drunkards of his own persuasion sober, and give an impetus to the temperance movement generally.

This Society was composed of a few peers of Parliament; some of the most distinguished churchmen, amongst whom were the Bishop of London, a few leading Dissenters, and the rest Quakers. The last were, as usual in every good work, first and foremost in action and in pay—last in ostentation an scrupu-

losity. The fittest agent was the one they wished to be employed. If the Pope or the Captain-General of the Jesuits would propagate temperance, the Quakers would rejoice and help him. Not so every one. Some men are so conscientious that they could not assist in making drunkards sober and sane if it were to be done by means of Papists; others could not endure it to be done by infidels; and there are a few who could bear to have it done by anybody save and except themselves.

The Right Honorable the Earl Stanhope was the President of the Society. He is one of the ancient nobility, a true believer in aristocracy, legitimacy, and supremacy—a thorough, whole-hearted Tory of the Old School, a High Churchman, an Orangeman when in Ireland, a steady speaker and voter against Catholics, and especially Irish Catholics. But Lord Stanhope is a good moral man, well informed, wishes well to all men, and desires that all men should be in their senses. He is a hearty temperance man, thorough abstainers himself and family, and he desires that every one else should be. He saw what had to be done, and he did his part nobly.

He called the Society together, and told them that it was very important that Father Mathew should visit England while his name and fame were in the ascendant. He knew there were many difficulties in the way, but they must be removed, for it was evident that Father Mathew could do with the Catholics what no one else could do; and as they had, and must have, a large population of Catholics in London and other large places, it would be worth any sacrifice which they would be called upon to make to raise them up to sobriety. He therefore proposed that the Society should invite Father Mathew over, and pay all the expenses of his operations, which should be left to himself, and that they countenance and attend his meetings as much as possible. "Much as I love my church," said he; "much as I am opposed to Roman Catholicism in everything, especially its various orders of clergy, secular and religious; much as I am opposed to any Irish papal ecclesiastic having influence in England, I am opposed to intemperance more, and shall waive all my anti-papal feelings for the greater good of making Catholics sober."

Lord Stanhope put his name to a con-

tribution list for £100, and undertook to be present at the first meeting of Father Mathew's, and be the first to take the pledge at his hands.

Father Mathew came. The first meeting was held in Bethnal Green, an immense resort of Irish. The day was drizzly and the place muddy; but Lord Stanhope was there. He introduced Father Mathew to the meeting, and then, in the presence of some twenty thousand Irish Catholics, the learned, lofty, and noble peer of England knelt down in the mud, took the pledge from Father Mathew, had his hand laid upon his head while a prayer was invoked for his fidelity, and then he received a medal, which he wore, expressive of the deed.

The Lost Found.

We had frequently observed a heart-broken-looking lad pass by with an oil-can in his hand. His tattered garments and his melancholy face were well calculated to excite observation and pity. It was but too evident that the vessel which he carried had been diverted from its legitimate use, and that it was now used not as an oil-can, but as a whiskey-jug. Having seen him pass twice in one day with his ever-present can, we had the curiosity to accost him, and did so by enquiring his residence.

"I live," said he, "five miles from the city, on the — road."

"You have been to the city once before to-day, have you not?"

"Yes, sir; I came down in the morning, but I couldn't get what I was sent for, and I had to come again."

"What was you sent for, my lad? It must be something very important to make it necessary for you to walk twenty miles in this storm."

"Why, sir, it was whiskey that I was sent for. Father had no money, and he sent me to Mr. —'s to get trusted; but he wouldn't trust any more, so I had to go home without the whiskey; but father sent me back again."

"How do you expect to get it now, when you couldn't get it in the morning?"

"Why, sir, I have brought a pair of shoes which sister sent mother. Mr. — will give whiskey for them. He has got two or three pairs of mother's shoes now."

"Do you like to carry whiskey home, my boy?"

"Oh! no, sir, for it makes all so unhappy; but I can't help it"

We took the responsibility of advising the boy not to fulfil his errand, and returned home with him. The family, we found, consisted of husband and wife and four children—the oldest (the boy) was not more than ten years of age, while the youngest was an infant of a few months old. It was a cold, blustering day. The north wind blew harshly, and came, roughly and unbidden, through the numberless crevices of the poor man's hovel. A few black embers occupied the fireplace, around which were huddled the half-naked children and the woe-stricken mother and wife. Her face was haggard, her eyes sunken, her hair dishevelled, her clothes tattered and unclean. She was seated upon an old broken chair, and was mechanically swinging to and fro, as if endeavoring to quiet her infant, which moaned pitifully in its mother's arms.

By the side of this woe-smitten mother kneeled a little girl of five or six years, down whose sallow cheeks tears were coursing, and who ever and anon exclaimed, "Poor little Willie! must you die? O mother! must Willie die?" And then, kissing the clammy sweat from "little Willie's" brow, covered her face with her tattered apron, and wept.

In the opposite corner of the chimney, and among the ashes which covered the hearth, sat a boy of about seven years, dragging from the half-dead embers a potato, which he broke open with the remark, "Mother, give this to little Willie. May be he's hungry. I'm hungry, too, and so is sister; but Willie's sick. Give him this potato, mother."

"No, poor boy," said the mother. "Willie will never be hungry again. He will soon be dead."

It had been sick from its birth, and it was now seemingly struggling to free itself from the harsh world into which it had but a few months previously been ushered. There was no tear in the eye of the mother, as she gazed upon the expiring babe. The fountain had been long before dried up by the internal fires which alcohol had kindled and fed. Yet she was the picture of despair; and we could not but fancy, as she sat thus, that her mind was wan

dering back to the happy past—the days of her own infancy and girlhood, and her early home. Poor thing! She had given her affections and her hand to a man who had taken the first steps in intemperance. She had left her home, full of buoyant hopes—hopes never to be realized—to spend a life of misery with a sot. Broken hearted, cast out from the society of her former friends, frowned upon by the “good society” humane, spoken of as the miserable wife of a miserable drunkard, no hand to help, no heart to pity, she very soon became a tippler and a drunkard herself.

This remark drew all the children around the mother and the dying child. The father was sitting upon what was intended for a bedstead, without hat, shoes, or coat, with his hands thrust into his pockets, apparently indifferent to all that was passing around him. His head was resting upon his breast, and his blurred eyes were fastened upon the floor, as if he were afraid to look up at the sorrowing group who were watching the countenance of the dying infant.

There was a moment of silence. Not a sound was heard. Even the sobs of the little girl had ceased. Death was crossing the hovel's threshold. The very respiration of the household seemed suspended, when a slight shivering of the limbs of the infant, and a shriek from the half-conscious mother, told that the vital spark had fled.

For the first time the father moved. Slowly advancing to where his wife was seated, with quivering lips he whispered, “Is Willie dead?”

“Yes, James, the poor babe is dead!” was the choking reply of the mother, who still sat, as at first, gazing upon the face of her little one.

Without uttering another word, the long brutalized father left the house, muttering as he went, “My God, how long?”

At this moment a kind-hearted lady came in, who had heard but a few moments before of the dangerous illness of the child. She had brought with her some medicine, but her angel visit was too late. The gentle spirit of the babe had fled, and there remained for her but to comfort the living. This she did, while we followed the father. We related to him the circumstances which had led us to his house, and briefly spoke of the misery which inevitably follows in the wake of intemperance.

“I know it, sir,” said he. “I have long known it. I have not always been what you now see me. Alcohol and my appetite have brought me to this depth of degradation.”

“Why not master that appetite? You have the power. Thousands have proved it.”

“Sir, I believe it. I have seen others, as far reduced as myself, restored and made happy; but you are the first who has ever spoken to me upon the subject, and I had too strong a passion for liquor to think of a reformation myself.”

“Well, will you not now make the effort?”

“I will. It has occupied my thoughts during the whole morning; and now, in the presence of Almighty God, I swear never again to touch the accursed thing which has ruined me and made beggars of my family.”

Happy enough to hear this manly resolution, we returned to the house with him; in due time we made the fact known to his wife, and producing a pledge, the whole family signed it upon the table which held the body of their dead child!

The scene was an affecting one. . . . Two years had passed, when the incident was recalled to our mind by a shake of the hand from a gentleman who was returning West with a stock of dry-goods which he had just purchased in New York. It was the man who signed the temperance pledge by the body of the dead child.—*Rochester Democrat.*

A Lesson.

Charles Lamb—who has not heard of “gentle Charles”?—was much addicted to the wine-cup. Hear his solemn warning; heed it, ye who can:

“The waters have gone over me. But out of the black depths, could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have but set a foot in the perilous flood. Could the youth to whom the flavor of his first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life, or the entering upon some newly-discovered paradise, look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and passive will; to see his destruction, and have

no power to stop it, and yet feel it all the way emanating from himself; to see all goodness emptied out of him, and yet not be able to forget a time when it was otherwise; to bear about the piteous spectacle of his own ruin; could he see my fevered eye, feverish with last night's drinking, and feverishly looking for the night's repetition of the folly; could he but feel the body of the death out of which I cry hourly, with feebler outcry, to be delivered—it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all the pride of his mantling temptation.

"Oh! if a wish could transport me back to those days of youth, when a draught from the neat, clear spring could slake my heat which summer suns and youthful exercise had power to stir up in my blood, how gladly would I turn back to the element, the drink of my childhood and of child-like, how heroism!"

The Lost Babe.

A young man and his wife were preparing to attend a Christmas party at the house of a friend, some miles distant.

"Henry, my dear husband, don't drink too much at the party to-day; you will promise me, won't you?" said she, putting her hand upon his brow, and raising her eyes to his face with a pleading glance.

"No, Millie, I will not; you may trust me."

And he wrapped his infant boy in a soft blanket, and they proceeded.

The horses were soon prancing over the turf, and pleasant conversation beguiled the way.

"Now, don't forget your promise," whispered the young wife, as she passed up the steps.

Poor thing! she was the wife of a man who loved to look upon the wine when it was red. But his love for his wife and babe, whom they both idolized, kept him back, and it was not often that he joined in the bacchanalian revelries.

The party passed off pleasantly, the time for departing drew near, and the wife descended from the upper chamber to join her husband. A pang shot through the trusting heart as she met

him, for he was intoxicated—he had broken his promise.

Silently they rode homeward, save when the drunken man would break into snatches of song or unmeaning laughter. But the wife rode on, her babe pressed closely on her grieved heart.

"Give me the babe, Millie; I can't trust you with him," said he, as they approached a dark and somewhat swollen stream which they had to ford.

After some hesitation, she resigned her first-born, her darling babe, closely wrapped in the great blanket, to his arms. Over the dark waters the noble steed safely bore them, and when they reached the bank the mother asked for the child.

With much care and tenderness he placed the bundle in her arms, but when she clasped it to her bosom no babe was there! It had slipped from the blanket, and the drunken father knew it not.

A wild shriek from the mother aroused him, and he turned just in time to see the little rosy face rise one moment above the dark waves, then sink for ever.

What a spectacle! the idol of his heart gone—gone for ever, and that, too, by his own intemperance. The anguish of the mother and the remorse of the father are better imagined than described.

Looking Out for the Poor-House.

"Tom," said a drunkard to his friend, "where shall I find the poor-house? I should like to see it." "My dear friend, continue in your present course a short time longer, and you will not need to ask the question," was the pointed reply.

The Little Boy and His Mother.

A little son of a reformed drunkard, only about five years old, said, "Mother, do you know the reason I don't have to go to bed without my supper, as I used to?" "Why, my child, why is it?" asked the mother. "Why, 'cause father's joined the temperance society, and don't get drunk as he used to—I knows it," was his reply.

The Last Night's Revel.

"I knew a young man," says the Rev. Mr. Denton, "(he was my school-fellow) who had been reared with great tenderness by his parents, received a liberal education, and was introduced into a respectable profession; but he gave way to the vile propensities of corrupt nature, threw off parental as well as divine restraint, entered the vortex of dissipation, and revelled in iniquity; the consequence was, his fine constitution was soon undermined by disease, and his extravagance, together with his insolence, shut his father's door against him. Having returned on one occasion from a night's revel, he called up a neighbor to obtain the accommodation of a bed, which being granted him, he retired to rest; but in a few hours afterward he was found stretched on the bed, a corpse, his pocket-book lying open by his side, with these words pencilled on a leaf, 'Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye my friends! for the hand of God hath touched me.' Such a scene needs no comment."

The Literary Man's Request.

One of the first literary men in the United States said to the writer, after speaking on the subject of temperance, "There is one thing which, as you visit different places, I wish you to do everywhere; that is, to entreat every mother never to give a drop of it to a child. I have had to fight as for my life all my days to keep from dying a drunkard, because I was fed with spirit when a child. I acquired a taste for it. My brother, poor fellow, died a drunkard. I would not have a child of mine take a drop of it for anything. Warn every mother, wherever you go, never to give a drop of it to a child."—REV. DR. EDWARDS.

A Little Boy's Dream.

"Father," said a little boy to a pious elder, "I had a funny dream last night." "Well, Tommy, what was your funny dream?" "I dreamed the devil came into your shop." "The devil!" "Yes, father, the devil. I dreamed that he

found you drawing a glass of whiskey for poor Ambo Jams, who has fits, and who broke a little baby's arm the other day because she cried when he came home drunk. And I thought the devil came up to the counter, and laid the end of his long tail on the chair, and leaned over towards the barrel where you were stooping to draw it out, and asked if you wasn't an elder. And I thought you didn't look up, but said you was; and then he grinned and whisked his tail like a cat that has caught a rat, and says to me, 'That 'ere's the elder for me!' and ran out of the shop laughing so loudly that I put my fingers in my ears and woke up." The elder, conscience-struck, immediately abandoned his devil-serving business, and joined the temperance society.

Leaving Off Gradually.

The *S. C. Advocate* relates an amusing anecdote which occurred between a couple of Dutchmen, one of whom was much devoted to "schnapps." His friend was eloquently persuading him to "jine der dempranche," and, to obviate the terrors of coming to pure water "all of a sudden," suggested the following expedient:

"Vell, den, Honnes, I dell you how you do. You go und puy un parrel viskey, und take it home, und put a foshet in it, und vhenefer you vant un schnap, go und traw it, und shust so much viskey ash you traw off of der foshet, shust so much vater you pour into der parrel; den you see you haf always a full parrel viskey, only, d'rectly afther a vile, it coome veaker und veaker, und at lasht you haf noting put un parrel of vater; den you vant no more use vor viskey, und you jine der dempranche."

A Lady Converted into a Distillery.

At a large temperance meeting in St. George's Chapel, after a lucid exposition of the formation of alcohol and process of distillation, by Rev. Albert Barnes, in which he showed that alcohol, the principle of intoxication, was generated in fermentation, and existed, therefore, in cider, and beer, and wine, from which it was carried off by heat in

distillation, it evaporating more readily than water, Arnold Buffum, Esq., said he had one remark to make to a lady who had just refused to sign the pledge, giving as a reason that she now and then loved to take a little. "Now," said Mr. Buffum, "it has been shown that when a little wine, or a little beer, or a little cider is exposed to heat, the alcohol is thrown off. This is called distillation. Now, when the lady takes a little into the warm stomach, the alcohol is thrown off through the 'worm of the still'; up it flies into the brain, and if it does not blow off the cap, it may play mischief there not very creditable." He would barely suggest it, that she might understand that every time she took a little she was converted into a distillery.

The Lost Captain.

Human life is often checkered with distressing tragedies. An agent of the temperance cause among the Channel Islands related the following at a temperance meeting at St. Peter's Port, in a manner that drew tears from many eyes: "Several years ago, long before I had heard of teetotalism, I had occasion to take a voyage in a sailing vessel from this port to the coast of France. I was accompanied by my two daughters. In the expectation that they would be troubled by sea-sickness, and in conformity with the general opinion, we had provided ourselves with a bottle of the best cognac brandy, to be used as a quieting medicine in the event of illness. Of course, I see now the absurdity of believing that a strong stimulant like ardent spirit is fit to be used when sickness has already overexcited the stomach. But to proceed: our voyage was delayed on account of the wind or other circumstances so much that night came on soon after we sailed; and we made preparations for retiring to our berths, with a view of passing, if possible, several hours in the enjoyment of repose. Prior to our retirement for the night, we each took a small glassful of brandy; and as the captain of the vessel, a Frenchman, happened to be below just then, he was asked to have a little of our brandy. He tossed off a draught of the liquor with evident relish, smacked his lips after drinking, and, bidding us adieu for the night, went

on deck. We had not rested more than a few hours ere we were awakened by the trampling of feet and a confused noise of voices. I hastened on deck. The night was cloudy; the seamen were shouting to each other, and hurrying to and fro. 'What is the matter?' I enquired. 'Where is the captain?' Judge of my horror and regret when I learned that he had been set on to drink by the brandy I had given him, had got intoxicated, and in that shocking state had fallen overboard! The boat was put out, and the men rowed about in the darkness for a considerable time; but, alas! all was in vain—the poor man was gone to be seen no more until 'the sea shall give up its dead.' As may be expected, sleep forsook our eyelids for the rest of the night, and the captainless ship neared the French shore just as the sun had begun to show its face of fire in the glowing east. When we drew near our desired haven, I took the ship's glass, and began to scan the harbor and its neighborhood. I noticed in particular one neat-looking house near the landing-place, at the upper window of which I saw a female, who seemed to be alternately straining her eyes and waving a handkerchief in the direction of our vessel. I said to one of the crew, 'Some female at that house with a white front, near the harbor, seems looking out for the ship.' The rough French sailor drew the back of his hand across his glistening eyes, all wet with tears, and said in a tone made tremulous with emotion, 'Ah! God help her! that's the poor captain's wife, monsieur!' Of necessity my grief was deep and trying; but until the light of teetotalism broke upon my mind, I never saw so clearly as I have done since that my giving and offering strong drink to a fellow-creature was the moving cause of this most real and distressing tragedy."

Rev. John Marsh and his Ordination.

When the Rev. John Marsh was ordained, a very amusing circumstance occurred showing the habits among the clergy at that time in regard to drinking. They returned from the services of the sanctuary in Haddam, Conn., to a public-house, on a very cold day in December. The council, composed of some thirty ministers and delegates,

were ushered into a large tavern-chamber, where was a bright fire on the one side, and on the other a table filled with all the materials for warming the stomach and preparing for the repast that would soon be in readiness. Among the ministers was one who had abandoned the use of strong drink. His name was Rev. Calvin Chapin, of Wethersfield. As the Rev. Mr. K——, of Killingworth, was with twenty others mixing his tumbler of good things, Mr. Chapin said: "Brother K——, what are you going to do with that stuff?" "Stuff!" said Mr. K——. "It is not stuff; it is good brandy." "Well! what are you going to do with it?" "Do with it? Why, what do you suppose? Drink it, to be sure." "Well," asked Mr. Chapin, "what are you going to do then?" "Do! why, walk about, I suppose." "But suppose," said Mr. Chapin, "you cannot. There has been many a man who, after drinking that, could not walk at all, and I doubt whether, if you drink it, you can walk a crack. I will challenge you to do it." Mr. K——, still stirring his liquor, though unwilling to be an object of ridicule to all present, said: "Well! I believe I shall try it." "You had better not," said Mr. Chapin. "You had better come and throw it in the fire or out of the window. If you want to get warm, take a coal into your mouth, but don't take that, and have it said, as it may be, that Rev. Mr. K—— went to ordination and could not get home." At length one of the fathers, provoked beyond measure by this universal stop put to the drinking custom, said with a loud voice, "Mr. Chapin, do you let Brother K—— alone, and let him have his drink; you are a real pest, a genuine blackguard." And here ended the matter. But that was the last ordination in that district or county at which liquor was provided. The Rev. Mr. K—— afterwards became one of the most zealous and determined advocates of temperance, and for his opposition to the rum interest was driven from his parish.—*Autobiography of Rev. John Marsh*, pp. 14, 15.

REV. JOHN MARSH AGAINST THE DEACON AND HIS DISEASE.

A deacon of Rev. John Marsh's church was exceedingly tried at the early temperance movement. He believed that a daily use of ardent spirits was essential to check the progress of a dis-

ease with which he was afflicted. A young convert refused to take from him the sacramental elements at the Lord's table; on enquiry, after communion, for the reason, the convert said he could not take bread from the hands of one who drank brandy. The deacon went home distressed, and said to his wife: "Live or die, I will become an abstainer." In a few weeks he went to his minister and with a radiant countenance said that his complaint had left him, and he was satisfied it was brandy that had caused it.—*Autobiography*.

REV. JOHN MARSH AND THE REVIVALIST; OR, TEMPERANCE PREVENTING REVIVALS.

One of Rev. John Marsh's members was so devoted to revivals that temperance meetings and temperance sermons greatly annoyed him. He considered them the work of the devil to put a stop to revivals. His minister labored with him, but all in vain. He absented himself from prayer-meeting, because he could not unite in prayer for the success of the temperance cause; and from the communion table, for the temperance brethren could not fellowship him. His pastor made him a special visit, talking, reasoning, and pleading with him, and finally said to him: "Have you ever made this the subject of prayer?" "No," said he, "and I won't." "Then," said his pastor, "brother, you are wrong; for if there is any subject on which you are unwilling to ask counsel of God, there you are wrong. Conscience condemns you, and you feel or fear that God will condemn you." He saw it, and promised he would carry the case to God. The next time his minister saw him his face was shining and he said: "It is all over. The moment I was on my knees, I saw you were right and I was wrong. I could not pray that the temperance cause might not prevail." From that time he became a teetotaler and one of the best temperance advocates.

PUTNAM AND THE WOLF.

No man ever made a happier hit than Rev. John Marsh when he wrote his address of "Putnam and the Wolf." It was a splendid conception. It was an ingenious production. He gives a singular account concerning its origin. He was invited to deliver an address before the Windham County Tempe-

rance Society at Pomfret, Conn. He concluded he could not go. One day, in rising from dinner, he burst into loud laughter. His wife enquired "what it was that so amused him?" He answered, "I am going to Pomfret." "Why!" said she, "I thought you had given it up; pray what has changed your mind?" He replied, "That is the place where Putnam killed the wolf, and I will make a temperance address out of that—Putnam and the wolf, the wolf devouring the sheep, and the people out upon the hunt." He ran up to his study, found in a school-book Gen. Humphrey's story of the hunt, and before he went to bed, which was past midnight, he had finished his address, and was greatly amused and exhilarated at the wonderful adaptation of the affair to the subject.

The day for the meeting arrived. The large meeting-house in Pomfret was full. Venerable men well conversant with the story sat around the pulpit. The den of the wolf was not far off, and descendants of the hero were near by. Commencing with an account of that marvellous affair, and bringing it to bear upon the present hunt after an enemy among us, devouring, not sheep, but men, and having among us his apologists by scores, no small emotion was excited. The old men first looked up and smiled, and then put their heads between their hands and knees to repress their laughter, while the active combatants in the field felt they had a new weapon in their hands against the rumseller and the distiller, which would hew its way and bring great results.

When he had finished, there was a rush for a copy for the press. He told them they might have it if they would go to Hartford, and get from an engraver a picture of Putnam dragging the wolf from the den. They did so at once. An enterprising bookseller undertook the publication, and in a short time disposed of one hundred and fifty thousand copies.

The Mercenary Landlord and the Sailor.

There is no other business so directly calculated to convert the whole heart and soul into adamant as rumselling. As an illustration, take the following facts respecting a sailor landlord, that is, a

rumseller of the lowest caste. They were related at a meeting in Boston, held for the benefit of the Seaman's Home, a temperance boarding-house that has been provided for the accommodation of seamen. A landlord of the common stamp persuaded a sailor, when in a state of intoxication, to enlist on board one of our ships of war, and put three months wages, which were advanced, into his own pocket. He then induced him to desert, and kept him secreted till a new berth offered, when he again got him to enlist, and again to desert. The same thing was done a third time, under the influence of the same maddening poison—the hardened brute in shape of a landlord taking care in every instance to secure the advance pay, putting in all five months pay into his pocket. At length the sailor became sober, and understanding how he had been treated, determined for the future to keep clear of the influence of the landlord. Finding that no more could be made of him, in that way, he reported him as a deserter, pocketing the reward paid in such cases, leaving the poor fellow to reap the consequence of the offences, which he himself had induced him to commit.

The Eloquent Congressman, the Hon. Thomas F. Marshall.

BY REV. J. B. WAKELEY, D.D.

"Some there are
Who on the tip of their persuasive tongue
Carry all arguments and questions deep;
And replication prompt, and reason strong,
To make the weeper smile, the laugher weep.
They have the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in their craft of will;
That in the general bosom they do reign,
Of young and old, and either sex enchain."
—*Shakspeare.*

Poetry and eloquence are the highest gifts heaven has ever bestowed upon man. There is nothing on earth men prize higher than eloquence; nothing they more earnestly aspire to. We wonder not, for it is the passport to wealth, honor, and renown.

There have been many orators in Congress who have made our legislative halls ring with their eloquence. Their names are written high on the pillar of immortality.

One of the most highly-gifted, silver-tongued men ever in the Congress of

the United States was the Hon. Thomas F. Marshall, from Kentucky. He was nephew of that eminent jurist, the late Chief-Justice John Marshall.

Young Marshall had a tall and noble form, a brilliant intellect, a superior education, a powerful memory, great logical powers, a vivid imagination, a musical voice—all the qualities that unite in forming the finished and successful orator.

It is sad to think of the splendid intellects in Congress as well as elsewhere alcohol has beclouded, and the eloquent tongues it has silenced for ever. The eloquent Marshall must be added to that fearful list. How true that "with the talents of an angel a man may be a fool"! Distinguished as he was for bright genius, sparkling wit, and overpowering eloquence, he was a drunkard, and was going on with railroad speed to ruin. It was enough to make an angel weep to behold the prostitution of such talents, the wreck of such an intellect, the palsy of such a tongue, the blighting of such hopes, and the ruin of such prospects.

MARSHALL ALARMED.

Mr. Marshall began to feel the "serpent-bite" and the "adder-sting" of intemperance, and he was alarmed. He was horror-struck at his own picture.

He had been drinking freely, and he entered the House of Representatives the 7th of January, 1842, nervously excited to a degree that frightened him, while at the same time he had a raging and almost uncontrollable thirst for strong drink. He had been nursing a giant that had been growing stronger and stronger, who now cried, "Give, give, give," and whose voice would be heard. He called for the Hon. George Briggs, of Massachusetts, to bring him the pledge of total abstinence. Mr. Briggs did so, and Mr. Marshall then and there signed it.

MARSHALL PUBLICLY SIGNS THE PLEDGE.

Mr. Marshall was not satisfied with privately signing the pledge, but felt that something more was necessary. He said to Mr. Briggs, "I must go to the temperance meeting and make a public confession, and place myself beyond the power of temptation, and you must accompany me there."

Mr. Briggs and others did so. The temperance meeting was held in the

Medical College, and there, in the presence of multitudes, he publicly signed the pledge of total abstinence from everything that could intoxicate.

Dr. Thomas Sewell said, "I was present and saw Mr. Marshall sign the pledge, after which he made a most touching speech. Several other members of Congress followed his example. Mr. Marshall's step has astonished Congress. There is no man that compares with him in debate."

The *National Intelligencer* spoke of it the next morning as one of the most interesting meetings that had ever taken place in Washington City.

MR. MARSHALL AND THE CONGRESSIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

This society was reorganized February 9, 1842, and the Hon. George Briggs was the president. A meeting was held in the hall of the House of Representatives the 25th of February. The hall was crowded by those who expected a speech from Mr. Marshall, who was admitted to be the most eloquent man in Congress. They were not disappointed; for after a number of addresses had been made, Mr. Marshall spoke for over an hour with unparalleled eloquence. He concluded his address thus: "Sir, the pledge I have taken renders me secure for ever from a fate inevitably following habits like mine—a fate more terrible than death. That pledge, though confined to myself alone, and with reference only to its effects on me, my mind, my heart, my body, I would not exchange for all earth holds of brightest and of best. No, no, sir; let the banner of the temperance cause go forward or backward, let the world be rescued from the degrading and ruinous bondage of alcohol or not, I for one shall never, never repent what I have done; I have often said this, and I feel it every moment of my existence, waking or sleeping. Sir, I would not exchange the physical sensations, the mere sense of animal being, which belongs to a man who totally refrains from all that can intoxicate his brain, or derange his nervous structure—the elasticity with which he bounds from his couch in the morning, the sweet repose it yields him at night—the feeling with which he drinks in, through his clear eyes, the beauty and grandeur of surrounding nature—I say, sir, I would not exchange my conscious

being as a strictly temperance man—the sense of renovated youth—the glad play with which my pulses beat healthful music, the bounding vivacity with which the life-blood courses its exulting way through every fibre of my frame—the communion high which my healthful eye and ear now holds with all the gorgeous universe of God—the splendors of the morning, the softness of the evening sky—the waters, with all the grand association of external nature, reopened to the first avenues of sense; no, sir, though poverty dogged me—though scorn pointed its slow fingers at me, as I passed—though want and destitution and every element of earthly misery, save only crime, met my waking eye from day to day, not for the brightest and noblest wreath that ever encircled a statesman's brow—not if some angel commissioned from heaven, or some demon rather sent fresh from hell, to test the resisting strength of virtuous resolution, should tempt me, both with all the wealth and all the honors which a world can bestow, not for all that time or earth can give would I cast from me this precious pledge of a liberated mind, this talisman against temptation, and plunge again into the dangers that once beset my path. So help me heaven, sir, I would spurn beneath my feet all the gifts the universe could offer, and live and die as I am, poor but sober."

This eloquent address, where the sentences were like chain lightning, not only thrilled and captivated the audience who listened to it with breathless attention, but it went all over the country like electricity.

It would have been well for the author if he had never forgotten it. The recollection of it would have prevented his falling like Lucifer, son of the morning.

MR. MARSHALL AND THE AMERICAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

The sixth anniversary of this society was held in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, in May, 1842. The Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen presided. Governor George F. Briggs and the Hon. Thomas F. Marshall were the speakers announced. Multitudes of times have I attended mass meetings in the Broadway Tabernacle, but I do not remember ever seeing such an array of beauty and fashion as on that evening. The fame of Marshall's eloquence brought

out the *élite* of the city. Mr. Briggs did not arrive; no matter, for Mr. Marshall was there. His address was enough to have immortalized any man. Such smiles of beauty, such waving of handkerchiefs, I never beheld, and such thrills of applause I have seldom heard. He was perfect master of the situation, the "observed of all observers." The only thing I heard from him that evening which I considered ill-timed was the caution he gave as he pointed with his long finger and said with emphasis, "Keep temperance separate from religion, keep it separate from religion!" Then I trembled for the temperance ark. If he meant to keep it separate from sectarianism, I would have said "Amen," keep them as wide apart as the poles, and never let them come any nearer together. But not to keep it separate from religion, "For except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it. Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh in vain."

"Except the Lord conduct the plan,
The best concerted schemes are vain,
And never can succeed."

We should neither separate temperance from religion nor substitute it for religion. Separating it from religion was the rock on which the eloquent Marshall was wrecked, and not so much as a plank of hope upon which he might escape. And this has been the case with multitudes. Who have kept their pledge best? those who have separated it from religion, or they who have blended it with it? The records of heaven and earth would answer those who have united temperance with religion!

MARSHALL AT THE GREENE STREET M. E. CHURCH.

Mr. Marshall and Briggs made their appearance the next evening in the noble church named above. It was the first in New York to open its doors for the Washingtonians from Baltimore, when thrilling scenes transpired and the temperance cause received a mighty impetus.

The venerable Heman Bangs was the pastor, and in the opening prayer he began with this sentence: "Lord, our good is all divine." Governor Briggs and Marshall both delivered appropriate and thrilling addresses. Mr. Marshall alluded to the evening before, when he was in the Broadway Taber-

nacle, and said, "In that great fashionable assembly I did not feel as much at home as I do this evening. I missed my true yoke-fellow, Governor Briggs, whom I rejoice to see here to-night; again, there was no mercy-seat to which the sinner could approach, but I rejoice to find the pledge here this evening, and therefore I feel more at home." He was full of wit and humor as well as eloquence, and he greatly delighted the audience.

MARSHALL AND THE MOTHER.

There is no name like mother, there is no love like a mother's, there is no voice like a mother's, there is no eye like a mother's, there is no hand like a mother's, there is no heart like a mother's.

Mr. Marshall was successful in "plucking a brand from the burning"; in rescuing from destruction a noble son who had become dissipated, and was breaking the heart of his mother; whose hopes had been blasted, and whose expectations had been cut off. Through the efforts of Mr. Marshall the son was reformed, and he returned him to his mother sober, clothed, and in his right mind. Her joy was inexpressible, she pressed him to her bosom, she baptized him with her tears, she caressed him with her kisses, and Mr. Marshall received the thanks of the mother for saving her son in just such language as only a grateful mother could use. He thus replied to her, and it does honor both to his head and heart: "I too have a mother, and if she knew a man through whom I have been plucked as a brand from the burning, how would her prayer go up for him to the throne of God day and night. And she does offer up her blessings to the Most High. She writes in her letters to me that she considers my reformation as through the direct agency of God himself; and her voice is raised in continual thanksgiving and praise to the Father of Mercies. Oh! to be instrumental in doing just such good to others, I do believe I would quit Congress, the bar, and everything else, and turn circuit-rider and preach through the country." This letter has the true ring! What a pity he forgot his aged mother, around whom the shadows of the evening were gathering, and that he forgot his obligations to the temperance cause; and especially that he forgot his own wel-

fare! How much there is in that caution: "Do thyself no harm."

MR. MARSHALL AND JAMES WATSON WEBB.

In June, 1842, Mr. Marshall, who had gathered such laurels in Washington and New York, whose name was upon every tongue, and whose fame was trumpeted all over the land, fought a duel with James Watson Webb—was wounded in the leg; but his reputation received a far greater wound; for his temperance laurels all withered, his temperance hopes were all blasted, his temperance pledges all broken, his temperance vows all forgotten. It is sad to contemplate a fall from such a lofty height, a fall so sudden, so terrible, so ruinous!

MARSHALL AND TOBACCO.

Hugging this idol to his bosom might have had something to do with his terrible downfall; it might have accelerated his ruin. It might have woke up an appetite for other kinds of stimulants. When in New York, his temperance friends felt alarmed when they saw the large quantities of tobacco he used, and they remonstrated with him; he said, "It was for him life, and how could he give it up. And still he knew he ought to." A gentleman said to him, "Mr. Marshall, why don't you give up this extravagant use of tobacco?" "I will," replied Mr. Marshall, "if you will give up your wine." But this he could not do. Oh! the power of appetite! In what chains it binds us! To preserve ourselves we should sacrifice our last idol. "Canst thou draw out leviathan with a hook?"

THE CONTRAST.

How rapidly a man can go to ruin! How intemperance will turn plenty into want, honor into disgrace, hope into despair, paradise into a hell!

Well I remember Marshall in 1842. His tall and noble form, his intelligent face, his manly brow, his brilliant eye, his silvery voice, his eloquent words—how he charmed listening thousands who hung in wonder upon the sentences of beauty, pathos, and power that fell from his lips, as he thrilled, captivated, and carried away his audiences!

What a mighty change! How striking a contrast! I could scarcely believe my own eyes. Eighteen years rolled away and I met, in Main Street, Pough-

keepsie, a ragged, filthy, miserably-clad, houseless vagabond. He was as dirty as he could possibly be. He was an object of pity and disgust at the same time. Who can it be? The Hon. Thomas F. Marshall; but oh! how fallen. I felt like weeping over such a wreck of humanity. I had never seen one who stood so high fall so low. If a man is bent on ruin all earth cannot rescue him, or the sympathy of all heaven save him. How terrible those words of the youthful Scottish bard: "Ye knew your duty, and ye did it not."

I conversed with Mr. Marshall about bygone days and scenes, and those brilliant temperance meetings where he held forth in New York city in 1842. He remembered them too well, and sighed as he recalled them, and contrasted those bright days with the present dark ones.

When it was found out that he was in the city in such a sad condition, much sympathy was felt for him, and an effort was made to save him. They cleaned him up, and new linen and clean clothes were procured for him. This made a wonderful change in his appearance. H. G. Eastman, Esq., tried to rescue him. He had heard Mr. Marshall deliver lectures on ancient history before his school. They were very able, and Mr. Marshall was as familiar with the subject as he was with the alphabet.

Some one procured Mr. Marshall's temperance address which he delivered in Washington, and he read it at a public meeting.

FOURTH OF JULY ORATION.

The Anniversary of our National Independence was celebrated at Poughkeepsie July 4, 1860, and Mr. Marshall had so far reformed that he was invited to be the "orator of the day," and to deliver the oration. I have heard many orators, but none that ever transcended Marshall. "Richard was himself again."

Benson J. Lossing, Esq., the noble patriot and distinguished historian, read the Declaration of Independence, after which I was called upon to offer the prayer. Then came the magnificent oration, which was indeed a "feast of reason and a flow of soul." It was a masterly production, delivered without any notes. He not only paid a splendid tribute to the signers of the Declaration, but also to Washington, the

Father of his Country. It was the noblest tribute I ever heard paid to him. He represented Washington climbing a steep and lofty mountain, where on the top of it there was just room for himself to stand—and there he stood, where the nations of the earth could behold him alone in his glory, the admiration of the world.

It was but a short time before the war, and he alluded in his oration, to the threats that had been made about dividing the Union.

"If we divide the Union," said he, "how shall we divide the 'Declaration of Independence'? How shall we divide the Mississippi? How shall we divide our national songs? How shall we divide 'The Star-Spangled Banner'? How shall we divide 'Hail Columbia'? How shall we divide our national tunes? What shall we do with 'Yankee Doodle'? I don't know," said he, "unless we at the north keep the 'Yankee' and give the south the 'Doodle.'"

At the conclusion of the brilliant oration, which made a fine impression on a large audience, Mr. Lossing expressed to me his high admiration of it. He said, "it was so different from ordinary Fourth of July orations, there was nothing of the spread-eagle about it."

I shook hands with Mr. Marshall and bade him good morning. It was the last I ever saw of him. He went on South and soon after died. The next I heard of him he filled a drunkard's grave. His fall was terrible. With such talents consecrated to temperance, humanity, and religion, what might he not have accomplished? How he might have written his name where it would have been read by succeeding generations, and multitudes have risen up and called him blessed! What a warning against intemperance and breaking the pledge! Genius, eloquence, humanity, and religion weep over the grave of Thomas F. Marshall.

A Mistake.

Old Dick Baldwin stoutly maintained that no man ever died of drinking. "Some puny things," he said, "have died of learning to drink, but no man ever died of drinking." Now Baldwin was no mean authority; for he spoke

from great practical experience, and was, moreover, many years treasurer of St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

Old Dick Baldwin made a grand mistake, as death-beds and grave-yards will testify. Hundreds of thousands have died of drinking, and fill the most loathsome and disgraceful of all graves—that of a drunkard.

The Mock Funeral.

A number of young students assembled for a convivial purpose drank to such excess that one of them was carried senseless to bed. The rest, heated with wine, and bent upon mischief, took him out of bed and treated him as a corpse; carried him about, singing over him a funeral hymn; but their consternation was inexpressible when they perceived him quite motionless, and on closer examination found that he was really dead.—*Evangelical Magazine.*

The Monkey and the Liquor.

Mr. Pollard, the reformed Washingtonian, says that in his drinking days he was the companion of a man in Anne Arundel County, Maryland, who had a monkey which was valued at a thousand dollars. We always took him out on our chestnut parties. He shook off all our chestnuts for us, and when he could not shake them off he went to the very end of the limb and knocked them off with his fist. One day we stopped at a tavern and drank freely. About half a glass was left, and Jack took the glass and drank the liquor. Soon he was merry, skipped, hopped, and danced, and set us all into a roar of laughter. Jack was drunk. We all agreed, six of us, that we would come to the tavern the next day, and get Jack drunk again, and have sport all the day. I called at my friend's house next morning, and we went out for Jack. Instead of being as usual on his box, he was not to be seen. We looked inside, and he was crouched up in a corner. "Come out," said his master. Jack came out on three legs, his forepaw being on his head. Jack had headache; I knew what was the matter with him. He felt just as I felt many a morning. Jack

was sick and could not go; so we waited three days. We then went; and while drinking, a glass was provided for Jack. But where was he? Skulking behind the chairs. "Come, Jack, and drink," said his master, holding out the glass to him. Jack retreated, and as the door was opened he slipped out, and in a moment was on the top of the house. His master went out to call him down; but he would not come. He got a cow-skin and shook it at him; but Jack sat on the ridge-pole, and refused to obey. His master got a gun and pointed it at him. A monkey is much afraid of a gun. Jack slipped over the back side of the house. His master then got two guns, and had one pointed from each side of the house; and the monkey, seeing his predicament, at once whipped upon the chimney, and got down into one of the flues, holding on by his forepaws. Thus the master was beaten. He kept that monkey twelve years, but could never persuade him to taste another drop of whiskey. The beast had more sense than many a man who has an immortal soul, and thinks himself the first and best of God's creatures on earth."

The Magistrate and the Victim.

A man who had displeased a number of others was shortly after visited by them and beaten till he was left for dead. He, however, recovered; and the magistrate, who came to take his deposition, asked him, "Did you know any of the party?" "No, sir." "Were they drunk?" "No; they were able to do their business." "Had they drank anything?" "Well, I wonder," said he, "that your honor, a gentleman of your knowledge, should ask such a simple question; sure you do not think they would come without preparing themselves; I'll engage they had taken two or three glasses of whiskey to a man."

Matthew Newkirk, Esq., and Henry Clay.

For many years he was president of the Pennsylvania State Temperance Society, and to his dying day he loved

the good cause "with all his heart, and mind, and strength." He numbered the celebrated Henry Clay among his most intimate friends. Thirty years ago Mr. Clay came to visit Mr. Newkirk, and spent several days with him. His entertainer invited a large company of the leading lawyers and bankers, and merchants of the city, to spend an evening with old "Harry of the West." A splendid supper was provided by Mr. Newkirk for his distinguished guests. All the luxuries of the market and the confectioner were on his bountiful table; but not one drop of brandy!

Instead of intoxicating poisons, Mr. Newkirk provided plenty of coffee, and lemonade, and Fairmount water. There was a great deal of cracking jokes that evening among the aristocracy about the "cold water party," and some took up their coffee and tea, and drank each other's "good health" with great gusto. The next morning, when Mr. Newkirk went down-town, his friends met him, and said, "Well, Newkirk, we have not got up so bright, and felt so well after a party, in many a year. No headaches this morning! We believe in cold water frolics; they don't leave any bills to pay next morning."

The total abstinence entertainment to Henry Clay was quite the town talk in Philadelphia, and it produced a very happy influence.

Moderation.

The most confirmed drunkard we ever knew was an old man in the land of "pumpkins," who possessed the greatest possible abhorrence for intemperance. Having drank nine mugs of cider at a neighbor's house one evening, he concluded to leave off by taking another. "I believe, neighbor," said he, "that I'll take another glass of your cider. I love good cider as well as any body, but as for swilling it down as some people do, I never could."

Moderately.

An amiable gentleman, who possessed many admirable qualities, had contracted confirmed habits of intemperance. His friends persuaded him to

come under a written engagement that he would not drink except moderately, in his own house or that of a friend. In a few days he was brought home in a state of intoxication. His apology to a gentleman a short time afterwards was, that had the engagement allowed no intoxicating liquor whatever he was safe, "but if," said he, "I take a thimble half full, I have no power over myself at all." He gave it afterwards a terrible letting alone, and was strong and well, a living epistle of temperance.

The Merciless Rumseller.

Falling in, a day or two since, with one of the city police, he related an incident which had a perceptible effect in quickening our pulses. He had just come from the jail, where he saw a poor woman paying the fine for which her husband stood committed. As she laid down the money for which she had sweat in exhausting toil, she said: "It is not my husband who has wrung this money out of my poor hands; no, it is the rumseller! I went to him in tears, and begged him not to let my husband have rum. But he told me to 'clear out, for he would sell it to any man as long as he could pay for it!'"

Talk of moral suasion in connection with such creatures! As well might you recommend nutmegs to a swine, or discourse to a wolf about pitying the sheep, when his very bowels are yearning after them. Your suasion only stimulates the rumseller's appetite for his accursed gains. For his sole profit, our police courts are daily toiling with the mass of crime which every night accumulates. We wonder not one of our magistrates, worn out with the odious drudgery, should begin to ask, as was stated a few days since whether something could not be done to check the growing evil by taking hold of the rumseller? What other power can take hold of the miscreant who will repulse the supplications of the weeping wife? There can be no stronger appeal to humanity than such petitions. The force of moral suasion can no further go. There is no choice but either to submit passively to such tyranny, or to invoke the arm of public justice with its uplifted mace of might.

— *Traveller.*

Moral Suasion of Rumsellers.

It contains nine striking points :

1. No law.
2. No Gospel.
3. No telling facts ; if a man gets drunk don't say anything about it.
4. No objection to drinking two to four times every day.
5. Let every man mind his own business.
6. No preaching on temperance on Sabbath.
7. Don't say hard things against the "good creature."
8. Let every man drink as much as he pleases.
9. Am I my brother's keeper?

A Methodist Distillery.

A wealthy Methodist, or one who had some capital, within these last few years, was somewhat in doubt about deciding how to make a profitable investment. After examining several departments of business, his attention was arrested by distilling on a large scale, as a very profitable employ. But the morality of the question came up in his mind, which, after careful examination, was decided in some such way as the following: "The business, it is true, has its difficulties ; but I will endeavor to conduct the concern in a Christian manner." The matter of conscience being decided, a large distillery was erected in a prominent situation near the landing place ; and so conspicuous was the building, that it attracted the attention of travellers. A stranger, one day, on landing, asked Mr. A—, a mischievous wag, a near neighbor to the distiller, what great building that was, standing out so prominent? The reply was, This is the Methodist distillery. A Methodist distillery! exclaimed the stranger ; that is a strange thing under the sun. But, retorted Mr. A—, the thing is common in these diggins. At the town of B—, a few miles off, there is a Presbyterian distillery, owned and kept in operation by an excellent Presbyterian. And at the town of C—, there is a great distillery owned by a Mr. H—, a Disciple, or as some call them, Campbellite Baptists. And there is, besides, in this town, a distillery conducted and owned by an Episcopalian. But this here Methodist distillery

is a very religious one ; for Mr. L—, who was in the employ of the Episcopalian, and was in danger of losing his Methodist religion by the ill habits of the hands, for the sake of good morals and religion left his former employer, and got work with his Methodist brother, where he could have a chance to sing and pray more, and be free from the irreligious influence of the bad distillery.

The good Methodist distiller, too, is very accommodating to all his brethren, and meets their religious scruples with great exactness. Several class-leaders bring all their corn to his establishment for sale. And many good Methodist members raise heaps of corn and sell it to their excellent religious brother. Thus, distilling is freed from the vulgar objections which these temperance lecturers bring against it, because the distiller is a very religious man ; the growers of corn, who supply him, are mostly very good Methodists, and all is safe. Hence, the work of distilling is about to recover its lost reputation, in spite of all the recent endeavors of the religious people who want to put down distilling. But then these religious distillers are likely to carry the day, and their progress is such as to give encouragement to the scrupulous advocates of temperate and moderate drinking, that their consistent course may yet predominate, in spite of the teetotalers, who strain at the gnats of moderate drinking, but are doubtless hypocrites at heart. This increase of good religious distillers, of which we are assured, is likely to extend very much. And we must say it, that if people must become drunkards (and surely they must), then let it all be done in a very godly manner. The Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, and Episcopalians are the very men to distil in a godly manner. For they can have plenty of prayers, hymns, psalms, and all such good things added, so that the distilling will be done religiously. And, then, if men will get drunk (and indeed they will), why not do this right? Let these good religious men make all the drunkards ; for it is surely better to make drunkards in connection with religion, than in the common, vulgar way of swearing, Sabbath-breaking, or the like. This thing ought not to be in the hands of the wicked, but in the hands of the righteous. And as we prefer to be a

Methodist, from conviction and conscience, we must decide that these Methodist distilleries are better and more religious than the Presbyterian, Episcopalian, or Baptist distilleries. We say, then, Methodist distilleries for ever! There is a goodly number of them in the country; they are annually on the increase. And as Mr. A—— said to the stranger, “The Methodists cannot be beat by nobody.” So we say, too; and as we must go for good distillers (and we are sufficiently sectarian), we conclude by saying, Methodist distillers for us.—*Western Advocate.*

A Man on Fire.

One of the most terrible of all deaths is to be burnt alive—burnt at the stake—consumed helplessly in the flames of one’s own dwelling. And who can measure the guilt of him who deliberately kindles a fire that burns up a fellow-being? But what is the body in flame compared to the mind on fire? And when the mind is on fire, there is not water enough in all the ocean to quench it. Who can put it out? Nothing but precious blood can quench such a flame. But what a conflagration when both body and soul are on fire? Material fire is terrible enough to appal the stoutest heart, but how much more so to be burnt up in alcohol? Fire can burn the body, but cannot touch the pure mind. But alcohol destroys both body and soul in hell. Such a fire seems to have been discovered some time ago in Albany. We have never read of a case more horrible, though we have seen the fire of delirium tremens consuming the very springs of life. The following is from the *Albany Citizen*:

“Put me out! Put me out!” The guardians of the night were not a little surprised to hear, from a lowly gutter late one night last week a sharp, earnest cry—“Put me out! Put me out!” On drawing near, they found a lusty fellow sitting upon the curb, with his feet in the gutter, and leaning against the iron post of the gas-lamp. It was poor Tim Lightbody, and the terrors of delirium tremens had overtaken him in the gutter. His brain was on fire and his vitals burning up with rum. And now, as he leaned back against the post, so that the full glare of the brilliant gas-light shone on

his wild and bloodshot eyes, an imp of the distillery whispered in his ear that his head was on fire! And poor Tim was in a condition to hear the grinning, chattering sprite, and as it disappeared down the neck of the bottle, he lifted up his voice and cried lustily:

“Put me out! Put me out! Fire! Spon-ta-ne-ous combustion has, has took place! I’m in a light blaze, sir! Away, away! ye wiry goblins! I know ye all! Ye are matches! Lucifer matches! Ye set me in a blaze! Put me out! Water! Water! Blow in my ears, if they an’t burnt out. Blow down my throat—quick! its red-hot! Oh! somebody put me out! Put me out!”

And the Charlies took him in charge, and put him in the watch-house, where he raved till morning, and then, very early in the day, died. Poor fellow! He was “put out” most effectually, and by an agent that has prematurely snuffed out the light of life many millions of times, and filled numberless graves with nameless, loathsome, unwept mortals. These are thy doings, all-destroying alcohol!

Poor fellow, most truly! But who set him on fire? Who kindles the quenchless flame? Did the Albany police make an attempt to ferret out this human incendiary? Has the mayor offered a reward for his apprehension? Most likely the man lives in Albany who applied the rum-torch to the brains, and vitals, and mind of this poor fellow, who has thus gone unfitted to his last account. How like a murder of body and soul, too, this! We most earnestly hope that the good people of the Empire State will vote, a few weeks hence, to withhold a license from alcoholic incendiaries within their bounds.

Mahometan Drunkard.

The following punishment of drunkenness was lately inflicted by the populace of Constantinople. An unfortunate Mussulman who, under the influence of wine, had lost the perpendicular, was tied upon a lame mule, with his head, on which was placed a round European hat, towards the tail of the animal, and behind it was tied a dog back to back. After having paraded him through the streets, stopping at every fountain to sprinkle him with mud and water, he

was taken by the populace to the banks of the Bosphorus, and plunged into the water with his innocent companions. The hair of the back of the dog was then cut in the form of a cross, and the beard of the Mussulman was shaved off with the same razor. He was subsequently plunged twice into the Bosphorus, and his purification was considered complete.

The Merchant Tailor and the Customer.

"Why, how you have fell away!" said a merchant tailor to a customer of his, who had joined a temperance society since he was measured for a new suit of clothes, which would not fit anyhow in consequence of it. "How you have fallen away!" The person had lost some of his dishonest flesh, and was making himself a gentleman by other means than a new coat.

The Missionary and the Indian.

"I am glad," said a missionary to an Indian chief, "that you do not drink whiskey; but it grieves me to find that your people use so much of it."

"Ah, yes," said the red man, and he fixed an impressive eye upon the preacher, which communicated the reproof before he uttered it, "we Indians use a great deal of whiskey, but we do not make it."

Moderate Drinking.

The devil's railroad, with a steep downward grade to the depot of destruction.

The Mother and the Daughter.

Says Dr. Guthrie: "A woman, a most excellent and Christian woman, came to seek our counsel and assistance in a matter which is bringing her gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. Her daughter, once a first-rate and most respectable servant, now lies in a jail of this country under a sentence for

theft; and, on asking her mother (for we always suspect drink in such cases) whether her daughter had begun this evil course with the bottle," "Ah yes!" she said, "that was the beginning of it. She got beer and ale in the grand houses where she served, and then, when she went to other places, she couldn't want them. She brought in the drink or went to the dram-shop, and my puir lassie gaed on from bad to worse, till now, sir, she is a thief." And who, that sees in one glass the beginning of this habit, can foretell what shall be its end?

The Mayor and the Irishman.

An ever-ready wit to secure a favor, or get him out of a scrape, is an Irishman's instinct, if I may so call it. The late Cadwallader D. Colden, when mayor of New York, often told the following anecdote:

He was exceedingly anxious to lessen the vice of intemperance, which then prevailed to a great extent, and especially among foreigners, who could not resist the temptation of cheap liquors. As one means of doing so, he adopted a strict surveillance over the grog-shops, and whenever he heard complaints against any tavern-keeper for misconduct, he determined to take away his license. He kept a red book for the purpose of registering these complaints, to which he could refer at any moment.

One day a worthy Hibernian, named Pat Mullins, came to ask for a renewal of his license.

"Pat Mullins," said Mr. Colden; "let me see"; then referring to the fatal book, he added, "Ah! Patrick, I cannot renew your license, I am sorry to say, for I have heard complaints against you."

"Complaints against me, your honor!" exclaimed the astonished Pat; "may I make bold to ax how many, your honor?"

"Why, quite enough, I assure you—three serious complaints," said the mayor.

"Only three complaints agin me, that has been keeping a grog-shop clane and dacent these two years? Faith, your honor hasn't been quite a year in office yit, and I have heard more than a hundred against you!"

This *argumentum ad hominem* over-

came Mr. Colden's good nature. He tried Pat another year, and the grateful Irishman escaped the red book ever afterwards.

The Mother and Her Son on the Power of Good Advice.

Wendell Phillips relates the following: As she stood by the garden gate on a sunny morning, she said, "Edward, they tell me, for I never saw the ocean, that the great temptation of seamen's life is drink. Promise me, before you quit your mother's house, that you will never drink." And he said (for he told me the story), "I gave her the promise, and I went the broad globe over—Calcutta, the Mediterranean, San Francisco, the Cape of Good Hope, the North and the South Pole—I saw them all in forty years, and I never saw a glass filled with sparkling liquor that my mother's form by the garden gate, on the green hill-side of Vermont, did not rise up before me, and to-day at sixty my lips are innocent of the taste of liquor." Was not that the sweet evidence of the power of a single word? Yet that was not half, "For," said he, "there came one yesterday into my counting-room, and asked me, 'Do you know me?' 'No.' 'Well,' said he, 'I was once brought drunk into your presence on shipboard. You were a passenger. The captain kicked me aside. You took me to your berth, and kept me there till I had slept off the intoxication. You then asked me if I had a mother. I said I never knew a word from her lips. You told me of yours at the garden gate, and to-day I am master of one of the finest packets in New York, and have come to invite you to come and see me.'" How far the little candle threw its beams—that mother's words on the green hill-side of Vermont!

Dr. Nott and His Friend.

Doctor Nott, President of Union College, said, "I had a friend who had once been a wine-dealer, and having read the startling statements made public in relation to the brewing of wines, and the adulteration of other liquors generally, I enquired of that friend

as to the verity of that statement. His reply was, 'God forgive what has passed in my own cellar; but the statements made are true, and all true, I assure you.'"

Not Matches.

A notorious toper used to mourn about not having a regular pair of eyes; one being black and the other light hazel. "It is very lucky for you," replied his friend, "for if your eyes had been matches, your nose would have set them on fire long ago."

New Rum Color.

The Rev. Mr. Miles, of Temple, N.H., was both witty and eccentric. There were several who were discussing the painting of their meeting-house, and different colors were recommended by different speakers. Mr. Miles arose, and said, "I recommend that we paint our meeting-house new rum color, for in looking at the noses of some of my parishioners, I have discovered that that is a color which grows brighter and brighter every year."

A Nip of Sling.

"Give us a nip of sling," said a young man in the school of rum-drinking, as he hustled up to the bar of a village grocery—"give us a nip of sling to wash down the teetotal lecture we have just been hearing."

"Nip of sling," thought I, as I walked away musing and trying to analyze the cognomen—how appropriate!

I. Sling, as a verb, means to throw, or cast out. And so, thought I, his sling will throw the remnant of his money to the winds; if he has a family, it will throw them—

First—Into discouragement;

Second—Into wretchedness, and

Third—Upon the town.

It will probably sling himself—

First—Into Idleness;

Second—Into debt;

Third—Into crime;

Fourth—Into the ditch;

Fifth—In prison;

Sixth—Into a drunkard's grave ; and

Seventh—Into a miserable eternity.

II. Sling, as a noun, means,

First—Something to "throw with," and

Second—Something to "hang in."

If my analysis of it as a verb is correct, the first definition is true, and when the sheriff, the judge, the jury, the hangman, and gallows came rushing into my mind, surely, thought I, there is more truth than fiction in its second definition.

And there is this to gratify "Nip." This means to bite, to blast, to pinch. The first agrees with Solomon's description of intoxicating drinks—it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. It blasteth the fondest hopes of parents, wife, and children, and how often has the drunkard, as he stood upon the hangman's scaffold, pointed to the "nip of sling" as the procuring cause of his awful and final "*nip of sling*."

Thus musing, I felt constrained to warn the young man to "sling" his "nip" into the fire, and go and wash down his "teetotal lecture" with a hearty draught of cold-water practice.—*Vermont Temperance Star*.

Not a Man among Them.

A drunkard in one of the villages in Westchester County, one cold winter night, started for home. He was so drunk a gentleman watched him, fearing he would freeze to death before he reached his home. When a mile north of the village he got over into a hog-pen and laid down among them. Whether they considered him an intruder or smelt his offensive breath we know not, for one rooted him one way, and another rooted him back. His patience was tried, and he commanded them "to be still"; but they did not recognize his drunken authority; they continued to root him backwards and forwards, as they grunted and squealed, and he exclaimed, "Can't you be still? I declare there is not a man among you." He was right. He was once a man made in the image of God, with powers bordering upon seraphs, capable of soaring into companionship with angels, eternity his lifetime, the New Jerusalem his home; but so degraded by intemperance, his manhood was gone; sunk so low the swine were ashamed of his company, glad to

get rid of him, held a jubilee when he was gone. But he was correct, there was not a man among them.

"Not a Drop More!"

A penniless rum-drinker was pleading for brandy on trust. The angry reply of the rumseller, "Not a drop more!" was the means of his signing the pledge, and becoming a temperate and wealthy man.

"Not a drop more!"

Did he say so to me?

When money is gone

There's no trusting, I see!

"Not a drop more!"

When I paid him in gold

For the richest of wines,

How my hand he would hold!

"Not a drop more!"

That was never the word

While the clink of my silver

For brandy was heard;

And even while copper

I brought to his door,

He never once thundered,

"Not a drop more!"

"Not a drop more!"

Then, so let it be!

Gold, silver, and copper

May yet be for me.

Then, when he shall watch

For a bit of my pelf—

Thank you, "Not a drop more!"

I prefer it myself.

KRUNA.

Narrow Escape.

Most men who drink ardent spirits for a medicine are in the practice of increasing the dose, for that which satisfied yesterday will not answer for to-day. The following is an illustration: During the prevalence of cholera in Cincinnati, a gentleman, a rigid member of a religious society, and who had been a rigid teetotaler, desired his wife to put a table-spoonful of brandy in his glass every day at dinner. The wife was surprised; but deeming it the result of wise professional counsel, she complied, and the husband filled up the glass with water and drank it. A week passed by, and he said to his wife while at dinner,

"My dear, you have been cutting off my supply of brandy. This has lost its taste! It does not produce the same effect as at first." His wife assured him she had given him the full amount, and he said no more.

Another week passed by, and he repeated to his wife the conviction that she had lessened the quantity of brandy. It did not produce the same effect as at first. He could scarcely taste it, and the effects on his stomach were not perceptible.

"My dear," said his wife, "you have been taking *two* table-spoonfuls every day, for a week past, since you found fault with me for stinting you." He was thunderstruck. He sat a few moments in deep thought; then desired the decanter of brandy to be brought to him. He seized it and shook it, as much as to say, "I am your master," and then hurled it from the window. He saw his danger and made an end of brandy-drinking. This was a narrow escape—saved as by fire.

A Novel Way to Cure Drunkenness.

"Bob!" said a working carpenter who was just returning home from work, to an old companion who was reeling drunk, "have you heard of the new way to cure drunkenness?"

"No; and what's more, I don't think there is a remedy!"

"That's all you know. Now, my recipe is this: First find a large brick, then go opposite a respectable shop-window, throw your brick through the glass, and they'll lock you up for the night. If you aren't sober in the morning, then say my recipe is not worth having."

Professor Olmstead and Abel Bishop.

Professor Olmstead, of Yale College, New Haven, known all over the land for his superior talents, was influenced to become a Washingtonian and to sign the pledge under the powerfully persuasive appeals of Abel Bishop, and thus relates it in his own graphic manner:

Prof. Olmstead said he was happy to acknowledge himself a Washingtonian. He came into the society on the 4th of

July, 1844, when a meeting was held in the Baptist Church. He had been a total abstainer for a long time, and did not consider it necessary to join the new society; but the great apostle of Washingtonianism, Abel Bishop, addressed the meeting, and exhorted all men, both the temperate and intemperate, to sign the pledge, and give their influence to the cause, and help sustain the reformed men. He went forward and enrolled his name, and he had never felt afraid that his name would go down to posterity as having been a drunkard. When he signed, a person in the audience pointed to him and asked if he had ever been intemperate. "I have helped him home a hundred times," was the reply of a carriage-driver who stood by.

PROFESSOR OLMSTEAD AND THE DEACON.

To show the custom of old times, he related the following:

"When I fitted for college," said Prof. Olmstead, "I lived with a good minister in the interior of this State, whose father was a deacon. On one occasion the deacon took two jugs and I another, and we started to the village store, to get them filled with various liquors. On our way we were met by a neighbor, who enquired, 'What now?' 'We are going to have a ministers' meeting at our house,' was the good deacon's reply. In those days it was thought rum was necessary on all occasions—in the heat of summer and the cold of winter—in the storm and in the sunshine. The soldier could not fight, nor the sailor buffet the waves of the ocean, without the aid of rum. Good men advocated its use. The late Governor Treadwell, of this State, himself a temperate man, wrote an essay to prove that rum was necessary for the laboring man."

PROFESSOR OLMSTEAD AND THE BOYISH CUSTOMS OF HIS DAY.

Surely they were the dark ages, as many will remember. The professor said: "If the education of children for drunkenness had been the object aimed at, a system better adapted to secure this end could scarcely have been devised than that which prevailed only a few years ago. It began with the mother, who quaffed frequent draughts of the stimulant, to impart nourishment to her tender infant. As the boy grew up, and mingled with other boys in their

juvenile sports, he soon learned to make the intoxicating cup an object of desire, and one for the attainment of which his skill at games was put in requisition." To illustrate this point, he related one scene in which he was an actor. In his native town, on one occasion, a company of boys played a game of ball, and the side that got beat was to "treat" the whole company. After the game was decided, the losing side contributed their money, and it was found that they had enough to purchase a quart of rum. This was purchased at a neighboring store, and a pail of sling made; of this they drank till all were gay, and some of them beastly drunk. And this was a sample of the boyish customs of his day.

"As the boy grew older, he was exposed to continual temptation. The farmer had his bowl of sling prepared for the whole family, and all were expected to drink. The father took the first sip—then the mother—then the eldest child, and so on to the youngest; when a 'double corner' was turned, and the bowl passed up the line again, ending with the father, who must swallow all that remained." He related an anecdote of a farmer who laid in a keg of the stimulant for himself and wife, and for fear it might be exhausted and no means left to replenish it, they agreed that none should be drank unless it was paid for. The old man was soon thirsty, took his dram, and gave his wife six cents. Soon the old lady had occasion to drink, and paid six cents to her husband. In this way they continued alternately to drink, always paying six cents; and soon it appeared that the keg was empty, and the liquor had all been paid for with the same sixpence. At the period of which he had been speaking, there could be no public gathering without rum. "If the neighbors clubbed together to cart wood for one of their number, the rum drank sometimes cost more than the wood was worth."

PROFESSOR OLMSTEAD AND THE FIRST TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

He says: "It was about the year 1830, I think, that the first temperance society was established in this city, in the lecture-room of the North Church. They discarded ardent spirits only, leaving men to drink wine, cider, ale, etc., as they might choose. I was a

member of this society, and became an advocate for the use of wine—not for myself, for I even found that it would not do for a student; he wants a clear head, and wine don't give it. If I want to work out a proposition in philosophy or astronomy, I must use only cold water. I cannot wander among the spheres with wine in my system, or if I did, I should go too fast. At the first organization of the society, one of our best citizens said at a public meeting that we did not mean to disturb the men in business—the importers, the wholesale dealers, the retailers, the distillers; only the dram-shops were to be disturbed; and it was asked, 'Will the grocers give up their business? Will the importers on the wharf see their stores and their ships rot, by giving up their business? Will an old man give up his liquor? He will die.' But it has proved in this case, that whatever ought to be done can be done. I consider it an important principle, that it is always safe to do right, and that whatever ought to be done can be done. There is such a union established by God himself between duty and ability, that whatever ought to be done can be accomplished. If we cannot do it in our own strength, God can and will help us. But it was said, 'the drunkard cannot leave off and live.' This has been proved false by the discipline of the State Prison, and in later times we have abundant proof of the fallacy of the doctrine, in the reformation of thousands of drunkards. The path of duty was always safe."

Opposition—Selling Cheaper.

A rumseller who had followed General Taylor's army into Mexico did quite an extensive business in selling to the soldiers. He did business in a tent, and his liquor-cask was at the end of it. All at once his business fell off and he sold but little. He enquired into the cause. The soldiers told him they could purchase cheaper of a man who was selling on the other side of his tent. He went round there and found a man doing an extensive business and selling much cheaper than he could, and he found out the reason. He had bored a hole into his cask, the other end sticking out of the tent, and no wonder he

could undersell the other and that he had such extensive patronage.

The Outside Barbarian.

At a grand union festival of the Sons and Daughters of Temperance, in Broadway, in New York, in 1848, the Hon. James Harper presided, and was very happy in keeping the large audience in good humor.

During the exercises an incident occurred which is entirely too rich to be lost. A young gentleman, called upon to respond to one of the sentiments, began by saying, "I am an outside barbarian. Though by no means intemperate, I have never entered into any of the temperance societies." After complimenting the Daughters of Temperance, in handsome terms, he sat down. One of the Daughters immediately arose and said the ladies would feel much more complimented if he would sign the pledge! This called up the outside barbarian again, who remarked that he preferred to remain "isolated and independent"—just of course as every moderate drinker thinks and acts. This brought out the following sentiment which elicited roars of laughter, and which was taken in good part on all sides:

"Outside Barbarians—may they all become civilized, and that speedily."

Only One Fault.

There may be, it is said, good men who sell rum; that is, they are good citizens with one only exception—they do sell rum. This, it is argued, is but a single fault, and where is the man to be found who can boast of not having one fault in his character? This one-fault apology for rumselling was well illustrated by Dr. Jewett at a recent meeting of the New Haven County Society, in reply to an argument that a certain rumseller in New Britain must not be touched because he was so good a man in every other respect.

A certain gentleman, some years since, was in the habit of visiting the city of New Orleans. His manners and deportment, together with his handsome appearance, won for him the ad-

miration of a large circle of fashionable acquaintances, and in his intercourse with his fellow-men in that city he gained the confidence of all by his affability and polite attention to the wants of others. This man had only "one fault," viz., when on board his vessel upon the high seas, if merchant ships fell in his way, he would, for the sake of gain, forcibly take possession of them, and appropriate their cargoes to his own use, and, if it was deemed necessary for his own preservation, drown or cut the throats of the passengers and crews. This was all. In every other respect, Lafitte the pirate was a very good-hearted gentleman.

The Old Highlander and the Strong Dose.

Mr. Hogg related an anecdote of an old Highlander to whom a country shopkeeper gave a dose of aqua-fortis in mistake for whiskey, and who, greatly to the relief of the seller, who really was afraid he had killed his customer, returned at his next visit in town for a "dram the same as before." How lined his throat must have been!

The Officer and his Maniac Wife.

The following narrative was related by the Hon. W. Wilmot at a large temperance meeting at St John, N.B. Many of the audience were melted into tears as the honorable gentleman proceeded with the affecting and melancholy tale.

Some years ago, Mr. Wilmot stated, an interesting family landed upon our shores, in the city of St. John. The father was a half-pay officer; he had been in most of the Peninsular campaigns, fighting in the wars of his country, and was a brave man, as well as gentlemanly in his demeanor. His wife, too, was a lady in every sense of the word; her family connections were excellent, and by her affable manners she endeared herself to every one who happened to fall in her company. They had several interesting children, upon whom they doated. Indeed, the family was one of love, interest, and harmony, and awakened universal admiration.

The father purchased a small farm lying between Fredericton and Woodstock, to which the family shortly afterwards moved. The farm was well stocked; every comfort that could be desired was to be found there—the dwelling handsomely furnished, servants at command, and, indeed, the affluence and neatness that prevailed throughout betokened the rank and condition of the inmates. Mr. Wilmot said he stopped there one morning to breakfast, and he declared he never beheld a happier, more contented and interesting family circle in all his life before.

But, alas! the demon of destruction was near by. There was a tavern in the vicinity; and the brave officer, who had fought the battles of his country and been through every danger, without fearing the enemy, was at last to yield himself into the hands of the fell monster, alcohol; not only so, but his interesting and beautiful family were likewise to crumble away piecemeal, and share in a father's ignominy. Need we say that the father visited the tavern? We have said enough for the reader to understand that he did. His visits became more and more frequent; his lovely wife remonstrated; his children cried and supplicated, but all to no purpose. To the tavern he would go—one glass more! The serpent's fangs had already entered his soul. He had tasted enough of the cup to poison his once manly spirit; enough to entice him onward to a renewal of the draught, and onward he went from cup to cup; his family in the meanwhile becoming more and more wretched, their hearts daily giving way, that once lovely wife particularly. Alas! the lovely flowers of summer now gave painful evidence of their withering beneath the frigid blast of an approaching winter.

The farm became neglected; indeed, nothing was thought of but the tavern, and the tavern was now thought more of by the victim than his own home, with all its treasures, his stricken wife and helpless children. His funds being exhausted, the half-pay officer was obliged to sell all his claims upon the Horse Guards. The sum realized spent, he was next obliged to mortgage his farm; next, his cattle and all his farming implements; next the farm passed from his hands altogether; and at last, after sacrificing all his property to the shrine of his god, he made use of his wife's

jewelry and such little presents and keepsakes as had been made to her by her fond mother and friends, as tokens of remembrance, just before she left the happy home of her father, where all was bright and gay, to dwell among strangers in a distant land. He made use of them, and how? By taking them to the rum-shop, as he would to a pawnbroker's; and the inhuman man behind the counter disdained not to receive, in compensation for his poison, these invaluable offerings, these mementos of a doating mother, which had been presented in tears of love when her child was about leaving her for ever!

The family was now obliged to seek shelter in a miserable log hut, and Mr. Wilmot stated that when he next witnessed that once beautiful wife and those promising children, and contrasted their condition with that of a former period, his heart sank within him. What a change was here!

To conclude the touching narrative in a few words: After passing over a certain lapse of time, since that particular period, we find this once lovely wife, this fond and doating parent, this affable, intelligent, and lady-like companion and friend—where? Where think you, reader, she is to be found at this present moment? Where? In the Lunatic Asylum in the city of St. John—a raving maniac

The Old Patriot.

We have here an instance of genuine patriotism that we cannot but admire. At an early stage of the temperance reform an old man of more than fourscore years, afflicted with a bodily infirmity for which he had been advised by a physician to use ardent spirits as a medicine, was presented with a constitution of the Temperance Society on the plan of total abstinence. He read it and said: "That is the thing to save our country; I will join it." "No," said one, "you must not join it, because ardent spirit is necessary for you as a medicine." "I know," said he, "I have used it, but if something is not done our country will be ruined, and I will not be accessory to the ruin of my country. I will join the society." "Then," said another, "you will die." "Well," said the old man, in the true spirit of patriot-

ism, "for my country I can die." He signed the constitution, gave up his medicine, and his disease fled away. Here was a splendid exhibition of pure patriotism, of genuine love of country.

One More Spree.

Many a man has talked of having "one more spree," which has proved his last. For there comes a time when the drunkard has his last spree—and this is often suddenly and unexpectedly. I knew a young lawyer in Columbia County, New York, belonging to an aristocratic family. He had superior talents, as well as a superior education. He would have occasional sprees. His father pursued a similar course, and his son walked in his footsteps. His father was a representative in Congress.

The young man had been sober for some time; he said "he would have one more spree, and then he would quit." He had one more—it was his last. Poor young man! he died of delirium tremens. His funeral was one of the gloomiest I ever attended. His broken-hearted mother and his grief-stricken sisters were there; but all was the very bitterness of grief. No words of consolation from the minister. Young, bright, beautiful, talented, promising! This young man died the most terrible of all deaths, and filled the most loathsome and disgraceful of all graves—the grave of a drunkard. No roses planted by the hand of affection upon his grave, to bloom emblematical of his virtues, but thorns and thistles will spring up spontaneously, emblematical of his vices.

The Only Daughter.

This story illustrates the folly and danger of moderate drinking. We knew, says one, a beautiful young woman, an only daughter, the pride and joy of her feeble and declining parents. There came into her father's employ a benevolent, industrious, pleasant young man, of some natural talent, who very prudently had resolved to drink but two glasses a day, one in the forenoon, and one in the afternoon. He paid his addresses to her, and she received them. In about a year they were married. He

had at this time doubled his dose, and very prudently resolved that he would never drink more than four glasses a day. Rum, however, soon had more power over him than prudence. His face began to swell, his breath grew fetid, he lost his good-nature, his industrious habits left him at a time when a growing family called for his exertions, he was thrown out of employment; and there he was, a poor, miserable, profane, idle, beggarly drunkard. This came gradually, but it came certainly. His poor wife was an object of distress and of universal pity. She bore up under her sufferings as well as so frail a thing was able to; and in a short time death came and gave her release. It broke down the whole family, father, mother, and brothers, for all their hopes were placed on her.

The Orphan Asylum.

The following from the *Syracuse Journal* is very ingenious:

This is the house that Jack built.

The Orphans' Bread.—This is the malt that lies in the house that Jack built.

Temperance.—This is the cat that is killing the rats that are eating the malt that lies in the house that Jack built.

License.—This is the dog that is worrying the cat, that is killing the rats, that are eating the malt that lies in the house that Jack built.

Charity.—This is the cow with the crumpled horn, that is tossing the dog, that is worrying the cat, that is killing the rats, that are eating the malt that lies in the house that Jack built.

Drunkards' Daughters.—These are the maidens all forlorn, that are milking the cow with the crumpled horn, that is tossing the dog, that is worrying the cat, that is killing the rats, that are eating the malt that lies in the house that Jack built.

Drunkards.—These are the men all tattered and torn, the fathers of maidens all forlorn, that are milking the cow with the crumpled horn, that is tossing the dog, that is worrying the cat, that is killing the rats, that are eating the malt that lies in the house that Jack built.

Violators of the Excise Law.—These

are the leeches, the objects of scorn, that are robbing the men all tattered and torn, the fathers of maidens all forlorn, that are milking the cow with the crumpled horn, that is tossing the dog, that is worrying the cat, that is killing the rats, that are eating the malt that lies in the house that Jack built.

The Old Lady and Her Turkeys.

An old lady kept a large family of turkeys, perhaps sixty. She, like a great many other people, thought a great deal of her turkeys. Opposite her door was a "West-India Goods Store." The man who kept it one day emptied his casks of cherries, intending to replace them with new. This old lady, being economical, thought it a great pity to have all those cherries wasted, and, in order to have them saved, she would drive over her turkeys and let them eat them. In the course of the day the old lady thought she would look over and see that they were in no mischief. She approached the yard, and, lo! in one corner lay her turkeys in a huge pile, dead. What was to be done? Surely the old matron could not lose the feathers. She called her daughters, and picked them, intending to have them buried in the morning. Morning came, and behold, there were her turkeys stalking about the yard, featherless enough, crying out, "Quit, quit!" feeling, no doubt, mortified that their drunken fit had been the means of losing their coats.

All young men who are in the habit of drinking should leave off before they get picked; and to those who do not every lady should say, "Quit."

The Oysters were Bad.

"What is the matter, sir?" said a surgeon to his patient. "Well, I have eaten some oysters, and I suppose they've disagreed with me." "Have you eaten anything else?" "Well, no; why, yes, I did, too—that is, I took for my tea a mince-pie, four bottles of ale, and two glasses of gin, and I have eaten the oysters since, and I really believe the oysters were not good for me."

The Physician and the Sexton.

Dr. A—, physician at Newcastle, being summoned to a vestry in order to reprimand the sexton for drunkenness, dwelt so long on the fellow's misconduct as to raise his cholera, and draw from him this expression: "Sir, I was in hopes you would have treated my failings with more gentleness, or that you would have been the last man alive to appear against me, as I have covered so many blunders of yours."

Poor Jack!

At a meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society a speaker related the following:

A drunkard was one day staggering in drink on the brink of the sea. His little son by him, three years of age, being very hungry, solicited him for something to eat. The miserable father, conscious of his poverty, and of the criminal cause of it, in a kind of rage occasioned by his intemperance and despair, hurled the little child into the sea, and made off with himself. The poor little sufferer, finding a plank by his side on the water, clung to it. The wind soon wafted him and the plank out to sea. A British man-of-war, passing by, discovered the plank and child; a sailor, at the risk of his own life, plunged into the sea, and brought him on board. He could inform them little more than that his name was Jack. They gave him the name of Poor Jack. He grew up on board the man-of-war, behaved well, and gained the love of all the officers and men. He became an officer of the sick and wounded department. During an action of the late war, an aged man came under his care in a dying state. He was all attention to the dying stranger, but could not save his life.

The aged stranger was dying, and thus addressed this kind young officer: "For the great attention you have shown me I give this only treasure that I am possessor of" (presenting him with a Bible bearing the stamp of the British and Foreign Bible Society). "It was given me by a lady, and has been the means of my conversion, and has been a great comfort to me. Read it, and it will lead you in the way you should

go." He went on to confess the wickedness and profligacy of his life before the reception of his Bible; and, among other enormities, how he once cast a little son, three years old, into the sea, because he cried to him for needful food!

The young officer enquired of him the time and place, and found here was his own history. Reader, judge, if you can, of his feelings, to recognize in the dying old man his father, dying a penitent under his care! And judge of the feeling of the dying penitent, to find that the same young stranger was his son—the very son whom he had plunged into the sea, and had no idea but that he immediately perished! A description of their mutual feelings will not be attempted. The man soon expired in the arms of his son. The latter left the service and became a pious preacher of the Gospel.

On closing this story, the minister in the meeting of the Bible Society bowed to the chairman, and said: "Sir, I am little Jack."

The Physician and the Patient.

The following account of the last hours of a drunkard is said to be authentic. It is enough to make one's hair stand on end, and the blood to curdle in his veins, and to make a man vow on the altar of temperance eternal hatred to everything that can intoxicate.

There was a man once sober and prosperous, who had a lovely and happy family. As he lay upon his bed, groaning under the burden of a guilty conscience, and his family—they seem still lovely, although reduced to beggary by his infernal appetite—gathered weeping around his bed, "I came," says the physician, "into the room."

"Doctor," said he, "do you believe there is a hell?" laying a strong emphasis on the last word as he repeated it.

"I certainly do," I replied. "I know there is," rejoined he. "I know there is, for I feel it here; the worm that can never die—the fire that can never be quenched—eternal punishment—endless torments! I feel them: they have begun to be my portion even in this world." I suggested to him, that the mercy of God was infinite, and would

be extended even to the vilest sinner upon repentance.

"Repentance!" said he, catching my words—"Repentance! I cannot repent; the time of repentance is gone for ever! I can reflect on my treatment of my wife, on my dreadful abuse of my children, on my loss of respect, honor, and every noble feeling, and still not be moved—not be penitent. The day of repentance is past—there is no hope—I am lost—I am lost." He lay silent for a few minutes, and again burst forth into the most blasphemous expressions of horror and despair, followed by a dreadful cry for rum! "Give me some rum! give me some rum!" The physician, fearing he might spring from his bed, and do injury to those around, as he had done on similar occasions, exhibited more than human strength, ordered it to be given him. Seizing the tumbler with a convulsive grasp, he made an ineffectual attempt to carry it to his mouth. Enraged at his repeated failures, occasioned by the high excitement of his nervous system, he uttered a dreadful oath, and called upon his wife for assistance. Before she could reach the bed, with a fiendish laugh and a hellish spite, he dashed from him the tumbler; and muttering "Damnation! Damnation!" fell back and expired.

The Painter and His Son.

A man must be very drunk not to know his own son. There is a good story of Jarvis the painter. Starting out one day, with two or three companions, for a spree, the ever-observing eye of the painter was attracted by some boys at play, and particularly one of those geniuses "born to rule" who was the leader. "Come here my man," cried Jarvis; "what is your name?"

"My name is John, and I am not your man," quickly answered the boy.

"John? why that is my name," said Jarvis; "what is your other name?"

"Wesley."

"John Wesley? that is my name too. Any more names? the more the merrier."

"Jarvis," said the boy.

"Jarvis? John Wesley Jarvis! Why, who is your father?" was the earnest enquiry.

"He's Jarvis the painter, and mother says he's a very bad man too."

Pointed Sermons.

More than one hundred years ago, there graduated at Harvard University a man by the name of Rawson, who subsequently settled in the ministry at Yarmouth, on Cape Cod. He used to preach very pointed sermons. Having heard that some of his parishioners were in the habit of making him the subject of their mirth at a grog-shop, he one Sabbath preached a discourse from the text, "And I was the song of the drunkard." His remarks were of a very *moving* character, so much so that many of his hearers rose and left the house in the midst of the sermon. A short time afterwards the preacher delivered a discourse still more pointed than the first, from the text, "And they, being convicted out of their own consciences, went out one by one." On this occasion no one ventured to retire from the assembly, but the guilty ones resigned themselves, with as good grace as possible, to the lash of their pastor.

The Patient Wiser than his Physician.

Zion's Herald relates a case of one who became so low as to need the use of stimulants. These the physician prescribed. The patient got better rapidly, and the doctor was congratulating him on the favorable result of his prescription, when his self-satisfaction was marred by the information that the whiskey was untouched, and that beef-tea was the cause of the cure. The patient was a sensible man, and was the cause of the doctor becoming one also, for the latter gave testimony in a convention afterwards that beef-tea might much better, ordinarily, be prescribed where alcohol now is.

Pockets.

Why do the distillers continue in a business which brings degradation and curses upon their neighbors? Ans.—Pockets.

Why are they not striving to promote peace, prosperity, and good order? Ans.—Pockets.

Why do they subject us to a greater amount of taxation, in the shape of

crime, pauperism, and criminal trials, than all other items of taxation put together? Ans.—Pockets.

Why do they urge and entice young men to drink, and thus ruin them for ever? Ans.—Pockets.

The Rev. Dr. Phillips and his Hearer.

When Doctor Phillips was once preaching on the subject of intemperance, a woman at the close of the sermon stood up and exclaimed, "It's all true, it's all true, it's all true! But put a glass of brandy before me, and if I were to be hanged or damned the next moment I should drink it off!"

Pithy Logic.

Said a reformed man: "If there be any man who opposes the cause of temperance from conscientious motives, I will ask him, and I will endeavor to convince him of his error; I will bring him to a garret in a loathsome lane, and I will show him a corner where I, and my wife, and family used to lie on a wad of straw, almost naked, without food or fire for days; and then I will lead him in a respectable street, and, on arriving at the drawing-room, I will show him a well-dressed female and two children, fat and healthy, surrounded by all that can produce human happiness, and I will tell him that these were the people who lived in the garret I showed him. Teetotalism took them by the hand and brought them here; and would you advise them to go back again?"

Pledged.

"You complain of my taking the pledge," said a reclaimed man in Kent, England, to an anti-teetotal acquaintance. "Strong drink occasioned me to have more to do with pledging than teetotalism ever had. When I was a consumer of alcoholic fluids, I pledged my bed, I pledged my shirt, everything that was pledgable, and was losing every hope and blessing when teetotal truth met and convinced me of my folly. Then I pledged my-

self, and by so doing soon gained more than my former property about me."

Practical Illustrations.

A man was lecturing in a school-house out West on the evils of intemperance. A gentleman came to hear the lecture, and was rather late, and he saw a man who was intoxicated leaning against the school-house. He enquired his name. He gave it. "Why," said the gentleman, "that is the name of the man who is lecturing inside." "Yes," said he, "that man's my brother." "How comes it to pass your brother is lecturing inside the school-house on intemperance, and you drunk outside?" "I'll explain," said he with a very thick tongue: "My brother goes round lecturing on intemperance, and I go along to give *practical illustrations.*"

The Quaker and the Drunkard.

A Quaker was once advising a drunkard to leave off his habit of drinking intoxicating liquors.

"Can you tell me how to do it?" said the slave of the appetite.

Quaker. "It is just as easy as to open thy hand, friend."

Drunkard. "Convince me of that, and I will promise upon my honor to do as you tell me."

Quaker. "Well, friend, when thou findest any vessel of intoxicating liquor in thy hand, open the hand that contains it before it reaches thy mouth, and thou wilt never be drunk again." Surely this was a simple remedy. The toper was so pleased with the plain advice that he followed it and became a sober man.

The Quintessence of Meanness.

A clergyman related the following anecdote, which several of his hearers afterwards fully confirmed: A lady, the wife of a poor inebriate, the mother of several half-starved children, went to a grocery to sell some rags, that she might obtain the means of giving her children something to eat. The grocer weighed

them out, and found they came to one shilling; then turning to his slate, and finding a charge of ninepence for three glasses of rum against the husband, deducted it and paid her the remaining three cents. She besought him to think of her half-starved children, but she pleaded in vain. Talk about moral suasion with such men! They would take the coins from the eyes of a corpse, if there were three of them, to pay for the last glass which sent the victim to his early grave.—*Stillwater Gazette.*

Rum.

The following panegyric on rum shows, not only how it was viewed by some of our countrymen more than eighty years ago, but how it is viewed by some in our own day. The ironical dress in which it appears may take the attention of some who would not read merely for the sake of the truth, and thus fix a useful sentiment in their minds against their inclinations.

(From the *Federal Gazette.*)

AN ORATION IN PRAISE OF RUM.

Delivered at a Commencement held in the University of Pennsylvania on July 30, 1789.

Humanity and justice conspire to lead us to take the part of the persecuted and oppressed. Under the influence of these principles I come forward this day to defend a much-injured character. Many and formidable have been its enemies. Secret calumnies and public scandal, private associations and public testimonies, ridicule and satire, poetry and prose, paragraphs and pamphlets, dreams and dialogues, and even prints themselves, have all been employed to destroy it. The character I allude to is that universal friend to mankind, Rum.

It is no small mortification to me that I am not able to trace the invention of this noble liquor to its author; nor am I able to mention the country in which the worm and the still were first discovered. Gratitude must here, therefore, be silent. Some people have, with more ill-nature than wit, ascribed the invention of rum to the devil. These people tell us that his satanic majesty, having invented gunpowder and paper money, was at a loss to know how to introduce them into general use, until

he set up a distillery and made rum, which served as a vehicle for the other two articles, and hence they say they have travelled hand in hand together in all countries. I shall not stop to determine whether this account of the origin of rum be true or false, but shall leave the enquiry to be settled by that great friend to gunpowder, the late King of Prussia, and by the advocates for paper money in the State of Rhode Island.

The use of rum is not only very ancient, but universal. It is the arrack of China, the gin of Holland, the brandy of France, and the whiskey of Scotland, Ireland, and the United States.

I shall now mention a few of the excellent qualities and uses of this universal liquor.

1st. Rum is an antidote to care; and everybody knows how much of this is the portion of every human creature. No sooner does this cordial thrill through the blood than poverty loses all its evils, and the dun and the sheriff cease to be terrible. Rum is moreover the opiate of domestic trouble. In vain does a husband abuse his wife, or a wife waste the property of her husband, in a country where rum is to be had at a moderate price. This invaluable liquor, like the water of Lethe, causes them both to forget injuries of every kind, and while they are under its influence (provided they take enough to put them to sleep) they live in harmony with each other.

2d. Rum is the fuel of courage; of this the British army exhibited many proofs during the late war, it being a constant practice with the British generals always to give their soldiers a dram just before they led them on to battle. To this liquor, therefore, we are to ascribe the many gallant exploits that were performed by the British army in America; such as the burning of Charlestown, New London, and Norfolk, and, above all, the bravery with which they extirpated old men and women, and even the ministers of the Gospel, when they were detected in administering support to the late unnatural rebellion.

3d. Another excellence peculiar to rum is its specific virtues (as we are told) in preventing intermitting fevers. Without it, it has been said, it would have been impossible to have settled or cultivated the Southern States. Hence

the adage of the planters in South Carolina—

“If you wish to inherit your father's lands,
Pray wash your throat before your hands.”

The throat in this instance is always to be washed with raw rum. Its great utility in preserving the planters from the effects of the damp and unwholesome air of the morning, has given it the medical name of an *antifogmatic*. The quantity taken every morning is in an exact proportion to the thickness of the fog and the dampness of the atmosphere. The degrees of each of these are measured by the report of a negro slave who has been exposed to them in the morning. But the time, we hope, is not very distant when these fogs will be measured with much more accuracy by an instrument to be called a *fogrometer*, and which is to be graduated by gills, half-pints, and quarts. A more minute account of this instrument shall be given as soon as the law for protecting and rewarding discoveries is passed by the United States.

4th. Again, rum is a republican liquor. This character, I know, has been given to beer and cider. But I deny the propriety of the epithet; these expensive liquors can be afforded only by the rich and luxurious, and of course are never drunk in mixed or truly republican companies. Rum, like death, is a universal leveller. It brings the nobleman and the porter together in the same cellar in London, and it leads the merchant, the lawyer, the doctor, and the beggar to meet upon equal terms in taverns and tippling-houses. While rum, therefore, continues to be the drink of Americans, it will be for ever unnecessary for the Congress to exercise the power which has been given to them of protecting each State in the enjoyment of its republican form of government.

5th. Let me not forget to mention in this place the influence of rum in government. It is this which unites the tongue, the hands, and the feet of the country politician. It is this which inspires him with eloquence, and furnishes him with all his ideas of the horrors of aristocratical and kingly power. It is this noble liquor which pulls down old governments, and which opposes the establishment of new ones, when they run counter to the inclinations of the people. It is true the Federal Gov-

ernment was established by means of beer and cider, without the aid of rum ; but it is equally true that this Government could not be set in motion without it. Witness the reduction of the duty upon rum and molasses by the Congress of the United States. Our wise rulers knew too well its manifold uses to lessen its consumption by an extravagant tax.

We have been told by some physicians that rum produces a great number of diseases, such as dropsies, palsies, epilepsies, apoplexies, madness, and the like. I grant this to be the case where rum is drunk diluted with water in grog, toddy, and punch. But raw rum never produces this terrible group of disorders, especially when it is taken in a sufficient quantity. No man ever complained of palsy, epilepsy, dropsy, apoplexy, or madness who drank his two quarts of rum in a day ; or if he did, his complaints were of very short continuance. The words of the poet, therefore, with a little alteration, apply to my subject with as much propriety as they do to the treasurers of knowledge :

“ Drink deep, or taste not the distiller’s spring—
A little spirit is a dangerous thing ;
For shallow draughts produce disease and pain,
But drinking deep dispels them both again.”

We are told, further, that rum is an improper drink in harvest, and that molasses and water, vinegar and water, milk and water, and small beer, should be given to reapers instead of it. May the advocates for these colicky liquors never know the pleasures of drinking anything else ! For my part, I pity them, and hope that the inhabitants of the United States will always have good sense enough to prefer the rosy face of rum to the pale and squalid looks which are imparted to the countenance by the vapid liquors which have been mentioned. Hail ! great, ancient, and universal cordial ! Thou art the liquor of life ; thou art the opiate of care ; the composer of family troubles ; the fuel of courage ; the antidote to fevers ; the enemy of aristocratic pride ; and the life and soul of republican forms of government ! In spite of the ravings and declamations of cynics and madmen, may thy influence be perpetual in the United States ! Whether a short or a long life await our country, may she never want the blessings of rum ! If she is destined for long life,

may rum be the milk of her old age ; but if a premature death awaits her, may she, oh ! may she expire in an ocean of rum.

The Reformed Judge.

Judge Smith of Medina, Ohio, a man of splendid genius and talents, an able jurist, was such a drunkard and so debased his wife could not live with him, and obtained a bill of divorce, after which he sank lower and lower, till he reached the bottom, and none were “ so poor as to do him reverence.” But the Washingtonians visited that region, and their coming was a great blessing to him. He reformed and signed the pledge. He was soon elevated to his former condition. He sought out her who had obtained a bill of divorce from him ; they were remarried in the presence of hundreds. The family was a domestic Eden, for paradise was regained, and he became a public advocate of the cause of temperance.

The Result of the First Drop.

The Rev. James Sherman, successor of Rowland Hill at Surrey Chapel, London, relates the following tale of woe that came under his own observation :

Many awful consequences have resulted from partaking of the first drop pressed upon the lips of a child by an affectionate mother. I can state on this subject an appalling fact which came within my own knowledge. I was intimately acquainted with a young man of open, ingenuous, honest, upright character. A deep and sincere affection subsisted between us. He corresponded with me under the name of Jonathan, and I with him under the name of David ; from this you may judge that our attachment was of the strongest kind. He went out into life ; but, unhappily, he thought that a little drop might be taken after dinner with safety, and that he might take a little drop more at night. Thus he began by taking little drops. And his wife encouraged him to do so, under the impression that it would do him good.

But a fatal habit was formed. The love of drink increased. His business, which was one of high respectability and profit, began to be neglected; his clerks and domestics, for want of proper superintendence, became negligent. His affairs went to ruin. He became a bankrupt. Some time ago I saw him in the vestry of Spafields Chapel. I had been preaching from those words, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." One of the servants came and told me that a person was waiting to see me who had sent in his name. I was surprised, as I had not heard of him for years. But, oh! what a change did I discover in him. His face was bloated and diseased; he was in rags; he had every appearance of poverty and misery. I asked him what had become of his wife. "Oh!" said he, "she is ruined!" Of his children: "Oh! they are all ruined! ruined by my drunkenness!"

I did not see him again for three months, and then I found him in Coldbath Fields prison. The tale which he told the governor was enough to melt a heart of stone, and contains some particulars too affecting for recital, and I make the statement to deter you from taking the first step in the use of intoxicating liquors, and to convince you that the safest plan is, "Touch not, taste not, handle not."

General Riley.

The following amusing account of the general we take from a Michigan paper:

General Riley of Rochester, who has for many years been a temperance lecturer (on his own hook), has been visiting the several villages of our county; and we must, in justice to him, say that no man, this many a day, has talked to the people more acceptably than this gentleman. General Riley has formerly been known as a gentleman of wealth and of enviable reputation in the community in which he has resided; and, as far as human eye can see, he appears actuated by the pure and exalted purpose of benefiting his fellow-men. The way he talks to "rumsellers" (to use his own phrase) is a caution; and the beauty of it is, he does it all so keenly and so pleasantly

as to take with the rumseller as well as with everybody else. He will get upon a hogshead or dry-goods box in the street, and talk to folks, if no house is open for him big enough. He makes rumsellers laugh and roll out their "stuff" into the streets. He takes the ground that no licenses should be granted by law to sell intoxicating drinks. And we were surprised to see a very large and promiscuous audience in the courthouse very nearly unanimous in sustaining that position. This shows a healthy progress in public sentiment. General Riley pays folks week-days one shilling an hour to hear him talk, rumsellers eighteen pence, bar-tenders nine pence. He says rumsellers often take the money; but in every case he has heard of it has made a good Washingtonian of him. The general has travelled ten States at the East. He is now making a triumphal tour throughout the West. We commend him most heartily to our brethren everywhere; no man, however, is better able to push his own way.

We almost forgot to say that the general has had struck a very beautiful temperance medal, with the "Old Oaken Bucket" on one side, with appropriate inscriptions.

GENERAL RILEY AND MR. JONES.

General Riley spent one day in Newark, Ohio, in March, 1844, and gave three addresses. When the general was lecturing at the canal bridge, a man named Jones appeared with a bottle in his hand. The eye of the general caught him; he instantly turned to address him. Meanwhile every eye was fixed on Jones, who raised, in defiance, the bottle over his head, swallowed its contents, and soon staggered off in triumph. In about three days after this scene Mr. Jones left this world, and has gone to render up his account to God.

GENERAL RILEY AND THE FINE.

General Riley, who was fined for lecturing on temperance in the streets of New London, writes a letter on the subject, in which he shows up the general character of the place in no very favorable light. Judging from his description, New London would do no credit to the darkest corner of our country. He says, among other things, that the chief business of New London is the

whale-fishery; one of the individuals thus engaged said to an active temperance man: "I don't wish anything said to my men on the subject of temperance, for I can make better bargains with them when drunk than when sober."

The Rumseller's Devices.

One imagines that a rumseller, to immortalize his name and profession, gets out his splendid signs in order to attract attention and secure customers. A seeker of rum beholds it, and he enters and enquires of the man in the bar, "What do you keep here good to drink?" He is answered, "Good to drink? Almost everything. Look at my bottles, and see how they are marked, and suit yourself." "You read 'em, landlord." "Well, here, you see, are fifteen decanters, all full of good stuff. They are numbered and labelled as follows:

"No. 1. Drink if you are dry, and it will wet you.

"No. 2. Drink if you are wet, and it will dry you.

"No. 3. Drink if you are cold, and it will warm you.

"No. 4. Drink if you are warm, and it will cool you.

"No. 5. Drink when you are sad, and it will make you jolly.

"No. 6. Drink if you are jolly, and it will keep you from being sad.

"No. 7. Drink if you are rich, for you can afford it.

"No. 8. Drink if you are poor, and you will soon feel rich.

"No. 9. Drink if you are young, for now is the time to begin to learn.

"No. 10. Drink when you are old, for you will soon have to stop drinking.

"No. 11. Drink if you are in debt and in trouble, and you will soon forget your sorrows.

"No. 12. Drink if your wife and children are at home freezing and starving, for your temperance neighbors will not let them suffer.

"No. 13. Drink to-day, if you die to-morrow.

"No. 14. Drink, if you have but your last sixpence in your pocket, for I want it.

"No. 15. Drink nothing if you have no money; for 'No trust here,' you see, is written on the door. Now, sir, which will you be helped to?" "Why—hem—I

thinks they all suit my case 'zackly, and I b'lieve I'll take a little of all on 'em, 'cept the two last; for I have no money, and I never wants to be trusted, landlord."

The Rumseller's Dream.

"Well, wife, this is too horrible! I cannot continue this business any longer."

"Why, dear, what's the matter now?"

"Oh! such a dream, such a rattling of dead men's bones, such an army of starved mortals, so many murderers, such cries, and shrieks, and yells, and such horrid gnashing of teeth and glaring of eyes, and such blazing fire, and such devils. Oh! I cannot endure it! My hair stands on end, and I am so filled with horror I can scarcely speak. Oh! if ever I sell rum again!"

"My dear, you are frightened."

"Yes indeed am I; another such a night will I not pass for worlds."

"My dear, perhaps—"

"Oh! don't talk to me. I am determined to have nothing more to do with rum, anyhow. Do you think, Tom Wilson came to me with his throat cut from ear to ear, and such a horrid gash, and it was so hard for him to speak, and so much blood, and, said he, See here, Joe, the result of your rumselling. My blood chilled at the sight, and just then the house seemed to be turned bottom up; the earth opened, and a little imp took me by the hand, saying, Follow me. As I went, grim devils held out to me cups of liquid fire, saying, Drink this. I dared not refuse. Every draught set me in a rage. Serpents hissed on each side, and from above reached down their heads and whispered, Rumseller. On and on the imp led me through a narrow pass. All at once he paused and said, Are you dry? Yes, I replied. Then he struck a trap-door with his foot, and down, down we went, and legions of fiery serpents rushed after us, whispering, Rumseller, rumseller! At length we stopped again, and the imp asked me as before, are you dry? Yes, I replied. He then touched a spring—a door flew open. What a sight! There were thousands, ay, millions of old worn-out rum-drinkers, crying most piteously, Rum, rum, give me some rum! When they saw me, they stopped a moment to see who I was. Then the imp

cried out, so as to make all shake again, Rumseller! and, hurling me in, shut the door. For a moment they fixed their ferocious eyes upon me, and then uttered in a united yell, Damn him! which filled me with such terror I awoke. There, wife, dream or no dream, I will never sell another drop of the infernal stuff. I will no longer be accessory to the miseries that come upon men in consequence of the traffic in intoxicating drinks. I will not."

Railroad to Ruin.

Surveyed by avarice; chartered by county commissioners; freighted with drunkards; with grog-shops for depots, rumsellers for engineers, bar-tenders for conductors, and landlords for stockholders; fired up with alcohol, and boiling with delirium tremens.

The groans of the dying are the thunders of the trains, and the shrieks of women and children are the whistle of its engines.

By the help of God we will reverse the steam, put out the fire, annul the charter, and save the freight.

The Rumseller and His Sons.

A man in Massachusetts spent his days in selling rum, to lay up property for his family. The wife of one of his customers used often to come to him, and entreat him not to sell it to her husband. But for reasons like those given by the rum-dealers generally, he continued to sell to the man, and at length died, leaving a great estate. His oldest son went out with his part of the property to Ohio, set up in trade, and flourished away, till he soon became a drunkard, and died. His next brother took his place, flourished for a time, became a drunkard, and died. His next, and only brother took his place, and became a miserable drunkard, staggering about the streets.

A Rumseller not a Reputable Person.

At Philadelphia a poor woman lately made application to a soup society

for a daily supply of soup, presenting a certificate according to custom. "Whose name is this to your certificate?" enquired the man with the ladle. "Mr. —, the tavern-keeper," said the woman. "We are required not to give out soup, unless the certificate is signed by some reputable person," said the other; "and we don't consider grog-sellers as respectable citizens." The woman returned to the tavern-keeper, and told him what had been said, when he took the certificate to a neighbor for his signature, complaining grievously that his own name was not sufficient to get a dish of soup for a poor woman. Men whose trade is to make people poor are seldom credited with honesty when they profess to feel for the sufferings of the poor.

The Rumseller's Diary.

I have long wished, says one, that some pious rumseller would keep a diary, to be published for the benefit of survivors after he had gone to settle accounts with his dead customers at the tribunal of his Judge. Perhaps it is no great matter, as it would be easy to invent one. It would commence thus: "A very respectable trade mine; the Prime Minister and Chancellor of Exchequer sleeping partners—shame on them, to run away with so much of the profit under the name of excise! Male and female, clergy and laity, all influential, my best customers; they can say nothing against my trade while they encourage it."

Let us turn to another page: "Dec. 26. Up early this morning to give morning drams to thirsty soakers, who had been powerfully refreshed, last night being Christmas. My son told me to-day that, in three hours, he heard two hundred blasphemies in our shop; strange that people keep all their newly-coined oaths to swear them off in my shop.—Dec. 30. Lost two of my customers to-day; one by delirium tremens, the other by a drunken fall; a coroner's inquest was held on the first, and a verdict returned, 'Died by the visitation of God'—the god Bacchus, I suppose.—Dec. 31. On this last day of the year, led to make a few reflections—very odd that so many of my customers desert me for the work-

house and some for the mad-house; wonder what will become of the poor fellow who went from my counter, and set fire to his neighbor's corn-stack? Hope he won't go the same road as my old couple, poor creatures! who cut the lodger's throat to sell his body for drink, for I would lose his custom. N. B.—Attended to-day the funerals of two good customers, who complained of a pain in the side—some say they died of a liver complaint. Cannot understand how my eldest son, only eighteen, who assists me in the shop, has become a drunkard, though I gave him good advice not to drink spirits at all, except the least drop in the world. Very awkward that no medicine cures my eyes, so that I wear goggles. Joshua Mim, the Quaker, had the impudence to tell me, 'If thee would wear thy goggles on thy mouth instead of thy eyes, thy eyes would get better'; while so many old customers are dying off, happy to see their places filled by sons and daughters, imitating their parents nobly in supporting a trade countenanced by the best in the land, and licensed as honest and honorable by the wise laws of my country."

I have done with the rumseller's diary, only observing that any representation which even he could give of the destructive influence of his trade would be far below the truth, as he cannot lift the curtain from the place of the lost, and see the effects of his calling there; as he cannot open our ears to the weeping and wailing of the pit of despair, to hear the drunkard crying, like Dives, "Father Abraham, have mercy upon me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue, for I am tormented in this flame."

The Rumseller and His Customers.

A merchant in Vermont stated that, "after dealing in ardent spirits fourteen years, and examining his accounts and the effect of this traffic on his customers, he found that out of six hundred and forty-three customers two hundred and four had become drunkards and tipplers; a number had died suddenly; one perished on his way home, on a cold winter evening; twenty farms and mechanics' establishments had been

sold, mortgaged, and deeded to sons; and the merchant's own loss in bad debts, on account of intemperance, was about nine hundred and sixty dollars. Convinced that he was one among the number engaged in making drunkards, he had abandoned the traffic, and for one year had kept wine and brandy to sell as medicine only, but found he could do this no longer, as the drunkard would send a boy to say, I want it for medicine, and then get tipsy."

A Rumseller a Good Citizen.

The Rev. John Chambers, of Philadelphia, in his speech before the American Union, said:

"A dealer in liquor was tried for some crime, convicted, and sentenced by Judge Parsons. The next day a lawyer waited on the judge, and told him he could show him a defect in the proceedings, wherefore the man should be released. 'Oh!' said the judge, 'that matter's settled.' 'But,' said the lawyer, 'he is a worthy man.' 'A worthy man,' said the judge, 'and make drunkards?' 'But,' said the lawyer, 'he is a good citizen.' 'A good citizen,' said the judge, 'and fill up our jails and almshouses, cause men to commit murder and arson and every iniquity? That question's settled, sir, and the man must abide by the law.' The name of that judge was Parsons, and may God send us more such parsons as these!"

The Rumseller Cursed.

It was thought by a good many that Nelly had lost her reason. She soon found out that Barney, her husband, got rum at our shop, and sure enough she brought her four little children, and, standing close to the shop-door, she cursed Uncle Zeik, and made them do so too. Whenever she met him in the road, she used to stop short, and say over a form she had. She made the children obey her. When he'd gone by, they'd move their lips, though you could not hear a word, and raise up their hands and eyes, just as their mother had taught them. When I thought these children were calling down the vengeance of heaven upon Uncle Zeik for

having made them fatherless, it fairly made my blood run cold. After the death of her husband she did not use to curse him, but she used to come and sit upon the horse-block before our shop, and sing:

“He dug a pit as deep as hell,
And into it many a drunkard fell;
He dug the pit for sordid pelf,
And into that pit he'll fall himself.”

Dr. Tilton said that Nelly was right, and that Uncle Zeik would fall into his own pit afore he died.—*Sargent's Tales.*

The Rumseller and His Victim.

Ten thousand instances might be adduced to show that the rumseller is unmerciful. We take the following from Mr. Hardin's report in the House of Representatives in Illinois. It was as follows:

“A man dependent upon his daily exertions for his support would, on an idle winter day, go into a grocery, become intoxicated so that he could not walk, remain there until the grocery-keeper was about to shut up his shop for the night, and then he would be rolled out of the door by the very man who had sold him the liquor which intoxicated him. When he was found in the morning, the frost had penetrated his system; his feet and hands were frost-bitten; his limbs were afflicted with rheumatism; and, as a necessary consequence, he becomes a confirmed pauper, and is compelled to live on the pittance allowed him by the county or on the charity of the benevolent. This is no picture of fancy, and examination will prove that the large majority of the cases of pauperism in Illinois, although they may not be so aggravated in their features, still will point to the enticements of a grocery as the cause of their inability to support themselves.”

The Rumseller Remembered.

A rumseller once visited a victim of his murderous traffic on his death-bed, and inquired of him, “Do you know me?” “Yes,” said the dying man with startling emphasis, “I do remember you, and I remember your shop, where

I formed the habit which has ruined me for this world and the next, and when I am dead and gone, my beggared wife and ruined children will remember you!” It must have been like a thunderbolt, like an earthquake shock, to the rumseller. But that is not all. The Avenger of blood will remember him: “When he maketh inquisition for blood, he remembereth them: he forgetteth not the cry of the humble.”

The Retailer and His Victim.

If there be any man of principle—any lover of his fellow-men, who would sacrifice his own interest to add to the happiness of others—now engaged in retailing intoxicating liquors to the erring part of the human family, under whose eye this humble sheet shall fall, let him be entreated to read with care the following lines, which faithfully portray the death-bed scene of more than one drunkard; and then, in his hours of serious meditation—for there are but few, if any, engaged in this man-destroying traffic who do not have hours, ay, days of serious reflection—let him ask himself if in the trying moments of death, he can satisfy his conscience and his God that he has acted well his part on the stage of life, and is ready and prepared to meet beyond the grave, face to face, those whose custom had made him rich or given him support on earth by exchanging with him the avails of their hard labor for what has destroyed them and beggared their families?

THE RETAILER AND HIS VICTIM.

The hand of death was on him. There
he lay
In utter agony, upon his bed
Of straw; his sunken eye, upturned
and fixed
On vacancy; his mouth distended
wide;
And gasping oft for breath, like a shot
bird
Beneath a noonday sun. His face—
how wan!
While o'er it fleetly passed, like a black
cloud
Over a sterile waste, the darkling frown
Of hopeless, deep despair. Around
him stood
His sobbing offspring—noisy in their
woe;

And as their cries burst from each aching heart,
 Their clamor seemed to shake the hovel's roof.
 Forsaken ones! No mother had they there
 To hush them still in love. The dying man
 Had bid them all adieu. Had cast them forth
 Upon the bleak, wide world, unguarded heirs
 To a poor beggar's will—a drunkard's name.

There entered one, with reckless step and look
 That boldly mocked this touching, harrowing scene.
 He gazed, with tearless eye and blanchless cheek,
 Upon the wreck which he himself had made;
 Then, seizing on his victim's quivering hand,
 Which seered instinctively to dread his touch,
 With saintly voice, but fiendish heart, he asked,
 "My neighbor, know'st thou ME?" Loud groans replied
 In tones of piercing sound. The sufferer turned,
 And fixing on his visitor an eye
 That told unutterable things, he said:
 "Know you! Alas! alas! too well I do.
 You! who have stripped me of my earthly all;
 Have beggared me and mine; have made my life
 A hell on earth; and now for me have opened
 The burning portals of a hell to come!
 Look at this frame, so weak and haggard now;
 Look at this hovel, squalid misery's den;
 At those dear innocents, and list their sobs;
 Then hence—and to the spot you call your home;
 But, as you go, tread lightly o'er the grave
 Of my lost, murdered wife: when there, reflect
 That, but for knowing you, I now might have
 A frame as healthy and as strong as yours;
 That the same hand you have now dared to touch,

Might still have labored on to gather up
 The treasures of the soil, and cast them, grateful,
 In my partner's lap, a future store
 For yonder helpless orphans; that this hut,
 Which charity to me has kindly loaned—
 That I might here be sheltered from the storm,
 And close my outcast days beneath a roof—
 By you has been exchanged for that which once
 Was mine—mine by the purchase of my daily toil.
 And now, begone! my spirit loathes thy sight;
 But stop—remember we must meet again!
 Meet at the bar of Him whose searching ken
 Has marked you, every step. Till then, farewell."
 He ceased. His face was flushed; and in his eye
 There shone a brightness not of earth, which passed,
 Like swift and fiery arrows, through the soul
 Of him who, trembling, listened. He had poured
 The scorching torrent of his curses out,
 Till it had dried the secret fount of life;
 And thus, while burning in his fires—he died!

CHARLES W. DENISON.

Red Curtains.

In speaking of a clerical friend who possesses a very rubicund countenance, a gentleman said: "I don't think he drinks. I know that he doesn't, for he told me so; but he probably sleeps in a bed with very red curtains."

Rumsellers and Russians.

The religion of the Russian is said to be more a matter of belief and ceremonial than of action. He will commit a robbery and forthwith proceed to church to cross and prostrate himself, and not improbably he will repeat the crime at the first opportunity. This seems very much like the religion of the rumseller. He will rob and poison his fellow-crea-

tures all the week, and on Sunday take one of the highest seats in the synagogue, and go through all the outward forms of devotion as sanctimoniously as though he cared not a cent for anybody's soul except his own.

Red Eyes.

A man whose eyes were very red asked a member of a temperance society to take some "bitters." He refused, saying: "If I should, my eyes would soon be as red as yours."

Rum Slavery.

"If you mean to live long," said a physician to his patient, "you must abstain from these spirituous liquors." A week had scarcely elapsed when they again met. "Well," asked the physician, "have you attended to my advice?" "I have indeed, doctor," was the reply, "and if I persevere, I certainly shall live longer than ever man existed upon earth. I have abstained for seven days, and they have been longer than any seven years of my life." This poor creature intended to be witty, but told a deplorable truth, *i.e.*, that such had been the intellectual misery to which he had reduced himself, that, abstracted from his destroying habit, the tedium of a year was condensed into the space of a day.

The Ruling Passion.

A clergyman in Philadelphia stated to his people that a poor woman in Southwark lost her child. Her kind neighbors procured a decent coffin and shroud, and had the child prepared for interment, but soon after they left the house the mother removed the child from the coffin, disrobed it of its shroud, and then went out and pawned both articles for *rum*.

Real Grit.

A son of the Emerald Isle, on his arrival in New York, met with an old

acquaintance who invited him to take a glass of grog. Pat declined, and gave as a reason of his refusal that he had joined the temperance society in Cork before leaving Ireland. His friend said "that was of no consequence, as a pledge given in Ireland was not binding here." To this piece of left-handed morality Patrick indignantly retorted: "Do ye suppose whin I brought me body to America I'd be afther laving me sowl in Ireland?"

Religion and Rum.

We know at least two churches in this city, says the editor of a New York paper, whose lower stories are bottling establishments. We suggest for inscription over the doors the old rhymes:

"There's a spirit above, and a spirit below—
A spirit of love and a spirit of woe:
The spirit above is the spirit Divine,
But the spirit below is the spirit of wine."

A Regular Practitioner.

A member of a temperance society said he had finished his *Rumegate education* in South Carolina, and was a regular *practitioner at the bar* for fifteen years.

The Rumseller's Wife.

Upon a freezing winter's night, while
raged without the storm,
A lady sat and mused alone within her
parlor warm;
A cheerful fire blazed on the hearth,
she sat on cushioned seat,
And carpet of the richest loom was
underneath her feet;
For wealth was hers, and servants came
and went at her command;
Yet sadly now she leaned her brow
upon her jewelled hand.

The anguish that was in her soul be-
trayed itself in tears;
And thus she murmured low, "O
Time! give back my early years—
Give back the days when I was free
from all this splendid show,
These outward signs of happiness
which only mock my woe."

Oh! give me poverty and peace, 'the
life is more than meat,'
For steeped in wretchedness is now the
very bread I eat.

"To feed and pamper me, to fill my
home with warmth and light,
How many hearths are desolate, and
cold and dark to-night;
To make my infant's cradle soft, to
guard his sunny head
With tenderness, how many babes are
ill-supplied with bread;
That I may be a rich man's wife, and
costly garments wear,
How many a worse than widowed one
is bowed to-night with care,
Whose very tears refuse to flow, the
fresh'ning fountain dry,
Whose only hope of better days is
anchored in the sky;

"That I may know luxurious ease, and
rest on downy bed,
How many a patient mother toils with
weary hand and head;
And worse than all her poverty, than
toil more hard to bear,
She pines without his sympathy whose
lot she still must share,
And sighs to see the gilding worn away
from love's bright chain,
Till heavily its links now press upon a
heart of pain;

"And, thinking o'er the hopes of youth
that died so long ago,
Works on in mute despair, and tells to
none her tale of woe;
And yet, dejected one, thy fate I less
deplore than mine—
Better to pluck the poison fruit than
plant the poison vine;
And he to whom my lot is bound the
seed has broadcast sown,
Whose harvest red of bleeding hearts
the Reaper Death shall own."

'Twas thus the gentle lady mused, on
bitter thoughts intent,
While plied the rumseller his trade till
far the night was spent;
And when the foot-fall which she loved
in former years to hear
Came up the step, she shrank as if a
murderer drew near,
And inly groaned, "God help the heart
that trusts its peace for life
To such as him—woe, woe is me, the
Drunkard's Wife." E. D.

Remedy for Drunkenness.

A man went home so drunk one night
that he had immediately to go to bed.
His wife was a strong woman, and she
sewed him up in a blanket, then took a
cowhide, and with all her strength com-
menced beating the dust out of the
blanket, and the rum out of her hus-
band. Yells and screams came from
the blanket, but had no effect till the
husband was thoroughly sobered. The
result was good: he never got drunk
again.

A Remarkable Man.

At a temperance meeting recently
held in Alabama, Col. Lahmanousky,
who had been twenty-three years a
soldier in the armies of Napoleon Bona-
parte, addressed the meeting. He rose
before the audience, tall, erect, and
vigorous, with the glow of health in his
face, and said: "You see before you a
man seventy-nine years old. I have
fought two hundred battles, have four-
teen wounds on my body, have lived
thirty days on horse-flesh, with the bark
of trees for my bread, snow and ice for
my drink, the canopy of heaven for my
covering, without stockings or shoes on
my feet, and with only a few rags for
my clothing. In the deserts of Egypt
I have marched for days with a burning
sun upon my naked head, feet blistered
in the scorching sand, and with eyes,
nostrils, and mouth filled with dust, and
with a thirst so tormenting that I have
torn open the veins of my arms and
sucked my own blood! Do you ask
how I could survive all these horrors?
I answer that, next to the kind provi-
dence of God, I owe my preservation,
my health and vigor, to this fact, *that I
never drank a drop of spirituous liquor in
my life.*" And he continued, "Baron
Larry, chief of the medical staff of the
French army, has stated it as a fact that
the six thousand survivors who safely
returned from Egypt were all men who
abstained from the use of ardent spirits."

Results of Perseverance.

Mr. Hunt, of North Carolina, said, at
a temperance meeting in New York,
that the lovers of rum are distinguished

or inventing modes to obtain it. In illustration, he said, a man in Orange County, North Carolina, came home with a keg of rum, but was immediately summoned to attend court as a juror, and he was greatly puzzled to know what to do with his rum, for his wife, being an intemperate woman, would find it, though he should hide it. He finally lashed a strap around it, and suspended it from a beam high above the good wife's reach; she, being lame and infirm, was supposed unable to get at the rum. After he was gone, she placed the wash-tub underneath, and took a gun loaded with a bullet, held it underneath, and pulled the trigger; the ball pierced the keg, and let down the contents into the tub.

The Red-faced Lawyer.

A lawyer, in one of the cities, having a very red face, which it was understood was not the effects of drinking skim milk, was told that he was not much of a lawyer. "Why, sir," said he, "I have been called *the deepest red* lawyer in the city."

The Red-nosed Man and the Cheese.

A rather red-nosed man walked into a store in the pleasant village of South-bridge, the other day, and enquired for cheese. "Walk into the other room and select one for yourself," replied the accommodating shop-keeper. The man passed on, selected his cheese, put it into his bag, returned into the front shop, and laid it on the counter. Some "cold water" men who were present, however, becoming rather suspicious, determined to know what kind of cheese the man kept. Accordingly, one of the men managed so to move the bag that it fell to the floor, when lo! the cheese broke "all to smash"; the glass rattled, the red-nosed man looked white, the white shop-keeper looked red, and both looked blue. The cold water men looked on for a moment to witness their confusion, and then departed, leaving the cheese-dealer and his customer "alone in their glory."

We would advise those who patronize this cheese-shop in future to take something better than a glass bottle to get their cheese in.—*Dew Drop.*

The Modern Rumseller.

PRO.

Has a license to sell rum.
A legal right to sell rum.
Never intends to make a drunkard.
Minds his own business.
Is up early and late.
Eats the bread of carefulness.
Never tempts beyond what men are able to bear.
Looks well to his mortgages.
Clothes well his wife and children.
Rides in a handsome carriage to church.
Supports the gospel.
Gives occasionally to the poor.
Is grieved at the death of a drunkard.
Pleads the good character of rumsellers of former days.
Approves of moral suasion.
Expects to be saved.

CON.

Sells rum against the clearest light and dictates of his own conscience and remonstrances of four-fifths of his neighborhood and entreaties of broken-hearted wives and famished children.
Makes paupers and criminals.
Makes drunkards of the young.
Spreads a snare and trap for the reformed.
Hates the temperance reformation.
Rejoices in the downfall of a reformed drunkard.
Denies moral obligation.
Calls legal action persecution.
Drives on through tears, and groans, and blood.
Is troubled at a murder in his shop, but drives on.
Is haunted by dreams and visions of woe, but drives on.
Sees blood on his casks, and demons around his shop, but drives on.
Hogshead after hogshead comes into his shop, and there are streams of poison spreading all around, and there is woe and strife, and babblings and deaths, but he heeds them not; he is bound by a spell, and let what will come, he sells rum.

A Mark upon the Rumseller.

"A mark should be set upon him." Ay, that is it!—a mark! He should be known in his true character of mercenary poisoner. Honest men should shun

him, and never visit his slaughter-house of souls!

When he goes into the street let every honorable man and woman avoid him as a walking pestilence. Let children reflect "There goes a rumseller." "There is the man who, for three cents, will sell poverty, crime, and death!" "There is the man who murdered my father!" "There is the man who broke my poor mother's heart!" "That monster received my mother's last bed in pawn for rum!" "That man made a brute of my fair-haired brother!" "But for that robber I should have a home!" "Let him wear the livery of his master the devil!" "Drive him into his den!" "There's blood upon his fingers!"

The Rumseller and the Devil.

The following imaginary conversation between the rumseller and the devil appeared in the *Christian at Work*, and as it is too good to be lost, we give it a permanent place.

"THE RUMSELLER'S PROPOSAL TO THE DEVIL.

"DEAR SIR: I have opened apartments, fitted up with all the enticements of luxury, for the sale of rum, brandy, gin, wine, beer, and all their compounds. Our objects, though different, can be best attained by united action. I therefore propose a copartnership. All I want of men is their money. All the rest shall be yours.

"Bring me the industrious, the sober, the respectable, and I will return them to you drunkards, paupers, and beggars.

"Bring me the child, and I will dash to earth the dearest hopes of the father and mother.

"Bring me the father and the mother, and I will plant discord between them, and make them a curse and a reproach to their children.

"Bring me the young man, and I will ruin his character, destroy his health, shorten his life, and blot out the highest and purest hopes of youth.

"Bring me the mechanic or the laborer, and his own money—the hard-earned fruits of his toil—shall be made to plant poverty, vice, and ignorance in his once happy home.

"Bring me the warm-hearted sailor, and I will send him on a lec-shere, and

make ship-wreck of all his fond hopes for evermore.

"Bring me the professed follower of Christ, and I will blight and wither every devotional feeling of the heart. I will corrupt the ministers of religion, and defile the purity of the Church.

"Bring me the patronage of the city and of the courts of justice—let the magistrates of the State and the Union become my patrons—let the law-makers themselves meet at my table, and participate in violation of law, and the name of law shall become a hissing and a by-word in the streets.

"Bring me, above all, the moral, respectable man—if possible, bring the moderate-temperance man; though he may not drink, yet his presence will countenance the pretexts under which our business must be masked—bring him to our stores, oyster-saloons, eating-houses, and hotels, and the more timid of our victims will then enter without alarm. Yours faithfully,

"RUMSELLER."

"REPLY.

"MY DEAR BROTHER: I address you by this endearing appellation, because of the congeniality of our spirits, and of the great work we are both engaged in—the work of destruction. I most cordially accept your proposals. For five thousand years I sought in vain for a man so fully after my own heart to do my work among men. I even ransacked the lowest depths of hell for a devil who could and would do for me the whole work of destruction. But little success attended their efforts. My minions always made some mistake, or too soon showed the cloven foot. I sent out the demon Murder and he slew a few thousands, most generally the helpless and innocent. Men turned away with loathing from him, and his mission was comparatively a failure.

"I bade my servant Lust go forth. He led innocent youths and beautiful maidens in chains—destroying virtue, wrecking happiness, blasting characters, and causing untimely deaths and dishonored graves. But even then many of his victims escaped through the power of God, my enemy.

"I sent out Avarice, and in his golden chains some were bound; but men learned to hate him for his meanness, and comparatively few fell by him.

"The twin brothers, Pestilence and

War, went forth, and Famine stole behind them; but these three indiscriminately slew the old and young, men, women, and children—the good as well as the bad—and heaven received as many accessions as hell.

“In sadness my Satanic heart mourned over the probable loss of my crown and kingdom, as I contemplated the tremendous strides which the Gospel of Jesus was making in saving men from my clutches. But when I received your kind letter, I shouted till the welkin of hell echoed the shout, ‘Eureka! Eureka! I have found it! I have found it.’ Yes, my dear friend, I could have embraced you a thousand times, and I have given orders to reserve for you a place nearest my person, the most honorable seat in my kingdom. In you are combined all the qualifications of just such a friend and partner as I have long wished for, and in your business are all the elements of success. Now shall my throne be forever established. Only carry out your designs, and you shall have money, though it be wrung from the broken hearts of helpless women, and from the mouths of innocent, perishing children. Though you fill the jails, work-houses, and poor-houses, though you crowd the insane asylums, though you make murder, incest, and arson to abound, and erect scaffolds and gallows in every village, town, and city, you shall have money. I will also harden your heart, so that your conscience will never trouble you. You shall look upon blood, and even shed it, without shame or anguish. You shall think yourself a gentleman, though men and women, your victims, shall call you demon. You shall be devoid of the fear of God, the horrors of the grave, and the solemnities of eternity, and when you come to me, your works shall produce you a reward for ever. All I claim is the souls of the victims. Yours, to the very last,

“DIABOLUS.”

Ruling Passion Strong in Trouble.

The following advertisement appeared in the London *Times*: “Jane, your absence will ruin all. Think of your husband—your parents—your children. Return—return—all may be well—happy. At any rate, enclose the key of the cupboard where the gin is.”

The Rash Young Man.

At a camp-meeting in the West an attempt was made to remove a young man from the camp-ground who had become turbulent from intoxication. He swore he would do as he pleased, and that he had “money enough in his pocket to buy hell.” At length he mounted his horse, as fractious as himself, and putting spurs to the animal, it became frightened and ran away, and his brains were dashed out against a tree before he had rode fifty yards from the preacher’s stand. The sum of money found in his pocket was less than fifty cents; but that was sufficient, if expended for whiskey, as a beverage, to entitle him, at least, to a home in that hell which he vauntingly felt himself rich enough to purchase.

Ralph the Soldier.

WE copy the following interesting sketch of his life from the *British Temperance Recorder*:

“His father lived on a farm which was well stocked for him by his parent, but who soon converted it into strong drink. Driven from the farm, he became a book-keeper in Manchester, where Ralph was born in 1797. The only education he had was at a Sabbath-school, his father being unable to pay both the publican and the schoolmaster. At the age of thirteen, going oft in quest of his parent to the ale-house, he became a public-house singer and a drunkard.

“At fifteen he enlisted as a soldier, when he became increasingly dissipated, and continued so until the age of twenty-six. When in Edinburgh, confined in the barracks for drunkenness, he read a book which was lent to him, entitled ‘The Travels of True Godliness,’ which was the means of awakening him to his state as a sinner, with a deep conviction of his lost and undone state. He afterwards attended a sermon in the Wesleyan Chapel by Dr. Beaumont, when this conviction was more strongly felt, and in agony of mind he left the chapel, and retiring alone into a small class-room, he poured out his spirit in prayer to God, and there received a sense of pardoning mercy for his past transgressions. From that time he became a changed character in the

regiment, going round the barracks with the tracts, and endeavoring to check sin whenever he heard or saw it in his comrades. He was greatly persecuted at first, and having been a leader in the service of Satan, and up to all sorts of public-house games and songs, his companions were loath to lose him. Had there been a teetotal society at that time, he, in all probability, had been spared stepping on that glassy sea of moderation which engulfs so many of its promoters; he now dreaded the idea of going to a public-house, but kept a little whiskey in his regimental box, which married men are allowed. This whiskey he used occasionally to keep out cold, a drop of the good creature of God, as it was then esteemed.

“Ralph being very active in the Wesleyan church to which he had attached himself, was often invited to the houses of religious professors, who brought forth the intoxicating draught from mistaken kindness, until the old serpent, which had been coiled up by prayer, began to uncoil himself again, crying, give, give. As the intoxicating liquor went in, zeal for religion went out, and he became a backslider. At the end of about sixteen months, when, having been overtaken by a storm one drenching night from Leeds to York, the servants of the inn having often been well paid by him in the capacity of officer’s servant, offered him a tumbler of brandy, he supposing it to have been brandy and water. This was on Christmas eve, when there was a general ‘jollification’ in the house. Ralph was so elevated by this glass that he was pressed and tempted to take another, and on going up stairs to bed seized the banister to avoid a fall. On reaching the bedroom he fell on his knees for prayer; but without being able to give utterance to a word he tumbled into bed. Next morning his thirst was so great that when, on coming down stairs, the hostler offered him a glass of punch, he could not refrain. From this time his craving for strong drink became as intense as ever, and for ten years he was ten times worse than before, although his religious comrades in the regiment often spoke kindly and advised his return.

“Ralph had many wonderful escapes for his life during this ten years. Once on the line of march, after drinking and

quoit-playing all day, he retired drunk to bed, and took poison to end his days. He lay on the bed in a dreadful condition, but was providentially recovered. At Hamilton, in Scotland, after drinking a bottle of double strong Highland whiskey and thirteen glasses of common whiskey at the canteen, he fell into a filthy muck-bin, and was nearly smothered. On another occasion, after card-playing all the evening, his companions left him so tipsy as to be unable to reach home, when the landlord bundled him out neck and heels, and he laid until day-break with his feet on one side and his head on the other side of a drain, the water passing over his body all night. One evening, when drunk, he purposely placed his head between the heels of a vicious horse, who kicked him with such violence as to cast him across the stable to the wall, but without doing him material injury. At another time, when in the barracks at Clonmel, there was a flood which washed through the yard with such force as to make a hole at the lower gates, of many feet deep; the rain flooded the houses adjoining, and set things swimming in the cellars. On this occasion Ralph, half tipsy, sallied out to see what liquor he could pick up, and fell into the deep ravine made at the barrack-gate. He scrambled out over the corpse of a man who had fallen in, in like manner, obtained more strong drink, and returned, falling again into the same hole, when he was extricated by two policemen, when life had so far ebbd on his reaching the surface that it was with great difficulty, by the application of hot irons to his feet, he was recovered. With these wonderful preservations he continued repenting and sinning, and wishing for a discharge, thinking he should then amend his life.

“There is one incident here worth relating; it shows the kindness of his wife, to whom he had been married in his twenty-fourth year. Ralph had been out on a spree, and was so drunk that he could not walk home, and in that state in which punishment would have awaited him had his state been known on passing the guard. His good wife borrowed a regimental barrow for the purpose of going out for some coals, which married soldiers purchase out of the barracks if they require extra allowance. She put a sack in

the barrow, went for Ralph, put him into the barrow, and covered the sack over him with a few lumps of coals on the top, so as to conceal her poor husband, whom she safely deposited in his lodgings undiscovered.

“He was discharged in 1833, at his own request, and retired to Manchester with his wife and one child, having lost several children through strong drink—a little boy at two years and five months old by gin-drinking, which the men in the canteen had given to him, being pleased with him as an engaging child—a little girl put into a coal-hole by a drunken woman, when left under her charge; the child was terrified, the brain was affected, and she never ceased to scream from the time she was taken out until she died—and through the sad effects of Ralph’s treatment to a good wife, they had several still-born children.

“On quitting the army, Ralph commenced serving the soldiers in the foot and cavalry barracks at Manchester with articles for cleaning their accoutrements, and could by this means have made a good living but for strong drink; but having on leaving the regiment lost all military control, he stopped out whole nights at card-playing and drinking, until the cholera broke out, when he was forbidden by the doctors to enter the barrack-ground; for from his grog-blossom nose and face they thought him a likely subject to introduce the disease, it being known to attack first the most besotted. He then made application to a cotton-spinner, who hired him as a groom, but strong drink dispossessed him of his situation, and he was brought by sheer poverty to make application to the parish officers for relief, and to accept of the office, for a month, of a common scavenger, at 10s. a week, of which a portion went to the publican.

“At the end of this time he observed a handbill announcing a temperance meeting. He was then so debilitated in body that he was hardly able to get up the stairs into St. Paul’s School-room. He was troubled with asthma, rheumatism, red and inflamed eyes, gravel, and scurvy; his coat out at the elbows, trowsers out at the knees, his Wellington boots turned into clogs, his best clothes, with his wife’s and children’s, in the landlord’s store-room—the three balls. He was living in a back room in St. George’s Road; his

bed was a cotton bag filled with straw, his table cost 1s. 6d., the bedstead cost 3s. 6d.; chairs he had none. This was his awful state on entering the meeting. As soon as the speeches were ended he went forward, and, after writing his name in the best manner he could to the pledge, for his hand shook as if he had had a paralytic stroke, he said, ‘God help me to keep it!’ and often on his way home, cried, ‘Lord, help me to keep from this cursed drink!’

“When he told his partner what he had done, she was ready to think he was only making another of his inconsiderate promises; but when he said, ‘Let us kneel down, and pray to the Lord to help me to keep sober,’ she readily went to prayer with him, and he remarks, ‘I have reason to be thankful I did so, for I have found it the best helper in time of need.’ His wife told him to put her name down at the next meeting; he did so, and she has been a good help to him ever since. Having a little one at the breast, five weeks old, and thinking it might injure her to give it up altogether, he told her she might be a member, and take a little ale or porter; it being at the time when the moderation pledge of the old temperance society was in practice. She said she should not have any, except he had some too. He said, although he might take a little, and not violate his pledge, yet he had promised the Lord not to drink any more. She said she thought he was doing wrong to give it up all at once, after using himself to it so long; and she was afraid he should die if he did not take a little. She did not want him to go to the public-house, but she would go for a pint and some bread and cheese, as he had been working hard; she knew it would do him good. He said, ‘Mary, I have made up my mind to have no more to do with it; thou knowest it has been my besetment these last ten years; I have been a backslider and a drunkard, and ten years before that I was a drunkard; if I die, I will die sober.’ She said, ‘Well, then, if you can do without, I can.’ She put the jug up and went and bought a steak for me. ‘From this night,’ he remarks, ‘we took off the malt tax. My wife began to buy her barley in its shelled state, and steep it in our cistern, and then cook it either in broth or milk, and I began to trade in different articles, and attended to my business.’

“Ralph became an advocate of temperance, and was often engaged in the neighboring towns and villages in giving his experience, and inviting the drunkard to abandon strong drink. He was soon appointed as the senior of the first two agents engaged in the British association for advocating teetotalism. He has ever since been employed with acceptance in the cause. His labors in the barracks by public lectures, but more often by private interviews in the barrack-rooms, have been greatly blessed, particularly in the 17th Lancers, in which regiment he proselyted several who have much distinguished themselves in the temperance cause. In short, he has the honor of being the teetotal father of some of the most useful advocates. He has travelled for eight years through the greater part of the United Kingdom, and has succeeded in inducing between twenty-five and thirty thousand to take the pledge of total abstinence. Ralph is a man willing to spend and be spent in a cause which he believes is a most important auxiliary to the promotion of the Gospel, and which has been the means under God of rescuing him from wretchedness and misery. His exertions have been abundantly owned from above in the reclamation of multitudes of abandoned ones, who are now as ornaments in civil and religious society.”

Rum and Missionaries.

At a temperance meeting held in Boston the following resolution was passed:

“*Resolved*, That this meeting views with mingled feelings of pity and indignation the shipping of the means of intoxication to any part of the world, and more so where the ignorant and uncivilized inhabitants are unacquainted with its terrible effects, in making all who use it the victims of sin, suffering, and despair—and in blasting all the efforts made, at great cost of time and money, to elevate and improve the human family.”

The language of the resolution, said Rev. J. Pierpont, shows that there are two classes of men in the community—those who are led to establish missionary stations, and those who send intoxicating liquors to those stations. This

shows two motives—one the love of men—that prompts to sending missionaries—the other is the love of money, and that prompts to sending with the missionaries intoxicating liquors to foreign lands.

I would this goodly city were not to be affected by this resolution. I would it were otherwise; for we are told that the very ship which carried out nine missionaries and five thousand two hundred gallons of New England rum, sailed from the port of Boston; and these intoxicating liquors were manufactured in Boston. Therefore, what is said in relation to producing these liquors must bear upon this goodly city of our habitation, in which no one lives who does not rejoice in this his destiny; and it is not necessary for me to allude to the many good things this city has done, in extenuation of this. But it has been my fortune, in the providence of God, to be thrown into some of these very missionary stations to which this rum has gone. I have been in the port of Smyrna, where barrels of New England rum may be seen lying on the wharf, with the Boston stamp. There I also learned from a traveller, that he had seen it in casks on the backs of camels, in the great desert of Arabia.

At Broosa, at the foot of Mount Olympus, a man may get drunk on New England rum for less money than in Boston. I learned another fact in Constantinople. I saw the late Sultan, who had under his absolute control an empire of ten millions. He sat upon the hills where sat the ancient Cæsars. He died a drunkard, cut off in the vigor of manhood, by intoxication, the means of which were furnished by New England captains. The ingenuity of his priesthood had learned to draw a distinction between what had and had not been distilled. They gave his majesty to understand that the Koran, in forbidding the use of wine, could not therefore mean cognac brandy nor champagne. He died of delirium tremens—all the injunctions of the Koran and the authority of the prophet to the contrary notwithstanding; and New England rum and American captains furnished the means of intoxication. He paid them most liberally for cognac brandy, of the highest quality, for his imperial highness could not brook anything of an inferior sort.

That man stood on the hills where

stood the first Constantine, the first Christian emperor. With the keen eyes of a great man, he saw that the banks of the Tiber were not to be the seat of commerce—commercial enterprise could not prosper on the banks of the Tiber as in the Bosphorus; and therefore he transferred the seat of his empire from Rome to Constantinople. When he first professed himself a disciple of the meek and lowly Jesus, it was a cause of gratulation throughout the Christian world. The world exulted, and they had good cause to exult. And why? Because, such is the nature of man, there is a great portion of the human family who will be influenced by authority, that will not be influenced by the reason of things. Sir, might not the man who addressed the conversation, or wrote the book, which converted the emperor Constantine, have been held as a benefactor of his race? And it is on this principle that “he which converteth a sinner from the error of his ways, shall save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins.” Mr. Chairman, is there not another side to this verse? If he that converteth a sinner from the error of his ways shall save a soul from death, what shall be said of those that turn aside the righteous man from his path, and lead him into the ways of error, and transgression, and death? What has New England done to the head of the Turkish empire? The very man, perhaps, who carried out missionaries to convert his subjects, carried out the means of intoxication to convert him into a drunkard, and give the authority of his example to ten millions of the human race. And who have done this? Our own fellow-citizens. Do you believe the authority of the Sultan will not be followed by his subjects? We know too well the effect of our President’s example, to believe this. Will that of the Sultan of Constantinople be less? Let any man sit in the President’s chair, and be openly guilty of any sin named in the decalogue, and I ask if he would not have to build up around ramparts to prevent the people from following his example?

Sir, it is known in those nations from which shore this pestilence comes,—ay, and among sober Mohammedans, they know on whom to charge the desolation created by it. Shall we make this goodly land of ours any longer to go

up as such a stench in the nostrils of the nations? It will cease to be done, to some extent, when the vocation ceases to be regarded as honorable because profitable.

When the track of the serpent with his slimy folds is seen over the piles of gold, follow it with your execrations, because, in heaping up these piles of gold, the love of man had no share. But, when we say these hard things against these men, are we not doing something to bring their vocation into disgrace? Yes, I am; and I do it with this express purpose. When man shall have made this business as infamous as God has made it wrong, the nations of the earth will have less cause to complain of our own. I ask you to paint in your imagination that vessel, sailing up the port of Smyrna, having nine missionaries, taking their lives in their hands, to convert the people to Christianity; and the same vessel carrying five thousand gallons of New England rum, to convert sober Mohammedans into drunken Mohammedans—or the still greater absurdity of drunken Christians.

Cool Retort.

Henderson the actor was seldom known to be in a passion. When at Oxford, he was one day debating with a fellow-student, who, not keeping his temper, threw a glass of wine in the actor’s face; when Henderson took out his handkerchief, wiped his face, and coolly said, “That, sir, was a digression; now for the argument.”

Rumseller’s Prayer.

The following is an extract from a Sandwich Island paper:

“O Lord! I thank thee for past prosperity in my business; that I have been able to sell a large quantity of intoxicating liquor to my neighbors; and although I am well aware that these liquors have done them no good, but, on the contrary, have made many of them drunk and abusive to their families, yet I have made a handsome profit on the sales, that has enabled me to launch forth a little into the whaling business, for which, O Lord! I thank thee.

"I thank thee, O Lord! for the preservation of myself and family in peace and quietness during the past night. True, I sent several of my neighbors home drunk at a late hour last night, who probably disturbed the peace and quietness of their families, making them weep bitter tears till morning; but we made a fair profit on the liquors we sold them, and rested well all night, for which we thank thee, O Lord!

"And now, Lord, send us thy blessings this day, pardon all our sins, and especially that of putting the bottle to our neighbor's mouth. O Lord! we propose doing the same thing again this day. Send us, therefore, many customers, moderate and fashionable wine-drinkers, as we keep constantly on hand various kinds of the best family wines, but especially send those poor degraded slaves to their appetites, who will part with their last cent for liquors; for although we are aware that it is fast bringing them to a drunkard's grave, and their families to the poor-house, yet, O Lord! we want what little money they have left, to educate our family and to raise our children to respectability in the world; and when they have no more money left, we thank thee that there is a poor-house to which they may go and be supported out of the taxes raised from the honest and industrious part of the community; we thank thee that we have a faithful police to take them to the house of correction, when they get so drunk that they are not able to get home to their families that they may there sober off.

"Lord, thou knowest I never give the drunkard liquor when I think he has got no more money; I then advise him not to drink too much, and send him home to his wretched family penniless and drunk. Amen!"

Rum and Ruin.

THE *Boston Post* gives the following thrilling account of the sentence of Hunnewell:

"In the Supreme Court at East Cambridge, George Hunnewell, convicted of burning his mother's house, was brought in for sentence. When asked if he had anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon him, he remained mute, pressed his

hands upon the rail of the dock, sat down and rested his head on his hands in such a manner as to conceal entirely his face. Chief-Justice Shaw then addressed him upon the terrible circumstances of his crime, and the most infinite depravity of mind and heart which it indicated. He had made the most cruel and dastardly attacks upon his mother's honor and peace. He had so long kept her in such a state of alarm by his threats and violence that she was, distressing as it must have been to a mother's feelings, compelled to procure his restraint by imprisonment, and his conduct when restored to liberty proved that her fears were but too well founded. After familiarizing his mind with the atrocious idea, he had carried into execution his cherished and most unhappy and malevolent revenge. The crowning act of his guilt was the destruction by fire of his sick and helpless brother. That feeble and harmless brother was sacrificed to his malice, and his death was, under the circumstances, murder.

"Referring to the prisoner's intemperate habits, his honor expressed a hope that the awful fate which it had brought upon the prisoner would serve as a warning to others to shun that detestable and debasing vice, the habit of excessive indulgence in intoxicating drinks; and if any who heard him were inclined that way, he hoped they would seek to regain the path of sobriety, which is the only path of safety and peace. Then addressing the prisoner again, he implored him to employ the short time allotted to him on earth in seeking the mercy of God, by sincere repentance, and earnest and persevering prayer for repentance. He then pronounced the sentence, that for the crime of arson in the night time he be hung by the neck till dead, at such time as the executive department of the government shall appoint. Not a motion was observable in Hunnewell's frame until the words 'hanged by the neck' were slowly but emphatically uttered by the chief-justice, and then the heaving of his shoulders indicated strong convulsive action. He did not raise his head till the officer touched him. He then rose with a quick motion, spoke not a word, hurriedly put on his cap, and almost rushed out of the court-room with the officers. When he got into the street he gave vent to his pent-up rage in the most dreadful oaths and imprecations against the judges, his family, man-

kind, and the Almighty; and after he was returned to his cell he continued to inveigh and blaspheme in the same awful strain."

The Sailor and his Mother's Bracelet.

A few mornings since a sailor came to me, awhile after breakfast, and said: "Sir, I am convinced, that unless I sign and keep the pledge, I shall be for ever lost. I wish to sign it now." "That you shall soon do," said I. When it was completed, he looked at me, and said: "Sir, I wish to borrow a dollar. I want it to redeem a bracelet my mother gave me. It has never been out of my possession since I received it from her, with her parting blessing, until yesterday, and then I basely pawned it. Let me redeem it, I beseech you! I would not, for worlds, pass another night without it! Sleep was last night a stranger to my eyes, and slumber to my eyelids! But now that I have signed the pledge, I trust I am safe. I shall endeavor to lead a new life."

He obtained his mother's bracelet; and I trust he will ever wear it near his heart, as a memento of the vow he made when his soul was in trouble, and when his sin had found him out.

Lucius Manlius Sargent.

Lucius Manlius Sargent is a name immortal in the annals of temperance. His tales of temperance are exquisitely beautiful. They have been read by thousands, and are everywhere admired, and have done much good. I wonder not that the late Dr. Marsh called him the "Scott of Temperance," and dedicated his autobiography to him. Alas! Mr. Sargent soon followed him.

THE BLACKSMITH AND HIS DRUNKEN WIFE.

In order to show the folly of moral suasion for the suppression of intemperance, Mr. Sargent related these two anecdotes. They both occurred in Boston:

"Out of ten thousand examples, I will offer two simple illustrations of the case in hand, both having occurred within this city. A blacksmith has a

drunken wife. He enquires if nothing can be done to put an end to the evils of intemperance. He is told that much has been done. 'Nothing,' he replies, 'to meet my case. My wife will neither hear a lecture, nor read a temperance story, nor sign the pledge. She pawns my tools, and even her children's clothes for rum, which she buys of a church member, who, when I complain of his conduct, and tell him how very wretched he makes my home, and beg of him to step over and look at my drunken wife and crying children, puts his hands upon my shoulder and bids me leave his store.' Now, my dear sir, there is no remedy for this but penal enactment. You see it. You feel it."

SARGENT AND THE RUMSELLING DEACON.

I will now set before you one of the most extraordinary examples of the paralyzing effects of the rum-traffic which has ever come to my knowledge. During the last month I called at the shop of a deacon in this city, and the following dialogue ensued between us: "Pray, deacon," said I, "do you continue to sell rum?" "Why yes, sir," he replied, "I sell a little." "I looked over your bills last evening," I continued, "and I find I paid you more than \$400 for grain the last year, and I have paid nearly that amount, annually, for several years. I must quit you, deacon, unless you give up the sale of spirit." "Really, Mr. Sargent, I don't sell much. I should be very sorry to lose your custom." "It is of no importance, deacon, how much or how little you sell. It is a scandal to the cause of religion to have deacons selling rum. I had rather ten common persons should sell it than one deacon. You have confessed to me that your clergyman disapproves of your conduct, and has talked with you upon the subject." "Why, Mr. Sargent, it would be a great loss to me to give it up; my grain customers would go to other stores, and—" "Deacon I am astonished to hear you talk in this manner. I should have quitted you long ago, but for the hope of prevailing upon you to give up this ugly business. We have talked upon this subject frequently. I at one time supposed you would give it up, when poor Johnson died." "Well, I don't know as 'twigs ever proved he had his liquor at my shop." "No, deacon, it was never proved except by his dying declaration. Johnson

was not a very intemperate man ; he had money laid up in the savings-bank ; he was driving a load of manure into the country, and bought a bottle of gin at your shop. He drank till he was drunk, fell over the tongue of his wagon, in attempting to jump upon it, and was crushed beneath the wheels. This happened within a few rods of my own residence, at Roxbury. This poor fellow was removed to the poor-house, and died there a few days after!" "I really don't want to lose your custom, Mr. Sargent." "Well, deacon, I will not drive you to a decision in this sudden manner. Think of it seriously, and I believe you will give it up. It is a horrible occupation for a deacon. I will call to learn your determination in a few days."

At the end of three days I called again. The deacon came readily to the side of my chaise, as I drew up before his door, "Well, deacon," said I, "what is your decision?" "Why, I've pretty much made up my mind to give that up." "Really, deacon," said I, "I am rejoiced." "O sir!" cried the deacon, hastily interrupting me, "not the traffic, but my office in the church."

Now, my dear sir, I will not enquire if you can devise any better means for the recovery of such as these, than penal enactments. You may as well attempt to stay the progress of the Mississippi with a bulrush, as to turn such individuals as these from their traffic in broken constitutions and broken hearts, by moral suasion.

SARGENT'S ODE

The following ode, based on the passage of Scripture following, was prepared by L. M. Sargent, Esq., the distinguished author of the "Temperance Tales," at the request of the Council of the Massachusetts Temperance Society for their simultaneous temperance meeting ; but being more comprehensive than their pledge, it was not used ; and as it has been placed by a friend at our disposal, we cheerfully give it place.

"Thou shalt speak unto them this word : Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, Every bottle shall be filled with wine : and they shall say unto thee, Do we not certainly know that every bottle shall be filled with wine ? Thou shalt say unto them, Thus saith the Lord, Behold, I will fill all the inhabitants of this land, even the kings that sit upon

David's throne, and the priests, and the prophets, and all the inhabitants of Jerusalem, with drunkenness. And I will dash them one against another, even the fathers and the sons together, saith the Lord : I will not pity, nor spare, nor have mercy, but destroy them."—Jeremiah xiii. 12-14.

When Israel's God in his anger had spoken,

The prophet prefigured the curse that he willed :

It was not that life's golden bowl should be broken,

But every bottle with wine should be filled.

The priest at the altar, besotted and drunken,

Was wrapped in the vengeance that heaven had hurled ;

Kings, prophets, and patriarchs drank, and were drunken

The grape's purest juice was the curse of the world.

Their bottles were filled with the nectar that gladdens

The heart—which the patriarch drew from the vine ;

And not with that tincture of ruin that maddens ;

God's vials of wrath were their bottles of wine !

Avert, God of mercy, that sorrow and sadness

That broke the fond hearts of Jerusalem then ;

Permit not the spirit of murder and madness

To move with the form and the features of men !

Oh ! let us not torture the treasures of heaven

To find where the secret of misery lies—

The stream as it ripples, the rock that is riven,

The pure draught of nature for mortal supplies.

The bonds of the bacchanal hence let us sever ;

The draught that bewilders the reason resign ;

The type of the prophet be cherished for ever—

God's vials of wrath were their bottles of wine !

Doctor Thomas Sewall.

Doctor Sewall, of Washington City, was not only an able physician, a great temperance advocate, gifted with his pen as well as his tongue, but a philanthropist and a Christian. His name in Washington City is like ointment poured forth.

DOCTOR SEWALL AND THE SERIES OF DRAWINGS.

Doctor Sewall did many things to promote the temperance cause, but nothing that he ever did attracted more attention, both in Europe and America, than his series of drawings of the drunkard's stomach. They were first exhibited at Washington City, and they produced most intense interest.

These drawings were taken with great care by Doctor Sewall after dissections, and exhibited :

1. The human stomach in a state of health.
2. The inner surface of the stomach of the temperate drinker of intoxicating wines, or other alcoholic drinks.
3. The confirmed drunkard's stomach.
4. The drunkard's stomach in an ulcerated state.
5. The drunkard's stomach after a debauch.
6. The drunkard's stomach in a cancerous state.
7. The drunkard's stomach after death by delirium tremens.

Mr. E. C. Delavan, the philanthropist, gave to the public large drawings of Dr. Sewall's on a grand lithograph, nine times the size of a common stomach. They were extensively sold at ten dollars a set, and hung in public institutions and temperance halls, for the use of public lecturers.

The plates accomplished a vast amount of good. It was the desire of General Scott that they might be furnished to every military post. Temperance lecturers testified to their utility. One said that when all other appeals were in vain, when these pictures were exhibited cheeks turned pale and heads drooped. A drunkard looking at the plates, and particularly at the one representing the stomach after a debauch, said, "They look as I have often felt." A gentleman after gazing at the pictures, said, "How can I drink, when I see the effects of this habit on the constitution; and when I remember I must give an account to God for the manner in which I deal

with my body as well as my soul. I will drink no more."

These drawings are now being published by the National Temperance Society from the original engravings, and should be placed in all temperance halls and lecture-rooms throughout the land.

Daniel H. Sands, the First Worthy Patriarch of the Sons of Temperance.

The Sons of Temperance are a noble order, and the good they have accomplished is incalculable. Humble indeed was its origin, but mighty have been the results. The first Division was organized at Teetotalers' Hall, 71 Division Street, New York, September 29, 1842.

Sixteen were present—John W. Oliver, printer; James Bale, die-sinker; George McKibben, bookbinder; Ephraim L. Snow, publisher of the *Organ*; Isaac J. Oliver, printer; J. M. McKellar, printer; Thomas Swenarton, carpenter; Daniel H. Sands, paper-maker; William B. Tompkins, paper-hanger; Edward Brusie, painter; John K. Barr, painter; Thomas Edgerly, painter; Joseph K. Barr, printer; F. W. Wolfe, book-binder; J. H. Elliott, ship painter; John Holman, tailor; and Henry Lloyd, clerk—all of them Washingtonians, and working-men. At their next meeting, October 7, they elected their officers, and Daniel H. Sands was elected Patriarch, afterwards called Worthy Patriarch. He presided at the first meetings.

He was the first Grand Worthy Patriarch, and the first Grand Division was formed at his house, No. 14 Forsyth Street, and many of its early meetings were held there. He also was the first Most Worthy Patriarch of the National Division. He presided, then, at the first Division, the first Grand Division, and the first National Division of the Sons of Temperance. As such, Mr. Sands holds such a relation to the Sons of Temperance as no other man ever did or ever can.

Many illustrious names have been added since, but over all, written in capital letters, is the name of Daniel H. Sands.

Mr. Sands maintained his integrity until his final hour. He received from the National Division substantial tokens

of the high estimation in which he was held by the order, who regarded him as one of its principal founders.

THE ANNIVERSARY.

At the Tenth Anniversary of the Sons of Temperance, which was held in Greene Street M. E. Church, New York, there was one grand rally. The Hon. James Harper was President, and Daniel H. Sands was one of the Vice-Presidents, occupying a conspicuous place on the stage. I was introduced by the President, to deliver an address.

In giving a history of the origin of the Order, I had to allude to Daniel H. Sands, the first Worthy Patriarch, and pointing to him said, "who is as pure a temperance man as the paper he sells is pure and white."

THE ELECTION.

Mr. Sands was an anti-slavery man when it cost something to be one, and one of the most consistent temperance men the world ever saw. He believed it was as much a man's duty to vote right as to pray right. He was wasting away with disease. He was very feeble; there was no prospect of a recovery. I lived next door to him. He wished me to go with him to the polls. It was at the time they ran a temperance candidate for governor. He took hold of my arm and walked slowly and tremblingly along to the polls and voted. Turning to me he said, "Thank God! I have deposited my last vote against intemperance and slavery; before the next election I shall be in Heaven." This he said with a tremulous voice and tearful eye, as he took my arm. We returned to his dwelling, from whence he went out no more till he was carried to his long home. This shows the man. It was a splendid example, worthy of imitation. The man who prays right will vote right. He will not pray cream and live skim-milk.

For thirty-two years Mr. Sands had not omitted family prayer when he was able to attend to it. During his last sickness he frequently sent for me to pray with the family. He did so the morning he died. Said he, "Please read and pray with us once more." I read the 23d Psalm, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. . . . Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

He was then going through the valley of the shadow of death. His hands were cold, his feet wet with Jordan's water. I knelt down and commended the dying one to Him who is the "Resurrection and the Life."

He was anxious about his wife and children, till he thought and said, "I was left an orphan boy quite young, and the Lord has been a father to me, and he will take care of them."

He exclaimed.

"Oh! what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host to appear,
And worship at thy feet."

THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH.

The moment came when the hero of a hundred battles must fall by the hands of the last enemy. He bade his loved ones adieu, and just before he ceased to breathe, when they were taking the last pins out from his earthly tabernacle, and pointing upwards and looking towards the heavens, he said, "Thank God, Brother Wakeley, I shall soon be where intemperance and slavery never enter." A few minutes more, a few struggles more, and he heaved one long, deep-drawn sigh, and all was over, and the pure spirit of the first Worthy Patriarch of the Sons of Temperance was in Abraham's bosom.

Daniel H. Sands did not separate temperance from religion, neither did he substitute it for it. He was not only a Son of Temperance, but a son of God, adopted into the divine family. He fell at his post covered with scars and loaded with honors. I closed his eyes and placed the muffler around his cheeks. I felt the place was sacred, the room was hallowed.

"Behold him in the eventide of life,
A life well spent, whose early care it was
His riper years should not upbraid his green.
By unperceived degrees he wears away;
Yet like the sun seems larger at his setting.

Oh! how he longs,
To have his passport signed and be dismissed.
'Tis done! and now he's happy. The glad soul
Has not a wish uncrowned."

THE FUNERAL.

It was largely attended, at the Forsyth Street M. E. Church, New York, of which I was then pastor, and I preached his funeral sermon, from "He was a good man." Never was there a more appropriate text. With one stroke of the divine pencil his portrait was painted, and it was correct. I showed he was

a good anti-slavery man ; that he was a good temperance man ; that he was a good Christian man ; that he held the relation to the temperance cause no other man ever did or ever can ; that he was the first Worthy Patriarch of the Sons of Temperance.

We laid the good man quietly to rest in the beautiful Cypress Hills Cemetery.

THE SANDS MONUMENT.

Mr. Sands long had a monument in the hearts of the Sons of Temperance all over the world. But his brethren concluded to erect one over his remains in Cypress Hills Cemetery. This was dedicated or inaugurated Wednesday, May 29, 1861.

I received a letter from Wm. H. Armstrong, Grand Worthy Patriarch, urging me to be present, and also from Doctor Silas L. Condict, of which the following is a copy :

“NATIONAL DIVISION S. OF T.
OFFICE OF M. W. PATRIARCH,
JERSEY CITY, N. J., May 26, 1861.
“REV. J. B. WAKELEY :

“MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER : I have just learned that you were the friend and pastor of our deceased brother, Daniel H. Sands, and that you preached his funeral sermon—and further, that you had been invited and urged to be present and participate on Wednesday next in the dedication ceremony of his monument, at Cypress Hills, at 3 o'clock, and at the public meeting in the evening at the Forsyth Street Methodist Church.

“As the burden of this service will fall on me, I write now in great haste, to urge upon you to accept this invitation by all means. It will, if fair, be a glorious day for the cause and our order. There will be a large gathering of people, and I want you to make the closing address, short, pointed, and patriotic, at the monument, so that we can wind up the services there with singing “My Country, 'tis of Thee.”

“Please don't fail me ; do come, and I will be your debtor for any amount of payment in similar coin.

“Most truly yours,
“S. L. CONDUCT.”

The day was very beautiful, the sun shone bright, and there was quite a gathering, and the ceremonies were very impressive.

The following account of the monu-

ment and the dedication appeared in the New York *Times*, May 31, 1861 :

“The Sons of Temperance, on Wednesday the 29th inst., dedicated a large and very handsome monument, which has been recently erected at Cypress Hills Cemetery, to the memory of Daniel H. Sands, one of the founders of the order. This monument enterprise has been the subject of active effort in the order for the past two years, and has now reached a very successful consummation. Nearly \$1,300 have been contributed by the Order of Sons of Temperance in the following States : New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Virginia, Maine, Ohio, North Carolina, Illinois, Rhode Island, Tennessee, Louisiana, Vermont, South Carolina, Missouri, Mississippi, and California ; also, by the British Provinces of New Brunswick, the two Canadas, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward's Island, and Newfoundland, and a small contribution all the way from England. This sum through the liberality of Mr. Hall, the constructor of the monument, has produced a very large and really beautiful structure. It is of Italian marble, is of the obelisk style, twenty-five feet three inches in height, with a granite base of five feet three inches in breadth. The shaft itself is seventeen feet in height. The only ornamental work on the monument, if we except the slab of California marble, sent specially from Sands Division of Sacramento, are four raised triangles on the four sides of the shaft, and five feet from the shaft's base. Each triangle contains a raised star in its centre, and on the rim of each triangle is cut in raised letters, the motto of the order—‘Love, Purity, Fidelity,’ respectively in English, Latin, French, and German, the German, ‘*Liebe, Lauterkeit, Treue,*’ being beautifully executed in German text. The Committee of the Grand Division of Eastern New York, through whom the Monument Fund was raised, and under whose direction the monument was erected, are P. G. W. P. Wm. H. Armstrong of New York, and P. G. W. A. Alex. Campbell of Brooklyn, and Wm. E. Macdonough of New York. A large concourse of the Divisions and members of the order, with regalia and banners, was on the ground, and the special dedication service prepared for the occasion was duly performed. Prominent in the exercises were M. W. P. Dr. S. L. Con-

dict and P. M. W. P. John W. Oliver, himself one of the sixteen founders of the order, and P. G. W. P. Theo. L. Cuyler, Rev. J. B. Wakeley, pastor of D. H. Sands, and who, seven years ago, preached his funeral sermon, also assisted. In the evening there was a public meeting in the Forsyth Street M. E. Church, of which Mr. Sands was a member when he died, and at which his funeral exercises took place. The M. W. P., head of the order in North America, presided. Addresses were delivered by Rev. J. B. Wakeley, A. C. Flanagan, John N. Stearns, Mr. Cutter of Poughkeepsie, and others, and excellent and appropriate singing by the Marshall Family and Mr. Macdonough's Glee Club. Altogether, Dedication Day will long be remembered by the Sons of Temperance hereabouts."

DEDICATION CEREMONIES OF THE SANDS
S. OF T. MONUMENT, AT CYPRESS HILLS,
L. I., MAY 29, 1861.

P. M. W. P.—We have seen man in the pride of his strength, the glow of health mantling his cheek, the fire of intellect beaming from his eye, and benevolence lighting up every feature. Visions of bliss animated his soul, and anticipations of joy irradiated his countenance.

The wife of his youth prided herself on the nobleness of his nature, and almost adored the dignity of virtue that encompassed him like a robe. His children regarded him with filial reverence, and yielded cheerful compliance to the wishes of a parent honored and beloved.

G. W. P.—We have seen intemperance prostrate this man of vigor, and intellect, and virtue; and like the sirocco of the desert, sweep over this Eden, leaving ashes instead of beauty, and wailing and woe instead of joy and comfort. Over this sad scene humanity has wept in bitterness of soul, for there appeared no power on earth to save.

P. G. W. P.—When lo! a voice, harmonious as the harp of melody, came from the blissful regions of temperance, declaring in accents sweet as angels use.

Response led by the P. M. W. P.—
"The chains of the enthralled are broken, and the intemperate captive is free."

Singing—

Our cause when first to light it burst,
Reared by a dauntless few,
Appeared so small, its early fall
Our foes prepared to view;

But more and more, from shore to shore,
Its influence shall extend;
Our flag unfurled around the world
Triumphant to the end.

M. W. P.—Listen to the fearful truths of Holy Writ:

W. P.—Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

Response—Look not upon the wine.

P. W. P.—Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflame them!

Response—At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.

W. P.—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.

P. W. P.—Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and maketh him drunken also.

Response—No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God.

M. W. P.—Hearken to the revelations of science.

P. M. W. P.—All use of intoxicating beverages is an abuse. Saturated with a venom which no constitution can resist, they are and must be destructive alike to the physical and mental energies of man.

G. W. P.—Upon all sexes and conditions, in every season and clime, its effects have been the same—withering—blasting—deadly.

P. G. W. P.—In health there is no such thing as the temperate use of intoxicating drinks. Horribly torturing, and debasing everywhere, there lies beneath the sparkling surface all the poison of adders, all the infernal agencies of bodily torture, and all the burnings of the pit of woe.

Singing—

In that cup there lurks a fiend,
In Gorgon terrors clad,
About the heart-strings he will wind
And make the pulses mad!
He'll breathe his deadly poison there,
And fill the soul with fire,
He'll make the blood-shot eye-balls glare,
With hell's vindictive ire.

M. W. P.—Give ear to the dark record of the criminal calendar.

P. M. W. P.—Intemperance has crowded our almshouses, glutted our prisons, and loaded our gibbets with more than three-fourths of their wretched victims.

G. W. P.—It has entered into courts of justice, and corrupted those sworn to administer the laws in righteousness. It has entered the halls of legislation, and so perverted the judgment of rulers that they have armed it with the sanction of law, and made the state a partner in the guilt.

P. G. W. P.—It has entered the halls of science, and cast the pall of darkness on the brightest intellect, enshrouding the image of Divinity in eternal night. It has invaded the temples of the Most High, and with a sacrilegious hand robbed Heaven of priceless jewels.

M. W. P.—This widespread and stupendous evil has but one source.

Response—Moderate drinking.

M. W. P.—It has but one remedy.

Response—Total abstinence now. Total abstinence for ever.

M. W. P.—Therefore has this Temperance Brotherhood been formed; destined, we trust, like the sun in the heavens, to be the herald of light and life, plenty and cheerfulness to every region.

Response—This shall be our aim.

Singing—

When Bacchus held despotic sway,
Triumphant o'er both sea and land,
The Sons of Temperance rose in strong array
And formed this great fraternal band.
Hail! brothers, hail! should e'er affliction crave,
We'll fly to comfort and to save.

M. W. P.—But is temperance the only virtue enjoined?

W. P.—No! It is the sacred duty of Sons of Temperance to be honest, industrious, and humane; to promote each others' happiness and welfare, to visit the sick, to comfort the sorrowing, and seek the common good of mankind.

P. W. P.—For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater, so shall good actions kindly impress the minds of men, and gently draw them within the hallowed influence of virtue.

P. M. W. P.—And so shall the Son of Temperance, by reflecting the genial influences of our order upon the world, induce his fellow-mortals to travel with him: in the pleasant and peaceful paths of love, purity, and fidelity.

M. W. P.—In the paths of love!

Response—Love to our brothers in sickness and in health.

M. W. P.—In the paths of purity!

Response—Purity of heart, purity of life, and purity of intentions, strictly to carry out the objects for which we are united.

P. M. W. P.—Aye! a purity as transparent as the sparkling stream that gushes from the mountain side to slake the thirst of man.

M. W. P.—In the paths of fidelity!

Response—Fidelity to total abstinence, and all the binding obligations we have voluntarily assumed.

P. M. W. P.—By such fidelity shall virtue triumph, and man be redeemed from the thralldom of this tyrant of the body and the soul.

M. W. P.—All hail then, to this trio of noble virtues, love, purity, and fidelity.

The Stocking Weaver.

This case and the following, as well as thousands of others, show the tremendous power of appetite, and how it imprisons the man and holds him fast in its slavish chains:

Mr. Hill, in his work on crime, gives the case of a stocking weaver; an excellent workman, giving ample satisfaction to his employers when he can continue sober and steady. Some years ago, however, he was led into habits of intemperance, which, in the end, unfitted him altogether for regular work. B—— saw the folly of his conduct, and was conscious of the ruin and misery he was bringing upon himself and his family; he determined to make a strong effort to recover himself, and three or four times joined a total abstinence society, and continued a member for a short time. He soon, on each occasion, broke his vow, and became as bad as ever, or even felt that he was becoming more and more a helpless victim of abandoned and beastly drunkenness. His habits, however, led him to the commission of no crime, and he still retained the wish without the power of reforming himself. In these circumstances, and by the advice of his friends, he called with one of his employers on the governor of the Glasgow prison, and begged as a favor to be admitted as a voluntary inmate of the establishment for some time. His request was complied with; a stocking-

frame got; and he entered and commenced work, submitting to all the rules of the place. He had all the appearance of a dissipated man whose constitution would soon have given way to the excesses in which he indulged. For some days the solitude hung wearisomely upon him, and his craving for drink visited him occasionally. But, in a short time, both left him; and there is not a more cheerful and contented individual in the prison. His looks improved with the return of regular habits and a healthy appetite. He wrought diligently, and felt the beneficial change so strongly that he has determined, I believe, with more sincerity than ever before—and I think will adhere to the determination—of renouncing for ever his intemperate habits when he shall return to his home and work. He has felt no bad effects from the sudden abstraction of whiskey; on the contrary, the effects produced are altogether such as he and his best friends could wish.

The Sculptor.

Lately a man was brought before a bench of magistrates in the Midland counties, Eng., charged with drunkenness and disorderly conduct. A police officer deposed that he found this man drunk and very disorderly in the street, took him in charge and placed him in the lock-up for the night in order to bring him before the magistrates; when the following examination of the case was made:

Magistrate. Well, sir, what have you to say in answer to the charge preferred against you?

Drunkard. Oh! it is all true, gentlemen! I hope you will send me to prison for a fortnight; for I want setting right in my inside (rubbing his stomach at the same time).

Magistrate. What trade are you, my man?

Drunkard. A sculptor.

Magistrate. A sculptor! why, how is it that you are in this forlorn state?

Drunkard. I am sorry to say, gentlemen, that strong drink is my enemy.

Magistrate. How much wages can you earn per week?

Drunkard. Oh! three pounds, and more if I like.

Magistrate. I tell you what I think:

you ought to be placed in the stocks for three hours and then well flogged with the cat o' nine tails.

Drunkard. I was in hopes that was done away with, gentlemen (shrugging up his shoulders with the idea).

Magistrate. And suppose we do send you to prison, remember that you will have to live on poor diet and have hard labor. Do you really mean to say you want to go?

Drunkard. Yes, gentlemen; I want to get out of this. I do not expect to be any better unless I was to sign and keep the teetotal pledge, and that I have never yet had the moral courage to do.

Magistrate. Well, now, suppose we oblige you by sending you to prison for fourteen days, will you promise to reform when you come out again, and be a respectable man again?

Drunkard. I dare not promise, gentlemen, but I will think seriously of what you have said to me, for I know that if I can make this resolution it will be the making of me.

Magistrate. You are now committed to jail for fourteen days. And now, my man, it will give me great pleasure to hear of your reformation, and to see you dressed in a more respectable way, and if you do so you may call at my house.

Drunkard. Thank you, sir.

Significant Names.

One of the grog-shops in New York City is denominated "The Lion and the Lamb Tavern"; another parades the motto "Live and Let Live"; another styles itself "Fashion Hall." Corresponding emblems would be, a lion devouring a lamb; a rumseller robbing a beggar, and a genteelly-dressed bartender kicking an old man out of doors who had just pawned his ragged coat for "one glass more."

Swallowing Fifteen Cows.

"Swallowed fifteen cows!" said Bertie, in astonishment, looking up from her play. Her ears had caught the words in a conversation that was going on in the room.

"Yes," answered her brother George. "He drank them all up."

"Drank fifteen cows! I don't believe it," answered the little maiden firmly.

"He sold them and bought whiskey and beer with the money," explained her Aunt Katy.

"Oh, oh! that was it. I see now. Well, it is funny."

"No, not funny, dear, but sad," said Aunt Katy. "The man had a wife and two little children, and he sold the milk from the fifteen cows and bought them food and clothing. But now, having swallowed the cows, as we were saying, his wife and children go hungry and cold, and he, a poor, miserable drunkard, is in the almshouse. Isn't it dreadful to think of?"

The children looked very sober.

"You'll never catch me drinking up fifteen cows, nor one either," spoke up George very positively.

"I don't know as to that," said Aunt Katy. "The man we were talking about was once a boy like you, with a healthy taste for food and clear cold water. As to swallowing a cow, much more fifteen cows, such a thing never entered his head. But you see what he came to at last. How was it? He began by taking a glass of ale or beer, or a little wine at parties, now and then. This corrupted his pure taste, and gave him an unnatural thirst, which only strong drink would satisfy. From ale and beer he went to whiskey, rum, and brandy; and the more and oftener he drank, the more his thirst increased, until he became a poor, miserable drunkard. So you see, George, that no boy can tell what he may come to. Maybe, instead of swallowing the fifteen cows, you will get down, one of these days, after you become a man, forty or fifty, and a house and lot into the bargain."

"Now, aunty, that is too bad!" exclaimed George. "You know I won't."

"So hundreds and thousands of little boys might once have said, who, now they have grown to be men, are drunkards. There is only one way of safety."

"What is that, aunty?" asked the boy, looking up with serious eyes.

"It is the way of total abstinence, as we call it—and the only safe way for either boys or men. If you never drink a drop of intoxicating liquor, you will never be a drunkard. If you depart from this rule, no man can say to how low a depth of wretchedness and degradation you may fall. The worst

drunkard in the land was once a pure and innocent boy."

"I'll never swallow even a calf!" exclaimed George, starting up and speaking with great earnestness.

"Touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing," said Aunt Katy, "and all will be well with you. But indulge ever so little in drinking as you grow to manhood, and none can tell into what great deep of hopeless ruin you may fall."

A Stranger in the Place.

It was a night of uncommon beauty, the moon was shining with unusual brilliancy, as two men who were intoxicated were on their way home. One of them said to the other, "How bright the sun shines." "That is not the sun," said the other, "you fool you, that is the moon." He replied, "I guess I know the moon from the sun as well as you do. I say that is the moon." They disputed for some time, and finally they agreed to leave it to the first man they met. They soon met one who was also under the influence of strong drink, and said to him, "Will you be so kind as to tell us whether that which is shining up there so bright is the sun or the moon?" Said he, "Gen'lem, you please excuse me, for I am a stranger in the place."

Sign Fallen Down.

A man who had been drinking very freely at the bar of a landlord, in going out into the street fell into the gutter. A boy seeing him lie there, ran into the public-house and said to the landlord, "Sir, your sign has fallen down." He went out, and to his astonishment beheld only a sign that he was a drunkard manufacturer.

Sign Cut Down.

A Methodist minister in New Jersey, an out-and-out temperance man, one who had a perfect abhorrence to rum-selling as a misery-making, widow-making, orphan-making traffic, was called to preach the funeral sermon of a man

who had died a drunkard. He drew his portrait—he sketched his life and character, and his miserable end. The landlord was there who had sold him rum and contributed towards his ruin. Said the minister, “This man died a drunkard and has gone to a drunkard’s hell. For no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God.” And pointing to the rumseller he said, “This man clothed in fine broadcloth is the one who sold him the rum and ruined him. His blood is upon his head. He was the cause of his destruction.” People were horror-struck at the statement, however true, and supposed the minister had committed the unpardonable sin; that the rumseller would never forgive him. A few days after the landlord called upon the minister and said, “Mr. S——, you may think I was offended the other day, at your plain and personal remarks at the funeral; but I was not, and I have brought you a quarter of veal, which you will please accept, and as further proof, if you will go over to my residence, you will see I have cut down my sign and abandoned the cruel traffic in ardent spirits forever.

Shocked at His own Portrait

If the drunkard could only see himself as others see him, he would be horror-struck at his own picture. If he had a glass of liquor in his hand he would dash it from him as he would a cup of poison. He would be afraid to go where it is sold, and he would shun his rum-drinking companions as he would the gates of ruin.

A man in Maryland, notoriously addicted to intemperance, hearing an uproar in his kitchen one evening, felt a curiosity to know what was the cause of the unusual merriment. So he went very quietly where he could see them, though they could not observe him. He beheld his servants indulging in the most unbounded roars of laughter, at a couple of negro boys, who were mimicking their master in his drunken fits, showing how he reeled and staggered—how he looked and nodded, and hiccoughed and tumbled. The picture which these children of nature drew, and which had filled the rest with so much merriment, struck

him so forcibly that he became a perfectly sober man, to the unspeakable joy of his wife and children.

A Sad Picture of Intemperate Ministers.

Rev. Ezra Styles Ely and Philip S. White relate the following concerning ministers. It would seem to be a slander on the cloth, a misrepresentation of the clergy. The portraiture is dark, and no doubt horribly exact:

A venerable Boston divine announced to one of us as an axiom, while he delivered the cup to a youth, and another to himself, that “wine is the milk for old age.”

Another divine of high standing and extensive influence in Connecticut, fifty years ago gave this advice: “If ever you become a preacher drink rum, raw rum; it is the best thing to clear your voice. Don’t drink sweetened liquor, for then you will be likely to become a drunkard.”

This advice he followed by his own example, for several times a day he would put the case-bottle to his lips, and take two or three swallows.

His eldest son became a distinguished physician, but before he arrived at middle life made such bad use of his father’s example that he died a miserable inebriate, and left his wife and lovely daughters to sustain themselves by keeping a boarding-school.

We could give a sad list of divines who were much injured in health, reputation, and usefulness by the use of intoxicating beverages, who did not become notorious sots, and several of these, for talents, learning, activity, and eloquence, have not left their superiors to survive them in the American churches.

We could give the names of more than thirty clergymen in the circle of our acquaintance who did become publicly known as drunkards, and of these four were bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church; three of them had been moderators of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church; and ten were distinguished as Doctors of Divinity.

Of the thirty to whom we refer, twenty have been hurried prematurely to the grave by their excess in drink, some of them died with delirium tre

mens; six of them were reclaimed by ecclesiastical discipline and other means.

One of them, returning from a walk one summer's day, caught up a porter bottle, which had the smell of ardent spirits, and in haste drank heartily of it; but he soon discovered he had drank a mixture of corrosive sublimate and whiskey, which his wife had prepared for the cleaning of her bedsteads. He next swallowed, in still greater haste, a flask of sweet-oil, and, by help of emetics and a skilful physician, was saved from sudden death. This did not cure his love for strong drink. He was suspended from the ministry and dismissed from his pastoral charge. This did not reclaim him. In a drunken fit, he subsequently fell down stairs, dislocated his hip, and fractured his thigh-bone. For about four months preceding his death he appeared to be a penitent, reformed man, and in his dying moments, in answer to a friend who asked him the state of his mind, replied, "The least of all God's promises is quite sufficient for such a sinner as I."

One of the thirty was a German Lutheran minister, in a large town, of fine talents, and of exemplary character, before drink overpowered him. He was suspended; but not until he had been proved to be so drunken at the communion-table that his elders were under the necessity of holding him up while he dispensed the emblems of the body and blood of the Divine Saviour.

A Startling Example.

There has just come to my knowledge, in a very direct way, an impressive illustration of that truth which should make every moderate drinker fear and tremble; namely, that the love of drink is a disease. The drunkard is a pitiable and blameworthy victim of his former self. Even after his reform, he is liable to feel that his old habit is crouching ever near, ready to spring upon him in any thoughtless moment.

The case in illustration is this (it can easily be seen why I should conceal the names of persons and places): Within the past month there has died, in his early prime, a minister of the Gospel,

who was first the victim and at last the conqueror of drink. Some years ago, after a severe illness, he "stimulated," by medical advice. When he had fairly recovered from his disease, he found himself in the coils of a serpent. It was the old story, alas! more than "twice told"; he fell, struggled to rise, stumbled, and fell again. He never resigned himself to his bondage for any considerable length of time; but shook his chains, and tried hard to break them. He resolved, and resisted, and prayed, and then in exhaustion yielded. At length he went, as the last resort, to an inebriate asylum. His high Christian character secured for him the respect and esteem of all the inmates and officers. When, after about a year, his cure was supposed to be complete and he was about to leave, he was desired to remain as chaplain of the institution. But his heart was in the work of the regular pastoral ministry, and he accepted a call to a vacant pulpit. When he began his labors there, he made a full and frank statement of his infirmity to the congregation. He told them he felt his weakness, and realized that he was subject to a terrible temptation, by which he must fall unless he was sustained by the grace of God and the sympathies and prayers of good men.

This announcement and appeal won for him the heart of the whole community. He became immensely popular, and labored with untiring zeal for the salvation of the people. God gave him great success. The church was revived and in numbers largely increased. The pastor's labors exceeded his strength. He flagged, was tempted to take stimulants—and resisted. By the help of divine grace and human sympathy he stood.

That church enjoyed the services of its noble pastor only about a year. He sickened and died; but he died a hero; for he conquered the foe which conquered Alexander the Great, and by which "many strong men have been slain."

At his funeral, his wife seemed composed, and almost happy; and after it, she maintained the same demeanor. The officiating clergyman, wondering at this, and assuming that it arose from a kind of religious ecstasy which would soon give place to a corresponding depression, enquired of her about it. "Oh!" said she, "he's safe! You don't know anything about what we have

passed through. For years he and I have been standing on the brink of a precipice, trembling with apprehension that, at any time, he might go over. But now he's safe."

O thou accursed Demon of Drink! who art able thus to terrify and imperil even the true and loving disciples of Jesus; who canst even constrain the tender and loving wife of a devoted and heroic husband to rejoice in the desolate title of "widow"; would to God that the forces of truth and purity might be so marshalled and inspired as to throttle thee to death; so that no child of Adam might ever again tremble at the fiery glance of thine eye or wither in thy baleful breath!—*Rev. Cyrus D. Foss, D.D.*

A Singular Death.

A class-leader, named John Brownfield, residing at South Bend, Indiana, relates the following shocking incident:

"A man on the opposite side of the river from this place lost his life on the night of the Fourth of July, in the following manner. He had been in town through the day—became intoxicated—and about dark crossed the river, and lay down near a house. He remained there until some time after night. When he awoke, it is supposed he became frightened at a cow and calf that were in the yard—ascended a ladder that stood against the house, and, strange to relate, got into the chimney, which being very small, he stuck fast just above the fire-place. The owner of the house was in bed, and, being drunk himself, was unable to render the suffocating man any assistance. After he had been in that dreadful situation for six or eight hours, the chimney was demolished, and the man taken out dead."

The Star and the Moon.

We have heard a good story, says the *Lynn News*, which occurred at a temperance meeting in a neighboring town a short time since.

A temperance society had been formed, which commenced under favorable auspices, and which included among its members many who had been intemperate. On occasion of adopting a consti-

tution for the society, the question of including cider, beer, etc., came up for discussion, and excited considerable warm debate. It was urged by some that such articles should not be in the pledge. After an interesting discussion, an amendment was proposed, to the effect that although the pledge should include such liquors, members of the society might, if they chose, use them, and those who did drink either cider or beer were to have a * affixed to their names.

This proposition appeared to be unanimously accepted, and the vote was about to be taken which would adopt it, when it was suddenly killed and abandoned at once and for ever. An old man, who had sat in a corner of the room, and interested in the discussion, rose to speak. He was one who had been very intemperate and had been looked upon as irreclaimable from the vice. His words, which told with so much effect, were as follows:

"Mr. President: If them that drinks beer and cider are to have a star against their names, I guess you may put a moon against mine, and I'll drink rum!"

A Sister's Kindness.

A clerk in a dry-goods store at Philadelphia attended a convivial gathering, where he imbibed too much liquor. He was carried home in a cab, and after being placed in his room attempted to go out for more. A sister attempted to dissuade him, when he struck her a blow on the left temple, and she fell down the front door-steps, striking her head upon the pavement, and, it was feared, fracturing the skull. She was carried into the house insensible. The brother awoke to a sober reality of the deed he had committed, and became nearly distracted as he stood by her bedside. Will he ever drink again?

Singular Experience of a Young Man.

I had been at a ball in the evening, where I drank enough wine to make me very good-natured. At its close I escorted my partner to her residence. Returning, as I was passing a hotel, I heard the voices of several young fellows

of my acquaintance, in the bar-room. I stepped in. "Hurrah!" shouted they, "here comes Ben."

"How did you like the ball?" asks one.

"Never was at a better; it was splendid!" replied I.

"Hear how the man talks!" cried another; "why he was so taken up with Miss T—that he can't tell whether he liked it or not."

"I think he made quite an impression in that quarter," said Ed. Norton.

"I move he treats for that same, that we may drink success to his cause," spoke out Jack O'Hara.

"Agreed," cried I. "What will you take?" Brandy was the favorite. After drinking several glasses, we separated. I started for home with a gait none of the steadiest; my head being filled with the ball, Miss T—, and the fumes of the liquor I had drank. Presently I find myself in a parlor, seated on a sofa, with the lovely Miss T— by my side, one arm encircling her waist, my hand clasping hers, popping the all important question. A slight tremor betrays her agitation; she turns her bright eyes to mine, and whispers, "I am yours." I press a kiss on her rosy cheek; her head sinks to my shoulder, and—at that instant I felt a pain there which awoke me; for I had been asleep. The reality and ridiculousness of my situation burst upon me in a moment. The airy castles of the drunken dreamer vanished, and left me the street for a parlor, the mud for a sofa, and a fine young pig for my betrothed fair one, whose soft and trembling hand was clasped in mine. My shoulder was between the tusks of a large hog, that had been daubing his snout on my cheek, while I thought I was kissing a fairer being. The shock sobered me. I started to my feet, covered with mud, disgusted with myself. I resolved never again to drink a glass of intoxicating liquor, and I have kept my resolution.—*New Jersey Life Boat.*

Spirit-ual Facts.

Whiskey is the key by which we may gain an entrance into our prisons and almshouses.

Brandy brands the noses of all those who cannot govern their appetites.

Wine causes many to take a winding way home.

Punch is the cause of many unfriendly punches.

Ale causes many ailings, while beer brings many to the bier.

Champagne is the source of many real pains.

Gin slings have "slewed" more than the slings of old.

The reputation of being fond of cocktails is not a feather in any man's cap.

Money spent for port that is supped by portly gents would support many a poor family.

Porter is a weak supporter for those who are weak in body.

Sights of a Day.

The editor of an Exeter, N. H., paper gives the following as the sights of a day, the legitimate fruits of the rum-traffic. Why should the people of the State of New York license that traffic?

We saw in our village in one day, not long since, nineteen men drunk—ten half drunk, and at least a dozen who were a little tipsy. We saw the wife and children of a drunkard turned out of doors, and forced to seek shelter where they could find it; while the senses of the husband and father were so benumbed by liquor, that he was unconscious of the misery of his wife and children. We saw a rumseller and his wife, dressed in rich and fashionable clothing, riding in an elegant carriage, the wheel of which passed within a few rods of the head of one of his customers, who was lying drunk beside the road.

The Sorrow-Stricken Family.

He was but twenty-three. His manly form had dwindled to a skeleton. A narrow coffin contained all that was once lovely and beautiful. His father was rich and lordly; his mother, pious and devoted. The youngest of a fine group, he had every indulgence. At the table he was the favorite of all, and the choicest wine was ever before him. At the age of sixteen he was brought home by the watchman drunk. The scene was too much for a doting father and mother. Half-distracted, they wept over him and rested not till the promise was given that he never again

would visit the Pavilion or drink to excess. Alas! the excess was at their own table. Studies were neglected. Rides, balls, dinners, suppers, these engrossed all his hours. He swore at his father. He treated roughly his mother and sisters. Yet he was their darling, beautiful and gay, and was yet to be the ornament of their home. But in a morning without clouds, when all nature shone bright and beautiful upon that splendid mansion, a fit had prostrated him in his chamber; and there were bent over him, father, mother, brothers, and sisters. It was an hour of bitterness. "Mother," said he, "what are those bugs on the curtains, and those snakes, and that devil!" And then that shriek! Oh! it was the delirium tremens. As I saw the long procession and the rich coffin, and the crowd of mourners, I said, What would not the temperance pledge have saved to that family! Now, the children divide among them his hundred thousand, but father and mother go sorrowing to the grave.

A Sad Case of Ruin by Rum.

One of the saddest cases of the many terrible doings of rum came accidentally to our knowledge recently. As we were passing up Dearborn Street, we observed a miserable-looking man staggering under a load of rum at the corner of Madison Street, diagonally opposite the *Tribune* building. His clothing was dirty and ragged. His boots had been worn out some time ago, and were only held together in place. A slouched hat, long since unfit for wear, was the covering of his head. As we approached near him we discovered that he was an old acquaintance, but that in his besotted condition of drunkenness (and it was not yet ten o'clock in the morning) he did not recognize us at all. Upon near inspection we observed that he was without a shirt. He staggered along the street and down Dearborn, to a place where rum is sold, went in, and taking a chair, soon became lost to his surroundings in a stolid condition of complete intoxication. We have not seen a more complete wreck in many years, and doubt whether there is in the whole city of Chicago a single man who, seen on the street, would be taken as a more thorough representative of drunkenness

—of the gutter—than this poor, shirtless, abject man. Ten years ago we knew that man as a popular and prominent member of the Legislature of one of our great Northwestern States. Soon after we met him in the great Chicago Wigwam of 1860, a member of the convention which first nominated Abraham Lincoln for the Presidency. Again we met him some two years afterwards, in the city of Washington, where he had much influence with the delegation from his State. He went into the Staff Department of the army some time during the war, and immediately after its close made some fortunate speculations by which he became a rich man. But about two years ago he entered into speculations which turned out badly, and he was swamped in business. He is the husband of an intelligent and cultivated lady, and the father of children who, a few years ago, were as happy as any now living on Wabash Avenue.—*Chicago Post.*

Sixpence a Day.

A London paper furnishes the following: "There is now an old man in an almshouse in Bristol who states that for sixty years he spent sixpence a day in drink, but was never intoxicated. A gentleman who heard this statement was somewhat curious to ascertain how much this sixpence a day, put by every year, at five per cent., compound interest, would amount to in sixty years. Putting down the first year's saving—three hundred and sixty-five sixpences—nine pounds sterling eleven shillings and sixpence, he added the interest, and thus went on, year by year, till he found that in the sixtieth year the sixpence a day reached the startling sum of three thousand two hundred and twenty-five pounds sterling nineteen shillings and ninepence. Judge of the old man's surprise when told that, had he saved his sixpence a day, and allowed it to accumulate at compound interest, he might now have been worth the above sum; so that, instead of taking refuge in an almshouse, he might have comforted himself with a house of his own, and fifty acres of land, and have left the legacy among his children and grandchildren, or used it for the welfare of his fellow-men!

The Social Glass.

The following lines, in addition to intrinsic poetic merit, derive a peculiar interest from the circumstances which brought them forth. A somewhat intemperate man at Cincinnati, Ohio, had reformed and united with the Sons of Temperance. He had a brother in one of our sister cities who was addicted to intoxicating drinks. Deeply impressed with the instructions and admonitions he heard in the Division room, he felt a sort of inspiration to express some of the sentiments in verse. He did so, and sent them to his brother; and his brother is now a good Son of Temperance.

Thou social glass! bright, sparkling thing,

What treachery lurks beneath thy smile!

Pretending peace and joy to bring—

Life's fount thou poisonest the while.

Accursed monster! in thy praise

Even sages wrote and poets sung,

And peans did thy votaries raise,

While thou their hearts remorseless wrung.

A moral Juggernaut art thou;

Before thy car the inebriate reels,

And madly to fulfil his vow

Falls prostrate 'neath thy bloody wheels.

Vile spirit! thou in friendship's guise

Dost proffer the enchanted bowl,

And while thy victim sinks and dies,

Hast forged a chain to bind his soul.

Thou whisperest "Let us merry be,

And social joys the night shall crown."

Poor victim! from the tempter flee—

The poisoned chalice! dash it down.

Yes, dash it down! touch not a drop;

Behold an ocean round thee roll.

A maddening tide thou canst not stop

To overcome and sink thy soul.

Beware the fell destroyer's grasp;

He conquereth the wise and brave.

The good and wise the demon clasp—

Behold! they fill the drunkard's grave.

Youth's vigorous form he wastes away,

In manhood's veins a fever burns,

Age's gray hairs dishonored lay,

And beauty to corruption turns!

Riches he scattereth like chaff,

As fly the leaves before the wind;

For those who madly ruin quaff,

He leaveth not a hope behind,

His power for ages has endured;

He rides upon a boundless sea;

None from his ravages are secured—

Yes! "Sons of Temperance" are free.

Starched.

The Boston *Post* tells the following "good un" of a fellow who was in the habit of coming home late at night in a drunken state and taking his supper cold as it had been set out for him by his wife.

One night, besides the usual dish of cabbage and pork, she left a wash-bowl filled with caps and starch. The lamp had been extinguished when the staggering sot returned home, and by mistake, when proceeding to satisfy his hunger, he stuck his fork into the wrong dish. He worked away at his caps very patiently for some time, and finally, being unable to masticate them, he sung out to his wife:

"Old woman, where did you get your cabbages—they are so deuced stringy, I can't chew them?"

"My gracious!" replied the old lady, "if that stupid fellow an't eating up my caps that I put in starch over night!"

The Seven Last Plagues.

An American clergyman, not long ago, wrote a book to prove that the Bible, and Sunday-school, and tract, and temperance causes, with their kindred associations, were the "seven last plagues" spoken of by John in the Revelation, which should visit and afflict the earth. By accident a stray copy of his new and wonderfully profound exposition of prophecy fell into the hands of a tavern-keeper, who had persevered most manfully in resisting all efforts to bring him over to the side of temperance. Having read it, he was more confirmed than ever that his was a lawful calling, that he might sell spirits with impunity, and that the opposers of his freedom in this respect were very properly classed among the authors of the "seven last plagues." But then his customers began to decline; and in order to confirm the wavering, and prevent the total desertion of his bar, he sent for a number of copies

of "The Seven Last Plagues." The bookseller forthwith executed his order, and sent withal a show-bill to attract public notice. Upon receiving the books the tavern-keeper looked around the establishment to select the most suitable place for pasting up the bill, that all might see with advantage the new commodity which he had for sale. At last he pitched upon the very front of the bar; and there every one who entered the room could not fail to see, in large capitals,

THE SEVEN LAST PLAGUES
For Sale Here.

A motto more appropriate could not be selected for the bar of a tavern. And he had the mortification to find that his anxiety to procure the sale of this book was the means of preventing many from having further intercourse with those liquid plagues with which they had heretofore been but too familiar, and every one saw sooner than himself that he had unintentionally given the true style and title of his occupation.

Squire Jenkinson and his Nightcap.

Squire Jenkinson could get no rest. He had a noble mansion, fine pleasure-grounds, and a beautiful carriage drawn by beautiful horses. His table was supplied with every luxury, and his friends were the most cheerful companions in the world, but still Squire Jenkinson could get no rest. Sometimes he went to bed early, and sometimes he went to bed late; but whether late or early, it was just the same. "There is no peace for the wicked"; there was no rest for Squire Jenkinson.

He applied to his friends, who told him to take exercise, and to drink an extra glass of grog before he went to bed. He applied to his doctor, and he gave him laudanum and opium; but in spite of exercise, and grog, and laudanum, and opium, no sound rest could he obtain. At last he consulted Thomas Perrins, his gardener. Now Thomas Perrins was an humble Christian, and well knew that his master feared not God; that he was unjust, cruel, and oppressed the widow and the fatherless, and that his conscience troubled him; so Thomas told him that old Gilbert Powell, who lived hard by on the waste land, always slept famously, but that

perhaps he wore a different kind of a nightcap.

Mistaking the meaning of Thomas Perrins, away went Squire Jenkinson with one of his best nightcaps in his pocket, to exchange it for that of old Gilbert Powell, which he had washed and well aired: and when night came, he went to bed in good spirits, hoping to have a comfortable night's sleep; but no, though he put it on in all shapes, and placed himself in all postures, Squire Jenkinson could get no rest.

As soon as the sun rose, he hastened to the cottage on the waste land to know how Gilbert Powell had rested, when Gilbert told him that he thought he had never had a better night's rest in all his life; and was quite delighted with his new nightcap.

Perplexed and cast down, Squire Jenkinson then went once more to his gardener, to tell him of the ill success which had attended his plan of borrowing the nightcap of Gilbert Powell.

"It cannot be Gilbert's cap," said he, "that makes him sleep so soundly, for he wore one of mine, and tells me that he never had a more comfortable cap in his life."

"Ay, master," said Thomas Perrins, shaking his head significantly, as he leaned on his spade, "but to my knowledge he wears another cap besides the one you gave him—the cap of a quiet conscience, and he who wears that is sure to sleep well, let him wear what other cap he pleases."—*London Weekly Visitor.*

The Son of a Moderate Drinker.

Dr. Jewett says: After my last lecture in Westborough, I was informed that a gentleman, residing about a mile from the village, wished to see me, and have a talk with me on the subject of temperance. The person who made known to me the wishes of the gentleman was instructed to say that he had plenty of pork and beef on hand, some rum, and a good well of water. On the following morning I visited the gentleman, accompanied by Dr. Rising, and found him quite an intelligent and pleasant old man, but not much in favor of the cold-water system. The subject was broached directly, and he began, in a very pleasant way, to state some ob-

jections, which I endeavored to answer. We had but just begun the conversation, however, when one of his sons came into the room, and seemed very desirous to take part in the conversation. The old man requested him to be silent, but all to no purpose. He had, thus early in the morning, drunk enough to give him great confidence in his argumentative powers. He was determined to be heard, and therefore went on with an amount of senseless gibberish which was perfectly disgusting. The old man left the room and walked into the front yard. I followed him, and renewed the conversation, while my friend the doctor very kindly undertook to keep the senseless young man occupied in an argument upon liberty, equal rights, etc. As I joined the old man in the yard, he remarked, with a good deal of feeling, that "every one must have their troubles," and added, "That boy, sir—that boy has made me a great deal of trouble." In reply I enquired if the misconduct of his son had not been caused solely by his use of intoxicating drinks. "Ah! yes," was the ready reply. "Well, then, sir," said I, "will you not aid us in the great work of reform, and help us by your example and influence to banish from the earth the curse of intemperance, which has dashed your cup with such bitter dregs?" It was a moment of hesitation, of irresolution, with the afflicted old man, and he knew not what to answer. Should this paragraph meet his eye, I renewedly beseech him to consider whether his whole influence, while he continues to drink even moderately of strong drinks, is not directly calculated to encourage his son in his present ruinous course. I earnestly beg of him, for his own sake, and for the present and eternal good of his poor wayward boy, to pause and reflect.

Singular Request.

Some time ago, the well-known improvisor, John C. Mossie, attended at the Police Office, and solicited Justice Hopson to commit him to Bridewell. The novelty of the request created very evident surprise in the mind of the magistrate, on perceiving which, Mr. Massie took from his pocket two shillings, which he stated was all the money he

had in the world, and which he was perfectly willing to give to the justice, if he would only commit him to prison, whither he said he wanted to go, that he might be enabled to keep sober, which he further stated he knew he could not do if he was at large. The result of further enquiries went to show that Mr. Mossie had of late been intoxicated almost perpetually, and had frequently been locked up for being intoxicated, and now sought a committal to prison as the only means by which he could possibly keep sober. Justice Hopson refused to comply with Mr. Mossie's request, but directed him to be detained for the present.—*N. Y. Transcript.*

Dean Swift and the Weaver.

In the streets of Leicester, one day, Dean Swift was accosted by a drunken weaver, who staggering against his reverence said, "I've been spinning it out." "Yes," said the Dean, "I see you have; and now you are reeling it home."

Stealing a Penny Loaf.

A ragged and shivering little starveling is brought before a magistrate for stealing a penny loaf from a grocer's window. This is, of course, a penal offence. The grocer himself is the informer, the testimony is perfectly conclusive, and the judge is about to sentence the little wretch, when some kind-hearted counsellor offers the following considerations in mitigation of the offence: This child is the oldest of a miserable group. Their mother is an incorrigible sot; their father lies low in the drunkard's grave. Upon the morning when this little culprit committed this act of petty larceny, the mother lay drunk upon the floor, and her children were crying around her from cold and hunger. The elder boy, unable to bear the contemplation of their misery any longer, rushed forth from the hovel. He was resolved to obey that paramount law of nature which teaches us the principle of self-preservation, even in disregard of the laws of the land. He seized the penny loaf at the grocer's window, and, returning speedily to the den of wretchedness, he cast the unex-

pected boon before the miserable group, and bade them eat and live. He partook not himself; the very consciousness of the crime he had committed, and the fear of detection, supplied a more engrossing and oppressive feeling than that of hunger. The last morsel was scarcely consumed before the officer of justice entered the door; the offender was pointed out by the grocer, who led the way, and conducted him before the tribunal. In the very midst of such misery as this, and with the motive of the criminal before us, there is something to soften the heart of man, though we deny not that the act is a penal offence.

But the tale is by no means told. The little circle, now utterly fallen and forlorn, is the wreck of a family once prosperous, temperate, frugal, industrious, and happy. We have seen them on a Sabbath morning walking to God's house in company together. The father, strange as it may appear, was once a member of the church. The very first drop of that powerful tincture of destruction which he ever drank, and which conducted him through the paths of corruption to the grave, he received from the hands of another church member—that very grocer who now pursues the starving child of his former victim for stealing a penny loaf! But this is a penal offence. The farm was encumbered; the community had turned its back upon the miserable victim of intemperance; the church had expelled its offending member; the wife had sought, in the same tremendous remedy for all distracting care, an oblivion of her domestic misery; home had become a hell, whose only outlet was the grave.

All this aggregate of human wretchedness was produced by this very grocer. He has murdered the father, brutalized the mother, and beggared the children. The whole text and context of this continued and complicated wrong, the destruction of a happy family, is lawful and right! The theft of a penny loaf by a starving boy, from that very shop where his wretched father had laid down his last farthing for rum, is a penal offence!

Sad End of an Eloquent Lawyer.

Bishop Thomas M. Clarke, of Rhode Island, gives the following account of an eloquent lawyer and his sad end:

“Something like half a century ago in the university of an adjoining State, there studied a young man of rich and glowing genius, ready and eloquent in speech, of retentive and accurate memory, and with a mind well stored with various learning. He entered upon his profession as a lawyer with high hopes and the most flattering prospects of success. The early exhibition of his professional skill and his immediate advancement to posts of honor in the councils of State led the community in which he lived to look upon him as the probable candidate at some future day for the chief magistracy in his native State.

“His companions at this time were of that class whose genius and scholarship and wit entitled them to become leaders in society. And here we leave this young man, thus gifted and thus prospered; and remembering what must be the hopes, the warm fancies, the high, the enthusiastic, the joyous dreams of such a youth, we pass from the morning to the evening of his life.

“A few years since I saw a white-haired old man, pale, haggard, care-worn, and yet somewhat venerable in his demeanor; ragged, and yet not in a common beggar's garb, walking the streets, exhibiting a miserable, obscene bird to get for himself the means to buy his daily bread. I saw him hooted by the young, and I saw how the old passed him by on the other side. I heard him ask for a cast-off garment to protect his aged limbs from the cold. I knew, after this, how he would sometimes steal a place where he might lay his feeble head at nightfall. It was that gifted youth, and this was the change which half a century had wrought!

“In the early years of his profession he had been led to do a deed which brought shame and disappointment upon him, and he sought to quench the fire of remorse in the intoxicating cup. From that hour his strength departed from him. His mind had become a ruin, and yet there were columns and broken arches standing yet which told how noble a temple once stood there. And at times across the old man's soul there would flash a shadow of the past—shadows of the thoughts and imagery of his youth; and as he caught a glimpse of his own blanched locks, and withered form, and tattered garb, for a moment his heart would sink withir.

him. But the vigor of his mind had been long decayed, its balance deranged, his moral perceptions destroyed; and he had become a weak, drivelling old man, contented to live as the beast, and to die as the beast dieth. And now he sleeps in an unhonored, unnoticed grave."

Mr. Shawhan Rolls Out His Last Barrel.

Mr. Green, the celebrated reformed inebriate from Medina, upon invitation addressed the citizens of Tiffin on a certain occasion, the citizens of Fort Ball on the following evening, and then the citizens of Tiffin again, at each of which meetings his efforts were highly satisfactory, and crowned with the happiest success, some forty or fifty names having been obtained to the Washingtonian pledge.

On the following morning, about ten o'clock, L. D. Shawhan, a highly respectable citizen and merchant of Fort Ball, having determined to abandon the traffic in ardent spirits, rolled out his last barrel, in the presence of a large and respectable concourse of citizens, to be disposed of at their pleasure.

On motion of W. P. Nobles, Dr. Cuhn was appointed President, to preserve order on the occasion.

A grave having been prepared, King Alcohol, wrapped in a white oak shroud, was brought forth.

Mr. Green was then loudly called for, who arose amidst the deafening shouts of the assembled concourse, and preached the funeral of the captured tyrant.

Mr. Green then enquired of the assemblage what should be done with the prisoner, when all, in one deafening and heaven-shaking voice, proclaimed, "Behead and burn him! Behead and burn him!"

The condemned culprit was then deposited in the grave, and Mr. Green, pursuant to the call of the assembly, proceeded to behead him with an axe procured for that purpose. Then, amid the eloquent and applauding silence which prevailed, he was set on fire by several reformed inebriates. Mr. S. D. Shawhan, being then loudly called upon, addressed the meeting in an able and appropriate manner. Dr. Cuhn was also then called upon, and entertained the

audience with an appropriate address. After which the burning remains of his majesty were interred, and the following epitaph inscribed over his head:

"Beneath this sketch there lies a wretch,
Cold water stopped his breath;
And when he died, creation cried,
We're tickled most to death."

A Tale of Sorrow.

The following touching story of broken hearts, broken hopes, and broken constitutions, was written by the Rev. John Allen, a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada. I knew him well, and his tale of horror may be relied on as strictly true. He was a most uncompromising enemy of intemperance, and an able advocate of temperance. He says: "Some years ago, I was travelling from the State of New York into the Province of Upper Canada, by the way of Cape Vincent and Kingston. Between the two channels of the river St. Lawrence we passed Wolf's or Grand Island, which is but thinly settled. It was in the depth of winter, late in the evening, when I called at an inn. As is but too common at public-houses, several gentlemen were seated around the fireside, engaged in conversation. A little interrupted by my coming in, they made a short pause. Soon one of them resumed the conversation, and with a spirit of indignation said, 'Well that man ought to be hung for such conduct towards his wife;' to which the company responded in the affirmative. As I did not know the particulars of which they were conversing, I thought it was the slander and harshness of a bar-room conversation, and I asked for no explanation. The company soon dispersed. Early in the morning I called on a man in the neighborhood, with whom I had some business to transact. Soon a gentleman rode up to the door, wishing to know if I was a minister stating that a woman had died the day before, and wishing me to stay and attend the funeral; to which I consented, and learned the following particulars: J. B., the inhuman husband of the deceased, was the son of a tavern-keeper on the island, and was early addicted to habits of intemperance. He had been married to Miss B. four or five years. Notwithstanding his early habits of dissipation, he had been somewhat guarded and

prudent till he was married. He then gave himself up to his cups and carousals, neglected his business, scattering and destroying, spending much of his time in the town of Kingston, in a place noted for gambling and intemperance. It was not long before the last of his property 'tottered upon a single card.' He sold the clothing out of his own house for rum, and his wife was left to contend with poverty and despair. He soon became the most abandoned of drunkards I ever saw. He not only seemed to have forgotten to provide for his family, but it became his delight to rob his forsaken wife of every little comfort she might earn, or receive from a benevolent friend. He lived on the western side of the island in a log hut. It stood upon a rise, exposed to the northern blast that sweeps along the entire length of the Ontario. Almost perpetually the howling tempest beat upon the lonely and shattered dwelling. The rolling waves of the Ontario were seen at a distance dashing their foam upon huge banks of ice, and the roar of waters and storm added to the dismal gloom that reigned within a drunkard's home.

"Here lived the unfortunate female whose unhappy fate I am about to describe. She had been married and confined to the prison-house of a drunkard for near five years. Ah, hapless woman! little did she think when she gave herself to the man she tenderly loved, and who promised to protect her, that he was soon to become to her the source of a thousand woes. With the pencil of fancy she had drawn the scenes of a future life, and they were tinged with sunshine. But soon she learned that the husband of her youth was a drunkard, and what could she expect? Despair settled upon her brow, and anguish wrung her bleeding heart. Not one ray of hope shed its glimmering upon her solitary path. As if destined to woes, with her sorrows her cares increased. Two infant children demanded her attention and her tears, the younger of which was but a few weeks old when its mother fell a victim to neglect and despair.

"And here let simple narrative tell her tale of woe. When her infant was about ten days old, she was under the necessity of going out through drifts, and snow, and piercing winds, to gather fuel to keep from freezing—her husband was gone on a drunken frolic. She took a

severe cold, and was confined to a bed of straw (for such it literally was). No longer able to walk, or even to sit up, early one morning, as her brutal husband was setting off for the tavern to spend the day, she expostulated with him, and endeavored to impress upon his mind her distressed and critical condition. She seemed to succeed. But, oh! delusive hope. She told him she must have assistance soon, or her stay in the land of the living was short. He seemed to feel. She prevailed on him to go for medical aid. He crossed the river St. Lawrence on the ice to Kingston (a distance of four miles) and obtained a vial of medicine at the apothecary's store, and left in haste for his sick family. He was returning with apparent concern, and was passing the corner of the street, when one of his associates in profligacy, looking through the window of a contemptible grog-shop, saw his comrade passing and called him to take something to drink.

Although the inebriate knew that the relief, if not the life of his family, depended on his speedy return—his helpless family being entirely alone, and none of his neighbors had knowledge of his absence—yet this miserable wretch, on hearing the sound of rum, and an invitation to partake of the crimson poison, soon forgot a suffering wife and helpless infant, left by him in the jaws of death. He entered the sink of woe and crime, where demons in human form are wont to meet and hold midnight revelry. Here he remained in a drunken frolic for several days, during which it was extremely cold, and there was a heavy fall of snow. No one called at his house during the storm, supposing that he was at home with his family. The fire was out—no friend to render assistance: not even the call of a stranger to give relief. On her bed of straw, with an infant on each arm, and a few shreds of covering, lay the sufferer, pierced with hunger and cold; the bed, fireplace, and floor were all covered to some depth by the drifting snow. On the third or fourth day he returned with the little medicine and a bottle of rum. The snow had so drifted that it was with difficulty he entered his house. All within was silent as the house of death. It is said that the fingers of the eldest babe were stiffened to marble, and the tear-drop had frozen upon the infant's cheek. His wife neither smiled nor

wept—life still flickered within them all. In this situation he found his neglected and perishing family. He was intoxicated when he returned—set his medicine and bottle of rum on the shelf, and immediately left for his father's family (nearly half a mile distant), told his mother the fire had gone out, and his wife was at home sick, and he wished she would go over and see her; at the same time stepped into his father's bar, and took a glass of brandy. As he came out he staggered and fell, and there he spent the afternoon.

His mother was unfortunately given to habits of intemperance, and was then under the influence of ardent spirits. However, with fire and fuel she set out for the abode of distress. She found the woman and children speechless, badly frozen, and apparently in the agonies of death. With some difficulty she made a fire, and threw a brick and stone into the flames, and while they were heating she discovered the rum. Being exceedingly chilled, she drank freely of it, and thought it would do her good; but it only deprived her of reason. By this time the heated brick and stone became burning hot, and the drunken mother applied them to the naked feet of the dying woman. I will only add that in about thirty minutes the kindest messenger from heaven came to her relief; that messenger was death.

"It fell to my lot to deliver the funeral discourse of this unfortunate female. The feelings of my heart on this occasion I will not attempt to describe. When the lid of the coffin was removed, and many weeping eyes were casting painful looks on her who had fallen a victim to the cruelties of intemperance, I saw the husband (the author of her hapless fate) stagger up to the coffin, and, to all appearance, with a heart as unmoved, and an eye as tearless, as the cold and lovely form on which he fixed his drunken gaze. We all proceeded to the burying-ground, and I felt a pleasure in seeing the coffin consigned to its peaceful abode. But when I dismissed the audience in the Christian form, with my eyes I saw that drunken maniac stagger over the fresh grave of his bosom companion. My heart failed and my spirit moved within me, and I could not refrain from exclaiming in my heart, Almighty God! if it is thy will that man should suffer in this life, impose on me what evil seemeth good in thy sight.

Let me live in the cottage of poverty all my days, and have naught but the bread of sorrow to eat, and when I am thirsting on a dry, parched desert, let me find no water but my own bitter tears; and when my enemies pursue me, and seek my reputation and my life, and I fly for protection to my last friend, let him forsake me—let all this come upon me, if I must suffer; but, O gracious heaven! deliver me from the all-devouring and overwhelming fate of a drunkard."

The Sailor Beggar.

"One day," said John Tappan, Esq., of Boston, "a hearty sailor begged of a gentleman in the street sixpence to purchase a glass of grog, and was clamorous for the money. The gentleman took the sailor into a baker's shop and offered him a loaf of bread, but it was refused, although the sailor declared he had eaten nothing for two days. As the sailor was evidently under the influence of liquor, he was told he had taken too much already, and ought to know better than to make a beast of himself. He drew up his sleeve and said, 'There is my name, and I am not ashamed of it. My father has been governor of the State of New York, and I have been in Yale and Union colleges, and have had a good education, but for years I have led a dissolute life, and four days ago came into this port with the wages of a nine months' voyage in my pocket, amounting to one hundred and ninety dollars, but it is all gone to the keeper of a sailor boarding-house, and in the company which I met at Mother —s's, and now I must try another voyage.'"

The Shield of Law.

A liquor-seller once said to James Aiken, of Lewisburg, Penn.: "Sir, if you will place yourself from under the protection of the law, I will give you a sound thrashing." Aiken, who had a ready wit and no fear, and who has done great service in the good cause, replied, "I would be a great fool to get from under the shield of the law; for it was made to protect me against such fellows as you."

The Secret Sin of the Beautiful Bride.

There was a beautiful young girl, the daughter of a *squireen* or small proprietor in Ireland, whose story I will tell you. Her parents were dead, and she and the brother, who hired the little property, lived together in the large mansion house, fast falling into decay from want of the means to repair it. The brother was a keen sportsman, and was daily to be seen with dog and gun on the moor or by the lakeside, in pursuit of his favorite amusement, and generally accompanied by the pretty little sister, who, bold and spirited, as Irish girls often are, would without fear mount the wildest horse in the country, and not unfrequently shoot her bird and spear her salmon in laughing rivalry of her brother. Nor would I blame her for this. She had been reared up among men, and was better used to their rude sports than to more feminine occupations, which, indeed, she had no opportunity to learn. Well for her had the harm ended here! The house was situated in a wild, lonely country, no neighbors living within a circuit of several miles. The brother, after a long day's sport, liked to have one to sit with him at night, and talk over the day's amusement; and who should do so so naturally as the young girl who had shared in the excitement and fatigue? But talking produces thirst; and the young man took his glass of strong, warm potheen punch, and gave a little share to his sister. Thus began a taste for drink that by slow, gradual, yet sure degrees gained upon her, till it was a craving, continual and increasing, and the young man shuddered at his work. In the course of a distant shooting ramble they met with an English gentleman who had come to Ireland to enjoy its wild sports. Struck with the girl's beauty and freshness, he obtained an introduction to the brother, and, after several interviews had deepened into affection the impression made by her natural loveliness and arch simplicity, he offered her his hand. Now came the horrid moment of explanation; for the brother, though poor, was a gentleman and man of honor, who felt he could not in silence permit his sister to become the wife of one honorable and high-born, and leave him to find out, when too late for remedy, that he had taken a drunkard to his bosom. Powerful was the struggle in the lover's breast. Under

any circumstances, the daughter of a petty landholder would run the risk of being looked down upon by his family, and now, with her dreadful failing, what would they say and think? But love prevailed over reason; and a bargain was made that she should have six months' probation in the house of a lady in Dublin, whom he could trust with the secret, and who, as his friend, would do her utmost to make his Anna as good as she was lovely. Meantime, they were not to meet or to correspond; but if all went well, in six months he was to claim her as his wife.

Time passed, and at length a letter from his friend told him that the evil seemed cured; that never once, since Anna came under her roof, had she seen cause to suspect a relapse into her former grievous sin; but sorrowfully hinted that the poor girl's health seemed sinking from some unknown cause—that she refused all medical advice, and was evidently wasting away; and the lady concluded by saying, "I think it proceeds partly from shame of the past, and partly from a desire to see you." It is needless to say that the journey to Dublin was no longer delayed. It was late at night when he reached his friend's house, and Anna, feeling unwell, had retired to bed. But her hostess said she would venture to disturb her, and bring her news of the welcome arrival. In a moment she returned with horror strongly depicted on her countenance. "I fear," she said, "that something terrible has happened. She lies in a stupor, and I cannot awaken her." The gentleman followed, with hurried steps, to the bed-chamber. Anna lay on her couch, stretched stiffly out, a filmy glaze dimming those lustrous eyes, and a burning, hectic spot showing brightly on each sunken cheek. Her lover shuddered, thinking death had been busy in that chamber. Alas! a kiss upon the parched lip revealed to his shuddering mind the awful truth that the stupor was not that of death, but of intoxication! Shocking was the fact now brought out by questioning the reluctant servants. At night, while her unsuspecting hostess slept, she, hidden by the cloud of darkness, indulged in the secret sin, which had worked out its deadly errand, undermining her strength, and sapping the vital powers, till her constitution was now decayed—"past cure, past hope, past help." And

but a brief space afterwards he who had come full of buoyant hope to lead his reclaimed bride to the altar, now followed her poor corpse to the funeral vault, only too glad her shame was hidden in its dark shades.—*A Woman's Plea for Temperance.*

Taverns Seven Hundred Years Ago.

The following description of a drinking tavern or groggery is in the seventh part of the confession of the Waldenses and Albigenses, composed at least as far back as the year 1120. It will be seen that strong drink holds its own, and that the fruits thereof are as deadly and destroying now as they were in ancient days.

"A tavern is the fountain of sin, the school of the devil; it works wonders fitting the place. It is the manner of God to show his power in the church and to work miracles; that is to say, to give sight to the blind, to make the lame go, the dumb to speak, the deaf to hear. But the devil doth quite contrary to all this in a tavern; for when a drunkard goeth to a tavern, he goeth uprightly, but when he cometh forth he cannot go at all, and he hath lost his sight, his hearing, and his speech. The lectures that are read in this school of the devil are, gluttonies, oaths, perjuries, lyings, and blasphemies, and divers other villainies; for in a tavern are quarrels, slanders, contentions, murders."

A Truth Mated.

"If you had avoided rum," said a wealthy though not intelligent grocer to his intemperate neighbor, "your early habits of industry and intellectual abilities would now have permitted you to ride in your carriage."

"And if you had never sold rum for me to buy," replied the bacchanal, "you would have been my driver."

The Oldest Temperance Pledge.

The oldest pledge of temperance is found in the Bible, Jeremiah, chap. xxxv., and the words were spoken by the Rechabites: "We will drink no wine; we, nor our wives, nor sons, for ever."

The Temperance Boy and the Lady.

No is the countersign to virtue It requires a great deal of firmness to say no.

"Here, my dear, drink a glass of wine," said a lady, as she handed a glass of champagne to a bright boy.

"No, thank you, ma'am, I belong to the cold-water band," replied the boy.

"I'll give you a dime if you'll drink it," said a gentleman, who wanted to test the little teetotaler's strength.

"Oh! no, sir," replied the boy, "I would not break my pledge for a hundred dimes!"

Noble young teetotaler! How many of our readers are as true as he?

Father Taylor and the Insolent Rowdy.

While Edward T. Taylor was delivering one of his temperance lectures, a well-known drunkard present, disliking some of his remarks, commenced hissing. Father Taylor turned the attention of the audience to him, and then said in his own peculiar way, as he pointed to him, "There's a red nose got into cold water. Don't you hear it hiss?"

Temperance Declaration of Independence.

This declaration was made at a temperance meeting, and reads thus:

Whereas, in the course of human events, it has become necessary that an enslaved community should dissolve the bonds of king and subject, and a decent respect for the opinions of mankind requires that we should declare the causes which impelled us to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: That all men are born free and equal, and that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are these: that every man has a right to appease hunger and quench thirst with that which is best adapted to the human constitution; that no man shall be compelled to swallow that which distorts his features, bloats his visage, burns his stomach, blasts his reputation, ruins his worldly prospects, destroys his domestic happiness, enervates his mind, debases his

heart, maddens his brain, and digs his grave.

The history of King Alcohol is a history of repeated wrongs, outrages, and oppressions, all having in direct object the establishment of absolute tyranny over us.

To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world :

He refuses to allow us to use the best of all beverages, cold water.

He refuses to assist us when weak and overcome in his service, and, when fallen by the wayside, will leave us to die like dogs in the gutter.

He gives us an ever-craving longing for poison, and deprives us of appetite for the good and wholesome things intended for man's sustenance.

He makes the nose a light-house, and the face a rumseller's advertisement.

He picks our pockets and clothes us in rags.

He steals our friends and doubles our enemies.

He feeds us from the bottle and lodges us in the open street.

He deprives us of employment and steals our livelihood.

He heats us in summer and freezes us in winter.

He sends sickness and pain and takes health and strength.

He makes our houses ruins and our lands deserts.

He stamps decay on our frames and burning shame on our hearts.

He makes our bodies wrecks and our homes mad-houses.

He sends deep woe to our fathers and broken hearts to our mothers.

He sends our wives to the grave and our children to the poor-house.

He makes life a loathsome burden and death a maddening thought.

He sends unnumbered curses and denies one real advantage.

A king whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant is utterly unfit to govern human beings.

We, therefore, in sobriety and sanity assembled, now declare that we are, and of a right ought to be, free and independent ; that we are hereby absolved from all allegiance to King Alcohol ; that, sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, we are for independence— independence now, and independence for ever ; and in support of this declaration,

we pledge ourselves to wage unceasing hostility, that in prosperity and adversity, in public and private, at home and abroad, on land and on sea, we will hold ourselves ever in battle array.

We therefore now hold King Alcohol as we hold other poisons—a death-foe in health, in sickness to be used only by medical advice ; and with this solemn declaration of our independence of, and our final separation from him, we now proclaim that we will make no compromise, consent to no truce, listen to no terms of peace ; that our wrongs are unpardonable, our enmity undying, and our war eternal and exterminating.

General Zachary Taylor.

General Taylor's name is immortalized. His history is closely identified with that of his country. He was a hero. His sending word to the enemy, "General Taylor never surrenders," will never be forgotten. It is treasured up among the national household words, like Commodore Perry's "We have met the enemy, and they are ours," and Captain Lawrence's "Don't give up the ship."

General Taylor was also a moral hero—a temperance hero—and when he died it might have been well said over his remains :

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest
With all their country's wishes blest?"

A paper makes the following averments concerning the life and habits of General Taylor: "Never chewed tobacco never drank rum, never smoked a cigar, never owed a man a cent, never was sued, never sued any one himself, never was dunned, never dunned anybody, and never lost a battle."

THE TAYLOR JUG.

A gentleman travelling at the West met an emigrant journeying with his family to the fertile regions beyond the Mississippi. He had all his goods packed in wagons, and on one load there hung a huge jug with the bottom broken out. He asked the stranger why he carried that with him. "Why," said he, "that is my Taylor jug." "And what is a Taylor jug?" he enquired. "Why," said he, "I had a son with General Taylor's army in Mexico, and the old gentleman always told him to carry his whiskey-jug with a hole in the bottom ; and

since then I have carried my jug as you see it, and I find it the best invention I ever met with." "Now," said Rev. Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, who related the anecdote, "if our presidents, governors, and legislators would only carry such whiskey-jugs as this Western emigrant carried—if their jug had no bottom in it—we should have much less drunkenness and misery. It is their example that does more mischief than rumsellers do."

Rev. Edward T. Taylor,

THE SAILOR PREACHER.

The Rev. Edward T. Taylor, the famed sailor preacher of Boston, I knew very well. I have heard him preach, and heard him make most effective temperance speeches.

He was an original genius, full of pleasantry and wit.

At one of his prayer-meetings a black man occupying a back seat rose and spoke briefly and effectively. When he sat down, Father Taylor exclaimed, "I knew we should have a refreshing shower when I saw that black cloud arising."

After a very windy man had made a long, dull, dry, uninteresting, unprofitable talk, Mr. Taylor, when the man had taken his seat, said, "Now I wish some one would speak who has something to say."

He was just as witty on the subject of temperance, and he would tell some of the most thrilling and pathetic stories about intemperance among the sailors.

EVILS OF INTEMPERANCE.

In 1846, in the old Broadway Tabernacle, I heard Mr. Taylor deliver an address of rare beauty and power. He described in glowing colors the evil of intemperance. He showed what a dignified being man was—the lord of creation. He showed how rum degraded this noble being so he could strike his mother and seize hold of the gray locks of an aged father; that, however amiable he may naturally be, rum changes him so he becomes a devil, an incarnate fiend. He said, "He is degraded, ruined, forsaken. He despises himself, and he is abhorred by others. Fortune throws him out of her lap, and protection folds up her arms and refuses to encircle him. Drunkenness not only injures the

body, but ruins the soul. 'No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God'; and there is only one other place where they can go."

He showed that the cause was retailing ardent spirits; that there were "eight thousand slaughter-pens in the city of New York, and they all had their customers. Gentlemen with their sons are there, the rich are there, the poor are there. The law throws its arms of protection around those who keep these slaughter-pens, and makes their business respectable."

THE DRUNKARD AND THE DRUNKARD-MAKER.

Speaking of cause and effect, he says: "When a man is intoxicated, he is insane; he cannot discern between good and evil. Yet if he steals, we imprison him; if he murders, we hang him.

"What do you do with the man who causes him to murder; who puts murder into his heart, and stimulates him to do the deed? You protect him in his lawful business. You sign his application for the renewal of his license, or you send him to Congress. All this in America, the paradise of the world, the only free country upon which the sun of heaven ever shone; 'The land of the free and the home of the brave.'

"You hang the effect and let the cause go. I go for hanging both."

THEIR PUNISHMENT.

"What shall be done with those who keep these slaughter-pens? I go for serving them as old Rough-and-Ready was for serving a rumseller who followed General Taylor's army into Mexico. He found that he was selling liquor to the soldiers and making them intoxicated. He went to him and told him if he did not quit that business, he would kick him into the United States. The sailor preacher said: "I go for kicking them the other way. Kick them over the Rocky Mountains, and then on to the shores of the Pacific; and then give them one more kick into the ocean, and then enquire, as the Quaker did, 'Friend, canst thou swim?'"

The Teetotaler and his Medicine.

A teetotaler of Cork had a severe attack of illness, and, among other complaints, water on the chest. He

called a physician, who, among other medicines, prescribed whiskey-punch. He purchased some bottles of liquor, and locked them up safe at home in his cupboard, taking the medicine regularly, as prescribed, but not touching the whiskey. After a time the doctor told him to discontinue the whiskey, and take instead certain Drogheda ale, which he would purchase of very superior quality at a certain shop in the city; of this also, fearing the doctor might enquire, he purchased a few bottles, and locked them up safely with the whiskey. In a short time the teetotaler got quite well, and his case was spoken of as a most remarkable recovery, of course attributed to the virtues of the liquor. When the doctor paid his last visit, the man thanked him for his kindness, and told him he had done all he had desired him, except in two instances. "What were those?" said the doctor, looking very angry. "Why, sir, I did not take the whiskey-punch nor the ale." "You did not!" said the doctor, looking at him. "And why did you not?" "Why, sir," said the teetotaler, "I believe that any person who gives up intoxicating drink for the love and honor of the Saviour will never have occasion to take them again." "Is that your faith?" said the doctor. "It is, sir." "Then it was your faith that saved you, and answered all the purposes of the whiskey-punch and ale."—*Bristol Herald*.

Thrilling Adventure of a Young Lady.

The following singular story is from the Palmer, Mass., *Journal*:

"In one of the most sober towns of Hampshire County, where the Maine Law is strictly observed, the keeper of one of the hotels has, for several months past, kept a bottle or two of liquor in the bed where he sleeps, taking care to remove them every night when he went to bed, and replace them when he got up in the morning. A few days since, having replenished his bottles, and not having a good opportunity to carry them to their old quarters, he slipped them under the bolster of one of the beds reserved for travellers, and, being called out of town to spend the following night, forgot to remove them. It unfortunately happened that a young lady

traveller stopped at the hotel for the night, and was conducted by an unsuspecting servant-girl to the room where the liquors had been deposited. As the evening grew late, the young lady went to bed and was soon fast asleep, little dreaming of the mischievous spirits which were working under her pillow. About midnight, when all had become still, the secreted liquor—owing to the heat of the weather or the genial warmth imparted to it by the gentle sleeper—expanded to such a degree as to defy longer confinement. Pop! pop! went the corks of both bottles, almost simultaneously, making a noise as loud as the report of as many pistols, and awakening the fair sleeper, who sprang from the bed, uttering such wild and terrific screams that every person in the house was immediately aroused. The moon shone bright enough for the lady to discover the red liquid upon her night-dress, and, with the conviction that she had been shot, she fainted and fell to the floor. A dozen servants immediately burst into the lady's room, and were horrified at finding her lying upon the floor, weltering in blood. All believed that some awful tragedy had been enacted—that she had either committed suicide or been cruelly murdered. A light, however, convinced them that she still breathed. No time was lost in sending for a surgeon, while the half-dressed inmates of the house commenced a search for the assassin or the instrument which had been employed to perpetrate the horrid deed. On examining the bed, it was found to be drenched with what was supposed to be the blood of the young lady; but a strong smell of brandy caused some one to investigate a little further, when the two bottles—one partially filled with red wine and the other with brandy—were discovered under the pillow. How the doctor came, how the lady recovered, and how the landlord tried to hush up the affair the next day, can be better imagined than we can describe."

Two Drunkards Reformed.

"I am glad," said I, "captain, to see that you use no strong drink now; for, three years ago, I remember to have solemnly warned and exhorted you to quit it." He replied, "I had to quit it,

or it would have killed me ; and now I have left off selling the vile stuff."

Of course I congratulated this very amiable and worthy citizen, whom I saw in a village of New Jersey not many days since, and encouraged him to adhere to his good resolution of total abstinence.

"But," continued the captain, "I've got a good anecdote to tell you."

"About whom?" said I.

"About yourself," resumed he. "Do you not remember, when you was in my store three years ago, to have seen there a carpenter, a large, stout man, who was then a great drunkard?"

I told him that I did remember the carpenter, and that I had some conversation with him; but could not recall a single expression.

"Why," said the captain. "the fellow was the greatest drunkard I ever knew; he would drink two quarts of whiskey a day, and by four every afternoon was past work. He asked you once and again, by way of insolence, what would become of the drunkards; when you turned upon him, and said, 'Now, let me tell you, my friend, that you must either damn rum, or rum will damn you; for one or the other of you will soon be damned for ever.' Your words, sir, stuck with him; and I don't believe he has been drunk since. He is now a member of the temperance society, and does not drink a drop."

I could only reply to the captain, "This is good news indeed; and I thank God I was enabled to make so profitable a speech."

A Terrible Case of Delirium Tremens.

A most striking and distressing case of this frightful and horrid malady having occurred in Rome, Oneida Co., N. Y., I have thought it might prove interesting and useful to spread the same before your readers. The individual was in the prime of life, and might, under the blessing of temperate habits have been spared for many years. He was taken about a week previous to his death, and was soon writhing in the anticipated agonies of the second death. Visions of serpents, fire, and everything most horrid, played around him in frightful horror; and his agony and distress in

these seasons was appalling. In standing by his bedside, his eyes were shooting forth the fires that were raging within, and his shrieks the most horrid that can well be imagined.

During his attack he walked into the street, a perfect maniac. Yet, while in that condition, he found some one vile enough to thrust the cup to his lips, and he was returned to his house intoxicated as well as a maniac. His wife said to the writer of this that she wished those who had fed his raging thirst, and had brought him on his bed of anguish and death, might but witness his deep throes of agony, his horror at the pictures of imagination. But, no; when he had spent all his substance, as this man literally had, for the poison which had proved his ruin—for he had wasted a snug little patrimony—they turned away and said, "He might as well die; no one would mourn for him!" They could not be persuaded to visit his bedside; but that was left to those who had often warned him of his danger, and without effect. When will the public mind awake to this subject, and come out and adopt the principle of total abstinence from all that can intoxicate? J.

Tremendous Appeal.

A young man of extraordinary genius, who was graduated at Princeton with the first distinction, was seen by a party of students, in less than one short year, lying in the street—his brow, so recently crowned with the laurels of the college, now begrimed with dirt. On observing in the young men a disposition to make themselves merry at his expense, with some effort he raised himself a little, and, supported on his elbows, addressed them in language like this: "Young men, I once stood erect, and walked firmly on the ground as you do now. Had I been told but a year ago that I should be found in my present condition, I should have contemned the prophet, and exclaimed, as did one of old, 'Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?' It is ardent spirit, fit only to be concocted in hell and swallowed by devils, that has prostrated me in this vile mud and made me despise myself. Laugh not at a poor ruined wretch, who can no longer control the raging fury of his appetite. Be rather

admonished by his example; and as you regard your reputation, as you love yourselves, beware of the college wine party, the morning dram, and the evening potation."

A Tale of Woe.

Thurlock W. Brown, of the *Cayuga Chief*, comments thus: "A young, well-dressed, gentlemanly-appearing man, with a lovely wife and child, had journeyed on the same train with us from Buffalo. At ———, in spite of the earnest and tearful protestations of his wife, he would leave the depot, as he said, 'on business.' From the wife's manner we readily guessed what she thought his business was. For a long hour she stood with her boy in her arms, awaiting his return, the tears, in spite of all her efforts, silently dropping upon the cheek of her sleeping child. He came just as the train started—drunk. He lurched towards the platform, fell upon the rail, and his head was severed from his body. Never in life shall we forget the expression of the wife's countenance, as she stood a moment, her features pale and ghastly, and then fell senseless upon the gory and smoking form of her husband. The wail of the fatherless boy touched every heart, for not one who looked upon the scene could refrain from weeping. Had an assassin robbed the wife and child of a husband and father at such a moment, the enraged populace would have lynched him on the spot. But he was killed "by authority." He died a legal death. The butchery was licensed. The price of blood was in the rum-seller's till. A few pennies' worth of property was saved to him, but a husband, father, and citizen destroyed.

Truth Forcibly Spoken.

There is a striking philosophical truth in the following paragraph in the *New York Mirror*:

"The most eloquent and effective lectures on the subject of temperance are those addressed to the eye. To see a man of splendid intellect staggering about the streets, like a 'star shot

madly from its sphere, and abusing his best friends, is a sight more melancholy than death. We never could laugh at a drunken man, though wit may sparkle from him in his cups. It is a sight deplorable to gods and men, and to the relatives and friends of the fallen one, it is a grief which neither words nor tears can adequately express. We have witnessed some instances of late that were melancholy and painful in the extreme. For the poor degraded victims we can only feel an infinite pity.

"We witnessed on Monday, in Front Street, a scene, if possible, more painful than that indicated above—an aged mother, as she appeared to be, holding on to the arm of her staggering son, as if buoyed up by a mother's hope, and determined not to give him up. Oh! the trials of the drunkard's mother."

Tapering Off.

There is no greater error, no sadder mistake, than the idea of tapering off in drinking intoxicating liquors. Many have tried it, but they taper on; they increase the dose. This has been the case with thousands upon thousands of mistaken souls. I am reminded of a gentleman who had a dog with a long tail, and going away from home to remain several days, he ordered his servant to cut off the dog's tail. When he returned, his wife said to him, "My dear, I wonder what ails our dog; for every morning, about such an hour, he has howled most dreadfully." He called his servant to him, and enquired, "Did you cut off that dog's tail?" "Yes," he answered, "I cut off a little piece of it every morning." "Why did you not cut it all off at once?" "Because I was afraid it would hurt him."

Touching Appeal.

A merchant in New York City was fast becoming intemperate, and this was a subject of conversation and regret with those who knew him. Living in the upper part of the city, he returned home from his store, and a sweet little daughter of his got up on his lap, and kissed him and patted his cheek, and looked him right in the face, as the tears

filled her blue eyes, and she said, "You are not a drunkard, are you, pa?" He covered his face and wept, and from that hour abandoned his cups. The touching appeal of his sweet little daughter did the business for him. Some child at the school had said to her, "Your father is a drunkard," and it like to have broken her little heart.

Taking a Day to Himself.

A deacon of a church in Ohio, who had maintained a fair religious character for many years, was found by one of his neighbors one day drunk in the road alongside of the fence. Said he, "Deacon, how did this happen?" The deacon said, "I have been sober and tried to serve the Lord for many years, but I thought I would take a day to myself." Alas! most of the sprees, blowouts, free-and-easies, scrapes, and difficulties men get into, especially in regard to intemperance, arise from men "taking a day to themselves."

The Toper's Opinion.

"I think," said an old toper, commenting upon the habits of a young man who was fast making a beast of himself, "when a man reaches a certain pint in drinkin', he ort to stop." "Well, I think," said another, "he ought to stop before he reaches a pint."

The Teetotaler and the Drunkard.

A drunkard assailed a Washingtonian, but could only say, "There goes a teetotaler!" The gentleman waited until the crowd had collected, and then, turning upon the drunkard, said, "There stands a drunkard! Three years ago he had a sum of \$800; now he cannot produce a penny. I know he cannot. I challenge him to do it; for if he had a penny he would be at a public-house. There stands a drunkard and here stands a teetotaler, with a purse full of money, honestly earned and carefully kept. There stands a drunkard! Three years ago he had a watch, a coat, shoes, and decent clothes; now he

has nothing but rags upon him, his watch is gone, and his shoes afford free passage to the water. There stands a drunkard; and here stands a teetotaler, with a good hat, good shoes, good clothes, and a good watch, all paid for. Yes, here stands a teetotaler! And now, my friends, which has the best of it?" The bystanders testified their approval of the teetotaler by loud shouts, while the crestfallen drunkard slunk away, happy to escape further castigation.

Terrible Results from a Small Cause.

"Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth." Henry Ferguson and Ephraim Tally had jointly bought a quart of liquor, and received in change two cents. A dispute originated as to the distribution of the change. Ferguson demanded both cents; but Tally was willing to give him but one. A dispute, therefore, about a single cent, cost one of the parties his life, made the other a murderer, and sent him for twelve years to the penitentiary. But the liquor, the abominable whiskey, was no doubt the real cause of all this woe.

The Two Sailors.

Two sailors were sitting on the gunwale of their ship drinking grog. "This is meat and drink," said Jack, and fell overboard as he was speaking. "And now you've got washing and lodging," coolly replied Tom.

The Two Physicians.

There lived in Berkshire County, Mass., two physicians of considerable skill and eminence. One of them used no spirituous liquors, the other drank freely; and while the one had acquired considerable property, the other remained poor.

Meeting each other one day, when the former was returning from a distant town with a well-made and richly-painted carriage, the latter accosted him thus: "Doctor —, how do you manage to ride in a carriage painted in

so costly a manner? I have been in practice as long and extensively as you, and charge as much, but I can hardly live and drive the old one." "The paint on my carriage didn't cost half as much as the paint on your face."

A Tip-Top Life.

A young man who is serving out a term in the Michigan State prison has written a long letter to his friends, dwelling upon the causes which led him into crime, and summing up the conditions of "tip-top life," as understood by rapid young gentlemen. He says: "You may not comprehend this term, but let me explain. By living a tip-top life is meant, first, to be idle; second, to drink whiskey or anything else, and of course get drunk; third, to frequent all places of coarse fun, such as cock-fights, boxing matches, negro shows, etc.; fourth, to steal all they can lay their hands upon. This, then, is living a tip-top life. Thus have I fallen, and thus will thousands of young men fall."

The Wrong Ticket.

How true it is that wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and he that is deceived thereby is not wise—that is, he is a fool; and the drunkard is the fool of all fools.

I was waiting at the depot at Sing Sing for a car to go to New York, and a man came reeling up to me whose whole appearance showed he was under the influence of strong drink. "Mister," said he, "what time do the cars go to Croton?" I answered, "Four o'clock and one minute." He began to fumble for his ticket, and said to me, "It don't say so on my ticket; the ticket-seller has cheated me." I said, "You don't have the time the cars go on your ticket, but on the time-table." Being satisfied on that subject, another was introduced. Said he, "Mister, the other night I had a dream or a vision. As I was in bed, a voice came to me, saying, 'Swear not, swear not at all,' and I awoke, got out of my bed and on my knees, and it was not long before I felt better; and I have not sworn one word since."

I told him that was very good, and said, "Mister, I think you ought to have another dream or vision, and hear another voice saying, 'Drink not, drink not at all.'" He said he thought it would be a good thing. We conversed together a little longer. I said to him, "My train is coming; yours will be here at four o'clock and one minute." We shook hands. Said he, "Stranger, I thank you for treating me so politely and kindly, and I hope, if ever we meet again, you will show your respects to me."

Time to Quit.

A soaker in a neighboring village had been on a hard spree. Next morning he wanted to taper off, but the query was, how to get the liquor. His jug was empty, his pockets ditto, and the tavern-keeper wouldn't trust. Casting his eyes round, he spied his wife's pocket Bible, which he slyly slipped into his own pocket, and off he went to the tavern. After coaxing the landlord for a drink in vain, he produced the Bible and offered it in security; but it was no go. "That's not yours; take it home to your wife." In vain he begged for one glass, and insisted on leaving the Bible, promising to go to work and pay him out of the first money he got. The publican was inexorable. "Well," said he, "when you won't take either my word or the Word of God for a drink, it's high time for me to quit." He carried the Bible home and signed the pledge, and has drunk none since.

The Last Tragedy.

Poor Sam Morrell—who did not know him?—was found dead in Lydius Street yesterday. Verdict of the coroner's jury, "Death from intemperance and exposure." Poor Sam! how many of our citizens, old and young, have long been familiar with his oddities and vagaries when under the baleful influence of his "ruling passion," a love of liquor! Yet how few ever knew or could appreciate the depths of the degradation, the miseries, and the sufferings of which poor Sam has been for so many long years the victim! Once

he trod the boards of the stage with a noble bearing and majestic step worthy of a Roscius and a Garrick. But rum "played foul with his intellect," and for more than a dozen years has Sam only been known as a street drunkard. But even then was Shakspeare always uppermost in his thoughts, and often has he been taken to the "lock-up" for spouting, at the witching hour of night, the soliloquies and ravings of Richard III. or some other favorite character of his beloved author.

But for him the path was only downward, and that continually. For the last four or five years his history has been uniform. A residence of thirty or sixty days in the "home of the vagrant," to be followed with a debauch of but a few days, and then another thirty or sixty days, have been the record of Sam's life during that period. Wretches in abundance could always be found who would pour the "liquid fire" down his burning throat, and then laugh over his drunken vagaries. The last debauch, ending in death, was the most protracted and revolting. In rags, soaked by the pitiless storms, Sam wandered through the streets, begging a penny of every one he met, or now and then earning one by a song. A more pitiable object we never beheld than he presented yesterday. Filthy, in rags, face covered with brickdust, he appeared the most forlorn object we ever saw. It appears that during the afternoon a gang of idlers had hired Sam to sing a collection of his songs, and had rewarded him by giving to him an unusually large donation of money. He repaired to the first rummery, procured an extra quantity of his bane, and drank it. Soon after he was found lying dead in Lydius Street, his murdered spirit having been thus suddenly summoned before his Maker. The verdict indeed stands upon the coroner's book as "Death by intemperance and exposure," but on another book there are some who will meet a charge of "wilful murder" recorded against them.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

Theatricals and Mr. Gough.

With what inimitable beauty and simplicity Mr. Gough tells his own story! How it reads like a tale of chivalry!

Mr. Gough says: "I never was an actor upon the stage; but I did for about six weeks sing comic songs between the pieces. That is all my experience, at any rate, of stage life upon the stage; but I was at one time acquainted with a large circle of young men, and many of them glorious young men—some of them classical scholars, and not one of them that I know was a fool. In one city in America I belonged to a club of young men, and it was called at one time the Shakspeare Club, because most of the members were theatrical gentlemen. And I tell you there were men of genius there—and an actor must be a man of genius; he must be a man of talent, he must be a clever fellow; for I tell you the public have taste enough and appreciation enough to hiss from the boards a man who is not a clever fellow and is not a genius, and among that class of men you will find some splendid fellows as the world ever saw, with natural ability and genius. And some such there were in the city in which I was; I knew them well; I loved them as I loved my own brother; they received me into their society; and I will tell you that out of the thirty-five or thirty-six that I knew there, I was the least in intellect and in mental capacity and power. I spoke in the Melodeon in the city of Boston; it was the first temperance address that was ever delivered in that building. I said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, twelve years ago I stood in this building, the last time it was ever opened for theatrical performances.' The play then was, 'Departed Spirits; or, The Temperance Hoax,' in which some of the best and most glorious pioneers and leaders of this enterprise were held up to scorn and contempt. 'Where I stand,' said I, 'was the stage; where that organ stands was the scenery and machinery; where you sit was the pit; there is the first, and there the second row of boxes; the third has been taken away; there is the door which led to one dressing-room, and there the door which led to another. This house is very little changed; but circumstances are. Where are they, the young men that twelve years ago associated with me in this house? Echo only answers, "Where?" I knew them, glorious fellows—one a classical scholar, a graduate at Cambridge University; a man who had the

most presence of mind under difficulty of any man I ever knew; a man who was the most intensely practical joker I ever saw in my life; a man that nothing in the world could daunt; a man who always (as we say) had his wits about him. I will give you a little illustration of it. He was performing the part of Pizarro one night; and the servant had to come in and say to him, "My lord, we have just taken an old cacique." Pizarro's words were then to be, "Then drag him before me." Instead of which the servant said, "My lord, we have just taken an old cask." I saw Charles's face twitch, as he stood there a little. By-and-by, folding his arms, as the audience had recovered from their roar of laughter, destroying his point just there, he exclaimed, "Roll him in and tap him!" The man could always make the best of a bad bargain. I remember at one time he had delirium tremens. They said it was brain fever; he had his head shaved completely bare, and there were very few among his acquaintances who knew his head had been shaved. He had a most magnificent wig manufactured, and he used to go round with us to the drinking-houses as before. One night we were all in Concert Hall together, and there was one young gentleman who was to treat. He was one of those young men who consider it a very great honor to treat an actor; and that is a great danger of theatrical gentlemen, for I have known some myself who would walk arm-in-arm with the driver of a circus wagon, and think it a great thing if they could get a peep at the performance, if they had to creep in under the canvas, because they were friends of the proprietor. This young man was the one who had to pay for the drink. They used to give very curious toasts sometimes; and one, who did not know his friend's hair was off, gave this toast: "Here's all your hair off your head, Charley, my fine fellow." Charles was so exceedingly sensitive about the hair that if any one had said to him, "Charley, you're sailing under bare poles," he would have said, "Now, don't, don't." He looked so astounded, as much as to say, "Did he mean anything?" When he found he did not, he pulled off his hat and wig, and made such a face that I shall never forget it. When the other young man had finished his glass, he set it down, looked up, and

went backwards, and presented the most ridiculous appearance. Charles would mortify himself rather than lose a joke. But I said, Where is he? Dead! Where did he die? He died in a drunken debauch; falling down a flight of stairs, when endeavoring to find his way without a light, he broke his neck, and scarce ten persons went to his funeral. There was another, a most glorious singer, a man who kept horses worth seven hundred and sixty dollars, at Reed's establishment, at the back of the Pemberton House, who used to invite us to ride; and many a ride I have had with him to Brighton, and Brookline, and Dorchester. Where is he? Dead! Where did he die? He died in a horse-trough in the stable where he once kept his own horses, and no one with him except a city missionary; the thought that maddened him, when the cold fingers of death were feeling for his heart-strings, was: "My old friends have left me, and there is no one to wipe the cold sweat from my brow but a city missionary, that I have scoffed and laughed at as a fanatic"; and he died, struggling in his wretched bed, and cursing those who had brought him to ruin. I spoke of another and another. And one of them—I saw him die. He had not seen his twenty-third birthday; and he had bitten his tongue through twice, until it grew so large that he could not articulate, and he spat out the bloody foam in his attempt to utter words. He sprang from the bed, dashed himself against the wall, fell back in quivering convulsions, was taken up and laid down again on the bed, and there he died. There was another one, who said to me, "I am longing to quit the stage"; he went on board a whale-ship, and, going up aloft while in drink, he fell down, and his brains were dashed out upon the deck. Another one was found one morning drunk in a gutter, and only had half an hour to live. Oh! it is fearful. You say you are not such a fool as to become a drunkard; you have self-control enough to keep yourself from becoming a drunkard. There have been men with as mighty a mind as yours, with as sharp an intellect as yours, with as brilliant a genius as yours, who have become drunkards. Let me tell you, young men, one thing. We have got reformed drunkards. Yes, we can point to hundreds and thousands of

men who have burst the burning fetters of habit, and who stand up to-day free men. Are they all fools? It requires more manliness, more moral courage, more self-denial, more firmness of purpose, more decision of character, more of an iron will, more of a stern determination, to break a bad habit than it does to acquire it. If they were such fools as to become drunkards, they were men, and they became reformed drunkards. Ay, it is easy enough to go down the stream; it is hard to row up the stream, especially when the wind is against you; and many and many a man has come up from the ditch, and worked his way half-way up to the mountain-top, to the astonishment of those who despised him in his deep, dark degradation."

John Trumbull.

The late celebrated John Trumbull, when a boy, resided with his father, Governor Trumbull, at his residence in Lebanon, Connecticut, in the neighborhood of the Mohegans, a remnant of which tribe still lingered there, sacredly protected in the possession of the graves of their fathers. Mr. Trumbull, in his autobiography, gives the following story, which he says "deserves to be written in adamant."

The government of this tribe was hereditary in the family of the celebrated Uncas. Among the heirs to the chieftaincy was an Indian by the name of Zachary. "Though an excellent hunter, he was as drunken and worthless an Indian as ever lived." By the death of intervening heirs Zachary found himself entitled to the royal power. Says Trumbull: "In this moment the better genius of Zachary resumed its sway, and he reflected seriously: 'How can such a drunken wretch as I am aspire to be the chief of this honorable race? What will my people say, and how shall the shades of my noble ancestors look down indignant upon such a base successor? Can I succeed to the great Uncas? I will drink no more!' He solemnly resolved never again to taste any drink but water, and he kept his resolution."

Zachary succeeded to the rule of his tribe. It was usual for the governor to attend at the annual election in Hartford, and it was customary for the Mo-

hegan chief also to attend, and on his way to stop and dine with the governor, who was the father of John Trumbull. John was quite a boy, and on one of those occasions when Zachary came to compliment his venerable father the following occurrence took place at the gubernatorial table, which we relate in the words of Trumbull:

"One day the mischievous thought struck me to try the sincerity of the old man's temperance. The family were all seated at dinner, and there was an excellent home-brewed ale on the table. I thus addressed the old chief: 'Zachary, this beer is excellent; will you not taste it?' The old man dropped his knife, and leaned forward with a stern intensity of expression; his black eyes, sparkling with angry indignation, were fixed on me: 'John,' said he, 'you don't know what you are doing. You are serving the devil, boy! Do you know that I am an Indian? I tell you that I am, and that if I should but taste your beer, I could never stop until I got to rum, and become again the same drunken, contemptible wretch your father remembers me to have been. John, never again, while you live, tempt a man to break a good resolution.' Socrates never uttered a more valuable precept. Demosthenes could not have given it in more solemn tones of eloquence. I was thunderstruck. My parents were deeply affected. They looked at each other, at me, and at the venerable old Indian with deep feelings of awe and respect. They afterwards frequently reminded me of the scene, and charged me never to forget it. He lies buried in the royal burial-place of his tribe, near the beautiful falls of the Yantic, the western branch of the Thames, in Norwich, on lands now owned by my friend, Calvin Goddard, Esq. I visited the grave of the old chief lately, and there repeated to myself the inestimable lesson."

A Tragic Event.

In 1855 the temperance cause triumphed in the State of New York. They elected a temperance governor, and the legislature passed a prohibitory law—which law was pronounced unconstitutional by a majority of the judges of the Court of Appeals.

A most tragic event followed the decision of the court in the death of Benjamin F. Harwood, the long-beloved and honored clerk of the court. The prohibitory law was his only hope of escape from that terrible death which followed the cup. On the morning of the decision he entreated one of the judges to spare the law. Said he, "Sir, you know that I am addicted to drinking, but you do not know—no person can know—how I have struggled to break off this habit. Sometimes I have succeeded; but then these accursed liquor-bars, like so many man-traps, have effected my fall. For this reason I have labored for the prohibitory law. Your decision is with me a matter of life and death." When the decision was handed him to record, he felt it to be like signing his own death-warrant. Hope failed him; despair seized him; amid the horrors of delirium tremens, when four men could not hold him, he sank away, and in less than four days was no more—death by the traffic in the Court of Appeals.—*Prohibitionist*.

Temperance and Politics.

"Don't get temperance into politics," cries the political demi-grog. "Only keep it out of politics," is the universal cry of the designing politician; for they well know that they can mould drunken men just as they please. Politics have been drunk for more than half a century, and have suffered through all the horrid diseases attendant upon the great evil of intemperance. Politics have drunk more rum in the United States for the last fifty years than would fill the Erie Canal. Politics have been drunk, staggered, and fallen into the gutter. Politics have had the delirium tremens and the gout, and will, no doubt, ere long fill a drunkard's grave.

Cold water will never injure a ballot-box—remember that.—*Niagara*.

Terrible Accusation.

Mr. Gough, in speaking of the depravity which rumsellers acquire by perseverance in this diabolical work of death, remarked with terrible severity, but undoubtedly with truth, "that if

he were to go to a tavern-keeper in Roxbury who sold rum, and who knew his own past habits of intemperance, and how he had been raised to hope and happiness again, and should ask for a glass of spirits, he believed it would be given him, even if that landlord knew that by drinking it he would seal his eternal damnation! 'Yes,' said Mr. Gough, 'and he would look on with a fiendish smile while I was turning it down!'"

The Three Children.

In a family of three children, the parents of which regularly took a glass of wine at dinner (and as soon as the children become of an age to sit at the table, they, too, must drink papa's health in a little wine), the parents died honored, respected, and temperate; but the children became intemperate—the appetite was formed in the wine-cup.

Delirium Tremens.

"Such, as it seems to me (and my opinion is the result of actual experience), is the philosophy of delirium tremens.

"As nearly as I can recollect, it was early in the spring of 1838 that I first suffered an attack of this frightful malady. Having by some means obtained a few dollars, I had been drinking more deeply than usual; and at a late hour of the night, I was kicked out of the hotel in a state of helpless intoxication. The night was frosty, and I soon felt the necessity of seeking a shelter from its severity. It was utterly impossible, however, for me to walk, or even to stand upon my feet; and after a few ineffectual efforts to do so, I gave over and crawled into an adjoining stable. But in seeking thus to avoid one danger I encountered another, which had nearly proved fatal. Gropping in the darkness for an eligible spot in which I might compose myself to sleep, I blundered among the hoofs of the horses, where the reception I met with was anything but hospitable. My retreat from this perilous position was speedily effected, but not without sundry bruises and a deep flesh wound in the left leg, which to this day remains

unhealed. I succeeded at length in dragging myself into a sleigh, where, partially wrapped in a buffalo skin, I spent a night of misery, which, though it cannot be told, is not to be forgotten.

"The dreadful chill contracted by this exposure, though I sought to overcome it by copious draughts of brandy, was not easily removed. I went home sick, feverish, and dispirited. Dinner was prepared, but I loathed it, and put it from me untasted. It seemed as if nothing but brandy could sustain my sinking powers, and 'I sought it yet again.' Day after day I continued to pour in the liquid fire, which was already consuming me, until every vein was surcharged with the burning element. During this time I had scarcely eaten at all, or closed my eyes to sleep; my wounded leg had been neglected, and was in a state of high inflammation; and my nervous energies, overtaken as they had been, were upon the point of entire exhaustion. I found myself haunted by spectral illusions; a dreadful sound was in my ears; a burning, suffocating weight pressed upon my chest. I perceived that the unnatural stimulus could no longer rally the failing powers of nature, and took to my bed, convinced that nothing but sleep would save me from madness. But for me there was no sleep. Every nerve seemed unstrung; every muscle was agitated with a convulsive tremor. There was an all-pervading restlessness upon me, and, like the ghost of the murdered Duncan, 'still it cried, Sleep no more.'

"Besides, I was surrounded with imaginary horrors. Sometimes I fancied myself in the midst of venomous creatures, and in actual contact with cold, slimy reptiles. Huge serpents, with fiery eyes, and darting forth forked tongues, coiled upon the posts of my bed, and seemed ready to pierce me with their sharp, white fangs. Then, perhaps, wherever I turned my eyes, horribly-distorted faces would be looking at me, and perpetually assuming new but disgusting and repulsive forms. Sometimes ghastly skeleton shapes would peer in upon me from behind the half-opened curtains. Again the scene would change, and white-sheeted spectres would glide in and gibber around me. I still felt a sense of painful oppression in the chest, which at times combined itself strangely enough with these absurd imaginings. At one

time I thought an elephant had planted his foot upon my breast, and was tightly compressing my throat with his trunk. Again, I fancied that an alligator had thrown his crushing weight upon me. I felt his limbs interlocked and wreathed with mine; I saw his capacious jaws expand as if to devour me; and I was compelled to breathe his hot, suffocating breath. The prevailing impression, however, in regard to this painful sensation, was that I had fallen under the feet of horses, and that they were trampling me to death."

Temperance Converts.

Mr. Gough, among other places, lectured at Chatham, and all classes were anxious to hear his eloquent oration. A gentleman in the neighborhood had a good but drinking servant, and calling him, he said, "Robert, you suit me to a T, but your frequent intoxications determine me to get rid of you. Now, Mr. J. B. Gough is going to lecture at Chatham, and if you and Mary would like to go and hear him, there are tickets; and if he convinces you of the evil of drinking and your ability to labor without, obey him and become a member of the teetotal society, and I will try you then."

The man and his fellow-servant heard him, and both signed the pledge. The gentleman retained the man's services, and twelve months rolled on; and on the anniversary of his deliverance from the thralldom of strong drink the master said, "Robert, how much beer did I agree to allow you when you entered my service?"

"A pint per day," said the man.

"And did you get drunk on a pint a day?"

"No, that just whetted my appetite, and then all my spare money went, and credit besides."

"Well, if your beer cost twopence per day, that is fourteen pence per week, 4s. 8d. per month, £2 12s 8d. per year—there is that in addition to your wages."

"Thank you, sir. And there is my savings-bank book."

"Ah! then you must have saved money besides."

"Yes, and so has Mary."

"Well, well, go on and prosper."

“ Yes, sir ; I have reason to bless God for Mr. Gough.”

At the same time there came a minister of the Gospel many miles to hear the eloquent orator, and while he listened he wept ; for Mr. Gough portrayed the evils and consequences of drink upon young men—the insidious character of which he had reason to believe had already laid hold of a son then living in London. The living voice of the lecturer was hushed, but the agitated tones of apprehension in his bosom could not be stilled ; he therefore signed the pledge himself, and took early opportunity of inviting his son down to him. He wept when he saw him, and still deeper was his sorrow when he learned the love that youth had imbibed for ale ; and looking at him with deep emotion, he said, “ Charles, you must never touch that seductive liquor again ; for you I have suffered deeply in my mind, and your preservation in future depends on your abstinence from all intoxicating liquors. I have signed the temperance pledge, and I want you to do the same.” The youth was deeply affected, confessed the power of liquor over him, readily listened to the father, signed the pledge, and they this day walk happily together.



The Tavern-Keeper and the Drunkard's Bible.

“ Mr. President,” said a short, stout man, with a good-humored countenance and a florid complexion, rising in a public meeting, as the last speaker took his seat, “ I have been a tavern-keeper.”

At this announcement there was a movement through the whole room, and an expression of increased interest.

“ Yes, Mr. President,” he went on, “ I have been a tavern-keeper, and many a glass I have sold to you, and to the secretary there, and to dozens of others that I see here,” glancing around upon the company.

“ That's a fact,” broke in the president ; “ many a gin-toddy and brandy-punch have I taken at your bar. But times are changed now, and we have begun to carry the war into the enemy's camp. And our war has not been altogether unsuccessful, for we have taken prisoner one of the rumsellers' bravest generals ! But go on, friend W—— ; let us have your experience.”

“ As to my experience, Mr. President,” the ex-tavern-keeper resumed, “ in rum-selling and rum-drinking—for I have done a good deal of both in my time—that would be rather too long to tell to-night, and one that I would much rather forget than relate. It makes me tremble and sick at heart whenever I look back upon the evil I have done. I therefore usually look ahead, with the hope of doing some good to my fellow-men.

“ But there is one incident I will relate. For the last five years a hard-working mechanic, with a wife and seven small children, came regularly, almost every night, to my tavern, and spent the evening in my bar-room. He came there to drink, of course, and many a dollar of his hard earnings went into my till. At last he became a perfect sot, working scarcely one-fourth of the time, and spending all he earned in liquor. His poor wife had to take in washing to support herself and children, while he spent his time and the little he could make at my bar. But his appetite for liquor was so strong that his week's earnings were usually gone by Tuesday or Wednesday, and then I had to chalk up a score against him, to be paid off when Saturday night came.

“ This score gradually increased, until it amounted to three or four dollars over his Saturday night's pay, when I refused to sell him any more liquor until it was settled. On the day after I had thus refused him he came in with a neat mourning breast-pin, enclosing some hair, no doubt, I thought, of a deceased relative. This he offered in payment of what he owed. I accepted it ; for the pin, I saw at once, was worth double the amount of my bill. I did not think, nor indeed care, about the question whether he was the owner or not. I wanted my own, and in my selfish eagerness to get it I hesitated not to take a little more than my own.

“ I laid the breast-pin away, and all things went on smoothly for a while. But he gradually got behindhand again, and again I cut off his supply of liquor. This time he brought me a pair of brass andirons and a pair of brass candlesticks, and I took them and wiped off the score against him. At last he brought a large family Bible, and I took that too, thinking, no doubt, I could sell it for something.

“ On the Sunday afterwards, having no

thing to do—for I used to shut my bar on Sundays, thinking it was not respectable to sell liquor—I opened this poor drunkard's family Bible, scarcely thinking of what I was doing. The first place I turned to was the family record. There it was stated that, upon a certain day, he had been married to Emily—. I had known Emily—when I was a young man very well, and had once thought seriously of offering myself to her in marriage. I remembered her happy young face, and seemed suddenly to hear a tone of her merry laughter.

“Poor creature!” I sighed involuntarily, as a thought of her present condition crossed my mind, and then, with no pleasant feelings, I turned over another leaf. There was the record of the birth of her four children; the last had been made recently, and was in the mother's hand.

“I never had such strange feelings as now came over me. I felt that I had no business with this book; but I tried to stifle my feelings, and turned over several leaves quickly. As I suffered my eyes to rest upon an open page, these words arrested my attention:

“Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; whoso is deceived thereby is not wise.”

“This was just the subject that under the feelings I then had, I wished to avoid, and so I referred to another place. There I read:

“Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath wounds? who hath babbling? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine. At last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.”

“I felt like throwing the book from me; but once more I turned the leaves, and my eyes rested upon these words:

“Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and maketh him drunken also.”

“I closed the book suddenly and threw it down. Then, for half an hour, I paced the room backwards and forwards in a state of mind I never before experienced. I had become painfully conscious of the direful evils resulting from intemperance, and still more painfully conscious that I had been a willing instrument in the spread of these evils. I cannot tell you how much I suffered during that day and night, nor describe the fearful conflict that took place in my mind between a selfish love of the gains

of my calling and the plain dictates of truth and humanity. It was about nine o'clock, I think, on the same evening, that I opened the drunkard's Bible again, with a kind of despairing hope that I should meet there with something to direct me. I opened at the Psalms, and read two or three chapters. As I read on without finding anything directly to my case, I felt an increasing desire to abandon my calling, because it was injurious to my fellow-men.

“After I had read the Bible, I retired to bed, but could not sleep. I am sure that during that night I thought of every drunken man to whom I had sold liquor, and of all their beggared families. In the brief sleep that I obtained I dreamed that I saw a long line of tottering drunkards, with their wives and children in rags. And a loud voice said:

“Who hath done this?”

“The answer, in a still louder voice, directed, I felt, to me, smote upon my ear like a peal of thunder:

“Thou art the man!”

“From this troubled slumber I awoke to sleep no more that night. In the morning the last and most powerful conflict came. The question to be decided was:

“Shall I open my tavern or at once abandon the dreadful traffic in liquid poison?”

“Happily, I decided never to put to any man's lips the cup of confusion. My next step was to turn the spigot of every keg or barrel of spirits, wine, beer, or cider, and let the contents escape on the floor. My bottles and decanters were likewise emptied. Then I came and signed your total-abstinence pledge; and, what is better, never rested until I had persuaded the man whose Bible had been of so much use to me to sign the pledge likewise.

“And now, Mr. President, I am keeping a temperance grocery, and am making restitution as fast as possible. There are at least a half dozen families to whom I furnish a small quantity of groceries every week, in many cases equal to the amount that used to be spent at my bar for liquor. Four of my oldest and best customers have already signed the pledge by my persuasion, and I am not going to rest until every man I helped to ruin is restored to himself, his family, and society.”

A round of hearty applause followed this address, and then another of the reformed drinkers took the floor.

Total Abstinence.

"Come, J—," said Col. L—, at one of those unprofitable elections where men treat everybody, and too many get drunk because others wish it—"come, J—, you used to take a drink with me; come up and take a glass."

"I've quit drinking," said J—.

"Have you taken an oath not to drink cider, or beer, or anything?"

"No, I have not taken any oath about it; I only resolved not to drink spirits any more, as it injures me."

"Oh! well, come up and take a glass of cider, beer, or wine, or something that is weak, just to keep company with your old friends. These won't hurt you, and you won't be violating your temperance pledge."

Poor J— went up and took his glass of beer, and soon he took another, and then antoher, and soon there was brandy enough put into the beer to make him stagger home and keep his bed for two days!

Now, had there been two words more in the constitution of the temperance society, viz., "total abstinence," poor J— might have been saved from much suffering and from a drunkard's grave.

Temperance Movements.

The evils of intemperance were well understood, but they were attributed to the excessive and immoderate use of intoxicating liquors.

In a sermon preached at the general election, Hartford, Conn., May, 1807, the Rev. Amos Bartlett said with great emphasis: "Through the frantic influence of these spirits rational beings are transformed into furies; the peace of society is broken, and many crimes are wantonly committed. To procure this liquid poison, families are deprived of their necessary food and clothing, and not a season passes in which many victims are not registered in the bills of mortality."

I remember Mr. Bartlett and his preaching when a boy. He understood alcohol to be a poison, and gave a graphic description of its effects; and yet, with all his burning zeal, the only remedy he proposed was to prevent as far as possible the "excessive use of spirituous liquors."

Total abstinence is the only cure for those who have once been intemperate.

Not long after Mr. Bartlett's sermon, Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia, said, "My observation authorizes me to say that persons who have been addicted to the use of spirits should abstain from it suddenly and entirely. 'Touch not, taste not, handle not,' should be inscribed upon every vessel that contains spirits in the home of a man who desires to be cured of intemperance." Mark, this was a remedy for a drunkard. It was not total abstinence for others. It was not a universal remedy and preventive for others. The temperance reformation was in its twilight.

Then in 1808 was formed the first temperance society by Dr. Billy J. Clark and Rev. Lebbeus Armstrong.

In 1825 Rev. Justin Edwards published a tract entitled "The Well-Conducted Farm." It was circulated widely through the country, doing much good.

A few friends of temperance met to consider "what shall be done to banish intemperance from the United States?" It was a question involving stupendous interests. They prayed for divine guidance, and then resolved to attempt the formation of an American Temperance Society, whose grand principle should be abstinence from strong drink; and its object, by light and love, to change the habits of the nation in regard to the use of intoxicating drinks. They opened a correspondence with various denominations, and a meeting was held in Boston, January 10, 1826. A committee was appointed to prepare a constitution, and they adjourned to meet February 13, 1826. Then the constitution was presented and adopted.

The society held its first meeting, and elected the following officers: President, Hon. Marcus Morton; Vice-President, William Ropes, Esq.; Treasurer, John Tappan, Esq.; Executive Committee, Rev. Leonard Woods, D.D., Rev. Justin Edwards, John Tappan, Esq., Hon. George Odiorne, and S. V. S. Wilder, Esq.

Such was the origin of that once magnificent society, that accomplished such a vast amount of good, and enlisted some of the finest minds in America. Dr. Justin Edwards and Rev. John Marsh were its corresponding secretaries. After a while it was transferred to New York, where its grand anniversaries were held in the old Tabernacle on

Broadway, and the most eloquent men of the nation delivered addresses that thrilled the souls of vast audiences. It was at one of these large meetings John B. Gough, the world-renowned temperance orator, made his first address, when he was almost friendless and unknown to fame.

This society published a paper called the *Journal of the American Temperance Union*. It was most ably edited and accomplished a vast amount of good.

Take Time by the Forelock.

Resist beginnings: whatsoe'er is ill,
Though it appear light and of little moment,
Think of it thus—that what it is, augmented,
Would run to strong and sharp extremities;
Deem of it, therefore, as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatched, would, as its kind, grow mischievous;
Then crush it in the shell.

The Temperance Society and Sambo.

A certain Thomas S. Kendall, who sometimes had Rev. prefixed to his name, was once occupying a portion of the columns of the *Maryville (Tennessee) Intelligencer*, in opposing and denouncing temperance and temperance societies. His communication in a certain number had this head: "To the members of the temperance and other infernal societies." He said the temperance society was an "invention of hell," was plainly of infernal origin. While some of the correspondents of the *Intelligencer* were gravely arguing the point with Mr. Kendall, another seems to have summed up the merits of the cause in the following communication and dialogue.—*M. Star*.

For de Maryville 'Telligencer.

MISSA PARAM: I spoz you neber let poor niger say anything in your paper; if you do, I wish you 'sert de following dialog 'tween me and Sambo. You musent 'ject to it 'cause it too late, 'cause the fuss all is ober—'cause you know when de white folx served, den's de

time for poor niger. 'Sides, I write 'ticularly for de 'vantage of de niger, and you know de niger understand de niger better dan he do the white folx.

Ah! Tom I told you dat-ah temperance siety come from de debil, but you no bleve me; now since Massa Kindal say so, I spoz you no 'spute de ting any more, Tom.

Tom. Ha! ha! Sambo, you like de whiskey—dat's what make you bleve Massa Kindal. 'Sides, de temperance siety no come from de debil, 'cause all debil men 'poze dat siety. Now, neber man nor debil 'poze demselves, you know, Sambo. If da do, de house divided 'gainst himself cannot stand, de Saviour say.

Sambo. But de temperance siety 'nite church and state—dat's sartin, Tom.

Tom. No, no, Sambo. You no make de proper 'struction. Good people of bof church and state join de temperance siety; and bad people of bof church and state 'poze de temperance siety. My part, I like to 'nite de church and state in a good cause, but dat an't 'niten de laws of de church and state.

Sambo. But you drink 'hind de door, Tom.

Tom. De Saviour tell me "no turn evil for evil," else I'd call you a liar, Sambo. Did you eber see me drink 'hind de door, or 'fore de door eider?

Sambo. No. But Massa Kindal say so, and Massa Kindal is a preacher, and I spoze de preachers no lie, Tom.

Tom. Dat's very uncertain, Sambo. Massa Kindal is interested in sayin' so, darefore he is not a good witness. Moreober, Massa Kindal like to taste de good cretur himself—dat's what makes him 'poze de temperance siety and talk so.

Sambo. He no drink in de dark, Tom.

Tom. So much de worse, den. Dare's de sin of de 'zample and de sin of de drinkin' too. As the Bible say, "He glories in his shame." And when he say other preachers drink 'hind de door, he very probable lie. If some do, da hypocrites, and dat don't militate 'gains de siety; for cause da some hypocrites, dat proves da some good folx.

Sambo. It's a cretur of God too, and de Bible say, "Every cretur of God is to be received with thanksgiving."

Tom. Rattlesnakes de cretur of God too, derefore I spoze you'd eat rattlesnakes. No, Sambo. Dare be some

good creatures of God and some bad ; my part, I chuse de good and 'fuz de bad. Moreober. whiskey bees no creature of God, but one of man's "inventions."

National Temperance Conventions.

The first was held in Philadelphia, in the Hall of Independence, the 24th of May, 1833—in a most appropriate place. Twenty-one States were represented, with four hundred delegates. There were delegates from the various temperance societies in the United States, met "to consider the best means of extending temperance by a general diffusion of information, and, by the exercise of a kind and persuasive moral influence, the principles of abstinence from the use of ardent spirits throughout our country."

Hon. Reuben H. Walworth, of New York, was appointed president.

Twenty-eight resolutions were prepared and presented by the business committee. They were freely and ably discussed. The greatest harmony prevailed.

A public meeting was addressed by Hon. George S. Hillard, of Mass. ; Rev. Thomas P. Hunt, of North Carolina ; Rev. Thomas H. Stockton, of Maryland ; Joseph Lumpkin, of Georgia ; and N. Hewitt, of Connecticut. When had temperance abler advocates ?

In their able report they sent out many reasons, strong as Holy Writ, "for complying with the resolutions adopted by the convention." The convention did much good, giving a fresh impetus to the cause of temperance throughout the nation.

Hon. Stephen Van Rensselaer, of Albany, gave the money to defray the expense of the distribution of 100,000 copies of the proceedings of the convention.

The second assembled at Saratoga Springs, August, 1836 ; three hundred and forty-eight delegates present, from nineteen States and Territories. Chancellor Walworth presided. The principle was firmly established of total abstinence from the use of liquors as a beverage, and from the making and furnishing to others.

The convention was attended by a noble class of men, among whom were—Chancellor Walworth, E. C. Delavan, Rev. Justin Edwards, Moses Grant, Billy

J. Clark, Rev. John Marsh, and many others, who are now in their graves.

There were able reports, able discussions, and able addresses at their public meetings, Dr. Jewett and General Carey, from Ohio, being the able orators.

The third was held at Saratoga Springs, July, 1841 ; five hundred and sixty delegates present. The convention announced its judgment that "license laws," authorizing sales of liquors, "are at variance with all true political economy, and one of the chief supports of intemperance."

The fourth convened at Saratoga Springs, August, 1851 ; three hundred delegates, from seventeen States, present. The keynote of the convention was prohibition, and the "right and duty to bring the traffic to an end" emphatically proclaimed.

The fifth convention met at Saratoga Springs, August, 1865, Hon. William A. Buckingham presiding, resulting in the establishment of a publication house and the creation of a sound, able, and pure temperance literature, which is scattering its tens of millions of pages yearly throughout all parts of the land.

The sixth National Convention was held in Cleveland, July, 1868, Hon. William E. Dodge president. The convention declared that temperance, having its political as well as its moral aspects and duties, demands the persistent use of the ballot for its promotion. It took more advanced ground than that of any former convention, and marks a new era in the history and progress of this great reform.

The seventh was held at Saratoga, August 26, 1873. There were representatives from twenty-three States and from Canada. Important essays were read, new and old themes discussed ; strong resolutions were passed. At this convention there was a new departure ; they took higher and stronger ground than ever before. They passed the following :

"*Resolved*, That the time has arrived fully to introduce the temperance issue into State and national politics ; that we recommend all the friends of temperance to make it henceforth the paramount issue ; to co-operate with existing party organizations where such will endorse the legislative policy of prohibition and nominate candidates pledged to its support ; otherwise to organize and maintain separate, independent party action

in every State and in each Congressional and electoral district of the United States."

Temperance Organizations.

NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

First among the leading organizations in this country, and one which reaches the greatest number of individuals, stands the National Temperance Society and Publication House, of which Hon. William E. Dodge is president.

This society was organized in 1866 for the special work of creating and circulating a sound temperance literature. It is composed of a board of thirty managers, representing the various religious denominations and temperance organizations of the country, and has stereotyped and published eighty bound volumes and three hundred varieties of tracts and pamphlets. This list comprises books, tracts, and pamphlets upon every phase of the question; text-books, containing lectures, essays, arguments, history, and statistics upon the moral, physical, religious, scientific, political, and financial aspects of the question; discussing the nature and effects of alcohol, as well as its place and power; presenting all the different phases of the wine question, giving the Bible view and argument, together with quotations from the first authorities in the world; the results of the liquor-traffic, the political duties of the hour, essays on beer and light wines, books for Sunday-school libraries, stories, papers, tracts, and picture-books for children; books, pledges, badges, etc., for juvenile societies; temperance song-books, catechisms, hymn-books, sermons, pledge-books, etc. These have been scattered like leaves of the forest into every State of the Union, among the inhabitants of the Dominion of Canada, and in the Old World, reaching millions of persons who have never had temperance truths brought home to them before.

The total receipts of last year were \$57,293 35; 1,709,000 copies of the *Youth's Temperance Banner* and 122,000 of the *National Temperance Advocate* were printed during the year. The tracts and papers are furnished at cost, and the *Banner* at less than cost, of manufacture. Over \$40,000 have been expended for stereotyping and literary labor since the organization of the society.

Donations are earnestly solicited to carry on the missionary and gratuitous work of the society.

Board of Managers: Rev. T. L. Cuyler, D.D.; Rev. Wm. M. Taylor; Rev. J. B. Dunn; John Davies; Rev. Alfred Taylor; Rev. A. G. Lawson; R. S. Doty; Rev. George L. Taylor; A. A. Robbins; Rev. W. C. Steel; Rev. Dr. W. W. Newell; Peter Carter; J. N. Stearns; James Black; T. T. Sheffield; Rev. Wm. Howell Taylor; John Falconer; J. R. Sypher; George S. Page; Gen. Joseph S. Smith; Hon. William B. Spooner; Rev. R. S. MacArthur; J. Finley Smith; Rev. Cyrus D. Foss; S. B. Ransom; R. R. Sinclair; T. A. Brouwer; E. Remington; B. E. Hale; Rev. Halsey Moore. Hon. Wm. E. Dodge is President; Hon. T. T. Sheffield, Treasurer; J. N. Stearns, Corresponding Secretary and Publishing Agent.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

This organization, instituted in 1842, has forty Grand Divisions and nearly two thousand subordinate divisions, extending into States, Territories, and British dominions. During the thirty-two years it has numbered over two millions of persons, and is steadily but surely advancing with increasing force and swelling ranks. Its entire freedom from the machinery of signs, grips, or degrees, leaves it free for effective missionary work, and it embraces some of the ablest and best moral and religious elements in the land. The order now numbers about 200,000.

GOOD TEMPLARS.

This extensive organization was instituted in 1851, and now numbers sixty grand with six thousand subordinate lodges, scattered all over the world. It has a liberal financial basis, is everywhere scattering a temperance literature, supporting lecturers in the field, holding county and district conventions, and is rapidly increasing its numbers in almost every part of the civilized world. It has degrees and methods of recognition. Its membership is estimated at nearly half a million.

TEMPLARS OF HONOR AND TEMPERANCE.

This order was organized in 1845, and now embraces twenty Grand Temples, with subordinates in nearly all the States of the Union. It is intended as a higher

temperance and fraternal organization, with advancement by degrees as its members are proved worthy. It is a noble order, composed of splendid men.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF RECHABITES.

Introduced into this country from England in 1842, this order spread rapidly throughout the United States, numbering at one time over 100,000, but declined in later years, and became nearly extinct. In 1868, however, it was reorganized, and is now in active operation, with tents in many States and a large membership.

GOOD SAMARITANS.

Organized in the city of New York in the year 1847. It is a benefit society, and was the first of all the temperance orders to admit persons of color to their lodges, and the first to admit ladies to full membership. They now exist in all of the States in the Union, and number about 100,000 members.

FRIENDS OF TEMPERANCE.

This is a Southern organization, composed entirely of white membership, and has State Councils in about ten States, with a membership of about 100,000. Headquarters in Virginia.

UNITED FRIENDS OF TEMPERANCE.

This is also a Southern organization of white membership, established in several States, with about 60,000 members. Headquarters in Tennessee.

BANDS OF HOPE.

This is the simplest and best organization for children now in existence, with no useless machinery, and permitting parents and friends to be present at all the sessions with the children. It is the largest and most extensive children's temperance organization in America. The Band of Hope Manual contains full directions how to form them, together with constitutions, rules, speeches, etc.

CADETS OF TEMPERANCE.

This organization for boys was started in 1846, and at one time had sections in nearly every State in the Union. It has a ritual, passwords, and regalia. At the present time there are about twenty-five sections in the State of New York, and many in other States. We are not aware

that there is any national organization at present.

MOTTOES OF TEMPERANCE ORGANIZATIONS.

Sons of Temperance—"Love, Purity, Fidelity." Good Templars—"Faith, Hope, and Charity." Templars of Honor and Temperance—"Truth, Love, Purity, and Fidelity." Good Samaritans—"Love, Purity, and Truth." Rechabites—"Temperance, Fortitude, and Justice." Cadets of Temperance—"Virtue, Laws, and Temperance." Bands of Hope—"Faith, Hope, and Light."

Jack Tar and His Sons.

A sailor in a temperance speech related the following facts, full of deep and thrilling interest:

"Please your honor," said the old boatswain, "I've come down here by the captain's orders; and if there's anything stowed away in my old weather-beaten sea-chest of a head that may be of any use to a brother sailor, or a landsman either, they're heartily welcome. If it will do any good in such a cause as this that you've all come here to talk about, you may all go down below, and overhaul the lockers of an old man's heart. It may seem a little strange that an old sailor should put his helm hard-a-port to get out of the way of a glass of grog; but if it wasn't for the shame, old as I am, I'd be tied up to the rigging, and take a dozen, rather than suffer a drop to go down my hatches.

"Please your honor, it's no very pleasant matter for a poor sailor to go over the old shoal where he lost a fine ship; but he must be a shabby fellow who wouldn't stick up a beacon, if he could, and fetch home soundings and bearings, for the good of all others who may sail in those seas. I've followed the sea for fifty years. I had good and kind parents. They brought me up to read the Bible and keep the Sabbath. My father drank spirit sparingly. My mother never drank any. Whenever I asked for a taste, he was always wise enough to put me off. 'Milk for babes, my lad,' he used to say; 'children must take care how they meddle with edge-tools.' When I was twelve, I went to sea, cabin-boy of the *Tippoo Saib*, and the captain

promised my father to let me have no grog; and he kept his word. After my father's death I began to drink spirit, and I continued to drink it till I was forty-two. I never remember to have been tipsy in my life; but I was greatly afflicted with headache and rheumatism for several years. I got married when I was twenty-three. We had two boys; one of them is living. My eldest boy went to sea with me three voyages, and a finer lad"—just then something seemed to stick in the old boatswain's throat; but he was speedily relieved, and proceeded in his remarks: "I used to think father was over-strict about spirit, and when it was cold or wet I didn't see any harm in giving Jack a little, though he was only fourteen. When he got ashore, where he could serve out his own allowance, I soon saw that he doubled the quantity. I gave him a talk. He promised to do better; but he didn't. I gave him another, but he grew worse; and finally, in spite of all his poor mother's prayers and my own, he became a drunkard. It sank my poor wife's spirits entirely, and brought mine to the water's edge. Jack became very bad, and I lost all control over him. One day I saw a gang of men and boys poking fun at a poor fellow who was reeling about in the middle of a circle and swearing terribly. Nobody likes to see his profession dishonored, so I thought I'd run down and take him in tow. Your honor knows what a sailor's heart is made of; what do you think I felt when I found it was my own son? I couldn't resist the sense of duty; and I spoke to him pretty sharply. But his answer threw me all aback, like a white squall in the Levant. He heard me through, and doubling his fist in my face, he exclaimed, 'You made me a drunkard!' It cut the lanyards of my heart like a chain-shot from an eighteen-pounder; and I felt as if I should have gone by the board." As he uttered these words the tears ran down the channel of the old man's cheeks like rain. Friend Simpson was deeply affected, and Parson Sterling sat with his handkerchief before his eyes. Indeed, there was scarcely a dry eye in the assembly. After wiping his eyes on the sleeve of his pea-jacket the old sailor proceeded: "I tried, night and day, to think of the best plan to keep my other son from following on to destruction in the wake of his elder brother. I gave him daily

lessons of temperance; I held up before him the example of his poor brother; I cautioned him not to take spirit upon an empty stomach; and I kept my eye constantly upon him. Still, I daily took my allowance; and the sight of the dram-bottle, the smell of liquor, and the example of his own father, were able lawyers t'other side. I saw the breakers ahead, and I prayed to God to preserve not only my child but myself; for I was sometimes alarmed for my own safety. About this time I went to meeting one Sunday, and the minister read the account of the overthrow of Goliath. As I returned home I compared intemperance, in my own mind, to the giant of Gath; and I asked myself why there might not be found some remedy for the evil as simple as the means employed for his destruction. For the first time the thought of total abstinence occurred to my mind—from the brook and the shepherd's sling! I told my wife what I had been thinking of. She said she had no doubt that God had put the thought into my mind. I called in Tom, my youngest son, and I told him I had resolved not to taste another drop, blow high or blow low. I called for all there was in the house, and threw it out of the window. Tom promised to take no more. I never had reason to doubt that he has kept his promise. He is now first mate of an Indiaman. Now, your honor, I have said all I had to say about my own experience. May be I have spun too long a yarn already. But I think it wouldn't puzzle a Chinese juggler to take to pieces all that has been put together on t'other side."

The Unwise Father and his Ruined Son.

A gentleman residing near Belfast had a son who was a miserable drunkard. He signed the pledge of the old temperance society, but, knowing his danger, he abstained entirely from all intoxicating liquors. He was rapidly regaining his former respectability. One day he accompanied his father to a large dinner party, but drank none. His father at the dinner-table pressed upon him to take a glass of wine, saying it would be no breach of his pledge; but he refused. His father insisted

that he should take one glass, and not make himself an oddity. To please his father and get rid of his importunity, he took a glass of wine. It was like pouring oil on a fire. His appetite for strong drink was immediately revived, and raged furiously. Having got one glass, he was unable to resist the temptation to take a second and a third, till at last he became intoxicated. In this state he left the party, and mounted his horse to ride home, which he never reached, having fallen on the way and broken his neck.

Not Ultra.

"Are you a drunkard?" said the recorder at New Orleans to a hard case who was brought up before him as blue an indigo-bag. "Why, I am a drunkard," said the prisoner, "but not an ultra drunkard."

New Use for a Refrigerator.

A celebrated temperance lecturer visited a public-house upon which had been hoisted temperance colors; "bar-room" had disappeared from over the door, and office put in its place; the "bar-keeper" no longer recognized a title so offensive to the smell of teetotalers, but gloried in the more respectable cognomen of "clerk"; and the whole establishment had much the appearance of a first-rate temperance house. But "murder will out." He was kindly received by the landlord, who told him how much better he got along since he turned his liquor out of doors, etc.

After the lecturer had bid the landlord good-day, going through the entry, he discovered a large refrigerator with the lid up, which curiosity prompted him to peep into, and to his surprise he found it full of the devil! He considered a few moments how he could best shame the landlord. At last he cried, in a voice which drew a number of others who were in the house, "Here, landlord, before I go I want to tell you a joke." The landlord came running out. "When I used to drink," continued the lecturer, looking the landlord

full in the face, "I used to sing a song which perhaps you have heard. I am hoarse now, and can't sing, but I will just repeat one verse:

'Blessed be the man who has a chest
And a bottle of rum therein;
He'll pull it out, and take a swig,
And put it in again.'

And, pointing to the refrigerator, all looked in, the landlord's face turned all sorts of colors, and in the confusion the lecturer retired.

Vanquishing Misery.

To illustrate the character of ex-Governor Gilmer, who was a model man, we insert the following interesting anecdote, related by him, though not connected with temperance: About 1810 a Methodist preacher died, leaving his wife and several children without property, and dependent upon the exertions of his widow for their support. The youngest son had this dependence increased by an attack of disease, which made him a deformed cripple for life. His feet and legs were so contracted as to rest upon his body instead of the ground. When other children would have been running about, he was confined to his mother's side. Whilst thus seated, receiving her instruction how to read, he heard from that fond, devoted, pious mother how the Best and Holiest of all had suffered, meekly and without resistance, ignominy and death, because it was the will of his Heavenly Father, until there came upon the spirit of the deformed boy the desire to imitate that example so strong that its control was beyond all human strength.

Herbert Andrew struggled to do whatever was possible in aid of his mother in her hard labor to support her family, and effected more than most imagined possible. When he had learned what his mother could teach him, he went to school, moving upon his hands instead of his feet, not being able to walk upright. By his mother's assistance, some little schooling, and his own untiring exertions, he qualified himself for teaching others. He has now been teaching near twenty years. His energy and ceaseless industry have secured him the greatest success. Whilst keeping school, he has acquired, by his own unassisted exertions, such knowledge

of the various departments of learning that his scholars are now admirably qualified for entrance into college.

His pure life, the strength of his determination in overcoming difficulties, and the energy of his efforts in doing good, made such an impression upon the people among whom he lived that they resolved to give him some assistance. They elected him tax collector. He performed the duties of the office with unsurpassed faithfulness. He had been continued in office for several years when a countryman, thinking that he too might be benefited by the perquisites of the tax collector's office, became a candidate in opposition, and sought success by insisting that rotation in office was the true democratic doctrine. The election resulted in the new candidate getting thirty-one votes and the old nine hundred and sixty-one votes. The flatterers of monarchs are constantly vilifying the institutions of freedom. Would royal favor or aristocratic selfishness have thus chosen the poor, the deformed, the pure and humbly faithful for its agent?

The successful efforts of this deformed man to overcome obstacles in the way of acquiring learning is one among innumerable important results from the literary spirit of the last half-century.—
Governor Gilmer's Address.

The Ventriloquist, the Irishman, and the Priest.

At an early period in the practice of this art a simple but worthy Irish farmer, who, at a slow pace, had been riding to the next market town, overtook Gallaher, the famous ventriloquist, whilst enjoying, as was his habit, the benefit of a morning walk. Having, according to the excellent custom of this social and friendly people, saluted the stranger, and having been encouraged by a response in every respect congenial to his feelings, he determined to enjoy himself in a short confab; and accordingly, in compliment to his new acquaintance, as well as to do justice to his intended collocations, he alighted from his nag's back, while, at the same time, throwing the bridle over his arm, that his "friend Bob," as he named his quadruped, might follow in his track, he

gently moved onwards to the time and step of his fellow-traveller.

After some vague remarks on the weather, the times, the prospects of trade, a word or two on politics, and a high eulogium of his nag "Bob," he conceived the resolution of pursuing his journey at a quicker pace, and for that purpose remounted his old "friend." His attempt to drive him forward, however, proved unsuccessful in its desired effects; for "Bob," as if disposed to belie his owner's commendations of his merits, suddenly became restive, and refused to move an inch.

Grievously chagrined at such wayward conduct in a "brute" on which, but a few moments before, he had lavished his plaudits for opposite qualifications (re-marking, among others, how, "whenever he had a drop in, and fell from the saddle, poor 'Bob' would help him to rise"), our hero dismounted; and, in right fretful mood, cursed and swore at "Bob," and ultimately laid on him with his whip most lustily. Having at length persuaded himself into the belief that he had subdued the pertinacity of his rebellious steed, he again remounted, but, alas! with no better success; when, almost unnecessary to add, he administered a second dose of his supple whalebone.

Matters had thus far progressed, and our equestrian was once more in the saddle, when Gallaher, perceiving the cause (a sharp-pointed stone in the poor animal's hoof), conceived it high time to interpose. In accordance with this disposition, he put his art into full and effective requisition, when, lo! a deep and hollow voice, apparently uttered by the poor, belabored animal, was distinctly heard to say: "May the d—l break my neck, if I don't break yours another time for all this!" At these awful and portentous words, slowly and solemnly enunciated, the affrighted man, more like death than life, dismounted; prepared himself for the worst; crossed and "blessed himself" in haste; stood at a most respectful distance from "the beast"; and, addressing Gallaher in a low whisper, significantly enquired of him "if he didn't think the devil (the Lord save us) had got into the poor horse?" Scarcely had this enquiry (meant for Gallaher's ear only) terminated than "Bob" tauntingly replied: "You lie, you villain! Wait till I catch you drunk again! O mavrone! 'tis then

I'll let you know which of us the d—l has the best right to!" "Oh! the Lord save us!" ejaculated the bewildered man. "Oh! the d—l take you at any rate!" rejoined the horse.

Chance had so ordered matters that a worthy Catholic clergyman, to whom Gallaher was well known, resided at a short distance from the scene of this strange incident. To him, therefore, the astounded farmer bent his steps for some relief in so disastrous an exigence; and, having communicated his most extraordinary tale, requested that "his reverence" would accompany him to the road where the horse continued to stand—stock still. "His reverence," who was not a little surprised at the relation he had heard, complied; but when, on his arrival at the site of this most marvellous scene, he perceived Gallaher, the mystery vanished. Salutations having been exchanged between them, the honest farmer reiterated particulars, appealing every now and again to Gallaher as evidence for the truth of his statements; to all of which "his reverence," for reasons which will presently appear, affected to give the most perfect credence. "Allow me to ask you," said the clergyman, "are you really in the habit of drinking strong liquors to that excess that you sometimes fall from your horse?" "As I can't tell your reverence a lie," said the farmer, "I must acknowledge that such is the case now and then."

Clergyman.—'Tis a sad business; and behold, what a frightful result! No thing less than a warning voice.

Farmer.—And won't your reverence do anything for me?

Clergyman.—All I can; but what would you have me to do?

Farmer.—To cast the d—l out of my horse, to be sure.

Clergyman.—If you make a solemn promise against using strong drink in future, I'll undertake to reconcile matters between you and your hitherto faithful and sagacious horse.

Farmer.—I'll do whatever your reverence desires me.

Clergyman.—Then, on your knees before God, make a vow, and ask his blessing to help you to keep it, that, from this day forward, you will abstain from all intoxicating drinks, and treat your poor beast with kindness.

Farmer.—I do most solemnly and sincerely; but your reverence is for-

getting to make "Bob" promise not to do as he threatens.

Clergyman.—Be not uneasy on that score; for, if you keep your promise, I'll be Bob's security for keeping the peace with you.

Farmer.—I'd like to have him bound over, your reverence, anyhow; for he's no longer on a par with unhuman horses. Swear him, your reverence.

Clergyman (winking at Gallaher).—Well, Bob, what say you to these terms?

Bob (apparently).—In compliment to your reverence, I revoke my intention; but only on condition that he faithfully keeps his promise.

Here it is almost unnecessary to say that, by this curious incident, his reverence had the gratification of accomplishing an object which he had long in vain endeavored to affect by advice—namely, the reclaiming of this man (who was a parishioner of his own) from his unfortunate habit. Mutual pledges were given between Bob and his master; and, although the worthy farmer subsequently became acquainted with the joke, yet, for the sake of sacredly preserving his oath, he never after violated its burden.

Value of a Fortune.

Mr. Peter Singleton, of Norfolk, Va., at the age of twenty-one, came into possession of an estate of three hundred thousand dollars. Moderate drinking led him to the race-course and the gaming-table, and in two or three years his large fortune was entirely swept away, and he was left penniless. He soon became unfit for any other society than that which is to be found in the lowest resorts of drunkenness; and on the 3d of January, 1838, he was conveyed, by private charity, to the almshouse, in a state of insensibility, and died the same day, aged thirty-three.

Very Polite.

A Wayne County paper says the body of a resident of that county was found in the canal, and adds, "He is supposed to have perpetrated voluntary destruction in a mood of mental aberration

superinduced by long indulgence in intemperate habits." This is a roundabout way for saying he became rum-crazy and drowned himself.

Washingtonian Movement.

Very singular was the origin of the Washingtonian temperance movement. It has all the novelty of romance, and reads like a tale of chivalry.

There were six persons in Baltimore who were intimate associates. On Friday evening, the 2d of April, 1840, they were where they had frequently met, at Chase's tavern, in Liberty Street, for mutual enjoyment, to drink and relate anecdotes, and to while away an evening. Their names were W. K. Mitchell, John F. Hoss, David Anderson, George Steers, James McCurley, Archibald Campbell.

Elder Knapp was preaching in Baltimore at that time, and had given public notice that on that evening he would deliver a discourse upon the subject of temperance. Upon this lecture the conversation of our six heroes presently turned; whereupon it was determined that four of them should go and hear it and report accordingly. After the sermon they returned and discoursed on its merits for some time; when one of the company remarked that "after all, temperance is a good thing." "Oh!" said the host, "they're all a parcel of hypocrites." "Oh! yes," replied McCurley, "I'll be bound for you; it's your interest to cry them down, anyhow." "I tell you what, boys," says Steers, "let's form a society, and make Bill Mitchell president." "Agreed," cried they. The idea seemed to take wonderfully, and the more they laughed and talked over it, the more they were pleased with it.

After parting that night they did not all meet again until Sunday, when they took a stroll, and, between walking and treating, they managed to arrange the whole matter to their entire satisfaction. It was agreed that one of them should draw up a pledge, and that the whole party should sign it the next day. Accordingly, on Monday morning, William K. Mitchell wrote the following pledge: "We, whose names are annexed, desirous of forming a society for our mutual benefit, and to guard against a pernicious practice, which is injurious to our

health, standing, and families, do pledge ourselves as gentlemen that we will not drink any spirituous or malt liquors, wine, or cider."

He went with it, about nine o'clock, to Anderson's house, and found him still in bed, sick from the effects of his Sunday adventure. He arose, however, dressed himself, and, after hearing the pledge read, went down to his shop with his friend for pen and ink, and there did himself the honor of being the first man who signed the Washington Pledge. After obtaining the names of the remaining four, the worthy president finished this noble achievement by adding his own. On the evening of that day, they met at the residence of one of their number, and duly formed themselves into a society, by assigning to each the following offices: President, W. K. Mitchell; Vice-President, Archibald Campbell; Secretary, John F. Hoss; Treasurer, James McCurley; Standing Committee, George Steers and David Anderson.

Such was the origin of that wonderful movement, which produced such mighty results all over our country.

The Wrong Book.

A man who was disgusted with temperance and temperance publications was passing a book-store, and looking into a window saw a book with this title: "Not on Temperance." "Not on temperance," said he. "That is just the book I want." He went in and purchased, and was astonished to find it "Nott on Temperance."

Doctor Leonard Woods and the Dissipated Clergymen.

Nearly forty years ago Dr. Leonard Woods, Professor of Christian Theology in the Theological Institution, Andover, Massachusetts, wrote the following letter to the Rev. Dr. Edwards: "When I entered on the work of the ministry (thirty-eight years ago), it was the general and almost universal practice for ministers to make a frequent use of stimulating drinks, especially on the Sabbath. They considered this practice an important means of promoting their

health, sustaining them under fatigue, and increasing the vigor of their constitution. The generality of physicians approved of this practice, and often recommended brandy, wine, gin, etc., as the best remedy for diseases of the stomach and lungs. Every family that I visited deemed it an act of kindness, and no more than what common civility required, to offer me wine or distilled spirit, and thought it a little strange if I refused to drink. At funerals the bereaved friends and others were accustomed to use strong drink before and after going to the burial. At ordinations, councils, and all other meetings of ministers different kinds of stimulating drinks were provided, and there were but few who did not partake of them.

"The state of things which I have referred to among men of my own profession, together with its manifest consequences, began, early in my ministry, to alarm my fears. I remember that at a particular period, before the temperance reformation commenced, I was able to count up nearly forty ministers of the Gospel, and none of them at a very great distance, who were either drunkards or so far addicted to intemperate drinking that their reputation and usefulness were greatly injured, if not utterly ruined. And I could mention an ordination that took place about twenty years ago, at which I myself was ashamed and grieved to see two aged ministers literally drunk, and a third indecently excited with strong drink. These disgusting and appalling facts I should wish might be concealed. But they were made public by the guilty persons; and I have thought it just and proper to mention them, in order to show how much we owe to a compassionate God for the great deliverance he has wrought." This evidence might be continued to any desirable extent.

The Wine-Drinking Clergyman and the Broken-Hearted Father.

At a temperance meeting in Philadelphia, some years ago, a learned clergyman spoke in favor of wine as drink demonstrating it, quite to his own satisfaction, to be Scriptural, gentlemanly, and healthful. When he sat down, a plain, elderly man rose and asked leave to say

a few words. "A young friend of mine," said he, "who had long been very intemperate, was at length prevailed on, to the great joy of his friends, to take the pledge of entire abstinence from all that could intoxicate. He kept the pledge faithfully for some time, struggling with his habit fearfully, till one evening, in a social party, glasses of wine were handed around. They came to a clergyman present, who took a glass, saying a few words in vindication of the practice. 'Well!' thought the young man, 'if a clergyman can take wine and justify it so well, why not I?' So he also took a glass. It instantly rekindled his fiery and slumbering appetite, and after a rapid, downward course he died of delirium tremens—died a raving madman." The old man paused for utterance, and was just able to add: "That young man was my son, and the clergyman was the reverend doctor who has just addressed the assembly!"—*Spirit of the Age.*

Whiskey Indian.

"Are you a Christian Indian?" said a person to an adherent of Red Jacket, at the settlement near Cattaraugus. "No," said the sturdy savage—"no, I whiskey Indian."

This was frank and calling things by their right names. We have professed Christians, sworn servants of the blessed Redeemer, who sell the poison to all who will buy; and yet, when we ask them what kind of Christians they are, they reply, "Temperance Christians"; and thus they quiet conscience. And thus they are angry with us because we say, "No, but whiskey Christians." Are we not right? Should they not be called whiskey Christians?—*Temperance Record.*

The Wine-Drinking Pastor.

"Sir," said a gentleman to his pastor a few days since, as he met him walking in the city, "I have an incident to relate to you." "What is that?" said the pastor. "Why, sir, in riding in the Long Island railroad car with a good deal of company, a lady of your acquaintance remarked that you drank

wine. 'What is that you say?' said a well-dressed, gentlemanly man. 'Do you say that he drinks wine?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Do you know it?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Well, I am sorry to hear it, for of all preachers in the city I admire him most, and I always make it a point to hear him when I can, but, if this is true, I can never, never hear him again.'" The pastor reflected a moment, and said, "I do not drink much wine, and I do not much think I shall drink any more."

What a Little Indulgence Can Do.

A very marked and painful instance of the effects of a bad example occurred recently in the vicinity of Boston. A gentleman of high social position, a member of an evangelical church, and the father of an interesting family—one whose life was closely watched, and whose errors as well as virtues were sure to be imitated—gave a large party. It was on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his marriage. The company was very select, consisting in most part of clergymen of his own denomination and the leading literary and business men of his acquaintance, with their families, nearly all being professed Christians.

At the bountiful supper which was provided, conspicuous among the articles of luxury on the tables appeared a goodly supply of wine. It might charitably have been supposed that the host was merely weakly catering to the demands of fashion, that his wine would remain untouched, and that he would receive gentle rebukes from more than one person present. But no! Four doctors of divinity were among the first to raise their cups. The example was infectious. Some drank who never drank before, and all followed like a flock of sheep, seeming to have the feeling, which appears to be not uncommon, that it is possible for society to be good enough to be safely above the observance of the lesser morals.

One gentleman looked upon the scene with evident surprise for a time; then he seemed to hesitate, and finally he drank more than all the rest. He went home and drank again that night, and again the next day, and the next. In a week he was a ditch-drunkard, and in a month was

discharged from the church of which he had been a consistent and valued member for seven years. He had been accustomed in early life to habits of dissipation, and that single evening's experience was sufficient to burst the old temptation upon him with overwhelming force. Christian duty, home, manliness, all that he was or ever hoped to be, were swallowed up in that one low passion. The example of his own pastor had ruined him.

What say our defenders among the churches of moderate drinking? Is no one responsible in such a case as this? Does not the Bible say something about him "who putteth the cup to his neighbor's lips"? In this instance the results are clearly traceable; but who will dare to say how often as terrible consequences follow when nothing is said and little is publicly known of them?

The Wine-Dealer and his Wife.

The late Dr. Sinott related the following:

A wine-dealer's wife, in the commercial capital of the State, whose conscience was ill at ease in relation to the traffic in intoxicating liquors, availing herself of an auspicious moment, said to her husband: "I do not like your selling; it seems to me to be a bad business. You do not, I suppose, make more than one or two hundred dollars a year by it; and I should be very much rejoiced if you would give it up." "I know," answered her husband, "as well as you, that it is a bad business; I should be as glad to give it up as you would to have me; if I did not make more than two or even five hundred dollars a year by it, I would give it up." "How much, then," enquired his wife, "do you make?" "Why," replied her husband, "I make from two to three thousand dollars a year—an amount too large to be relinquished." "What you say," she rejoined, "brings to my mind the remarks of a temperance lecturer I once heard, who, having repeated what Walpole said in relation to every man having his price in politics, added that it was much the same in religion. Satan, continued he, is a broker—not a wheat or cotton broker, but a soul broker. Some can be procured to labor

in his service for a hundred, some for a thousand dollars a year. My dear husband, look you well to it. To me it seems that even three thousand a year is a paltry price for that which is truly priceless." On the mind of that husband sudden conviction flashed, and, liberal as was his portion in those rewards of unrighteousness which Satan proffered, he resolved, and avowed the resolution, to receive it no longer.

The Wine-Seller and the Shoemaker.

A poor man, who was a shoemaker, took a shop in one of the boulevards of Paris. As he was industrious, expeditious, and punctual, his customers rapidly increased, and he began to gain property. After the lapse of a few months, a wine-merchant opened a shop next door to the shoemaker; and the latter, to be on good terms with his neighbor, took occasion to step in from time to time, and take a glass of wine. Soon he perceived a dangerous habit was forming; and he discontinued his visits to the vintner for some days. The wine-merchant took occasion to enquire the reason. "I have no money," was the reply. "Oh! no matter," said the other, "come in and drink." The shoemaker accepted the invitation, till at last so considerable a bill was run up that his best clothes were pawned for payment. A festival drew near, and he of the awl asked him of the glass to lend him his clothes but for that day. He was refused. Much chagrined, the shoemaker cast about him for some plan of revenge. The wine-merchant had a hen with a fine brood of chickens, and they used to venture near the door of the shoemaker's shop. He procured some bread, and, scattering it upon the floor, enticed the hen with her chickens to enter. Then catching them, he stripped off all their feathers, and turned them loose to go to their owner. Enraged at the enormous cruelty, the merchant makes complaint and seeks redress. "Friend," said the shoemaker, "you have no occasion for complaint. I have only done that to your fowls which you did to me. You enticed me into your shop; you stripped me of my clothes and left me destitute. What I have done to fowls you did to a fellow-man. On the charge of cruelty we are

equal, though the baits we used were different." Do to others as you would they should do to you, is a maxim which, if always remembered and observed, would prevent most of the heart-burnings and contentions among men.

William Wirt and the Young Lady.

William Wirt is distinguished as an orator and as an author. His life of Patrick Henry immortalized both Henry and Wirt. His description of "The Blind Preacher" is inimitably beautiful. As a lawyer he was eminent. His speech against Aaron Burr, when tried for treason in Richmond, is surpassingly eloquent.

In early life he was fond of social pleasures, and had a strong relish for wit and humor, and was fond of gay companions. He indulged in convivial habits. Virginia hospitality had its snares for such a man; for every dinner party was a revel, every ordinary visit was a temptation.

In 1795 he was married, and in 1800 his wife died. In 1802 he was married the second time. Tradition throws the charm of romance around this new attachment. The story is told that Wirt, after an occasion of convivial indulgence, became intoxicated, was unable to reach his dwelling, and fell helpless and insensible upon the sidewalk. The young lady who afterwards became his wife was passing, and she recognized him, and over his face, exposed to the sun, she spread her handkerchief, which bore the initials of her name. When he recovered and saw the handkerchief with the name of the owner, he was much affected. Such an incident touched Wirt to the heart. This touching incident appears to be true, for there occur in Wirt's subsequent letters to his wife many expressions of grateful affection, coupled with a sense of indebtedness, which intimate that something of the kind occurred. "How much do I owe you? Not only the creation of my hopes of happiness on earth, but the restoration of my hopes of happiness in a better world. I must confess that the natural gayety of my character, rendered still more reckless by the dissipation into which I had been allured, had sealed my eyes, and hidden from me the rich inheritance

of the righteous. It was you whose example and tender exhortations rescued me from the horrors of confirmed guilt, and taught me once more to raise my suppliant mind to God . . .” William Wirt was a Christian lawyer, and left behind him when he died a name of more value than great riches.

Why a Governor Signed the Pledge.

“Am I my brother’s keeper?” fell from the lips of Cain. God has so identified our interest with others that we are in some respects our brother’s keeper: “No man liveth to himself, no man dieth to himself.”

A governor of Pennsylvania signed the pledge, “not because he thought himself in danger, but to save a friend.” The head of one of the best families was becoming intemperate, to the great distress of his house. “I saw,” said the governor, “their grief. I resolved to speak to him on the subject; did so, and urged him to sign the pledge. He suddenly turned upon me, saying, ‘Governor, I will if you will.’ ‘It is a bargain,’ said I, and we went immediately to the office of the secretary, and both signed; and I know not that I ever touched a drop of liquor afterwards. Nothing else would have induced me to sign; but I think of it as one of the best acts of my life.”

Richard Weaver, the Prize-Fighter.

The preacher Richard Weaver is thus described in an English newspaper:

“A new preacher, by name Richard Weaver, formerly a prize-fighter and a collier in the North, has appeared in London, and is producing very deep and widespread impressions by open-air addresses on large masses of the population. He was announced first of all, by a handbill, to preach and ‘sing’ at the Cumberland Market. And ‘sing,’ as well as ‘preach,’ he can do to the melting down of hundreds. One night, addressing a number of poor men and women on the words, ‘They shall return to Zion with songs,’ he said, ‘I was always fond of singing. I believe I was born to sing; but the songs I used to sing are not the songs I love now.’

“O my dear men! you sing, “Bri-

tons never, never shall be slaves”; but what slaves you are to your own lusts, to the devil, to the landlord. I used to sing, “We won’t go home till morning”; the landlord loves to hear that. I’ve sung that five nights together, and spent fourteen pounds on one spree, and got turned out in the end. But I have learned better songs; I’ll tell you some of the songs I love now. Here’s one:

“O happy day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!”

And here’s another:

“There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel’s veins.”

“The speaker quoted with wonderful rapidity, but without the semblance of irreverence, at least a dozen hymns, or portions of hymns, some of which he sang, the meeting taking up the chorus.

“We cannot describe the thrilling effect of Mr. Weaver’s singing in the midst of preaching, it is so natural, so free from everything like premeditation or aiming at effect.

“It is said that from forty to fifty persons were hopefully converted by one appeal. One of these cases was that of a careless young sailor, brought to the meeting by his mother; and on this Weaver founded the appeal, ‘O mothers! go on praying for ever. Never mind what they are, or where they are; if any prayers reach heaven, a mother’s do.’ Eight years ago the news sounded from heaven to the poor old woman in Shropshire, ‘Richard Weaver is born again.’”

What a Whiskey Barrel Contains.

Senator Rusk, of Texas, was once at an Indian “talk,” when a man drove up with a barrel of whiskey. An old Indian, after looking earnestly for some time at it, asked Mr. Rusk if he knew what was in that barrel. He said he presumed it was whiskey. “No,” said the Indian, “there are about a thousand songs and fifty fights in that barrel.”

The Widow and the Poor-house.

“Did you observe that interesting-looking widow with four children?” observed a poor-law guardian to his friend. “Poor thing! she once knew

better days, and had every luxury that wealth could purchase." "How did she come to be an inmate of the poor-house?" enquired the friend. "Through the drinking and gambling habits of her husband," was the reply. "Have you many of such cases?" "Many! Indeed we have. I verily believe that nine out of every ten of the paupers in the poor-house have come here directly or indirectly through intemperance. Rum-shops and beer-houses are the great curses of our land."

Wine, Good and Bad.

The fruit of the vine was made by God, and it is always good;
 The intoxicating wine was made by man, and it is bad.
 The fruit of the vine is perfect and nutritious;
 The intoxicating wine is imperfect and very innutritious.
 The fruit of the vine is the wine of God;
 The intoxicating wine is the wine of man.
 The fruit of the vine has always been a blessing;
 The intoxicating wine has been, is, and will be a fearful curse.
 The fruit of the vine is convertible into blood, flesh, and bones;
 The intoxicating wine is convertible into neither.
 The fruit of the vine is cheap and safe;
 The intoxicating wine is dear and dangerous.
 The fruit of the vine is the wine which wisdom has mingled;
 The intoxicating wine is a man-made mixture.
 The fruit of the vine is proved by analysis to be good;
 The intoxicating wine by the same means is proved to be not good.
 The fruit of the vine never kills;
 The intoxicating wine does.
 The fruit of the vine never creates thirst;
 The intoxicating wine does.
 The fruit of the vine contains not one drop of alcohol;
 The intoxicating wine is very alcoholic.
 The fruit of the vine is a blessing;
 The intoxicating wine is a mocker.
 The fruit of the vine has never injured any church;
 The intoxicating wine has injured many.
 The fruit of the vine is the emblem of the Saviour's shed blood;

The intoxicating wine bites like a serpent, and stings like an adder.
 The fruit of the vine has a history of peace, and joy, and gladness;
 The intoxicating wine has a history of woe, death, and madness.

Wine of Judea.

Rev. Albert Barnes, in his "Commentary," says: "The wine of Judea was the pure juice of the grape, without any mixture of alcohol, and commonly weak and harmless. It was the common drink of the people, and did not tend to produce intoxication."

The Whiskey Cure.

This is an age of discovery. Although the virtues of whiskey and gin-toddy have long been known to a drunken and dying world, it remained for the editor of the *Independent Delawarian* to distinguish himself in pointing out a new remedial application of grog. Listen to the story of his family experience:

"Every day or two we hear of the deaths of young children with the cholera infantum. For this disease we would recommend that the children be permitted to drink freely of whiskey or gin-toddy. We have tried it in our own family, and have never met with any thing that would afford relief as soon as this."

There, mothers, you have the long-talked-of *elixir vitæ*. Whenever you see your children ailing, make them drunk on whiskey, and they will forget their aches and pains. Whenever the cholera infantum assails them, feed them freely on gin-toddy, and the relief, if a certain family experience is to be relied on, is sure. The world is full of "old soakers," who can find no relief for any ill that flesh or mind is heir to but in something akin to whiskey or gin-toddy. Young children can be very readily brought into that state of alcoholic contamination which, in all their maladies, turns with perverted instinct to whiskey and gin-toddy. The editor ought to have a monument erected to his memory by penny contributions from young children, the dome to be ornamented with the genius of Æsculapius holding in the right hand a huge jug of whiskey, and in the left an enormous bottle of gin-toddy.

Wine the Mocker.

"Wine is a mocker." The word wine occurs in the Bible two hundred and sixty-one times; one hundred and twenty-one times it contains warnings, seventy-one times it contains warnings and reproofs, twelve times it denounces it as poisonous and venomous, and five times it totally prohibits it. "Whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." No one doubts that intoxicating wine is referred to. But wine is also referred to in the Bible as a blessing, making the heart glad—an emblem of purity and spiritual mercies. It is used to symbolize the blood of the atonement, and is to be drunk anew in our Father's kingdom. This is not the wine which mocks and deceives, and which "at last bites like a serpent and stings like an adder." Two kinds of wine are referred to, one fermented and the other unfermented—one intoxicating and the other unintoxicating. Christ never made, or drank, or recommended intoxicating wine. Nothing fermented was or could be used at the Passover or Lord's Supper. The entire subject of the wines of the ancients, and the wedding-wine at Cana, expediency, good and bad wine, etc., is fully discussed in a little book recently published by the National Temperance Society, entitled "Laws of Fermentation," by Rev. Wm. Patton, D.D., clearly proving that two kinds of wines existed in Judea at the time of our Saviour, and that the alcoholic kind never should be used as a beverage.

The Work of "An Honest Dealer."

"Friends and neighbors, having just opened a licensed shop for the sale of liquors in this place, I embrace this opportunity of informing you that on Saturday next I will commence the business of making drunkards, paupers, and beggars for the industrious and respectable of the community to support.

"I shall deal in familiar spirits, which will invite men to riot, robbery, and bloodshed, and by so doing diminish the comforts, increase the expense, and endanger the welfare of the community.

"I will for a small sum undertake, upon short notice and with the greatest expedition, to prepare victims for the poor-house, asylums, prisons, and the gallows.

"I will furnish an article suited to the taste, which will increase the number of fatal accidents, multiplying distressing diseases, and rendering those comparatively harmless incurable.

"I will deal in drugs which will deprive some of life, many of reason, most of property, and all of peace; which will cause fathers to become fiends, wives to become widows, and children to become orphans, and all to become great sufferers.

"I will cause the rising generation to grow up in ignorance and prove a nuisance to the nation. I will cause mothers to forget their helpless children, and priceless virtue no longer to remember its value.

"I will endeavor to corrupt the ministers of the Gospel, defile the purity of the churches, and cause spiritual, temporal, and eternal death.

"If any should be so impertinent as to ask why I have the audacity to bring such accumulated misery upon a comparatively happy people, my honest reply is, 'Greenbacks.'

"I live in a land of liberty. I have purchased the right to demolish the character, destroy the health, shorten the lives and ruin the souls of all those who choose to honor me with their patronage. Come one! Come all!

"I pledge myself to do all I have herein promised. Those who wish any of the evils above specified brought upon themselves and their dearest friends are requested to meet at my 'bar,' where I will, for a few cents, furnish them with the certain means of doing so.

"AN HONEST DEALER."

"When the Wine is In, the Wit is Out."

Coming home a short time since in the evening cars, we observed a young man stagger in from some cross-road station with a great gray goose in his arms. He took the seat by the door, and placed the goose by his side. She looked by far the most dignified and respectable of the two. It was plain to see, by a glance at his face, where he had made the last call before coming on board the cars. Liquor-saloons are unfortunately handy to most railroad stations.

Every few minutes he would reel away to the door, and peer out into the darkness, to see if he had got nearly to his stopping-place. Every time he got up, the goose stretched out her long neck and looked after him, with a loud and warning "Quack! quack!" to the great amusement of the passengers.

The man looked back every time with a silly leer, and answered in a drawling tone, "You keep still! I'll come back."

"The goose has the most wit of the two," remarked a gentleman.

But for the constant interference of the brakeman at the door, he would probably have stumbled off the cars and been crushed to death. That worthy at last lost all patience, and escorted him back to his seat with a good deal of spirit.

"There! don't you come out again till I tell you. I'll take you by the coat when I want you to get off." The man smiled around on everybody, and snuggled up his goose affectionately, who responded by a loud "quack." It was a plain illustration of the old proverb, "When the wine is in, the wit is out."

This young man, who had made himself a laughing-stock to all beholders, might have been a respected, useful man in society, if he had let liquor alone. That had been his ruin. The silly look on his face and the maudlin words on his lips had become habitual. He had lowered himself to a plane below the brute, and was less respected by his fellows. Oh! for what worthless trash he had bartered his manhood. A momentary gratification of a depraved taste was all the gain he could boast of, and that gain was his deadliest loss.

What the Pastor Saw.

Says the author of the *Pastor's Journal*, "I am yet a young man, but I will tell you what I have seen: I have seen, and I can almost fancy I now see, the village school-house and its green lawn, on which forty or fifty robust and active children were sporting in all the gayety and recklessness of early youth. One grew up a tippler, and died by his own hand. His brother, who was saved from the like course only by the mastery of another passion, avarice, which combated for a time the strength of intemperance, has at length, under thirty, gone

down to the verge of the grave, over which he now totters with the bottle in his hand. A third, though born to a large property, now drives a team, a drunken wagoner, on the same road on which his father's coach used to roll. Another ran away from home at sixteen. Another, on his passage from New Orleans to some northern port of the United States, laid a plot for seizing the vessel, rose upon the captain, was wounded, and finally thrown bleeding into the sea, and perished. These all loved strong drink, and, I am convinced, imbibed their passion for it from the example of their parents and from being permitted to drink the 'leavings in the bottom of the glass.'"

The Wine-Drinking Lady and her Son.

A lady, who was much opposed to the total-abstinence pledge, and thought the one against the use of ardent spirit sufficient to prevent intemperance, had her eyes opened by her son purchasing some wine, with which he retired to a secret place with some of his companions. Soon after he came reeling into the house, intoxicated on wine—that safe, that healthful beverage, the use of which some men think almost necessary to save the temperance cause from destruction. The mother hastened with her son to sign the total-abstinence pledge. Would that all mothers would do the same without waiting for such a trial!

The Washerwoman and the Lady.

A lady, some time ago, in her daily pursuit of objects on whom to bestow comforts and blessings derived from the resources of a large fortune and benevolent heart, found on a miserable pallet, in a miserable dwelling, a wretched female in great bodily agony, and, as it turned out, a few hours only from dissolution. She learned with grief that this poor woman was a victim of intemperance, and that a course of drunken habits was dragging her into a premature grave. After a few solemn words to the dying creature, the lady was surprised that she turned round and feebly said, "Madam, do you not know me?"

So altered, however, were the sunk and emaciated features that it was some time before she recognized the changed countenance of one who had formerly been her laundry servant. Much moved at the sight, the lady exclaimed, "Ah! is it you, in such a place, in such distress, and, oh! in such perilous circumstances as regards your immortal soul?" "It is," replied the dying woman with firmness and composure; "here I am, and it is you who have brought me to this." If a beam out of the wall had spoken the sentence, Mrs. — could not have been more confounded. "O madam!" continued the departing sinner, "dinna you mind how often I refused, how unwilling I was to taste—I mean the whiskey at the washing—oh! and how you pressed me till't, and gart me do't. Oh! dinna ye min' that? And how sair I pled wi' you, that you wud na gar me do't?"

Wife Pelting her Husband.

Many a husband has pelted his wife, and sometimes it is reversed and the husband gets the pelting. The Rev. Wm. Ried relates the following: "On my way to worship one Sabbath morning I came upon a woman most unmercifully beating a man with a potato beetle. There leaned the poor wretch against the wall, apparently quite unconscious of the injury he was receiving. On my saying, 'Stop, stop! this is not work for a Sabbath morning,' 'Stand aside, sir,' said the incensed woman, while she uplifted the instrument of chastisement for another blow—'stand aside, sir; is he not my lawful married man?'" Mr. Ried says, "Aware of the risk of interfering with opposing powers, I judged it best to take her advice."

When is a Man Drunk?

It is very difficult to settle the question when a man is drunk or to prove a man drunk. The following may aid us: "A man is considered drunk when he goes to the pump to light his pipe, or when he can't see a hole through a ladder, or when he lies in the gutter and cries for some one to come and tuck him up, and when he gets home at night

and cannot put the key in the door, and swears some one has stolen the key-hole, or when he attempts to wind up his watch with the boot-jack."

Wouldn't Go by Water

I knew a minister of rare beauty, of splendid personal appearance, and eloquent beyond description. He was silver-tongued. I never heard a man in all my life that so charmed me with his eloquence. I remember some of his texts; one was this: "If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, that man's religion is vain."

His theme was the sins of the tongue, and with tremendous emphasis, he said, "Devil won't eat devil, but minister will eat minister." I heard him preach on Masonry on St. John's day. He was witty. He was answering objections to ladies not belonging to the Masonic order. He said: "Ladies, your hands were never made to handle trowels." He quoted, "Consider the lilies of the field; they toil not, neither do they spin," etc. And he said: "Consider the ladies; they toil not, neither do they spin, except street-yarns, nowadays."

Again, I heard him preach a sermon with the utmost solemnity from "It is appointed unto men once to die."

One of his brother clergymen was accused of having brandy in a demi-john, and it was labelled "oil." A sailor, in taking it home to him on his shoulder, thought it did not sound, when he shook it, like oil, and he took out the cork, and found it brandy, and he drank very freely. When he arrived at the minister's, he said "he was sorry he had no ardent spirits to treat him with." "Never mind," said the sailor, "Mr. —, I like your oil very well." Such was the story, whether true or not. The minister I have been speaking of visited his brother clergyman, and he asked him "if he would not like to take a little spirits to refresh himself with." Said he: "Brother, I don't care if I take a little of your oil."

He was going down the Long Island Sound on board of a steamboat, and there was a terrific storm, and they were in great danger, and he manifested much fear. When the storm was over, some enquired why he, a good man, should be so afraid of drowning, as he would have

gone immediately to heaven. He said: "No doubt of it"; but he added, "I tell you what it is, I don't wish to go by water."

He would go to a tavern on a Saturday night, call for a room and a bottle of brandy, and then he would write his sermon and preach it on the Sabbath-day. He went from bad to worse. He lost the lock of his strength, and at last, by a fall, he went into the presence of his God and Judge. How true the sentiment of Doctor Young, "With the talents of an angel a man may be a fool"!

Wrongly Spelt.

A temperance man thinks the brewers spell the name of one of their drinks wrong—he thinks ales should be spelled ailes.

Wine-Drinking.

The Duke of Orleans, the eldest son of King Louis Philippe, was the inheritor of whatever rights his royal father could transmit. He was a noble young man—physically and intellectually noble. His generous qualities had rendered him universally popular. One morning he invited a few companions to breakfast with him, as he was about to take his departure from Paris to join his regiment. In the conviviality of the hour he drank a little too much wine. He did not become intoxicated. But in that joyous hour he drank a glass too much. He slightly lost the balance of his body and of his mind. Bidding adieu to his companions, he entered his carriage. But for the extra glass of wine he would have kept his seat. He leaped from the carriage. His head first struck the pavement. Senseless and bleeding, he was taken into a beer-shop and died. That extra glass of wine overthrew the Orleans dynasty, confiscated their property of one hundred millions of dollars, and sent the whole family into exile.

The Murdered Wife.

The following was written by a person of the name of Henry Wilson, a native of the United States, while under

sentence of death, from Kingston jail, Upper Canada, who had been convicted of the murder of his youthful wife; and which affords another deplorable instance of the rapidly downward career of the gambler and the drunkard, during which the admonitions of virtue and the remonstrances of conscience are disregarded, the sensibilities of the heart outraged, the claims and recommendations of female loveliness spurned by the destroyer of her peace—by the man to whom she had surrendered her affections, and upon whose integrity and faithfulness she confidently staked her hopes of future happiness.

The subject of these remarks was born to respectability and affluence, and at the death of his father inherited a handsome property, valued at \$70,000, but which he soon lost by his dissipated course and the failure of certain banks; he was then so reduced in circumstances as to become a hostler at New Orleans. Previous to this reverse of fortune, however, he had formed an acquaintance with Miss Helen Preston, while at Mount Vernon, which had subsequently ripened into love at the President's residence at Washington, where they frequented the best society. While officiating in the degrading situation alluded to, Miss Preston, accompanied by a party of friends, arrived in a carriage at the inn, the horses of which he held till they alighted, but, fortunately for him, without being recognized; and failing to appear at his post when it left, he was discharged.

He afterwards received about \$8,000 of his property, one of the banks having resumed; and with this sum went into business at Charleston, S. C. Here he again renewed his attentions to Miss Preston, who was living with her mother in independent circumstances in a rural paradise, surrounded by all the comforts and luxuries of life, and attained her hand and heart. Their married life, as may be supposed, opened splendidly and promisingly; and, successful in business, it might have continued one round of human felicity. But the tempter and destroyer invaded the sanctuary of home; and the confiding wife, after enduring—as only woman can endure—a series of neglect and inhuman treatment, fell a sacrifice to the diabolical and infuriated passions of the man she loved.

He was tried for the offence, was condemned to be executed, and expiated on the scaffold the crime of which, in a paroxysm of despair and madness, he was guilty; the details of which we shall give in the unhappy convict's own words, dictated as they are by contrition and remorse, merely premising that Clark, to whom allusion is therein made, was one of his former associates in dissipation, who had become destitute, and to whom he had given employment as a salesman.

"One fine evening, about the beginning of August, Clark said to me, 'Wilson, you will do me a great favor if you will walk with me to see an old acquaintance about a mile out of town; his name is Cowden, and he keeps the Swan Hotel, but he is none the worse for that. I am sure you will be pleased with him.' I readily accepted the invitation, for it was seldom Clark asked a favor of me.

"I told Helen my intention; she smiled and said, 'Beware of bad company.' About seven o'clock we reached the Swan, and I was introduced to Mr. Cowden, and I found him to be a perfect gentleman in his manners. He was acquainted with my wife's family. He conversed fluently, and time passed away very pleasantly. He insisted on our taking supper with him; and we sat down and partook of a sumptuous repast. On one or two occasions during the evening I saw Clark and Cowden engaged in secret conversation. This I did not like much.

"About nine o'clock a slave brought into our presence a waiter well stored with the choicest liquors. 'Now, gentlemen, help yourselves,' said Cowden. We thanked him for his hospitality, and Clark told him we were temperance men, and could not think of tasting drink; he begged our pardon, and said in the most courteous manner he would order some temperance drink, and accordingly several bottles of mineral water were uncorked. Clark took a glass and handed me one; we soon emptied them. My nerve of taste was in an instant thrilled with a sensation of exquisite pleasure. I had often tasted mineral water, but it never before had the same effect on my nerves. I readily accepted an invitation to take a second glass, and in a few moments I was completely unnerved, and I said (O God! that I had never seen that day), 'I think a

little good wine would do us no harm,' and in one hour's time I was again a confirmed drunkard. It was late when I arrived at home that night. The door was opened. I staggered in, and instantly the dreadful truth flashed across the mind of Helen. She threw upon me one glance of those penetrating eyes, and exclaimed, 'O Henry! can it be possible?'

"Although she was aware of my situation, little did she think what trouble, what misery and wretchedness, was in store for her. When my senses returned, I begged Helen's pardon, and tried to explain to her how my situation was brought about, and promised her faithfully that the like should not again occur. The next morning Clark demanded his pay and left Charleston. All was mystery to me; why should Clark leave so suddenly where he was doing so well, and that too without giving an explanation? And, more mysterious than all, how was it that my old, infernal appetite had returned? These things were all involved in the deepest mystery for two months, when I accidentally learned the following facts:

"Charles Polk, who I have already informed you was my sworn enemy, resolved on my ruin. He had heard of my prosperity, and he entered into a conspiracy with devils for my destruction. He, together with three of the Midnight Revellers of New Orleans, subscribed the sum of \$800, and gave their bond for the amount, which was to be paid to Clark on his giving satisfactory evidence that he made me intoxicated with strong drinks. Clark accordingly came to Charleston with that sole object, and he has been successful in his hell-born mission. You have already learned how he won my entire confidence, and of my visit to the Swan. Cowden was one of the conspirators, and that glass of mineral water was more than one-half strong wine. Cowden received fifty dollars as his share, and Clark seven hundred and fifty dollars, for having accomplished my ruin; and thus was the base treachery of those human fiends rewarded.

"From what I have been able to learn, six out of the twelve Midnight Revellers of New Orleans have died of the delirium tremens, and two have been convicted of murder. But it is painful for me to dwell on these melancholy topics. Nor can I give you a full detail of the

sufferings of my poor heart-broken Helen. The very thought is dreadful beyond conception. Know, then, that Helen Preston never was the same sprightly girl after that visit to the Swan; her uncontaminated heart that night received a wound from which it never recovered. I became the regular customer of the tavern, my good standing in society was falling fast, and in a short time I was despised by all who knew me. I was now frequently carried out of the gutter. All this was borne with the most Christian fortitude by Helen; she never uttered one word of complaint, but kept her spirits remarkably well. On the 10th of October Helen became the mother of a lovely babe, and on the same day C. Hamilton and myself dissolved partnership. I was now worth eighteen thousand dollars, but those evil propensities which were engendered in my system at New Orleans, and which had been curbed by a return to virtuous life, again broke forth with all the fury of a raging fire, and in less than three months I gambled and squandered away over nine thousand dollars. About the first of December we left Charleston and removed to New York. We took up our residence in an obscure part of the city and I entered into my drinking debauches freely and without restraint. Notwithstanding my degradation, I always extended to Helen the kindest treatment.

"We were not in New York one month before a change in my conduct towards Helen was very perceptible, and this change was brought about from the fact of my squandering my money—a knowledge that we would soon be reduced to beggary. As regularly as night came, I would enter my house under the influence of wine, and would either be insensible or arbitrary and ill-natured. Mortified at my depravity, my approaching bankruptcy, and, worse than all, her diminished respect and regard for me, in whose affection had been stored up all her hopes and happiness, were not all the evils to which Helen was now subjoined. Like too many others, drunkenness made me neglectful and cruel to my wife. I now became irritable, jealous, and fault-finding. One night I returned home very late. Helen had retired; irritated at this, I summoned her to my presence, and, oh! can it be true that with uplifted hand I felled that lovely creature to the floor? My

feelings are too much agitated, and I am certain that the finer feelings of your nature will be too much outraged to read these startling cruelties, even if I record them. Therefore, spare me the task, and let me pass quickly on to the last sad tragedy.

"After the sufferings, almost unprecedented in the annals of the world, by my wife, such as my base treatment to her, her abject poverty, her laboring day and night till the blood oozed from her hands to support me and our child, we arrived at this place in December last, and took lodging in a small house. No inducement could be held out to Helen strong enough for her to forsake me—her faithfulness was unyielding.

"After an absence from our poor, stricken home for about ten days, I returned on the 2d of January, and found Helen in bed. I demanded something to eat, she told me there was not a mouthful in the house. The language I made use of on this announcement is too profane for your ears. I commanded her to arise; she did not reply, but smiled and extended in her arms an infant child. I left the room a furious maniac, procured a butcher's knife, and in a short time returned, and with a heart as black as hell I plunged that knife into her body—one struggle, and Helen Preston was with her God in heaven.

HENRY WILSON.

"Kingston Jail, Canada."

Mr. Wesley Woodworth.

"With the talents of an angel a man may be a fool."

A man was brought into the police office, who complained that he was followed by a host of persons who sought to take his life, and desired to be protected. He was recognized by a person in the office to be Mr. Wesley Woodworth, the son of Judge Woodworth, of Albany. He was taken to the prison, and appeared to be willing to remain there until his pursuers could be got rid of. During the afternoon, at his request, food was purchased for him, and he partook of it freely. In the evening he was locked up in his cell, and, upon opening his cell in the morning, it was ascertained that he had committed suicide, either during the night or at an early hour in the morning. We visited

the cell where he lay in the morning, when we found that he had destroyed his life with a common sharp-pointed pen-knife, with which he had cut a terrible gash in his left arm, severing the veins and one or more arteries.

He lay upon a straw pallet, with one foot resting on the floor, and the right arm hanging down. The knife lay on the opposite side of his cell, from which we should judge that after cutting himself he had suddenly flung the knife from him. The bed was covered with clotted blood, and the wall and floor were sprinkled over with blood. It is evident that he could have lived but a few moments after the infliction of the wound. It is strange that a man laboring under the delirium tremens should be locked up in a cell alone without being searched.

The deceased was about thirty-five or forty years of age, and in his younger days he was reputed to be one of the handsomest men in Albany.

Thus terminated the life of one who was by parentage, education, and association eminently qualified to lead a useful and honorable life; and who, no doubt, under more favorable circumstances, would have been distinguished among the best and most talented men of his day. He was a noble and generous-hearted young man, spirited and ambitious, and for a time gave great promise of honoring himself and his country; but like too many young men of his class who are not fortified against the drinking habits of the day, he sacrificed his life upon the blood-stained altar of intemperance. In accordance with the usages of good society, he drank wine at parties, at weddings, at balls, and in this way he contracted an appetite for strong drink, which grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength, until at length it became omnipotent, overpowering conscience, reputation, pride, ambition, everything, and finally he became a maniac, and was confined in Dr. White's lunatic asylum at Hudson, where he gradually recovered his reason and returned to his friends. About this time the Washingtonian reformation commenced, and Woodworth was attracted to its standard, signed the pledge, and under the patronage of Mr. Delavan, of Albany, made a temperance tour, during which he delivered temperance lectures, which were so much superior to the ordinary Washingtonian experiences that wher-

ever he went his houses were filled with the most respectable and intellectual citizens. Finally, however, his appetite, sharpened by the temptation everywhere surrounding him, proved too powerful for his resolution, and he relapsed into his former habits, from which he never recovered, and which at last led him within the cell of a gloomy prison, where he became a self-murderer! Another victim of the rumseller's trade—a traffic legalized by the voters of our city, who are largely responsible for the wretchedness, poverty, and crime induced by the vice of intemperance. Will it always be thus?—*N. Y. Mercantile Advertiser.*

Philip S. White and the Inquisitive Yankee.

When Mr. White was Most Worthy Patriarch of the Sons of Temperance, he went to the State of Maine, and there met a curious Yankee, who was exceedingly glad to see him. He had longed to behold so important a personage as the exalted head of the most beautiful and most prosperous order of the Sons of Temperance. He thought the order not inferior to any which had ever been founded, that of Christianity only excepted. "And now, most Worthy Patriarch," said he, drawing his excellency aside, "I wish to propound to you a serious question on a subject connected with the dignity of our order."

"Very well," said Mr. White, "what is your question?"

"Why," said the consequential gentleman with all solemnity, "I thought if I could speak with the most worthy head of our order—and I am thankful I have this opportunity of doing it—I would ask him, 'Is it constitutional and according to usage for a brother to bring his dog with him into the division-room?'"

The Most Worthy, at this profound question, was "taken all aback."

A Young Man's History in Brief.

I first saw him in a social party; he took but a single glass of wine, and that at the urgent solicitation of a young lady to whom he had been introduced.

I next saw him, when he supposed he was unseen, taking a glass to satisfy the slight desire by his sordid indulgence, and thought there was no danger.

I next saw him, late in the evening, in the street, unable to walk home. I assisted him thither, and we parted.

I next saw him reeling out of a low groggery; a confused stare was on his countenance, and words of blasphemy were on his tongue, and shame was gone.

I saw him once more. He was cold and motionless, and was carried by his friends to his last resting-place. In the small procession that followed every head was cast down. His father's gray hairs were going to the grave with sorrow; his mother wept that she had ever given birth to such a child.

I returned home, musing on his future state. I opened the Bible and read: "Drunkards shall not enter the kingdom of heaven."

This is a sad story. When a boy, our poor friend was as happy and bright as any of you. More than once, when students together, did he sneer at my teetotalism; when I urged him to sign the pledge, he laughed at me, and scouted at the bare suggestion of danger. Poor Fred! his father had the glass on the table, and there the appetite was formed. Beware of the first glass!

The Young Lady and the Drunkard.

A young lady, who had often laid to heart the enquiry, "What can I do?" heard a temperance lecturer say that young ladies could do much good to reform the poor, degraded inebriate; and, in the fulness of Christian love and zeal, she hastened to the dwelling of a miserable drunkard who lived near. He was alone. His wife being on a visit to her parents, the wretched man had embraced the opportunity to get thoroughly intoxicated. For three days he had given himself up to the influence of strong drink. Now he was suffering the effects of his folly. He sat upon the bed, pale and haggard, longing for help, but he knew not whence to seek it. He then felt that "the way of transgressors is hard." As she entered, he looked up in surprise; but she said kindly, "You are very ill to-day, Mr.

D—; will you not come over and drink a cup of coffee?" These were the first kind words he had heard for many a day. How soothingly they fell upon his dejected and conscience-smitten spirit! He at first murmured some objection, and glanced at his soiled and tattered garments; but he promised to come. And when he at length made his appearance, she was surprised to see what efforts he had made to render his person respectable. His matted hair was combed, his beard cut, and he had even attempted to mend his clothes.

Gathering courage from her success thus far, the young lady sat by him at the table to help him to the refreshments, of which he eagerly partook, and to watch a favorable moment to make a serious impression upon his mind. At length it came. With tears in his blood-shot eyes, he thanked her for her kindness; but said he, "How came you to think of such a miserable wretch as I? When you came to me, I was so very wretched I had even thought of killing myself." "But you will not think of it again," said she; and then with kindness and fidelity she spoke of the cause of his misery and its remedy, earnestly entreating him to attend the lecture in the evening and sign the pledge. This he promised. And then she warned him of his danger as a sinner, and begged him to flee from "the wrath to come." "I thank you," said the poor, miserable inebriate, while the fast-flowing tears attested his sincerity—"I thank you for your friendly warning. I have often wondered why Christians did not talk to me; and I verily thought it was because they considered me a lost man that no one in this place ever spoke to me of my soul's salvation. But I shall remember what you have said to me." And he did remember it. That night he joined the temperance society, and took the pledge, which he faithfully kept. In a few weeks he became a Christian; and from that time till his death he lived a consistent Christian life.

The Yellow Boys.

Mr. Garner, a reformed drunkard from Blackburn, related the following at a temperance meeting at Huddersfield, England. He met a landlord, an old

acquaintance, when a short dialogue took place.

Landlord. Why, Garner, you are beginning to look yellow with teetotalism."

Garner (putting his hand into his pocket, and pulling out five or six sovereigns). Ay, and my pocket is beginning to look yellow too.

A Dying Appeal to Young Men.

The following appeal to young men by the unfortunate Potter is well worthy the serious attention of all the young men of our country.

EXECUTION OF POTTER.

The sentence of the law was executed upon Andrew P. Potter, in New Haven, for the murder of Lucius P. Osborn, in February, 1845. The New Haven *Paladium* says :

"It being near two o'clock, the sheriff approached the cell, and, with the aid of another person, he put the white robe or gown upon the prisoner, who very calmly assisted in arranging it, and smoothed back his hair, in order to wear the white cotton cap. A white belt was secured about him, and taking the arm of the officer, he walked along the platform, shaking hands with two or three prisoners as he passed their cells.

"He went into the jail office, passed into the yard, and ascended the scaffold stairs with a firm step; and when he trod upon his gown, he stopped with much deliberation to pull it from beneath his foot. Having reached the platform, he looked about with a firm gaze, when he spoke as follows :

THE DYING MAN'S SPEECH.

"**FELLOW-MEN:** The trying circumstance for which you are assembled is one of the deepest solemnity. You are assembled to witness a very solemn scene.

"You are all familiar with the circumstances which brought me to this end. You all know that the first step in my downward career was when I first visited that wretched place beside the railroad. When I commenced visiting these places, it was very hard for me to stop. I could not get away from them. I have felt it my duty to warn the young men against these places before I left the world. There are so many temptations

to the young in this city that they are in very great danger. At every corner there is a place to lead the young astray.

"It is strange that the affliction which has been brought upon me has not had a tendency to annihilate these places. There has been some effort, it is true, to stop them. There have been two prosecutions. One of the persons was sentenced to the jail here six months. The other one, he was tried; what did they do with him? They sent him home to continue that house; all they did was to make him pay a fine of fifty dollars. Is that all the value of a young man? 'Tis strange (a pause), 'tis astonishing, that such places should be continued.

"I have but a few minutes more to warn the young. If I had not been in that house, I should not be here now, but should have been in my father's house over yonder mountain. Oh! think of that father—that poor father. (Here he showed considerable emotion). He is very much distressed by my affliction, and when he visited me a few days ago he was not in his right mind. He pronounced woe upon the city. I fear he will go down to his grave in sorrow. (A pause, officers fanning him.)

"It is my last request that you will annihilate these places. Are there not holy men enough in the city to do it? Shall these places be kept up within sound of the Gospel? The young men are exposed to ruin from them. Their desires and passions are so strong that temptations lead them easily away. (A pause.)

"Now I appeal once more to the young. You all know how I was brought up. I had the best of instruction from my father—a Christian father—but it has all come to this. Now I want to say a word about my Saviour. My impenitent friends, I would not swap situations with you (a pause)—no, I would not.

"I hope you will one and all make your peace with God ere it be too late. This putting off your duty will make you more and more hardened. And now in a few moments I shall meet my God. The blood of Jesus Christ is sufficient for my sins and for all of yours. I entreat you one and all to attend to this important subject."

"Here the prisoner closed and was seated, when the Rev. Mr. Cleveland poured out his heart in fervent prayer

of supplication, after which the prisoner was requested to rise.

"The sheriff then approached the scaffold, placed his hand upon the lever which supported the platform, and said something in a low tone, when the prisoner in a loud voice, and apparently looking upward, cried out, 'Dear Saviour, into thy hands I commit my spirit.' The lever was raised, the drop fell, and with it the prisoner, who was brought up suddenly—and all was over."

The Young Hotel-Keeper.

A young man in one of the great cities of our land, the son of a wealthy merchant, being established in one of the first hotels with his bride—an excellent and confiding girl—was surrounded by all that wealth and refinement could bestow, with the prospect of a long, happy, and prosperous life. His parents thought they had placed him in the way to affluence and honor. But having acquired the habit of occasional drinking, he soon began to increase his cups. His wife discovered a change in his temper, want of attention, etc. His friends soon became anxious; his business was neglected, and his patrons became ashamed of his society, and forsook him; and although he had a small fortune in the beginning, in three years it was all gone, and he was scarcely able to fit up a common bar-room in a retired street. Thus he went downward till he could no longer find a place in which to do business or money to carry it forward; and though all rumsellers do not sink thus rapidly, yet this is but the more fearful type of the destiny of all the class.

rank, and all seemed to go well and promise a future happiness; but intemperance did its work. While at a party the young lady was told of the abstemious nature of her intended partner. She was told that nothing in the world could induce him to drink a glass of wine. 'Don't say so,' she said, 'till I have tried him.' She asked him to take a glass of wine from her. He firmly refused. She threw her charms about him. She prevailed. He got intoxicated. The abstemious youth became a drunkard, and ran rapidly in the downward course. Her father, though in the habit of drinking himself, could not bear to see his daughter wed a drunkard, and he was ordered from the house. The father got into difficulties, and became bankrupt. He went into the back settlements to recruit his fortune. One night about twelve years after, while there was noise, and dancing, and music, a strange wailing noise was heard outside the building. It became louder and louder. All was silent. The music ceased. The door opened, and the figure of a man entered, and threw himself on the floor, crying, 'O God! save me from the fiends.' The young lady went up to him, and as she approached his upturned eyes met hers. It was too much for her. She fainted away. He whom she had wronged thus lay before her a poor maniac, and in two days more I had the melancholy duty of attending his funeral and hearing the clods of the valley rumbling upon his coffin. She is now, if living, in a lunatic asylum. Her father and mother sleep in an untimely grave. Oh! what an amount of sin must a person have to answer for who thus is the means of ruining a precious soul or causing a weak brother to perish."

The Young Collegian, the Young Lady, and the Glass of Wine.

The Rev. Dr. Asa Mahan, President of Oberlin Institute, relates the following:

"I knew of a young man who went to college and studied very successfully. Being of a bright and animated disposition, he was often invited to pleasure parties, and, although he went to them, he never could be prevailed upon to take a glass of wine. He was engaged to be married to a young lady of the first

Yielding to Temptation.

An intemperate man, with talents most brilliant, made a powerful effort to reform. For three months he abstained from all but tea and coffee. The hopes of his family were much excited, but in an evil hour he was induced to take a little beer and water. The slight intoxicating quality contained in this liquor lighted up the latent fires within him. Desire was again renewed, resolution weakened, he relapsed, and went

from beer to wine, from wine to brandy, until reason was dethroned, and he became a madman.

The Young Man Who Just Dropped In.

"Here, George, take this account to Mr. Jones, and request him to let me have the money, as I have a heavy note to pay."

Thus spake a very clever dealer in dry-goods, of limited means, to his clerk, a young man of active business habits, one morning.

The employer was warmly attached to his clerk, notwithstanding he had been compelled to lecture him several times for certain irregularities which are often looked over too lightly as "natural in young men."

George took the account, and waited on Mr. Jones, who promptly paid the bill, \$460. On his way back George had occasion to pass the vicinity of "The Wrong House," and, as it was about eleven o'clock, he thought he "would just step round to see who was there"; or rather, he went to get his bitters.

"Why, halloo, George!" shouted half a dozen voices. "Who'd a thought of seeing you?" Nothing would do but George must take a seat at the table where a number of "nice young men" were enjoying themselves, and "drink" with them. Each treated in his turn. Time rolled on.

"Glasses all round again," said one.

"Agreed!" cried several voices, and all round again it was. All the party but one became first jolly and then "uproarious."

The party was composed of several fools and one knave. The latter, by practising deception, kept sober. It may not be generally known that "genteel pickpockets" are often lurking around "genteel grog-shops," but so it is, and by four o'clock George was gently relieved of his four hundred and sixty dollars.

The merchant knew Mr. Jones too well to doubt the prompt settlement of his account. He went out on business after George, and was detained until half-past two. When he returned, his first enquiry was for George, but no one had seen him. A messenger was sent to the store of Mr. Jones. "He was

here about half-past ten o'clock," said Mr. Jones, "and I paid him the money." The anxiety of the employer was intense, and his note, which was to have been paid by the money George received, was protested. Late in the afternoon George got into a fight with one of his bottle companions. His clothes were torn and his person bruised. He at length became so noisy and abusive as materially to interfere with the "respectable and legal business" of the landlord, and George was peremptorily ordered to quit the premises. At this he demurred. The landlord took him by the collar, and kicked him into the street. The tender mercies of a rum-seller are cruel. Poor George! He had got his bitters, and they were bitter enough—bitter as gall.

He wandered into a neighboring grog-gery, where, after drinking "another round," he slept till late at night, when he was again put into the street. The watchman took him in possession, and he was safely lodged in the station-house.

On the next morning the first thing he thought of was his employer's money! Who can describe his feeling when he discovered his situation? He was a ruined man! The story was told his employer, and believed, but he was discharged in disgrace. Poor George!

A Young Suicide.

No one can peruse the following affecting article which is copied from the Dover (N. H.) *Morning Star*, without lamenting the baneful consequences which frequently arise from intemperance. Disease, insanity, suicide, and murder follow in its train:

"Departed this life, in Hamburg, N. Y., John Otle, aged thirteen years. The circumstances of his death were as follows: A little past mid-day the unfortunate boy obtained a rope, on the end of which was a ring, which he endeavored to conceal, and immediately hastened to a wood a short distance from his father's house. But in spite of all his efforts, he was observed by some of his unsuspecting little brothers and sisters, who followed him to the fatal spot. He then climbed a small tree, and, after waiting some time, made a small noose by passing the end of the rope through the ring,

which he put on his neck. He then fastened the rope to the tree, and jumped off, and in a moment was in eternity! His little sister, being under the tree, shrieked aloud, saying her brother John had fallen. This brought to the spot her mother and some of the other children, when a scene of sorrow and lamentation took place which can be better imagined than described.

"This child was led to the perpetration of the rash and wicked deed by the cruel treatment which he received from a drunken father, who was at that time almost dead-drunk at a neighboring grog-shop. Some hours afterwards, with much urging and assistance, he was got home; but being in liquor, his presence only augmented the grief of his afflicted family. When under the influence of ardent spirits, he was often known to vent his madness on poor John; and on the morning of that day, before leaving home for the grog-shop, without any provocation, he threatened him with a severe whipping. John was a bright and active lad, had the name of being virtuous, and was the main support of the family. Frequently, after having labored hard to obtain the means of support for his poor mother and her children, his drunken father would expend his earnings for rum. The deceased was often heard to say it would be better for him to die than to live, that he had rather die than stay here, etc., always assigning as a reason the cruel treatment of his father."

The Two Young Men and the Rev. Newman Hall.

Mr. Hall relates the following:

"There were two young men in a town whom I very well knew, members of a debating society, and they frequently discussed subjects bordering on infidelity; in fact, it was thought to be a kind of infidel club. These two young men were thoughtful and intelligent, and took a prominent part in the discussions. One of them was a teetotaler, and the other was not. The teetotaler was a member of a Quaker family, and he used to ask his companion to be an abstainer, but he declined. By-and-by the non-abstainer, who never indulged to excess, and was never intoxicated in

his life, went to London, and became connected with a large wholesale house. He began to frequent places of questionable resort—places where there is singing, dancing, and amusements not always of the best character, associated with drink. This young man went to these places, and was in great danger of being hurled into ruin. About that time a friend came up from the country on the occasion of a great temperance convention, and met him in the street, and said, 'Come to this great temperance convention; here is a half-crown ticket for a reserved seat.' He accepted the ticket, and said to himself, 'I will go, and amuse myself by drawing caricatures of the speakers.' He went, and listened to various physiological arguments that a man would be better and stronger for drinking cold water. He wanted to win a swimming prize, and remarked, 'If these arguments are correct, I will have a good chance.' So he tried it for a couple of months. The time came for the contest, and he won the prize easily. He was so pleased at the success of the experiment that he determined to sign the pledge. His parents were very anxious he should become an abstainer, and had made special prayer for him for some time that he might become temperate.

"He went to the secretary's room, whose windows he had broken some time before when in a frolic, and told him he wanted to sign the pledge. The secretary thought he did not mean it; but he signed his name, and went home. His parents were astonished and overjoyed when he told them he had signed the pledge. He returned to London, and his old companions laughed at him for becoming a teetotaler.

"On a Sunday he took down the Bible his mother had given him, which he had not opened for some time, and thought he would go to a place of worship, where he had not been for a long time. He went, and the Gospel entered his heart, and he became converted and united with the church. He then became zealous in the Sabbath-school and founded a Band of Hope in it. He became a successful business man, then entered the ministry, and is now a most useful, energetic preacher of the Gospel, blending teetotalism with religion. You will not be surprised at any love I have for the cause of temperance, when I tell you that I had the privilege of giving

that half-crown ticket, and that he to whom I gave it was my own brother.

“What happened to the other young man? He was a teetotaler, and went to London. He became intemperate in order that he might go to places of sinful amusement and indulgence. He went from bad to worse, became diseased in body and soul through his career of dissipation, and went home to die. In utter despair he sent for his former companion, my brother, to come and see him. There they were together: the one, by giving up teetotalism, was dying a premature death; and the other who, by embracing teetotalism, had become a true Christian. He watched him day and night, and poured into his ears the glorious Gospel news of forgiveness for the worst of sinners, and there was hope in his case.”

A Young Girl's Dying Appeal to her Drunken Father.

Stay, father, stay; the night is wild;
Oh! leave not now your dying child.
I feel the icy hand of death,
And shorter, shorter, grows my breath.
O father! leave me not.

Stay, father, stay; mother's gone,
And thou and I are all alone;
And from her starlit home on high
She'll weep that I alone should die.
O father! leave me not.

Stay, father, stay. Oh! leave, this night,
The madd'ning bowl, whose withering
blight
Has cast so dark a shade around
The home where joy alone was found.
O father! leave me not.

Stay, father, stay: once more I ask;
Oh! count it not a heavy task
To stay with me till life shall end,
My last, my only earthly friend.
O father! leave me not.

The above lines were suggested by the following incident, which occurred a few years since:

In the small town of — there lived a family who had been at one time wealthy. It consisted of father, mother, and an only daughter; but, alas! a demon had entered that once happy home. The husband was a

drunkard; soon his wife, borne down by affliction and sorrow, died. One would think that this would have been enough to remind him of the cause, and bring him to reflect on his past life; but no, he became worse and worse. His daughter, who was some ten or twelve years of age, and had been a regular attendant at Sunday-school, and had, like Mary, “chosen that better part which would not be taken from her,” remonstrated with him in vain in regard to his pernicious habit; he only answered her with curses.

At length she was taken sick; and on the night that her “spirit took its flight” she made her last appeal. She told him that she was dying; she implored him to stay; but no, “he had promised to meet some companions, and could not disappoint them.”

Upon his return he found two or three of his neighbors present, and, glaring wildly around, asked what was the matter. They pointed silently to the bed; he staggered to it, and ruthlessly dragged down the sheet, and beheld the corpse of his child. He gazed a moment, and, twisting the sheet in his hands, with an oath dashed it into his dead child's face.

Salvation, what is Needed.

Don't depend too much upon the pledge. The great mass of drinking men have pledged themselves over and over. A poor inebriate's promise is straw, not iron; it is a reed shaken in the wind. Salvation is what the drunkard wants. He wants Christ, not his own weak resolutions. Good resolutions! The road to hell is paved with them. Show the drunkard that he is a poor, weak sinner, lost and helpless: he knows it already. Then show him the One who stooped from heaven's throne to earth's manger to seek and save just such lost ones as he.

By all means, let him sign the pledge; this was the first step of the prodigal, who said, “I will arise and go to my father.” But one step would have left him to starve among the swine. Follow up the poor prodigal, O gentle woman! till he meets that Father who, when he was yet a great way off, saw him, and had compassion; follow till you see him “fall on his neck and kiss him.”

DECLARATIONS AGAINST ALCOHOL.

The Voice of the Leading Medical Men.

The National Temperance Society inaugurated a measure to secure the voice of the medical fraternity against alcohol, and the result was the following declaration, signed by over two hundred physicians in New York and vicinity, and which has been extensively signed all over the country.

1. In view of the alarming prevalence and ill effects of intemperance, with which none is so familiar as members of the medical profession, and which have called forth from eminent English physicians the voice of warning to the people of Great Britain concerning the use of alcoholic beverages, we, the undersigned, members of the medical profession of New York and vicinity, unite in the declaration that we believe alcohol should be classed with other powerful drugs; that, when prescribed medicinally, it should be with conscientious caution and a sense of grave responsibility.

2. We are of opinion that the use of alcoholic liquor as a beverage is productive of a large amount of physical disease; that it entails diseased appetites upon offspring; and that it is the cause of a large percentage of the crime and pauperism of our cities and country.

3. We would welcome any judicious and effective legislation—State and national—which should seek to confine the traffic in alcohol to the legitimate purposes of medical and other sciences, art, and mechanism.

Edward Delafield, M.D., President College of Physicians and Surgeons, and of Roosevelt Hospital.

Willard Parker, M.D., Ex-President Academy of Medicine.

A. Clark, M.D., Professor College of Physicians and Surgeons, and Senior Physician Bellevue Hospital.

James Anderson, M.D., No. 30 University Place, Ex-President Academy

of Medicine, and President Physicians' Mutual Aid Association.

E. R. Peaslee, M.D., Ex-President Academy of Medicine (N. Y.)

Erasmus D. Hudson, M.D., Physician and Surgeon.

Elisha Harris, M.D., Secretary American Public Health Association, late Sanitary Superintendent Metropolitan Board of Health, and Corresponding Secretary Prison Association of New York.

C. R. Agnew, M.D., Ex-President Medical Society of the State of New York.

Stephen Smith, M.D., Surgeon Bellevue Hospital, Commissioner of Health, and President American Health Association.

Alfred C. Post, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Surgery in University Medical College, and Ex-President New York Academy of Medicine.

E. D. Hudson, Jr., M.D., Professor of Theory and Practice of Medicine, Woman's Medical College of New York Infirmary, and others.

The Voice of Leading Clergymen.

The following testimony against alcohol, initiated by the National Temperance Society, was issued in March, 1874, and has been signed by upwards of two hundred clergymen in New York and vicinity:

We, the undersigned clergymen of New York and vicinity, believe intemperance to be a prolific source of disease, poverty, vice, and crime; that moderate drinking is the primary cause of drunkenness; that it is good neither to drink wine nor anything whereby many stumble and are made weak; that "we, then, that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves" (Rom. xv. 1); therefore, we unite in, and commend to others, the solemn pledge not to use

alcoholic liquors of any kind as beverages; and we would welcome any adequate legislation—State and national—for the suppression of the traffic in alcoholic liquors for drinking purposes:

Edmund S. Janes, Bishop Methodist Episcopal Church.

John Hall, Minister Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church.

William M. Taylor, Broadway Tabernacle Congregational Church.

Theodore L. Cuyler, Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn.

A. G. Lawson, Greenwood Baptist Church, Brooklyn.

A. S. Patton, Editor *Baptist Weekly*.

Wm. T. Sabine, Church of the Atonement, Madison Avenue.

Henry Ward Beecher, Plymouth Church, Brooklyn.

T. De Witt Talmage, Brooklyn Tabernacle.

Cyrus D. Foss, St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church.

W. W. Newell, Eighty-fourth Street Presbyterian Church.

H. D. Ganse, Madison Avenue Reformed Church.

Daniel Curry, Editor *Christian Advocate*.

W. H. Boole, Seventeenth Street Methodist Episcopal Church.

Justin D. Fulton, Hanson Place Baptist Church, Brooklyn.

Cyrus Dickson, Corresponding Secretary Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, and others.

HISTORICAL AND STATISTICAL MEMORANDA.

Commission of Enquiry.

The National Temperance Society commenced a movement in 1873 in Congress for a National Commission of Enquiry concerning the alcoholic liquor-traffic. It circulated petitions largely over the country, which were endorsed by National and State organizations, churches, and local organizations all over the United States, representing nearly five million people. A bill was prepared authorizing the President, by and with the consent of the Senate, to appoint a commission of five persons to investigate the alcoholic and fermented liquor-traffic and manufacture, having special reference to revenue and taxation, the practical results of license and restrictive legislation, etc. The bill passed the Senate by a vote of twenty-six to twenty-one.

In the House of Representatives the bill was referred to the Committee on the Judiciary, reported favorably, and sustained by an able, very important report, recognizing the full jurisdiction of Congress over the liquor-traffic in the sphere of national authority, and the proposed enquiry as one involving to a large degree the national welfare. The bill was placed upon the calendar of the House; but with the political disagreement and the consequent delay of public business in the last ses-

sion of the Forty-third Congress, it was not reached, though a large majority—not the requisite two-thirds—voted to suspend the rules and put it upon its passage.

The following is the official petition of the National Temperance Society asking for the Commission:

PETITION.

To the United States Senate and House of Representatives:

The undersigned, citizens of the United States, respectfully ask you to provide for the appointment of a Commission of Enquiry, of five or more competent persons, whose duty it shall be, first, to enquire and take testimony as to the results of the traffic in alcoholic liquors, in connection with crime, pauperism, the public health, the moral, social, and intellectual well-being of the people; second, concerning prohibitory legislation in Maine, Massachusetts, and other States of the Union; and, third, to recommend what additional legislation, if any, would be beneficial on the part of Congress to suppress, in the sphere of national authority, the traffic in alcoholic liquors as beverages,

WILLIAM E. DODGE, *President*.

J. N. STEARNS,

Corresponding Secretary.

The bill as amended and passed by the Senate is as follows :

A BILL TO PROVIDE FOR THE APPOINTMENT OF A COMMISSION ON THE SUBJECT OF THE ALCOHOLIC AND FERMENTED LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

Be it enacted, etc., That there shall be appointed by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, a commission of five persons, neither of whom shall be the holder of any office of profit or trust in the General or a State Government. The said commissioners shall be selected solely with reference to personal fitness and capacity for an honest, impartial, and thorough investigation, and shall hold office until their duties shall be accomplished, but not to exceed one year. It shall be their duty to investigate the alcoholic and fermented liquor-traffic and manufacture, having special reference to revenue and taxation, distinguishing as far as possible, in the conclusions they arrive at, between the effects produced by the use of distilled or spirituous liquors as distinguished from the use of fermented or malt liquors, in their economic, criminal, moral, and scientific aspects, in connection with pauperism, crime, social vice, the public health, and general welfare of the people; and also enquire and take testimony as to the practical results of license and restrictive legislation for the prevention of intemperance in the several States, and the effect produced by such legislation upon the consumption of distilled or spirituous liquors and fermented or malt liquors, and also to ascertain whether the evil of drunkenness has

been increased or decreased thereby, whether the use of opium as a stimulant and substitute for alcoholic drinks has become more general in consequence of such legislation, and whether public morals have been improved thereby. It shall also be the duty of said commissioners to gather information and take testimony as to whether the evil of drunkenness exists to the same extent, or more so, in other civilized countries, and whether those foreign nations that are considered the most temperate in the use of stimulants are so through prohibitory laws; and also to what degree prohibitory legislation has affected the consumption and manufacture of malt and spirituous liquors in this country.

SEC. 2. That the said commissioners, all of whom shall not be advocates of prohibitory legislation or total abstinence in relation to alcoholic or fermented liquors, shall serve without salary; shall be authorized to employ a secretary at a reasonable compensation, not to exceed \$2,000 per year, which, with the necessary expenses incidental to said investigation (not exceeding \$10,000) of both the secretary and commissioners, shall be paid out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, upon vouchers to be approved by the Secretary of the Treasury; and for this purpose the sum of \$10,000 is hereby appropriated. It shall be the further duty of said commissioners to report the result of their investigation and the expenses attending the same to the President, to be by him transmitted to Congress.

The Woman's Temperance Crusade.

The most remarkable and successful feature of the year 1874 was the "woman's crusade" against intemperance and the liquor-traffic. It was a new national awakening to the greatest curse of modern civilization, and an uprising of the greatest sufferers for deliverance and self-protection. The movement commenced in Southern Ohio, partaking largely of the nature of a religious revival, and swept over a majority of the States of the Union. Woman became an instrument in God's hands

of winning a multitude of victories. Out of weakness God perfected strength. It is estimated that upwards of 2,000 places where liquor was sold have been closed, and that hundreds of thousands have signed the total-abstinence pledge. The keynote of the whole campaign was prayer, persuasion, and personal effort. The women went to God, then to the grog-seller. The grog-seller feared both the women and the God whom they serve, and in a large number of instances they have

changed their whole course of life and have dedicated themselves to God's service. The usual method of operation was to hold a large public meeting of all denominations, followed by daily union meetings for prayer, singing, and consultation, and, when the way opened, to go forth, two by two, visiting saloons, pleading with the liquor-sellers, property-holders, druggists, grocers, physicians, and citizens for the entire suppression of the sale and use of intoxicating beverages, or the renting of property therefor, or in any way countenancing the same. The motto everywhere was total abstinence and the entire and universal closing of the saloons.

While all this is apparently a new movement, yet the way had been prepared for it in the faithful and persistent labors of the past. Pulpits, Sabbath-schools, and multitudes of temperance societies have been for many years doing what they could to sow the seeds for the future harvest. The publications of the National Temperance Society have been scattered broadcast over the entire land like the leaves of the forest. The country was ripe for the forward movement, needing only a spark to start the flames across the land.

Dr. J. G. Holland, in *Scribner's Monthly*, had an excellent article upon this movement, from which we quote as follows:

"For weary, despairing years they have waited to see the reform that should protect them from further harm. They have listened to lectures; they have signed pledges; they have encouraged temperance societies; they have asked for and secured legislation; and all to no practical good end. The politicians have played them false; the officers of the law are unfaithful; the government revenue thrives on the thriftiness of their curse; multitudes of the clergy are not only apathetic in their pulpits, but self-indulgent in their social habits; newspapers do not help, but rather hinder them; the liquor interest, armed with the money that should have bought them prosperity, organizes against them; fashion opposes them; a million fierce appetites are arrayed against them; and, losing all faith in men, what can they do? There is but one thing for them to do. There is but one direction in which they can look, and that is upward! The women's temperance movement, begun and car-

ried on by prayer, is as natural in its birth and growth as the oak that springs from the acorn. If God and the God-like element in woman cannot help, there is no help. If the pulpit, the press, the politicians, the reformers, the law, cannot bring reform, who is left to do it but God and the women? We bow to this movement with reverence. We do not stop to question methods; we do not pause to query about permanent results. We simply say to the glorious women engaged in this marvelous crusade: 'May God help and prosper you, and give you the desire of your hearts in the fruit of your labors!'"

The movement has never ceased, but has taken permanent form, and now has thirteen States fully organized and actively at work in various branches of the cause.

A Woman's National Christian Temperance Convention was held in Cleveland in November, 1874, and in a three days' session completed the organization with an admirable constitution and practical plan of work. The movement is stronger at the present time than ever before.

In this work we have noticed many phases of temperance; this is the last, and it deserves to stand out as conspicuous as the sun in the heavens. It forms an epoch in the temperance reform—a new era in its history. Not since the days of Pentecost have such scenes been witnessed—scenes that have not only made earth rejoice, but gladdened the eyes of angels, and thrilled the heart of the world's Redeemer. I wonder not at women's efforts; for who have suffered more than women from intemperance? Think of the sufferings of wives and of daughters, of the tears of anguish, of the broken hearts and broken hopes, and broken constitutions—the grave the only refuge. My peculiar calling has led me to witness their sufferings. Mind can't conceive, pen can't describe, language can't express, the anguish they endure. If the tears they have shed over drunken husbands and sons could be gathered, it would make one vast river; if their sighs could be blended, it would make one great anthem of sorrow; if all their groans could be united into one, it would be louder than ten thousand thunders.

I attended the funeral of a woman in Delaware County, N. Y., who had been cursed with a drunken husband, and

who had suffered more than the martyrs, and who exclaimed with her expiring breath, "The rum-bottle has brought me to this." Alas! she was not the only one; thousands of suffering, dying wives could say, "The rum-bottle has brought me to this."

I buried in Massachusetts a widow's only son, who died with delirium tremens. The tears she shed were not common tears, the sighs she heaved were not common sighs, but came from the inner temple of grief.

In New Jersey I stood by the coffin of a man who had committed suicide by hanging. There was a dark streak round his neck, showing us where the rope had been. There sat his widow in the habiliments of mourning, that expressed faintly the deeper grief within. There sat five fatherless children, who had been cursed by a drunken father. And how pitiful and sorrowful the dear little ones did look, and they could have mournfully exclaimed, "Our father was a drunkard, but we are not to blame." No, the children of a drunkard are not to blame; but, oh! how intensely they suffer!

Another case in New Jersey, a man highly respected, not considered an intemperate man; but he drank moderately, and suddenly died with delirium tremens. He imagined that all the snakes in the universe were darting at him their tongues, and that their snakish eyes were looking at him, and that all the ghosts and hobgoblins and devils from pandemonium were prowling around his couch; it seemed as if the angel of destruction had special charge of him, and as if all death's barbed arrows were piercing his suffering heart. He suffered more than a thousand deaths. Among other things he pulled out his tongue, piece after piece, and threw it at those who were in the room, till he literally tore it all out by the roots, and was tongueless. His sister-in-law, who was present, described the awful scene to me, and said she never beheld anything like it, it was so terrible. "And," said she, "Mr. Wakeley, I never felt such relief in my life as when he ceased to breathe, when the horrible scene was over." Who can tell the deep grief, the bitter anguish, the intense sorrow of that wife, a thousand times worse than widowed? I attended his funeral with the Baptist and Presbyterian preachers. The widow in her anguish, and the

three little fatherless ones in their misery, greatly affected my heart. Such scenes are transpiring all over our land. The air is full of the dying groans of drunkards, and of the sighs of widows and orphans.

In Columbia County, N.Y., I attended the funeral of a brilliant lawyer, who said "he would have one more spree, and then he would quit." He had one more—it was his last. The drunkard has his last spree. Who can tell the anguish of his widowed mother, whose husband also had died with delirium tremens a few years before.

These are not imaginary scenes, but terrible realities that have come under my own observation.

I remember a beautiful, brilliant young man in Orange County, who married a young lady of uncommon beauty. He was a moderate drinker at first, but it ended in delirium tremens. It took twelve men to hold him, so terrible were his sufferings; so his sister-in-law told me, as she described the awful scene. Who can tell the anguish of that young wife? How her beauty faded! How the roses withered on her cheeks!

I might fill pages in describing such terrible scenes.

I knew a mother who had a son as beautiful as Absalom, with his glossy locks and rosy cheeks. He died with delirium tremens in Brooklyn. It crushed his father's heart, who soon slept beside him. And I shall never forget the mother in her sadness and gloom; it embittered the rest of her days, till death came to her relief.

I knew a young woman in Connecticut who married a brilliant young man, the pride of the village where they lived. The wedding was a splendid occasion, and many envied the bride. He drank too much; they separated. I saw him in Massachusetts with a travelling circus, a poor wreck of humanity, with his red eyes and his pimpled face—nature holding out her signals of distress. Lower and lower he went down the ladder of infamy, till at last he died in a poor-house in Fairfield County, Connecticut.

Another lady I knew in Brooklyn, who married a noble young man. He became dissipated; he died in a poor-house in Baltimore. Who can tell the anguish of his wife?

Who can describe what the wife suffers when she discovers for the first time that her husband is a drunkard and her

children have a drunken father? Who can describe her sufferings when he strikes the first cruel blow, and that by the very hand pledged to protect her? Often what days of grief and nights of anguish she spends, till her grief-rent heart ceases to beat!

Woman has been the greatest sufferer from this cruel, widow-making, orphan-making, pauper-making, misery-making traffic. Is it any wonder she now rises in her majesty, and says to this river of fire that has rolled its desolating streams all over our land, "Hitherto thou shalt come, and no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed."

Think of the power of woman! Think of the influence of woman! Think of the women in the early ages of Christianity—of the Marys, the Marthas, the Dorcases, the Phœbes, the Lydias, the Priscillas, and others. Woman never denied nor betrayed the Saviour!

"Not she with trait'rous kiss her Saviour stung,
Not she denied him with unholy tongue.
She, when apostles shrank, could dangers brave;
Last at the cross, and earliest at the grave."

Again, Paul says, "Help those women who labor with me in the Gospel, whose names are in the book of life." Very early the help of women was recognized. As early as 1834, before the Congressional Temperance Society, that pure patriot and noble man, Theodore Frelinghuysen, then a senator from New Jersey, offered and discussed this resolution:

"Resolved, That the influence of woman is essential to the triumph of every great and good cause; and should that influence which God hath graciously given her be universally and perseveringly exerted in favor of the temperance reformation, its triumphs must be certain and complete, and its blessings, while richly enjoyed by herself and those whom she loves, would be extended to all people and perpetuated to all ages."

Noble sentiments, offered by a noble man! It, however, calculated on her quiet influence. In 1852, at the World's Convention, held in New York, there was great agitation because women were not recognized; therefore it was, by way of ridicule, called "half the world's convention."

But the world has mightily advanced since that time. Never did woman occupy the position she does to-day.

Never did she wield such a widespread influence. It is now acknowledged that the hand that rocks the cradle rocks the world.

The special woman's work that astonished heaven, earth, and hell, angels, men, and devils, began in Ohio the last week of 1873.

The work was begun and is carried on by religious women, who have employed prayers and tears and love. Their struggles and their triumphs have gone on telegraph wires, and appeared in the columns of our newspapers. The closing of hundreds of saloons, the abandoning by many rumsellers of their unholy traffic—these are some of the results of the woman's crusade. It was not confined to Ohio; it roused the women in many States, inspiring the feeble with strength and the timid with courage.

This led to the formation of a National Temperance Woman's League, and then to a Woman's National Temperance Convention. This was organized and held at Cleveland, Ohio, November 18, 1874. The convention was largely attended, and by some of the noblest women in America.*

They did their work in a business-like manner, while the lords of creation were outsiders looking on. The gifted Mrs. Jennie F. Willing was president, and the mild but firm Mrs. Mary E. Johnson, of Brooklyn, secretary. These honorable women, not a few, adopted a constitution, made excellent addresses, passed strong resolutions, and elected that excellent woman, speaker, author, writer, Mrs. Anna Wittenmyer, of Philadelphia, president. She said "she had faith in God and in women." Success to the women in their angel-like and heaven-approved work!

We are thankful for what the women have already accomplished through the blessing of heaven; and trust they will not relax their efforts till the last wretched abode is made happy, till the fires of the last distillery have gone out; till the last liquor-dealer has abandoned his wretched business, and the last drunkard is reclaimed; till earth shall be as free from the curse as heaven is, and the temperance cause finally triumph everywhere, and the sun of heaven shine on a sober world!

* For particulars see "The Woman's Temperance Crusade," by Rev. W. C. Steele, National Temperance Society and Publication House.

National Prohibition.

The National Temperance Society issued petitions in 1874, asking for the prohibition of the manufacture, importation, and sale of all alcoholic beverages in the District of Columbia and the Territories of the United States, under the immediate jurisdiction of the National Government. These petitions were very extensively endorsed by temperance organizations throughout the coun-

try, a large number of churches and clergymen, and by citizens generally. Bills for the same purpose were introduced in the United States Senate, applicable to the District of Columbia and the Territories, at the request of the Society, by Senator Wright of Iowa, read twice by their titles, printed, and referred to the Committee on Finance.

The Veto of Hon. Horatio Seymour.

UNCONSTITUTIONALITY OF A PROHIBITORY LAW.

The prohibition of the liquor-traffic has attracted much attention and discussion and legislative action for years. The Maine prohibitory law, under the leadership of Neal Dow, was passed in May, 1851, approved by the governor June 2, and was set in operation July 4, 1851. The Metropolitan Society of New York City for the Protection of Private and Constitutional Rights says it was set in operation on that day in "triumphant mockery"; that it was a "desecration of the anniversary of freedom."

NEW YORK PROHIBITORY LAW.

After years of struggle this law was passed by the legislature March 9, 1854. There was great joy throughout the State, and the voice of melody and thanksgiving were heard all over the valleys and hills of the Empire State. Congratulatory meetings were held; but in less than a month their joy was turned into sadness. March 31, 1854, Governor Horatio Seymour vetoed the bill. The veto is very lengthy. He said: "I cannot sign the bill, for I believe its provisions are calculated to injure the cause of temperance and impair the welfare of the State." Again he says: "All experience shows that temperance, like other virtues, is not produced by law-makers, but by the influence of morality, education, and religion. I regard intemperance as a fruitful source of degradation and misery. After long and earnest reflection, I am satisfied reliance cannot be placed upon prohibitory laws to eradicate these evils. Men may be persuaded, they cannot be compelled, to adopt habits of temperance." This de-

lighted liquor-sellers and drunkards, and a general jubilee was held all over the land, while the friends of temperance mourned. They were not discouraged, but nominated for governor, and triumphantly elected, Myron H. Clark. The issues were fully understood; there was a fair fight, and victory perched upon the temperance banner. There were three candidates in the field. Daniel S. Dickinson thus designated them: "Green C. Bronson and good rum, Horatio Scymour and bad rum, Myron H. Clark and no rum at all." The people vetoed Horatio Seymour, rejected Bronson, and elected Myron H. Clark. It was a grand triumph, a perfect Waterloo defeat. They also had a large majority of temperance men in the legislature. Another prohibitory law was passed and approved by Governor Clark, April 11, 1855. This did not please the "Metropolitan Society for the Protection of Private and Constitutional Rights," which was formed in New York City, composed of liquor-dealers—men who had acquired wealth by that business. They sent out a pamphlet with this title: "The Unconstitutionality of the Prohibitory Liquor-Law, Confirmed by the Opinions of Governor Seymour, James W. Gerard, Samuel Beardsley, Daniel Lord, D. D. Barnard, George Wood, Green C. Bronson, James R. Whiting, Robert J. Dillon, A. Oakey Hall, Nicholas Hill, Jr., Harrison Gray Otis, Rufus Choate, and others, and the decision of the Supreme Court of the Second Judicial District of the State of New York, and the Hon. James M. Smith, Jr., Recorder of the City of New York." This was in 1855. In the introduction it says: "The secret societies and zealots redoubled their

efforts. They made bargains and coalitions, and the law was again passed." They speak of "organized societies" under the titles of "Sons of Temperance," "Rechabites," "Templars of Honor." Their number prompted the ambition of unscrupulous men, who saw in their secret order the means of a strong political party, by means of which they might advance to place and power.

But the mistakes in their legal handiwork can never be better demonstrated than in the contents of this volume. It will be shown here how greatly this prohibitory law contradicts the spirit of the common law and the individual rights secured by Magna Charta; how repugnant it is to the plain provisions of the Constitution, and what a violation of common decency on the part of those who perpetrated this tyrannical act.

The executive committee who sent out the document consisted of the following liquor-dealers: P. W. Engs, Abraham Binninger, Charles A. Stetson, S. A. Cousins, T. J. Bayaud, M. S. Corwin, John P. Treadwell, John W. Whitlock, Joel Concklin, John Baker, H. Snyder.

In their introduction they thus conclude: "While we commend the reading of these papers to the importers, manufacturers, and venders of liquors, wines, and malt beverages, we are desirous that they should be also in the hands of others who are not led away by infuriated fanaticism, and especially that they may meet the eye of gentlemen of the law, in all parts of our interior, where the infamous principles of a 'Maine Law find some Neal Dow or a Myron H. Clark to give them impulse. It is our ambition to defeat these enemies of constitutional right everywhere, and we hope we are doing something towards it by this publication."

The prohibitory law was pronounced "unconstitutional." Thousands of dollars were paid for legal opinions on the subject.

Twenty years have rolled away since, and no prohibitory law in this State. There are those who hope on and hope ever, whose motto is "Never despair," who are confidently struggling for it, and who exclaim, "Prohibition now and prohibition for ever."

Small-Beer Calculation.

Take a very moderate man as a sample. Assume that he drinks every day one glass of ale at ten cents, and four glasses of whiskey at fifteen. That amounts to seventy cents a day, which makes four dollars and ninety cents a week. Multiply by four, and you have nineteen dollars and sixty cents a month; which comes, you know, to two hundred and thirty-five dollars and

twenty cents a year. Thus, if the man who had carried on at this rate for ten years had all his liquor-money back, his pocket would be inflated to the tune of twenty-three hundred and fifty-two dollars. This is only a small-beer calculation; but think of the men who spend five times this amount in liquors, and remember that their name is legion.

Rum, Ministers, Tobacco, and Dogs.

We invite the attention of thoughtful people to the following very significant, if not at all creditable, national statistics, presented in a late number of the *Southern Presbyterian Review*:

"The Government statistics for 1871 may well cause every honorable man to hang his head with shame, and may well fill every patriot's heart with alarm. They are as follows. Let them be pondered by every lover of his country:

Salaries of all ministers of	
the Gospel.....	\$6,000,000
Cost of Dogs.....	70,000,000
Support of Criminals.....	12,000,000

Fees of Litigation.....	\$35,000,000
Cost of Tobacco and Cigars	610,000,000
Importation of Liquor ..	50,000,000
Support of Grog-Shops... ..	1,500,000,000
Whole Cost of Liquor... ..	2,200,000,000

And these are the facts in this 'enlightened' nineteenth century and in these United States! One might infer from them that we are fast becoming, if not already, a nation of drunkards. And then consider this country's estimate of the Gospel ministry, the ministers of all denominations costing a sum less by millions than the very dogs of the land!"

Very Curious Table for the Curious to Examine.

The following is Brande's table, showing the proportion of alcohol in distilled and fermented liquors. Proportion of spirit per cent. by measure :

1. Brandy.....	53.39	26. Vidonia.....	19.25
2. Rum.....	53.68	27. Alba Flora.....	17.26
3. Gin.....	51.60	28. Malaga.....	17.26
4. Scotch whiskey.....	54.32	29. White Hermitage.....	17.43
5. Irish ".....	53.90	30. Rousillon.....	19.00
6. Lissa.....	26.47	".....	17.26
".....	24.35	Average.....	18.13
Average.....	25.41	31. Claret.....	17.11
7. Raisin wine.....	26.40	".....	16.32
".....	25.77	".....	14.08
".....	23.20	".....	12.91
Average.....	25.12	Average.....	15.10
8. Marsala.....	26.03	32. Zante.....	17.05
".....	25.05	33. Malmsey Madeira.....	16.40
Average.....	25.09	34. Lunel.....	15.52
9. Port.....	25.83	35. Sheraaz.....	15.52
".....	24.29	36. Syracuse.....	15.28
".....	23.71	37. Sauterne.....	14.22
".....	23.39	38. Burgundy.....	16.60
".....	22.30	".....	15.22
".....	21.40	".....	14.53
".....	19.00	Average.....	11.95
Average.....	22.96	39. Hock.....	14.57
10. Madeira.....	24.42	".....	14.37
".....	23.93	" (old in cask).....	13.00
" (Sercial).....	21.40	Average.....	8.88
".....	19.24	Average.....	12.08
Average.....	22.27	40. Nice.....	14.63
11. Currant wine.....	20.55	41. Barsac.....	13.86
12. Sherry.....	19.81	42. Tent.....	13.30
".....	19.83	43. Champagne (still).....	13.30
".....	18.79	" (sparkling).....	12.80
".....	18.25	" (red).....	12.56
Average.....	19.17	".....	11.30
13. Teneriffe.....	19.79	Average.....	12.61
14. Colares.....	19.75	44. Red Hermitage.....	12.32
15. Lachryma Christi.....	19.70	45. Vin de Grave.....	13.94
16. Constantia, white.....	19.75	".....	12.80
17. " red.....	18.92	Average.....	13.37
18. Lisbon.....	18.94	46. Frontignac (Rivesalte).....	12.79
19. Malaga.....	18.94	47. Côte Rotie.....	12.32
20. Bucellas.....	18.49	48. Gooseberry wine.....	11.84
21. Red Madeira.....	22.30	49. Orange wine—average of six samples made by a London manufacturer.....	11.26
".....	18.40	50. Tokay.....	9.88
Average.....	20.35	51. Elder wine.....	8.79
22. Cape Muscat.....	18.25	52. Cider, highest average.....	9.87
23. Cape Madeira.....	22.94	" lowest ".....	5.21
".....	20.50	53. Perry, average of four samples	7.26
".....	18.11	54. Mead.....	7.32
Average.....	20.51	55. Ale (Burton).....	8.88
24. Grape wine.....	18.11	" (Edinburgh).....	6.20
25. Calcavella.....	19.20	" (Dorchester, England)...	5.56
".....	18.10	Average.....	6.87
Average.....	18.65	56. Brown Stout.....	6.80
		57. London Porter (average)....	4.20
		" small beer (average).....	1.28

Unfermented Wine.

The *Journal of Applied Chemistry* for November, 1874, one of our ablest scientific monthlies, gives the following in relation to unfermented wine, which we commend to the consideration of those members of Christian churches still accustomed to the use of alcoholic wine at the communion service :

"In" order to prepare it, the grapes should be allowed to thoroughly ripen. They are then picked, and the stems and all green and rotten grapes removed. The grapes are then crushed and pressed in the usual manner. The juice may be put directly into bottles, or it may be first concentrated somewhat by boiling, and then bottled. In either case the bottles are put into hot water, and brought to the boiling-point, where they are maintained for half an hour. At

the end of this time remove them from the fire, and cork them tightly while still hot, wiring in the corks. Then replace them, and continue the boiling another hour. Glass bottles are better for this purpose than tin cans, though the latter may be used. An analysis of a specimen prepared in New Jersey gave the following result :

Alcohol.....	none.
Sugar and extract.....	23.00
Ash.....	.40
Water.....	76.60
	100.00

This had probably been concentrated somewhat before bottling. The flavor was fine. Some acid tartrate of potassium had crystallized out."

The Lessened Mortality of Teetotalers.

In the "United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution" of London, one of the largest, soundest, and wealthiest mutual life insurance organizations in the Old World, the mortality and death claims amongst its teetotal and moderate-drinking lives, according to the report of the company's actuary, made to the thirty-second annual meeting of the members, were as follows :

TEETOTAL LIVES.

Calculated deaths by the Carlisle tables.....	137
Actual deaths during the year.....	90
Difference in favor of temperance..	47
Claims according to Carlisle tables.....	\$130,240
Actual claims.....	65,025
Saved by teetotalism.....	\$65,215

MODERATE DRINKERS' LIVES.

Calculated deaths by Carlisle tables	244
Actual deaths for the year.....	282
In excess of calculated death-rate	38
In excess of the teetotal death-rate.....	122
Claims according to Carlisle tables.....	\$244,415
Actual claims.....	252,875

In excess of calculated claims.....	\$8,460
In excess of teetotal rate of claims.....	130,845

The contrast between the lessened death-rate of teetotalers and the excessive mortality of moderate drinkers, as set forth by these mathematical calculations and experiences, is something which ought to startle moderate drinkers.

Wonderful Estimate Concerning Rum-Sellers and Rum-Drinkers.

There is a sufficient quantity of fermented and distilled liquor used in the United States, in one year, to fill a canal four feet deep, fourteen feet wide, and one hundred and twenty miles in length. The liquor-saloons and hotels of New

York City, if placed in opposite rows, would make a street like Broadway, eleven miles in length. The places where intoxicating drinks are made and sold in this country, if placed in rows in direct lines, would make a street one

hundred miles in length. If the victims of the rum-traffic were there also, we should see a suicide at every mile, and a thousand funerals a day. If the drunkards of America could be placed in procession, five abreast, they would make an army one hundred miles in length. What an army of victims! Every hour in the night the heavens are lighted with the incendiary torch of the drunkard. Every hour in the day

the earth is stained with the blood shed by drunken assassins. See the great army of inebriates, more than half a million strong, marching on to sure and swift destruction—filing off rapidly into poorhouses and prisons and up to the scaffold, and yet the ranks are constantly filled by the moderate drinkers. Who can compute the fortunes squandered, the hopes crushed, the hearts broken, the homes made desolate by drunkenness?

Spontaneous Combustion of Drunkards.

When Kittredge published his first address, which electrified the nation, his introduction of a case of combustion was almost universally regretted. It was so new, and appeared so incredible, that scarce any one was found ready to believe or sustain it, while every moderate and immoderate drinker of alcohol from Georgia to Maine, and every manufacturer and vender of intoxicating drinks, laid hold of it as effectually to counteract and destroy all the influence which that most thrilling address was calculated to produce. But now these cases have multiplied so much, and been so well attested, that few are disposed to call them in question. Doctor Peter Schofield, of Upper Canada, gives the following case, a terrible monition to all drunkards:

“It was the case of a young man about twenty-five years of age; he had been an habitual drinker for many years. I saw him about nine o'clock in the evening on which it happened. He was then, as usual, not drunk, but full of liquor. About eleven the same evening I was called to see him. I found him literally roasted from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet. He was found in a blacksmith's shop just across the way from where he had been. The owner all of a sudden discovered an extensive light in his shop, as though the whole building was in one general flame. He ran with the greatest precipitancy, and on flinging open the door discovered a man standing erect in the midst of a widely-extended, silver-colored blaze, bearing, as he described it, exactly the appearance of the wick of a burning candle in the midst of its own flame. He seized him by the shoulder, and jerked him to the door, upon

which the flame was instantly extinguished.

“There was no fire in the shop, neither was there any possibility of fire having been communicated to him from any external source. It was purely a case of spontaneous ignition. A general sloughing came on, and his flesh was consumed, or removed in the dressing, leaving the bones and a few of the larger blood-vessels standing. The blood, nevertheless, rallied around the heart, and maintained the vital spark until the thirteenth day, when he died, not only the most loathsome, ill-featured, and dreadful picture that was ever presented to human view, but his shrieks, his cries, and lamentations were enough to rend a heart of adamant. He complained of no pain of body; his flesh was gone. He said he was suffering the torments of hell; that he was just upon its threshold, and should soon enter its dismal caverns; and in this frame of mind gave up the ghost. Oh! the death of a drunkard. Well may it be said to beggar all description. I have seen other drunkards die, but never in a manner so awful and affecting. They usually go off senseless and stupid as it regards a future state!”

In all such cases Professor Silliman remarks:

“The entire body, having become saturated with alcohol absorbed into all its tissues, becomes highly inflammable, as indicated by the vapor which reeks from the breath and lungs of a drunkard; this vapor, doubtless highly alcoholic, may take fire, and then the body slowly consume.”

As a valuable document we present from Dr. Lindsley's prize essay the following table:

TEN EXAMPLES OF THE PRINCIPAL CASES OF SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION FROM THE DICTIONNAIRE DE MEDECINE.

No.	Works in which they are Reported	By Whom	Time	Age	Combustion Complete	Immediate Cause	Habit of Life	Situation of the Remains
1	Actes de Copenhague.	Jacobæus.	1692		Except a part of the skull and the last joints of the fingers.		Abuse of spirits for three years.	Upon a chair.
2	Annual Register.	Blanchinde Verone.	1763	62	Except the skull, a part of the face, and three fingers.	A lamp.	Frequent fomentations of camphorated spirits.	Upon the floor.
3	Annual Register.	Wilmer.		50	Except the thigh and one leg.	A light upon a chair near the bed.	Having drunk for a length of time a pint of rum daily.	Upon the floor near the bed.
4	Ency. Method.			50	Except a few bones.		Habitually drunken.	
5	Acta Medica.				Except the skull and fingers.		She drank brandy as her only drink.	
6	Mem. upon spontaneous combus.	Lecat.	1744	60	Except a part of the head and limbs.	A pipe which she was smoking.	A drunkard.	Near the chimney.
7	Ibid.	Ibid.	1745		Ibid.	A fire.	Habitually drunken.	Upon the hearth.
8	Ibid.	Ibid.	1749	80	Except a black skeleton.	Fire of the hearth.	Drinking brandy only for many years.	Sitting upon a chair before the fire.
9	Journal de Médecine.		1779		Except a few bones, a hand, and a foot.	A foot-stove under her feet.	A drunkard.	
10	Ibid.		1782	60	Ibid.	A fire of the hearth.	Ibid.	Upon the hearth.
11	Revue Médicale.	Julia Fontenelle.	1820	90	Except the skull and a portion of skin.	A candle.	Abuse of wine and eau de Cologne.	In bed.
12	Ibid.	Ibid.	1830	66	Except the right leg.	Ibid.	Ibid.	In the same bed; these two burned together
13		Gen. Wm. Kepland.		very old	Except a few parts of the body.	A lighted pipe.		Upon the floor.
14	Journal de Florence.	Joseph Battaylia.	1786		The skin of the right arm and of the right thigh were burned.	A lamp.		Upon the floor; he lived four days.
15	Revue Médicale.	Robertson.	1799		Combustion incomplete.		Abuse of brandy.	Upon a bench.
16	Ibid.	M. Marchand			Hand and thigh only burned			Cured.
17	Journal Hamp.	Hosp.		17	One finger of the right hand burned.	A candle.		Cured.
18		Alph. Devenge.	1829	57	The muscles of the trunk, thighs, and superior extremities burned.	A foot-stove.	Abuse of spirits.	Upon a chair.
						A foot-stove.	Ibid.	Upon the floor.

ROLL OF HONOR:

HEROES OF TEMPERANCE.

ALL nations have held in honor the names and deeds of the illustrious dead. This should be the case with prominent pioneers and laborers in the temperance reformation. The heroes who have fallen covered with scars and loaded with honors—they should be embalmed in history, and their names written high on the pillar of fame. Our volume would be incomplete without such a record.

There were some of the most splendid men in America, as well as those of more humble talent, who were pioneers in this work. Among them were statesmen, governors, presidents of colleges, men of profound learning, eminent divines, splendid lawyers, and physicians at the head of their profession. These were immortal names, not born to die. I can notice but a few of them, and I have space only to give a mere skeleton, the merest outlines. How I wish I had space to fill up and complete their portraits! Some of them I have named in the earlier part of the volume. I shall do it alphabetically, keeping up the form of the cyclopædia.

William A. Alcott, M.D.

He has an extensive reputation as an author and writer. He was of Boston, author of "The Young Man's Guide," and editor of *Moral Reformer*, *Parley's Magazine*, etc., etc. He was a man of feeble health, but of indomitable will and untiring industry. He rose at three o'clock in the morning all the year round, and began his work while others were sleeping. His health was so feeble he formerly considered stimulus necessary. At twenty-eight he abandoned strong drink, and afterwards cider. He said, "I have lost nothing by my temperance, but have gained immensely—a species of property, too, which worlds of extraordinary stimulus would not induce me to part with." Early he became a "living epistle" of temperance.

Hon. Stevenson Archer.

He was chief-justice of the State of Maryland. Judge Archer was the president of the State Temperance Society. He was always at its meetings. His addresses were full of wisdom. He gave the cause his countenance and support; and the genius of temperance must have wept when he fell at his post, in 1848.

Rev. Lebbeus Armstrong

Was a tall man with a large head, a good hater of all he considered wrong, author of several works, among others one on the temperance reformation. He will be remembered as a pioneer in the great work, and as one of the founders of the first temperance society in America, and that as early as 1808.

Rev. Robert Baird, D.D.

He was the great European traveller with a world renown. He visited most of, if not all, the crowned heads of Europe, and accomplished a great work for temperance. He attended a number of national temperance meetings, and did immense good in Prussia, Sweden, Norway, and other places, and pleaded with great success the cause of temperance. This he did as early as 1846 and at subsequent visits.

Mathias W. Baldwin,

Of Philadelphia, one of the vice-presidents of the National Temperance Society, was carried to his grave on the 13th October, 1866, followed by a great concourse of his fellow-citizens, and by one thousand laborers in his immense locomotive-works.

Mr. Baldwin's loss to the churches and benevolent enterprises of Philadelphia is almost irreparable. He gave tens of thousands to charity every year. He was one of the earliest donors to the

National Temperance Society; and at the meeting of the Board of Managers the following resolution was unanimously passed, on motion of Rev. T. L. Cuyler:

“Resolved, That we sincerely mourn the decease of our honored and beloved co-worker, M. W. Baldwin, Esq., of Philadelphia. We commend his piety, his patriotism, and his untiring philanthropy to all of his countrymen.”

Rev. Lyman Beecher, D.D.

He was an old temperance hero, who dealt out tremendous blows against the enemy, and to this day his six sermons on intemperance, preached in 1826, have never been surpassed. He was the father of temperance heroes and heroines. Besides his sons, his daughters, and especially Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, the celebrated authoress, did much to advance the cause by her graceful pen.

The Rev. Albert Barnes

Was an early champion of temperance. Forty-five years ago he was foremost in the ranks. He was an able divine, a splendid commentator, but we notice him here chiefly as a temperance hero.

The subject was unpopular when he espoused it, and he endured some persecution. His tract on “The Traffic in Ardent Spirits” was very able, abounding in startling facts and thrilling appeals, and did much good. His powerful sermon on “The Throne of Iniquity” was a masterpiece, and by request was repeated in England. He was born in Rome, N. Y., in 1798, and died in 1871; but, though dead, he yet speaks against the traffic in broken hearts, and broken hopes, and broken constitutions.

Hon. Benjamin F. Butler.

Mr. Butler was a distinguished lawyer of New York City, a tall, splendid-looking man, with his countenance beaming with intelligence. I heard him deliver, in Broadway Tabernacle, a Fourth of July oration on temperance before a great host of Washingtonians in 1842. In 1834 he was Attorney-General of the United States. He declared that temperance associations deserved to be ranked among the most useful and glorious institutions of the age.

Rev. Henry B. Bascom, D.D.,

Was a man, as far as talents and eloquence are concerned, head and shoulders above many of his fellows. He thrilled, captivated, and carried away vast audiences on the subject of temperance.

His report on the subject before the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1832 was logic on fire. It was a tremendous appeal, and it stirred the whole church. We wonder not that it was published in tract-form, and has been circulated all over the land like the leaves of autumn. He was chaplain to Congress, and afterwards Bishop of the Southern Methodist Episcopal Church.

Hon. George N. Briggs

Was one of the truest, purest, firmest men Massachusetts ever produced. He was elevated to honor as Governor of the State and member of Congress; everywhere honored and ever true to his temperance principles. In him were blended the gentleness of the lamb and the boldness of the lion.

William H. Burleigh, Esq.

His is a name immortal in the temperance ranks. As editor, poet, orator, he accomplished wonders. I heard him in Tripler Hall, New York, deliver to thousands one of the most surpassingly beautiful, eloquent, pathetic addresses I ever heard from the lips of man.

He was the uncompromising enemy of slavery and intemperance.

He was employed for a while by the New York State Temperance Society in New York as lecturer, editor, and corresponding secretary. A part of the time he resided at Albany, and edited the *Prohibitionist*.

His poetic powers he consecrated to temperance. Years ago he wrote his “Devil and Grog-seller,” which was the basis of his “Rum Fiend.”

Thurlow Weed Brown

Died on the 4th of May, 1866, at his home in Wisconsin. He was for many years editor of the *Cayuga Chief*, at Auburn, N. Y., and late editor of the *Wisconsin Chief*, at Fort Atkinson. Tens of thousands will drop a tear in memory of this good and true man, who has been called to lay his armor by in the prime of his manhood.

Mr. Brown was for years one of the most earnest, brilliant, eloquent, and effective advocates of the temperance reform both with pen and voice.

His style, both in speaking and writing, was peculiar and impressive in the highest degree. Some years ago he published a volume, entitled "Hearth-side Musings," which is full of gems of rare beauty, both in thought and expression. His temperament was eminently poetic, and he has written some most exquisite verses.

Rev. Stephen D. Brown, D.D.,

Was a sterling temperance man. He pleaded with wonderful power its claims both in the pulpit and on the platform.

He was presiding elder of the New York District of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and fell suddenly at his post, February 19, 1875, leaving behind him a splendid example and a name worth more than gold.

Hon. William A. Buckingham.

Few men have had the confidence of the people more than he. For seven terms he was elected Governor of Connecticut, and when he died was United States Senator. As a temperance man he was in the foremost ranks, and has a splendid record. He was first Vice-President of the National Temperance Society. A bright temperance light has been extinguished; a great and good man has fallen.

Hon. Lewis Cass.

His name is well known in the annals of his country.

He was a practical temperance man; though much exposed in his early days he never tasted of ardent spirits.

He was, when Secretary of War, first President of the American Congressional Society, formed 1833, and through his influence ardent spirits were banished from the navy, which was an important event in the history of the nation.

Dr. Billy J. Clarke

Deserves a record as one of the founders of the first temperance society. Twice I met the simple-hearted, good old man at temperance meetings, as the shadows of the evening were gathering around him. At Glenn's Falls, New

York, where he died, his name is perpetuated by a division of the Sons of Temperance which bears the honored name of "The Billy J. Clarke Division."

Judge William Cranch,

Of Washington, was another temperance hero, and he did good execution with his terrible statistics of the effects of rum and the rum-traffic.

In speaking of the sale he says: "It is a violation of the divine command, 'Thou shalt not kill.' I know the cup is poisoned. I know it may cause death; I know it may cause more than death; it may lead to ruin, to sin, to the tortures of everlasting remorse. Am I not a murderer? Worse than a murderer—as much worse as the soul is better than the body." This was strong meat—none too strong.

Mathew Carey, Esq.

Mr. Carey was a genuine temperance man, and, when venerable for years as well as long services, maintained his integrity to the last, leaving a fragrant name behind him. He had the distinguished honor of being the first president of the State Temperance Society of Pennsylvania. He has had a number of illustrious successors, who have caught his mantle.

Davis W. Clarke, D.D.,

Was one of the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was abundant in labors, a firm advocate of temperance, and for years one of the vice-presidents of the National Temperance Society. When he died in Cincinnati, loaded with honors and covered with scars, the Society lost a friend, and temperance one of its warmest advocates.

J. Henry Clarke, M.D.,

Was a son of that wonderful preacher, Rev. Daniel A. Clarke, brother of Horace F. Clarke, and Thomas M. Clarke, Bishop of Rhode Island. Mr. Clarke resided in Newark, N. J., was a practising physician, but he devoted much time to temperance. He was an author of some celebrity, and he wrote a prize essay on temperance that will long outlive the author. He was a good soldier, and I have often fought side by side with him

the battles of temperance. In New Jersey one year they gave us "local option." They could say in every town and city whether liquor should be sold or not. Dr. Clarke fought like a hero. Victory perched upon the temperance banner in every ward in Newark, studied with grog-shops and lager-beer saloons. They said no liquor should be sold. We held a congratulatory meeting. The doctor was secretary. But scarcely was the song of joy and shout of triumph heard before the next legislature, in their assembled wisdom, pronounced it "unconstitutional."

Rev. Nelson E. Cobleigh

Recently passed away. He was a temperance man, true as steel. Being an editor, he employed his pen in advancing the cause. He was one of the Board of Managers of the National Temperance Society at its organization, and continued so for years till he removed South. I had an interview with him in New York the last time he visited it. A few days after I heard my friend was dead.

General John H. Cocke.

Virginia has not only furnished patriots, statesmen, presidents, but also some pure temperance men; among whom were Governor Gilmer, whom we have named, and others; but General Cocke was one of the purest and most influential men—the President of the American Temperance Union. He was a strong man, the friend and correspondent of Edward C. Delavan. He pronounces "the alcoholic invention of man the most prolific source of evil upon earth," and "temperance the greatest moral revolution of the age." He was a strong opposer of the use of intoxicating wine at the communion, and went in for the "fruit of the vine."

Professor Merritt Caldwell,

Of Dickinson College, was an able advocate and an unyielding champion of temperance. Days and nights he devoted to it, and it was supposed he fell a martyr to it. He fell early. His death was like a translation. He said to his wife when he was dying, "Don't go to my grave in the winter; don't go in the storm. Go in the spring, go in the sunshine, go when the birds sing, go when the flowers bloom."

Rev. Calvin Chapin, D.D.,

Of Wethersfield, Conn., published in the Connecticut *Observer*, thirty-three numbers, beginning January 16, 1826, entitled "The Infallible Remedy." His motto was, "Entire abstinence from ardent spirits is the only certain preventive of intemperance." He had practised it for years, and urged it as a duty upon all men. They were ably written, and did much good.

Rev. William Cravens.

He was a most remarkable man for weight, weighing 270 pounds; for strength, he was as strong as Samson; for courage, he never knew what fear meant, unless he read it in the dictionary, and forgot it as soon as he closed the book. He was remarkable for his hatred to intemperance and its causes. He was a pioneer of temperance in Virginia, and in Indiana when the country was new.

They distilled a great deal in Virginia. At distillers he aimed his heaviest guns, and some of them were members of the church. He called the distillery their "copper-headed god." He would describe the devout attitude of his worshippers, their humility—sometimes on their knees, and then flat on the ground, worshipping their idol—and the length of time they would continue their devotions, so drunk they could not rise. It was irony equal to Elijah's. Judge Allen heard him "On the Sins of the Still." He was an extensive distiller. He was at first offended, then he weighed his arguments, and said, "Mr. Cravens is right, and I am wrong; I will distil no more." The distillery was converted into a house of worship.

At Chillicothe Mr. Cravens enquired, "What difference is there between a regular dram-drinker and a full-grown drunkard?" Said he, "I'll tell you: there is just as much difference as there is between a pig and a hog."

Silas Conduit, M.D.,

Resided in Jersey City. He was a most genial man, an ardent friend of the temperance cause, and a diligent worker. He rose to the highest position among the "Sons of Temperance." He arranged the plan and presided at the inauguration of the "Sands Monument." Dr. Conduit did a nettle work for the

cause. He fell suddenly, but he will long be remembered for his noble deeds and his work of love.

Rev. Spencer H. Cone, D.D.,

Was a Baptist minister in the city of New York, who stood for years almost unequalled among his brethren as a pulpit orator. He was formerly a play-actor. He was a noble champion for temperance. It is a singular fact that Dr. Milner, Dr. S. H. Cox, and Mr. Cone met in Philadelphia when young at a theatre; when they met next, they were clergymen—Milner an Episcopalian, Cox a Presbyterian, and Cone a Baptist. They were all splendid temperance men. His biographer says: "Dr. Milner remained to the end a warm friend of the temperance cause."

Rev. William Ellery Channing, D.D.,

Unitarian minister of Boston, was a polished writer, an eloquent preacher, a distinguished divine, and an early and earnest temperance advocate.

Hon. David Daggett.

I well remember the judge. He was a very dignified gentleman, residing in New Haven, with his powdered head and his white top-boots. He was emphatically a gentleman of the old school, one of the powerful men of Connecticut, who ably advocated temperance principles. He said: "Over every grog-shop should be written in great capitals, 'The way to hell, going down to the chambers of death.'" Again, "In my view the great source of intemperance is to be found in grog-shops and tippling-houses—those 'outer chambers of hell.' When public opinion shall place those who furnish it on a level with thieves and counterfeiters, then, and not till then, may we expect to see our land purified from this abomination."

Rev. Austin Dickinson

Was editor of the *National Preacher*, and he did a good work in early sending out a tract full of facts and figures, and earnest appeals, and pointed Scripture quotations, entitled "Scripture Argument for Temperance," and also his "Appeal to American Youth on Temperance." This was a premium tract. It was a powerful, pathetic appeal well deserving a premium.

Rev. Baxter Dickinson

Was another temperance hero. In Newark, New Jersey, he made a tremendous appeal that vibrated all over the land. It was entitled "Alarm to Distillers and their Allies." It was enough to have made their hair stand on end and their blood curdle in their veins. It was published in tract-form, and had an immense circulation.

Rev. Israel S. Diehl

Was a man of fine culture, educated at Dickinson College. He was an extensive traveller, having visited all the Eastern countries. He was United States consul to Java. He was a splendid lecturer on Oriental countries and customs, and a most admirable temperance lecturer. He gave me some relics from Babylon and Nineveh.

He married Mrs. Anna T. Randall in 1871. He died January 4, 1875. The genius of temperance mourns the loss of another of her able advocates.

Edward C. Delavan, Esq.

He was a self-made man, a philanthropist, a Christian, and a prince in our temperance Israel. He devoted a long lifetime to this work; his pen, his tongue, his money, his influence. He brought all on board the temperance ship, and he was ready to say, "Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the principles of temperance." His motto was: "First pure, then peaceable."

He was involved in a lawsuit with the brewers of Albany, and came off triumphant. He also had a long controversy concerning intoxicating wine at the communion, and he passed through a fiery ordeal, but came out without the smell of fire on his garments. No man in the United States has devoted more time and money to stop the river of fire and death rolling over our land than Edward C. Delavan.

He was one of the earliest, ablest, and most influential advocates of the principle of total abstinence. For years he has been recognized as a leader in the great temperance reform.

We have no space to write his biography or give an analysis of his character.

He not only had a national reputation, but was well known in Europe. He had a transatlantic fame. He had letters

from several crowned heads in Europe on the subject of temperance.

Mr. Delavan furnished material consisting of essays, reminiscences, etc., with some borrowed material, that make quite an interesting volume. He closed his eventful life in Schenectady, 15th of January, 1871, aged seventy eight years, leaving behind him a name of more value than great riches. He was somewhat eccentric; but there are spots on the sun.

Rev. Thomas De Witt, D.D.,

Was for a half-century well known in the city of New York. His tall, commanding form made him a man of mark. He was a Dutch Reformed minister, honored and beloved. Dr. De Witt was not only an able minister of the New Testament, but he held a prominent place in the temperance ranks, being for years one of the Executive Committee of the National Temperance Union.

James Davison

Belonged to the Temple of Honor, and was entrusted with their funds—a spotless temperance man, who left a splendid record behind him. He was a printer, a saint, and chaplain for the Supreme Council of Templars of Honor. He died at Covington, Kentucky, October, 1866, aged fifty-five years.

Hon. Joshua Darling.

He was from the old Granite State, and Chairman of the Executive Committee of the New Hampshire State Temperance Society. He formerly indulged in strong drink, and sold it; but his eyes were opened to the evil of selling and drinking, and he became not only a total abstainer, but an active temperance man. His ten children followed his example, and adopted for their motto, "Touch not, taste not, handle not" the destroyer of our peace here and of our hopes hereafter. No wonder he says, "To God alone, who is mighty and able to save, and by whom this deliverance has been wrought through the entire abstinence principle, would I render all praise."

Rev. George Duffield, D.D.

Dr. Duffield was indeed a most remarkable man; his name is linked with the greatest divines of the Presbyterian Church, of which he was a leader.

Born July 4, 1794, he graduated at the early age of sixteen at the University of Pennsylvania, and when but twenty-one years of age entered the Gospel ministry, and for over half a century lived a life of earnest devotion to the work to which he was thus early consecrated. Revered as his name will ever be for what he has done for the church of which he was a prominent leader, the friends of temperance will prize his memory for his devotion to that reform. One of the first to adopt the principles, he was the first who laid their foundations broad and deep in the teachings of Scripture. To his early investigations of the Scripture testimony on this subject are the friends of temperance indebted for the fulness of light with which this subject is flooded. Among the many works he has published, the last production of his pen is the greatest, and destined to accomplish the greatest good for humanity and the church. We refer to the work published by the National Temperance Society and Publication House, "The Bible Rule of Temperance." He was a lifelong advocate of the principles of temperance, a bold champion of the truth, always in the front of the battle, and he never turned his back to the enemy. He fell on the field of battle, sword in hand. In June, 1868, while making an address of welcome in Detroit to the Young Men's Christian Association, he was stricken down with paralysis, and carried home speechless, where the old hero of a hundred battles expired. His memory is cherished and his name will be held in everlasting remembrance for his lifetime devotion to the sacred cause of temperance.

Doctor Dutton

Was a Congregational minister in New Haven, and an intimate friend of Dr. Leonard Bacon. Dr. Dutton and his brother, the Governor of the State, were both noble temperance men, who deserve to be enrolled among temperance heroes.

Rev. Justin Edwards, D.D.

No man by pen and tongue did more to advance the principles of temperance in its earlier days. He was agent, corresponding secretary, and editor of the *Journal of the American Temperance So-*

ciety. He wrote its earliest annual reports, which to-day are a mine of wealth for temperance. He formed the first temperance society in Washington.

I heard him at the National Temperance Convention at Saratoga, in 1851, on prohibition. I remember his tall and manly form. With very appropriate gestures he stretched out his hands and arms, and said he: "These are the 'keepers of the house,' and what were they given us for? Only to protect ourselves with." He thought we were not very wise if we did not use them.

He published in 1826 "The Well-Conducted Farm," which was extensively circulated, attracting great attention, and accomplishing much good.

Ezra Styles Ely, D.D.,

Was for many years a prominent Presbyterian minister in New York and in Philadelphia. He was a temperance warrior, who fought many a hard-earned battle. He was identified with the Sons of Temperance, and fought side by side with Philip S. White; and they not only used their voices but their pens in drawing pen-portraits, horribly exact, of clergymen "who tarried long at the wine." Dr. Ely was a man of mark, who made an impression on the age in which he lived, and in old age he was fresh for the fight against man's greatest enemy—strong drink. He wrote with Philip S. White, in 1848, "Vindication of the Order of the Sons of Temperance: Embracing its Origin, Nature, Design, Advantages, and Progress." He was Grand Chaplain of the order in Pennsylvania.

Daniel Fenton, Esq.

For many years Mr. Fenton was the chairman of the executive committee of the State Temperance Society of New Jersey. He resided in Trenton, and was a publisher of books. He published many a pure temperance document. I knew him in age and feebleness extreme. He used to call the committee together when he was a mere skeleton. I was at their last meeting. The tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks when he said he had met them for the last time; when their next regular meeting should take place, he would be in heaven. Thomas B. Seagar, cashier of Dover Bank, called in to see him, and he enquired: "Father Fenton, do you feel

it a blessed privilege to die?" He said he did, "but you must take care of the cause of temperance." He had his grave dug and his tombstone erected, and on it a hand with its finger pointing upward, and this inscription surrounding it: "There is rest in heaven." The last time he rode out he went and looked into his grave, and at the tombstone and the inscription, and went home and died.

Rev. Wilbur Fisk, D.D.

Dr. Fisk was the most seraphic man I ever beheld. What a preacher! What an advocate of temperance! In the Methodist Church he was the pioneer, the great standard-bearer. When others were afraid they were going to unite church and state, he had no fear.

He endured much opposition and obloquy.

The editor of the *Christian Advocate* took a stand against him, but it soon changed its course.

But Dr. Fisk was also suspected of impure motives, aims at popularity, worldly influence, truckling to other denominations. But none of these things moved him. He wrote, and travelled, and delivered addresses, and his work was crowned with success.

He was going to lecture in a town in Connecticut, and he met a brother, a member of the church, who tried to persuade him not to go; that the church in that place was opposed to the temperance movement; some were engaged in the trade of ardent spirits, and others did not feel any necessity of agitating the question; and that it might create a disunion of the church. Dr. Fisk said, "Sir, if the church stands on rum, let it go." He delivered his address, and the church survived.

But the scene soon changed, and prejudice gave way, and the Methodist Church wheeled into line, and became an important auxiliary in the temperance army.

It is impossible to estimate the amount of good he did to the cause of temperance.

Never can I forget Wilbur Fisk. I have not only heard him lecture on temperance, but he preached my ordination sermon.

He died early, at forty-seven years of age, and on his monument are these words: "Wilbur Fisk, S.T.D., First President of the Wesleyan University."

Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen.

He was Chancellor of the University of New York, United States Senator from New Jersey, President of the American Bible Society, etc. He was wise and good; the Christian gentleman, the eloquent orator, and an uncompromising temperance man. He says: "If the use of ardent spirits be wrong, it seems to be a result of inevitable deduction that the traffic is equally so. . . ." "We owe it to our history, to our free institutions, and above all we owe it to Him whose benignant providence has so richly blessed us, that we purify our laws. And if men will engage in this destructive traffic, if they will stoop to degrade their reason and reap the wages of iniquity, let them no longer have the law-book as a pillow, nor quiet conscience by the opiate of a court-license."

Moses Grant, Esq., of Boston.

No truer temperance man ever lived than "Deacon Grant." I have met him in Boston, and at Saratoga Springs at the National Convention. Much might be written concerning this sterling temperance man; but his crowning glory, his transcendent excellence, will be derived from the fact that he was the children's friend, and that John B. Gough's defenceless head was covered under the shadow of his wings. He was his friend and patron when he was friendless, and the name of Moses Grant will be forever blended with John B. Gough's, the prince of temperance lecturers. Mr. Gough speaks of him as the "children's friend," and says that "to relieve the wretched was his pride."

Hon. Felix Grundy,

United States Senator from Tennessee, was a pure patriot, a gifted man. At Washington he fought side by side with Briggs and Frelinghuysen the battles of temperance.

Hon. Horace Greeley.

He came to New York, as Franklin did to Philadelphia, a poor, friendless one. He was a self-made man. I have made addresses with him in the city of New York and the country. He was a most indefatigable man. He told me that often he slept only three hours in a night. I need not speak of him as the greatest journalist in America, if

not in the world. He practised temperance, and he advocated it both by his pen and tongue. His essays on alcohol and on temperance were masterly. When he controlled its columns, the *Tribune* gave no uncertain sound.

Hon. John W. Geary.

Ex-Governor Geary, of Pennsylvania, was a tower of strength to the cause of temperance, and his eminent services to promote its high and holy principles, both in the Keystone State and beyond it, made him an object of admiration for his philanthropy. He fell at his post in 1872.

Hon. James Harper.

He was of the firm of Harper & Brothers. He was a self-made man of great business capacity, and of untiring industry. He was a genial man, with great conversational powers, the life and light of the social circle. He was honored by his fellow-citizens, and elected Mayor of the city of New York, in which office he acquitted himself nobly. For a long lifetime he was an active temperance man. He was a splendid presiding officer, and was called upon to preside in many temperance meetings, which he did with great honor to himself. There was a society named after him, "The Harper Union Daughters of Temperance." The first address of Mr. Gough, in 1845, after he was drugged, was delivered before this society, and Mr. Harper presided. They were friends of Mr. Gough in the trying hour, and he ever felt grateful to them. The noble ex-mayor was thrown from his carriage in New York City, and so injured that he was taken into St. Luke's Hospital, where he expired. He was beloved and honored in life, and deeply lamented in death.

Rev. Nathaniel Hewitt, D.D.,

Was a strong man, a giant. Never had intemperance a greater foe, never had temperance an abler champion. For years he was employed as agent by the American Temperance Union, and he went to Europe on that mission, and woke up great interests in England. He was an iron man, and used sledge-hammer logic. I knew him well, and heard him preach often in Fairfield in the days of my youth, and his image I have ever carried with me.

John H. W. Hawkins

Can never be forgotten. He was the great apostle of Washingtonianism, and accomplished a mighty work. His name and fame are immortal. He was a distinguished hero.

Heman Humphreys, D.D.,

Was an early champion of temperance who deserves to be immortalized. He was President of Amherst College, Mass. He was no ordinary man and no ordinary preacher. He was early in the temperance field. In February, 1813, he resided in Fairfield town, and wrote a series of six numbers on "The Causes, Progress, Effects, and Remedy of Intemperance in the United States." They were published in the *Panoplist and Missionary Magazine* in Boston. They were ably written, showing the hand of a master; but he was far in advance of the age. His "Debates of Conscience with a Distiller, a Wholesale Dealer, and a Retailer," is an ingenious production, was widely circulated, and did immense good. He says: "As long as the monster intemperance has a body-guard of three or four thousand grave and disciplined legislators to defend him, how can the friends of humanity, of morality, and religion follow up the work they have so auspiciously begun, and rid the land of his carcass? Ah! how complacently he sits within the lines, upon his throne of human skeletons, quaffing blood and tears, and delighting his ears with the agonies that burst from ten thousand bursting hearts every moment of every day and every night in the year."

Dr. Asa Hill

Was a local preacher residing at Norwalk, Conn. He was a genius, an orator, a poet, and all his talents he consecrated to temperance and the good of his fellow-men. He wielded a powerful influence, and died suddenly Thanksgiving Day, November, 1874.

Rev. J. B. Hagany, D.D.,

Methodist minister, an ardent friend of the cause, died suddenly in New York in 1865.

Rev. Joel Hawes, D.D.,

Of Hartford, Conn., was one of the noble ministers who declared "that he that striveth for the mastery is tem-

perate in all things." He was a workman that needed not to be ashamed. His lectures to young men are thrilling, and full of the best of advice. In a sermon, speaking of temperance, he said: "The cause is good—good in its principles, good in its spirit, good in its measures, good in its results." A blessing to the church and to the world is such a minister, who can, like the "prince of preachers," reason of righteousness, temperance, and the judgment to come.

S. M. Hewlett

Was very silver-tongued. He was a popular lecturer, who could be grave or comic, make the audience weep or laugh. He was about going to Europe on a mission of temperance, when, after a lecture at Norwalk, Conn., he died suddenly, with inflammation of the lungs, March 17, 1872.

Dr. Thomas Hinde

Was surgeon in the army of Gen. Wolfe when he fell on the Plains of Abraham. He early emigrated to Kentucky. He was a rank infidel. The early Methodist ministers visited that new country, and his wife was awakened under their powerful appeals. The doctor, not liking it, put a blister-plaster upon his wife's neck to draw the Methodism out from her. The remedy not succeeding, and beholding her lamb-like patience, it was the means of his awakening and of bringing him to a knowledge of the truth. Dr. Hinde was the first physician West that took a bold stand against intemperance. He divided drunkards into three classes, "the industrious, the lazy, and the lounging."

Rev. Thomas Hinde,

Son of the above, was a local preacher. He was a fine writer; his descriptive powers were great. He was also a prominent temperance man. He joined the first temperance society he ever heard of; it was termed a "Society for the Suppression of Vice and Immorality." He aided in forming the Ohio State Temperance Society, and formed the first auxiliary to it.

Hon. George Hall.

Mr. Hall had the confidence of his fellow-citizens, and they elected him Mayor of Brooklyn, and he magnified

his office. He was kind, courteous, affable, humane; he was a natural gentleman, one of the purest, firmest, noblest of temperance men. He was an honor to his race, a blessing to the community, and his name is like "ointment poured forth." He was at the great temperance banquet in 1852 at Tripler Hall, New York, where many great temperance men were assembled—Neal Dow, Horace Mann, Rev. John Chambers, Dr. Chapin, Henry Ward Beecher, Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, and a number of others—and various topics were assigned them, and the writer's was this: "Temperance and Politics, one and inseparable: what God and the Constitution of our country have united together let no body of men put asunder." Mr. Hall looked over the topics before the exercises commenced, and said to me, "I think that the most important topic of the whole. I would rather discuss that than any of the others." Mr. Hall was emphatically the friend of the poor, and a most devoted, consistent, and faithful advocate of the principles of temperance. They stood out in bold relief. His colors were always flying. He died in Brooklyn in 1867, and immense crowds attended his funeral to do honor to the temperance warrior. "A good name is better than great riches."

Hon. Samuel Houston.

If his life could be written, it would read like a tale of chivalry. He in early life was dissipated, but he was saved so as by fire. He was, after his days of dissipation were over, the most popular man in Texas; he was not only Governor of the State but United States senator. He not only became temperate, but an able advocate of its principles. He visited New York in 1852, and made an address at the temperance banquet; his appearance produced a profound sensation. He looked to me more like Washington than any man I ever saw. Horace Mann congratulated him on keeping his garments so clean at Washington; and Mr. Houston was delegated to present Neal Dow with a gold medal, which was done in the midst of great applause.

Hon. Judge Willard Hall.

Delaware had her temperance heroes as well as other States, and Judge Hall, of Wilmington, was a prominent

one. Before the temperance reformation he had been in the habit of daily using ardent spirits for his health, till in 1820 he read in the "Edinburgh Encyclopædia," under the article "Medicine," concerning the stronger wines, "We conceive their habitual use is never necessary, and is generally hurtful." Here he learned a lesson that had a lifetime influence upon him. He finally abandoned the use of liquors and wines, either as a medicine or a beverage. He did this before the temperance reformation reached him. When sick, his temperance physician recommended wine; he would not touch it, and recovered his health without its use.

Dr. Amory Hunting.

This veteran temperance worker died at his home in Manhattan, Kansas, June 10, 1870, after a short illness. He went to Kansas in 1855, and took a leading part in the movements and conventions to form a State government; was State senator, member of constitutional convention, etc. He organized the Western Kansas Temperance Society in 1856, which was the first temperance society in that State. He was the principal organizer of the State Temperance Society, and also the Sons of Temperance. He was also instrumental in organizing the Grand Division, was its first Grand Worthy Patriarch, and has never failed to attend each meeting of the Grand Division. He was a total abstainer since 1817, and began in 1823 to publicly withstand the drinking usages of the day. He was buried, at his own request, by the Sons of Temperance, and the funeral ceremony of the order was performed at the grave.

Dr. A. W. Ives, of New York.

In 1833 he wrote a very able tract entitled "A Dialogue between a Dealer in Ardent Spirits and his Conscience." It was very pointed, very caustic, very alarming.

Rev. Edwin L. Janes.

He was twin-brother of Bishop Janes. He was meek, mild, affable, humane. The cause of temperance lay near his heart, and he did all he could to promote its interests. He was employed for a while by the National Temperance Society. Religion and temperance lost

an able advocate when he died. He was one of the sweetest purest, loveliest men that ever adorned the church or blessed the world.

Hon. William Jay.

He was the son of that distinguished patriot, John Jay, and resided in Bedford, N. Y. He was a great anti-slavery man and a great temperance man.

Benjamin Joy

Was a veteran standard-bearer in the temperance army who never turned his back to the enemy. He was the lay apostle of temperance in his neighborhood. He was the intimate friend of Dr. Cuyler, who says: "His heart-power in speaking was prodigious. He was Christianity on foot. He went about doing good." He was a happy, cheerful worker. His *forte* was teaching temperance and saving men from drunkenness. He fell at his post. On the last evening he spent on earth he addressed the Good Templars in the village where he resided. He died in 1868.

Christian Keener, Esq.,

Was from Baltimore, father of Bishop Keener, of the M. E. Church South. Christian Keener was as true, consistent a temperance man as ever lived. He was a living epistle of temperance, known and read of all men.

Jonathan Kittredge, Esq.,

Of New Hampshire, early published an address on "The Effects of Ardent Spirits," which thrilled multitudes with horror. He gives terrible descriptions, and then says: "Ah! language fails. I leave it to your imagination to fill up the horrid picture."

At that early age he advocated "total abstinence." "What! drink none?" "Yes, I say drink none; one gallon for this town is just four quarts too much."

Dr. E. N. Kirk, of Boston.

He was an eloquent advocate of temperance. He was the pastor and friend of John B. Gough.

Joseph W. Lester, Esq.

His name should be enrolled among the noble heroes of temperance. He was a member of the Board of Managers

of the National Temperance Society from its organization. He rendered a noble service. He was chairman of the Finance Committee, was prompt, always at his post, was wise in council, full of sympathy, and he was liberal. He was not one whose temperance costs nothing. He consecrated his money to the sacred cause of temperance. At his death he left a legacy to the National Temperance Society. It is a singular fact that it is the only legacy that has ever been left to this society since its organization.

Hon. Joseph H. Lumkin

Was a member of Congress from Georgia, a firm temperance man in its early days. He was much opposed to the "venders of 'distilled damnation,' who fill their neighborhood with lamentation, mourning, and woe."

Hon. Walter Lowrie

Was secretary of the United States Senate. He was secretary of the first Congressional Temperance Society formed at Washington. He occupied an influential position, and in 1830 he was fully identified with the cause. He said in 1835, "If it were my last request to my best friend, it would be, abstain entirely and at all times from the use as a beverage of all intoxicating liquors."

Rev. D. C. Lansing, D.D.

He was a Presbyterian minister in Troy, afterwards in Brooklyn, who made temperance speeches and preached temperance sermons. He hit rum and rumselling with a good grace. His appeals were sometimes overwhelming. I heard him in an address enquire, "Do you think the Almighty designs to permit the devil to monopolize all the steam?"

In a sermon that is most terrific on the guilt of rumselling, he says "If there is one place in hell where the wrath of God burns more intensely than another it must be where the rumseller is located; every devil in hell will refuse to associate with him, and all the fiends of damnation will stun his ears with the eternal hisses of contempt."

Rev. Noah Levings, D.D.,

Was a member of the New York Conference, and Financial Secretary of the American Bible Society. He was an

early and able advocate of temperance. As early as 1830 he published a sermon of great strength from "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: whoso is deceived thereby is not wise." On a tour for the Bible Society he died suddenly in Cincinnati. His disease was such he could not lie down, and they placed the Bible before him to rest his head upon. He looked at the words, "Holy Bible," and exclaimed: "Holy Bible, guide of my youth, counsellor of my manhood, my only rule in life, my only hope in death, let me rest my dying head on thee."

Harvey Lindsley, M.D.

He devoted his talents in promoting the temperance reform, by writing a masterly essay, which revealed wonderful, appalling facts, "On the Effects of Inebriety on the Offspring of Intemperate Parents." No wonder that for this able essay he received a prize.

Rev. Philip Lindsly, D.D.

He was president of the University of Nashville—a man of great talents, and a great temperance man, feeling deeply for the welfare of the rising generation. He was early in the temperance ranks, and an efficient worker. In 1838 he said: "I defy any mortal to offer the semblance of a reason for the existence of grog-shops in our land." Again, "If we are to educate our sons where rum and grog-shops are not to be found, we must send them to Robinson Crusoe's Island or to State prison." He said, "You might as well license gambling, theft, and counterfeiting as to license the sale of intoxicating drinks." This has the true ring.

Rev. Samuel J. May

Was a very popular Unitarian minister, quite a writer and platform speaker. He was foremost in all kinds of reforms, the anti-slavery and temperance especially. He battled well, and left a heroic name and fame behind him.

Hon. Horace Mann

Was a splendid scholar, did much for education in Massachusetts and in other States. He had a classic face, beautiful white locks. He was an able, consistent temperance man. At the great national temperance banquet held in New York, February, 1852, he delivered an address that was beautiful,

in which he congratulated Hon. Samuel Houston, of Texas, who was present, then a member of Congress, for "maintaining his integrity at Washington, and for passing through the fiery furnace, and coming out without the smell of fire upon his garments."

Rev. John Marsh, D.D.

I have spoken of him in the earlier part of this volume. His "Putnam and the Wolf" immortalized him. He devoted his life to the cause that was enshrined in his heart's core.

Dr. Reuben D. Mussey.

He was Professor of Anatomy in Dartmouth College. He wrote a prize essay on temperance, for which he was awarded three hundred dollars.

Bishop Charles P. McIlvaine, late Bishop of Ohio.

He was no ordinary man. He was personally attractive, intellectually gifted, and graciously endowed. He was bold and brilliant. But it is not as a bishop, or an author, or a preacher that we have to do with him, but as a temperance man. He was no wine-drinking clergyman, and no apologist for those who drank it, but its uncompromising enemy. His "Address to the Young Men of the United States on Temperance," was a master-piece. The appeal to young men is most impressive. It ought to be scattered all over the land like leaves of autumn.

He gives "moderate drinkers" a terrible blow, and commends "total abstinence," as the only remedy. He recommends the formation of temperance societies all over the land.

I have been in the room at Burlington, N. J., where Bishop McIlvaine was converted, and I felt a kind of inspiration when I saw the place where he knelt down and prayed for and received mercy. The last time I saw him was in Philadelphia, presiding at a meeting, when the country was rocked to and fro as if by earthquakes, in 1864, when General Grant was going through the Wilderness, when the national stars were turning pale. At that meeting \$70,000 were given for patriotic objects. This great and good man died in a foreign land; it was in the city of Florence, Italy, 13th of March, 1873, aged 75. He was buried in Westminster

Abbey, in the midst of the great and the good.

Rev. Timothy Merritt

Was a Methodist minister, and one of the original founders of the American Temperance Union, in 1826. Congregational and Baptist as well as Methodist ministers were there. Mr. Merritt offered prayer on the occasion; and he was a highly gifted man in prayer. He was a clear and accurate thinker, a diligent worker, a practical man, and every pulsation of his heart beat in unison with the temperance cause. He was one of the editors of the *Christian Advocate*. He wielded an able pen.

Rev. Jedediah Morse, D.D.,

Was the father of American geography. He was the father of many moral and religious enterprises, and the honored father of Professor Morse, inventor of the telegraph, who sent the first message over the wires thus: "What hath God wrought." His name is written all over the world. No wonder he has a monument in Central Park. He was also the father of the late Sydney E. Morse, founder of the New York *Observer*, the oldest religious newspaper in America.

Jedediah Morse was one of the earliest temperance heroes in the field.

In June, 1811, the General Association of Massachusetts appointed Mr. Morse, with four of his brother ministers and four distinguished laymen, a committee to co-operate with a committee of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, and the General Association of Connecticut, in devising measures which should have an influence to remove some of the numerous and threatening mischiefs that are experienced throughout our country from the excessive and intemperate use of spirituous liquors. They met several times, and finally resolved to form a State Society for the suppression of intemperance. A more general meeting was held in Boston, 4th February, 1813, at the State House, and the next day they formed a society which they called the "Massachusetts Society for the Suppression of Intemperance."

Rev. Samuel Miller, D.D.

He was professor in the Theological Seminary at Princeton. He was wise

and good. His countenance glowed with benignity. His health was delicate for years, and, in accordance with the custom of the times, he used regularly ardent spirits, and then "a little wine for his stomach's sake." He became convinced that both were injurious, and he abandoned them for ever. The result was a clearer brain, a stronger stomach, invigorated constitution, increased power for labor, and generally improved health. He said: "I can never cease to be grateful that I was led to make this experiment; and I think it highly probable that if I had not adopted this course I should not now be in the land of the living." Again: "It would be well for the church and the world if our present race of young men, especially those of our seminaries and colleges, could be prevailed upon to enter into the spirit and practice of this doctrine. How many broken constitutions, how how many causes of miserable nervous debility, how many degraded characters, how many melancholy wrecks of domestic peace and official usefulness, would be spared, if we could make our beloved young men believe us when we speak thus!" I heard him in Princeton lecture to the students, in 1844, on "Energy," and the importance of throwing their whole souls into their subjects. Said he: "Gentlemen, some men are like a turtle: they will never move till they have a coal of fire on their back."

Rev. David Merrill.

He was a clergyman in Ohio, where he wrote and preached his famous "OX" sermon from Exodus xxi. 28, 29: "If the ox gore a man or woman that they die," etc. It was a tremendous blow at rum-selling. Such a sermon was enough to immortalize any man. He died in 1850, aged sixty two.

John T. Norton.

Once a merchant prince in Albany, a partner of E. C. Delavan, Esq., a splendid business man, a strong temperance man. A volume might be written concerning him instead of a few lines.

Eliphalet Nott, D.D., LL.D.

Doctor Nott lived nearly a century. He was gifted with rare talents, a man of untiring industry, who made a deep

impression on the age and country in which he lived. He was President of Union College. As an educator of youth he had no superior, as an orator he was superlative. His "Ten Lectures on Temperance" are unsurpassed. They produced a marked effect at the time they were delivered, and they did much to place the cause of temperance on elevated, rational, and Scriptural grounds.

Matthew Newkirk,

Of Philadelphia, a philanthropist of the highest order, one of the pillars of temperance in Pennsylvania, exceedingly active, and for a long time President of the State Temperance Society.

Rev. William W. Ninde

Was one of the most highly gifted ministers of the Methodist Church in Western New York. He was eloquent, surpassingly so. His images were beautiful; he was a great word-painter. He was a firm, unfaltering friend of the temperance cause. He early adopted the temperance plan, and continued through life the practice of total abstinence. He was the first President of the Young Men's Washingtonian Society in Rome, N. Y. His inaugural address is said to have been a masterpiece of fervid eloquence and irrefutable arguments, urging the young men to unfaltering efforts in this glorious cause. He gave a mighty impetus to the temperance reform. But, alas! at the early age of thirty-five he ceased at once to work and live. Temperance lost an advocate, humanity a friend, the church an ornament.

Hon. George Odiorne

Was one of the noble temperance men of Massachusetts who met to form, February 13, 1826, "The American Temperance Union." He was the distinguished chairman, and was one of the executive committee.

Rev. John Pierpont

Was a man of genius, possessing fine poetical talents, and he made all subservient to temperance. Twice I was honored with making addresses with him.

At one time I heard him dwell on the unconstitutionality of the prohibitory

law. "Yes," said he, "constitutional to hoist the gate, unconstitutional to shut it down; constitutional to shove out, unconstitutional to haul in." By his irony and sarcasm he made the thing appear ridiculous.

Reference is made to him in another part of this volume.

Alonzo Potter, D.D., Bishop of Pennsylvania.

The building is still standing in Poughkeepsie in which were three apprentices to the printing business who became eminent men and strong temperance men. One was Bishop Horatio Potter, D.D., the other his brother, Alonzo Potter, D.D., the third Rev. John Kennedy, D.D., of the Methodist Church, very silver-tongued, and an able advocate of temperance. Who, in looking at those three apprentices, could have conjectured the lofty destiny that awaited them.

Alonzo, no doubt, took some valuable lessons from his noble father-in-law, Dr. Nott. He made a strong attack upon "fashion," as "being the cause of nine-tenths of the drinking; that it is not from appetite, but from deference to custom or fashion." He made a tremendous appeal to the "educated, the wealthy, the respectable, not to persist in sustaining such usages."

Rev. Nathaniel S. Prime, D.D.

Mr. Prime was a good preacher, a splendid educator, a genial man, possessing a very catholic spirit.

Was one of the earliest heroes of temperance. In 1812 he preached a very able sermon before the Synod of New York, which produced a profound sensation before that body, and they requested it for publication.

At Newburg, New York, there were members of his church who were brewers, and they brewed on Sabbath. Mr. Prime, as a reformer, was as bold as Luther, fearless as John Knox, and he made war with them, and there was a mighty conflict; for they possessed wealth, power, and influence, and the struggle was tremendous; but the old hero of a hundred battles came off victorious.

In 1831 I received from him my first lessons in temperance, and then I signed the pledge. He is the honored father of those noble sons who have made

their mark upon the world. I speak of Rev. Samuel Irenæus Prime, the highly-gifted editor of the *New York Observer*; of Dr. Edward D. G. Prime, who has written his voyage round the world, and of Wm. C. Prime ("I Go a-Fishing"), of the *Journal of Commerce*. I heard some of Samuel Irenæus' juvenile temperance speeches, and they bespoke the future greatness of the man.

A Fourth of July oration was delivered in Sing Sing in 1831, by Rev. Alexander Watson, who said, "If there are any stains on our national escutcheon, I will not notice them." When he concluded Dr. Prime said, "There are two blots upon our national character: one is slavery, the other intemperance." He hoped to live till they were both wiped away.

He then presented a sermon of his to each of the audience, entitled "The Year of Jubilee, but not to Africans." But the one foul blot has been wiped away, and the "year of jubilee" has come "to Africans." May the other (intemperance) soon be washed away, and we hold a national jubilee over emancipation from the slavery of alcohol!

Anson G. Phelps, Esq.

He was one of nature's noblemen. He possessed great business talent, was a man of enlarged ideas, of broad views, exceedingly enterprising in business, and successful in whatever he undertook. But it is not merely as a successful business man he is to be admired. He had time to attend to the great moral and religious duties of life. He was not only a Christian gentleman, but he was a prince, having a large heart and a noble soul. He did not live for himself, but for the good of others. His money was consecrated to God and his cause. Temperance early found in him an admirer and a supporter. He was for years one of the Executive Committee of the National Temperance Union. He often presided at its anniversaries, and he was an able presiding officer. When Father Mathew was received at the Broadway Tabernacle in July, 1849, Mr. Phelps escorted the apostle of temperance in Ireland into the edifice, and then presided on that grand welcome, that splendid ovation.

Well I knew the genial old man, and honored every hair he had upon his head.

I was at his funeral, and saw the high estimation in which he was held. His noble son-in-law, who made temperance addresses in my pulpit over thirty years ago, Hon. William E. Dodge, still lives to carry on the work, and has the honor of being president of the National Temperance Society.

Rev. Dr. Pierce.

This venerable clergyman was most active, most untiring in his devotion to the temperance reformation. He was in age and feebleness extreme, and Father Mathew and Deacon Grant called on him at his residence near Boston. The feeble old man, sitting in his arm-chair, said: "This is too much; I am happy to see such friends before I depart"; and then requested his election sermon for 1849 to be brought to him. He took his pen, and wrote upon it, "For Father Mathew," saying with deep emphasis, "This is the last thing I shall ever write"; and then with deep feeling handed it to Father Mathew, who was much affected on receiving it. It was one of those touching occasions never to be forgotten. A few days after, and the old doctor died, aged eighty-six years.

Benjamin Rush, M.D.,

Is an immortal name in the history of our country. He was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

He is immortal as the "beloved physician," immortal as a pioneer in the temperance ranks. His splendid talents gave great weight to his declarations.

His little work on "The Effects of Ardent Spirits upon the Human Body and Mind" opened the eyes of multitudes.

Lucius Manlius Sargent.

He was a Bostonian, and held the pen of a ready writer. He deserves a conspicuous place in the annals of temperance heroes. He accomplished more by his pen than many by their eloquent tongues. His "Tales of Temperance" were inimitably beautiful. They will be read and admired while mankind are capable of appreciating the pathetic, the beautiful. How many an eye has wept as it has read "My Mother's Gold Ring"!

Joel D. Strattan

Should never be forgotten. He was the man who laid his hand so kindly upon the shoulder of John B. Gough and induced him to sign the pledge. Gough was not only rescued, but think of the thousands he has rescued. Mr. Gough visited him as he was about to die, and kissed his pale face, and said, "God bless you, Strattan!" He died in November, 1860. John B. Gough shows his gratitude by giving three hundred dollars a year to support his widow.

William R. Stacy

Is a name immortal in the annals of temperance. He was born in Boston in 1800. The early part of his life he spent as a soldier. Then he fell into the habit of social drinking. In 1841 Mr. Stacy was among the first to identify himself with the Washingtonians and to sign the pledge, that "second declaration of independence." He went into it with a hearty good-will. His tongue, his purse, his counsel, his prayers, his aid in every possible way, were given. He saved many a man in Boston from a drunkard's grave. In 1843 through him the order of the Sons of Temperance was introduced in Massachusetts. He occupied the highest offices in subordinate divisions, and then he was elected Grand Worthy Patriarch for Massachusetts. In 1846 he was the means of organizing a Temple of Honor in Massachusetts, and he enjoyed the highest honors of the order. He was Worthy Patron of the Cadets of Temperance. He has a noble record. He died in Boston, November 14, 1874.

Colonel E. L. Snow

Was a genuine temperance man, one of the early "Washingtonians," one of the original founders of the "Sons of Temperance," publisher of "The Organ," a very popular temperance paper, afterwards ably conducted by John W. Oliver and his brother, Isaac J.

He was elected to the legislature, and did good work there. He was popular as a lecturer, and founded "The E. L. Snow Social Union," an order that is still continued.

Hon. John Cotton Smith

Was formerly Governor of Connecticut, and resided in Sharon. He was also president of the American Bible

Society. He was one of the early temperance men of the old school who did good, both by precept and example. Our country has produced but few purer men than John Cotton Smith. In 1833 he wrote, "I am decidedly of opinion that all laws for licensing and regulating the sale of ardent spirits ought to be instantly repealed, because, if intended as a source of revenue, they are manifestly immoral, and I believe that by legalizing the traffic we do actually increase the sale and the consumption."

Dr. Thomas Sewall.

He was a very popular physician at Washington, long an honored member of the Methodist Church, and a firm and unflinching champion of temperance. We have noticed him in regard to the "Plates" he procured of the drunkard's stomach, which greatly advanced the cause of temperance. He was a man of powerful and extensive influence, a splendid talker, and an elegant writer. In 1830 he thus wrote: "While we are convinced that there is no case in which ardent spirit is indispensable, and for which there is not an adequate substitute, we are equally assured that so long as there is an exception allowed, and men are permitted to use it as a medicine, so long we shall have invalids and drunkards among us. Only let our profession take a decided stand on this point, and intemperance will soon vanish from our country." He delivered at Washington a very able address, "On the Effects of Intemperance on the Intellectual, Moral, and Physical Powers." It was an address of beauty, eloquence, and power—a wonderful appeal, that went over the country like electricity. He had a son, Rev. Thomas Sewall, D.D., who was a splendid preacher and an eloquent advocate of the temperance cause. In the spring of 1862, I stood by the grave of the father in a cemetery in Washington, and copied an epitaph from his monument; and I thought what a loss to the nation and the world was the death of one so gifted, so philanthropic.

Gerrit Smith, Esq.

This is a name well known to Americans, interwoven into the history of the country. For benevolence he is as well known as Howard, as a philan-

thropist as well known as Wilberforce. As a lover of his race and a hater of slavery, he is as well known as Clarkson. As a temperance man he is known

“To every wind that blows
And every star that twinkles.”

He had a liberal education, and inherited a fortune, which he distributed with a beneficent hand. Noble service he did in early days to the cause of temperance. Very early he went against vending ardent spirits, and contended that “those who have the profit of making our drunkards should be burdened with the support of them.” As early as 1833 he said, “If the traffic in ardent spirits is immoral, then of necessity are the laws which authorize the traffic immoral. And if the laws are immoral, then we must be immoral if we do not protest against them.” In 1833 he gave a description of thirty-eight drunkards around and in the village of Peterboro, of the reclaiming of some and the conversion of others. It surpasses fiction. Mr. Smith changed his mind in regard to prohibitory laws, as the following shows: “You would know how I would get the dramshop shut up. I answer that I would have government class the dramseller with high criminals, and punish him accordingly. This would be my way to shut up the dramshop, and it could not fail to be effectual. In my letter entitled ‘No Legislating for Temperance’ I say: ‘The first duty of government is to strike out and extirpate the dramshop; and it is to do this, not at all as a temperance measure, not at all to please the temperance reformers, but simply because government is instituted to protect person and property.’”

Mr. Smith died suddenly in New York in the autumn of 1874.

Rev. Moses Stuart, D.D.,

Was another of the immortal men, and an able advocate of temperance. He was a profound scholar, an untiring student, an able educator. He wrote largely on “The Wine Question.” In 1831 some large-hearted man offered a premium of two hundred and fifty dollars for the best essay on this subject: “Is it consistent with a profession of the Christian religion to use as an article of luxury or living distilled liquors, or to traffic in them? And is it consistent with duty for the churches of

Christ to admit as members those who continue to do this?” Nearly fifty manuscripts were presented from various States, and the premium was awarded to Dr. Moses Stuart as being the ablest of them all.

Rev. Thomas F. Stockton, D.D.,

Was a tall, slim, pale-looking man, but superlatively eloquent. He was several times chaplain to Congress, where he preached to crowds of admiring auditors. His temperance addresses sparkled with beauty, and made deep and lasting impressions. He was the eloquent divine, the popular chaplain, the able advocate of temperance, the genial man, the pure patriot, the genuine saint.

Alvan Stewart, Esq.,

Of Utica, has long had a name in the annals of temperance as one of its heroes. In 1837 he said: “Had any one, when this temperance reform commenced in our school-houses and small villages, and when it was the subject of sneer, ridicule, and contempt, laughed at as a narrow, cold-water concern, predicted that the time would come when it would attract the regard of foreign nations and foreign governments, and be viewed by the wise and noble as essential to the great interests of mankind, he would have been scouted at as the wildest of enthusiasts and fanatics!” Were truer words ever uttered?

William B. Tappan, Esq.

Mr. Tappan was a very pure spirit, a poet of rare beauty who consecrated his powers to temperance. He wrote “Rescue the Youth,” and a poem on the “Progress of Temperance.” Mr. Tappan wrote a song on the second anniversary of John B. Gough’s signing the pledge. With this Mr. Gough concludes his “Autobiography.” He wrote the song of “John Hawkins and his Comrade.” This sweet poet of our temperance Israel died suddenly of cholera, near Boston, in June, 1849.

John Tappan, Esq.,

Was a distinguished layman of Boston, who devoted his time and talents for years to the promotion of the cause. He was one of the immortal founders of the American Temperance Society.

Edward T. Taylor

Was the far-famed sailor preacher of Boston, whose name is known throughout the world wherever our vessels sail and our flag waves. He was emphatically the sailor's friend. He was original, quaint, bright, sparkling, keen as a brier, sharp as a razor, the enemy of rum—the bold advocate of all he believed to be right. At times he was ironical, and then again terribly sarcastic. He was making a speech in Charlestown. "You can't stop the liquor traffic!" said he; "your patriotic fathers could make a cup of tea for his Britannic Majesty out of a whole cargo, and you can't cork up a gin-jug! Ha!"

This grand old champion of temperance died in Boston, 6th of April, 1871.

Elisha Taylor, Esq.

He was from Schenectady, and early enlisted under the temperance banner, and bravely and long he fought its battles. He was long an officer in the State Temperance Society of New York, and was not only a diligent worker, but an eloquent speaker. He devoted his time and talents to advance the interests of temperance.

He says: "Verily I am a brand plucked out of the burning! We all began to drink temperately, and not one designed to be a drunkard. What resolutions for time and eternity have been induced by temperate drinking! I can truly say that total abstinence from all that can intoxicate is not only safe, but comfortable" For several years he spent the fourth of his time as a voluntary agent to promote the cause of temperance.

Alvin H. Turner

Was Grand Worthy Patriarch of the Sons of Temperance in New York. He was a man highly esteemed for his many virtues. "Love, Purity, and Fidelity," with him were not idle words, but full of meaning. He was highly esteemed by his brethren, and died with the harness on, in 1866.

Rev. Allen T. Thompson.

He was born in Hillsboro, Ohio, in 1838, liberally educated, and was one of the most successful clergymen and popular orators in Ohio. He entered the work of one of the Western commis-

sions, and his severe labors in the field induced the vice of drinking, and he soon became a confirmed inebriate. He afterward reformed, and entered the field as a temperance lecturer. His repeated struggles with the demon of drink, and his repeated failures, are known to but few of his intimate friends. His last and successful attempt at reformation was under the kind but judicious and effective treatment of Albert Day, Superintendent of the Inebriate Asylum at Binghamton, where he was for several months, and his subsequent life testified that the confidence reposed in him by his friends was not misplaced. He died a sober, Christian man. His wonderful eloquence, together with his intimate and personal knowledge of the terrible power of strong drink, made him one of the most effective and popular temperance lecturers of the day. He threw his whole energies into his labors, and died of overwork. He had engagements for nearly two months in advance, and his services were sought by all who knew his abilities.

He was a man of superior scholarship and of brilliant talents, richly endowed with the gift of eloquence. On the platform and in the pulpit he was recognized as an orator of transcendent powers. Mr. Thompson delivered an eloquent 4th of July oration at Binghamton, which was his last effort, but it was splendid. The eloquent orator's voice was silenced by death 17th of July, 1868.

Hon. Allen Trimble

Was Governor of Ohio, and one of the first to identify himself with the temperance cause in the West. A popular governor, all his influence was thrown in favor of a cause that angels applaud and the Prince of Peace approves. No wonder his children have been exalted to honor, one of his sons being made a member of Congress, and another himself a splendid temperance man—Rev. Joseph M. Trimble, D.D., of Ohio.

John Todd, D.D., of Pittsfield.

He was author of "Student's Manual," a work that has benefited many a young man. He wrote many other excellent things. But as a temperance worker and advocate we wish to enroll his name to be read by succeeding generations.

Frederick A. Van Dyke, M.D.

Dr. Van Dyke was one of the noble temperance men of Philadelphia. He was a philanthropist and a Christian, and one of the most prominent pillars in the Temple of Honor. He was a man of wealth and extensive influence. He died very suddenly, November 18, 1867, aged seventy-eight years.

Hon. Stephen Van Rensselaer.

He was a very distinguished philanthropist, abounding in wealth which he distributed with a munificent hand. He was greatly devoted to temperance. In May, 1833, he was elected President of the National Temperance Union. He paid the expenses of printing the report of the first national convention, in number one hundred thousand copies.

Robert Vaux

Was a distinguished temperance man of Pennsylvania.

John C. Warren, M.D.,

Was early and long identified with temperance in Boston. In 1836 he stated in an address at the State House "that no surgeon having an operation to perform could safely take one glass of wine, for it would disturb his judgment in a greater or less degree." His extensive influence and splendid talents were long employed to advance the cause.

Philip S. White, Esq.

He was an extraordinary man, possessing rare talents for speaking and writing. He was the first Son of Temperance I ever heard; it was in Trenton, in 1844, when the order was in its infancy. He rose to great eminence in the order, reaching its loftiest position and enjoying its highest honors. He was a Philadelphian, and yet was known all over the land by his able lectures. When I heard him, he said: "My bishop put up at the house of a reformed man, and as there was some communion wine left, the bishop desired some to drink. After he was gone, the man of the house desired some; his wife expostulated with him. He said it did the bishop good, and it would do him good. He drank. He soon wanted more. His old appetite returned. He woke up a giant he could not control. He became from that hour a confirmed drunkard, a ruined man—all from the example of the

bishop." Said he, "Ladies and gentlemen, what ought to be done with such a bishop? I do not know what you think, but I think he ought to be hung up by the heels and nibbled to death by ducks." He died in 1866.

Abraham D. Wilson, M.D.

Dr. Wilson's name will long be revered as the founder of the noble order called "Temple of Honor." He was a noble man. The temperance cause was enshrined in his heart's core, and it was his highest ambition to promote it. He was born in New York City, where he spent his life, well known, beloved, and honored, and died January 20, 1864, aged sixty-three years.

Hon. Reuben H. Walworth, Chancellor.

Never shall I forget the genial face of Chancellor Walworth. He was a rare man, combining in himself many sterling qualities; an impartial judge; as pure a temperance man as ever lived; for many years President of the American Temperance Union.

His history is part of the history of the State, and so it is with the temperance cause. He said, "It is of the utmost importance to the temporal and eternal interests of our citizens that a stop shall be put to the sale of ardent spirits as speedily as possible. Convince the men who make shrines for the goddess Diana that they are partakers of the guilt of those who worship the idol, and most of them will abandon the unhalloved pursuit."

Rev. Francis Wayland, D.D., President of Brown University,

Was one of the original men who formed the American Temperance Society. He was a magnificent man, one of the strong pillars of the Baptist Church. He wielded a pen of fire.

Hon. William Wirt.

Few names shine with more brilliancy than that of William Wirt. He was an able lawyer, a beautiful writer, and a man of surpassing eloquence. He early identified himself with temperance, and in 1832 he described the horrors of intemperance and its causes in graphic language. Then he speaks of when the "living fountains of poison in our country shall be sealed." He concludes,

"The progress already made by our temperance societies in advancing the golden age proves them to be of divine origin. May the Almighty crown the work with speedy and full success." To such a prayer would not every patriot, philanthropist, and Christian say, "Amen."

Cyrus Yale,

Of Connecticut, was a true temperance man, and one of the Vice-Presidents of the first National Temperance Society in 1833.

These heroes of temperance are all dead. They have slept their last sleep, and will never awaken to glory again. It was a beautiful sentiment of Charles Wesley, "God buries his workmen, but carries on his work." So it is with temperance: the workmen are buried, but the work goes on; and as sure as the sun is in the heavens, as sure as God reigns, it will finally triumph, and the angel of temperance will stretch her wings from the eastern horizon to the western ocean, and a world redeemed from the curse of rum shall rejoice in their shadow.

PUBLICATIONS

OF THE

National Temperance Society

AND PUBLICATION HOUSE.

THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY, organized in 1866 for the purpose of supplying a sound and able Temperance literature, have already stereotyped and published *three hundred and fifty* publications of all sorts and sizes, from the one-page tract up to the bound volume of 500 pages. This list comprises books, tracts, and pamphlets, containing essays, stories, sermons, arguments, statistics, history, etc., upon every phase of the question. Special attention has been given to the department

For Sunday-School Libraries.

Over sixty volumes have already been issued, written by some of the best authors in the land. These have been carefully examined and unani- mously approved by the Publication Committee of the Society, represent- ing the various religious denominations and Temperance organizations of the country, which consists of the following members:

PETER CARTER,	REV. J. B. DUNN,
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J. N. STEARNS,	JAMES BLACK,
REV. WILLIAM HOWELL TAYLOR.	

These volumes have been cordially commended by leading clergymen of all denominations, and by various national and State bodies, all over the land.

The following is the list, which can be procured through the regular Sunday-School trade, or by sending direct to the rooms of the Society:

Rev. Dr. Willoughby and his Wine. 12mo, 458 pages. By Mrs. MARY SPRING WALKER, author of "The Family Doctor," etc. . . . \$1 50

This thrillingly interesting book depicts in a vivid manner the terrible influence exerted by those who stand as the servants of God, and who sanction the social custom of wine-drinking. It is fair and faithful to the truth. It is not a bitter tirade against the church or the ministry. On the contrary, it plainly and earnestly acknowledges that the ministry is the friend of morality, and the great bulwark of practical virtue.

At Lion's Mouth. 12mo, 410 pp. By Miss MARY DWINELL CHELLIS, author of "Temperance Doctor," "Out of the Fire," "Aunt Dinah's Pledge," etc. . . . \$1 25

This is one of the best books ever issued, written in a simple yet thrilling and interest- ing style. It speaks boldly for the entire suppression of the liquor traffic, depicting vividly the misery and wrongs resulting from it. The Christian tone is most excellent, showing the neces- sity of God's grace in the heart to overcome temptation and the power of appetite, and the influence which one zealous Christian can exert upon his companions and the community.

The National Temperance Society's Books.

Aunt Dinah's Pledge. 12mo, 318 pages. By Miss MARY DWINELL CHELLIS, author of "Temperance Doctor," "Out of the Fire," etc., **\$1 25**

Aunt Dinah was an eminent Christian woman. Her pledge included swearing and smoking, as well as drinking. It saved her boys, who lived useful lives, and died happy; and by quiet, yet loving and persistent work, names of many others were added who seemed almost beyond hope of salvation.

The Temperance Doctor. 12mo, 370 pages. By Miss MARY DWINELL CHELLIS, **\$1 25**

This is a true story, replete with interest, and adapted to Sunday-school and family reading. In it we have graphically depicted the sad ravages that are caused by the use of intoxicating beverages; also, the blessings of Temperance, and what may be accomplished by one earnest soul for that reform. It ought to find readers in every household.

Out of the Fire. 12mo, 420 pages. By Miss MARY DWINELL CHELLIS, author of "Deacon Sim's Prayers," etc., **\$1 25**

It is one of the most effective and impressive Temperance books ever published. The evils of the drinking customs of society, and the blessings of sobriety and total abstinence, are strikingly developed in the history of various families in the community.

History of a Threepenny Bit. 18mo, 216 pages, **\$0 75**

This is a thrilling story, beautifully illustrated with five choice wood engravings. The story of little Peggy, the drunkard's daughter, is told in such a simple yet interesting manner that no one can read it without realizing more than ever before the nature and extent of intemperance, and sympathizing more than ever with the patient, suffering victim. It should be in every Sunday-school library.

Adopted. 18mo, 236 pages. By Mrs. E. J. RICHMOND, author of "The McAllisters," **\$0 60**

This book is written in an easy, pleasant style, seems to be true to nature, true to itself, and withal is full of the Gospel and Temperance.

The Red Bridge. 18mo, 321 pages. By THRACE TALMAN, **\$0 90**

We have met with few Temperance stories containing so many evidences of decided ability and high literary excellence as this.

The Old Brown Pitcher. 12mo, 222 pages. By the Author of "Susie's Six Birthdays," "The Flower of the Family," etc., . . . **\$1 00**

Beautifully illustrated. This admirable volume for boys and girls, containing original stories by some of the most gifted writers for the young, will be eagerly welcomed by the children. It is adapted alike for the family circle and the Sabbath-school library.

Our Parish. 18mo, 252 pages. By Mrs. EMILY PEARSON, **\$0 75**

The manifold evils resulting from the "still" to the owner's family, as well as to the families of his customers, are truthfully presented. The characters introduced, such as are found in almost every good-sized village, are well portrayed. We can unhesitatingly commend it, and bespeak for it a wide circulation.

The Hard Master. 18mo, 278 pages. By Mrs. J. E. McCONAUGHY, author of "One Hundred Gold Dollars," and other popular Sunday-School books, **\$0 85**

This interesting narrative of the temptations, trials, hardships, and fortunes of a poor orphan boy illustrates in a most striking manner the value of "right principles," especially of honesty, truthfulness, and TEMPERANCE.

Echo Bank. 18mo, 269 pages. By ERVIE, **\$0 85**

This is a well-written and deeply interesting narrative, in which is clearly shown the suffering and sorrow that too often follow and the dangers that attend boys and young men at school and at college, who suppose they can easily take a glass or two occasionally, without fear of ever being caught more than a moderate drinker.

Rachel Noble's Experience. 18mo, 325 pages. By BRUCE EDWARDS, **\$0 90**

This is a story of thrilling interest, ably and eloquently told, and is an excellent book for Sunday-school libraries. It is just the book for the home circle, and cannot be read without benefiting the reader and advancing the cause of Temperance.

Gertie's Sacrifice; or Glimpses at Two Lives. 18mo, 189 pages. By Mrs. F. D. GAGE, **\$0 50**

A story of great interest and power, giving a "glimpse at two lives," and showing how Gertie sacrificed herself as a victim of fashion, custom, and law.

The National Temperance Society's Books.

Eva's Engagement Ring. 12mo, 189 pages. By MARGARET E. WILMER, author of "The Little Girl in Black," \$0 90

In this interesting volume is traced the career of the moderate drinker, who takes a glass in the name of friendship or courtesy.

Packington Parish, and The Diver's Daughter. 12mo, 327 pages. By Miss M. A. PAULL, . . . \$1 25

In this volume we see the ravages which the liquor traffic caused when introduced in a hitherto quiet village, and how a minister's eyes were at length opened to its evils, though he had always declared wine to be a "good creature of God," meant to be used in moderation.

Old Times. 12mo. By Miss M. D. CHELLIS, author of "The Temperance Doctor," "Out of the Fire," "Aunt Dinah's Pledge," "At Lion's Mouth," etc., . \$1 25

It discusses the whole subject of moderate drinking in the history of a New England village. The incidents, various and amusing, are all facts, and the characters nearly all drawn from real life. The five deacons which figure so conspicuously actually lived and acted as represented.

John Bentley's Mistake. 18mo, 177 pages. By Mrs. M. A. HOLT, \$0 50

It takes an important place among our temperance books, taking an earnest, bold stand against the use of cider as a beverage, proving that it is often the first step toward stronger drinks, forming an appetite for the more fiery liquors which cannot easily be quenched.

Nothing to Drink. 12mo, 400 pages. By Mrs. J. McNAIR WRIGHT, author of "The Best Fellow in the World," "Jug-or-Not," "How Could He Escape?" etc., \$1 50

The story is of light-house keeper and thrilling adventures at sea, being nautical, scientific, and partly statistical, written in a charming, thrilling, and convincing manner. It goes out of the ordinary line entirely, most of the characters being portraits, its scenery all from absolute facts, every scientific and natural-history statement a verity, the sea incidents from actual experience from marine disasters for the last ten years.

Nettie Loring. 12mo, 352 pages. By Mrs. GEO. S. DOWNS, \$1 25

It graphically describes the doings of several young ladies who resolved to use their influence on the side of temperance and banish wine from their entertainments, the scorn they excited, and the good results which followed.

The Fire Fighters. 12mo, 294 pages. By Mrs. J. E. McCONAUGHY, author of "The Hard Master," \$1 25

An admirable story, showing how a number of young lads banded themselves into a society to fight against Alcohol, and the good they did in the community.

The Jewelled Serpent. 12mo, 271 pages. By Mrs. E. J. RICHMOND, author of "Adopted," "The McAllisters," etc., \$1 00

The story is written earnestly. The characters are well delineated, and taken from the wealthy and fashionable portion of a large city. The evils which flow from fashionable drinking are well portrayed, and also the danger arising from the use of intoxicants when used as medicine, forming an appetite which lastly itself with a deadly hold upon its victim.

The Hole in the Bag, and Other Stories. By Mrs. J. P. BALLARD, author of "The Broken Rock," "Lift a Little," etc. 12mo, \$1 00

A collection of well-written stories by this most popular author on the subject of temperance, inculcating many valuable lessons in the minds of its readers.

The Glass Cable. 12mo, 288 pages. By MARGARET E. WILMER, author of "The Little Girl in Black," "Eva's Engagement Ring," etc., \$1 25

The style of this book is good, the characters well selected, and its temperance and religious truths most excellent. The moral of the story shows those who sneer at a child's pledge, comparing its strength to a glass cable, that it is in many cases strong enough to brave the storms and temptations of a whole lifetime.

Fred's Hard Fight. 12mo, 334 pages. By Miss MARION HOWARD, \$1 25

While it shows the trials which a young lad endured through the temptations and enticements offered him by those opposed to his firm temperance and religious principles, and warns the reader against the use of every kind of alcoholic stimulant, it points also to Jesus, the only true source of strength, urging all to accept the promises of strength and salvation offered to every one who will seek it.

The Dumb Traitor. 12mo, 336 pp. By MARGARET E. WILMER, \$1 25

Intensely interesting, showing how the prospects of a well-to-do New England family were blighted through the introduction of a box of wine, given in friendship, used as medicine, but proving a dumb traitor in the end.

The National Temperance Society's Books.

Hopedale Tavern, and What it Wrought. 12mo, 252 pages. By J. WILLIAM VAN NAMEE, . \$1 00

It shows the sad results which followed the introduction of a Tavern and Bar in a beautiful and quiet country town, whose inhabitants had hitherto lived in peace and enjoyment. The contrast is too plainly presented to fail to produce an impression on the reader, making all more desirous to abolish the sale of all intoxicants.

Roy's Search; or, Lost in the Cars. 12mo, 364 pages. By HELEN C. PEARSON, \$1 25

This new Temperance book is one of the most interesting ever published—written in a fresh, sparkling style, especially adapted to please the boys, and contains so much that will benefit as well as amuse and interest that we wish all the boys in the land might read it.

How Could He Escape? 12mo, 324 pages. By MRS. J. McNAIR WRIGHT, author of "Jug-Or-Not." Illustrated with ten engravings, designed by the author, \$1 25

This is a true tale, and one of the writer's best productions. It shows the terrible effects of even one glass of intoxicating liquor upon the system of one unable to resist its influences, and the necessity of grace in the heart to resist temptation and overcome the appetite for strong drink.

The Best Fellow in the World. 12mo, 352 pages. By Mrs. J. McNAIR WRIGHT, author of "Jug-Or-Not," "How Could He Escape?" "Priest and Nun," \$1 . . .

"The Best Fellow," whose course is here portrayed, is one of a very large class who are led astray and ruined simply because they are such "good fellows." To all such the volume speaks in thrilling tones of warning, shows the inevitable consequences of indulging in strong drink, and the necessity of divine grace in the heart to interpose and save from ruin.

Frank Spencer's Rule of Life. 18mo, 180 pages. By JOHN W. KIRTON, author of "Buy Your Own Cherries," "Four Pillars of Temperance," etc., etc., . \$0 50

This is written in the author's best style, making an interesting and attractive story for children.

Work and Reward. 18mo, 183 pp. By Mrs. M. A. HOLT, . \$0 50

It shows that not the smallest effort to do good is lost sight of by the all-knowing Father, and that faith and prayer must accompany all temperance efforts.

The Pitcher of Cool Water. 18mo, 180 pages. By T. S. ARTHUR, author of "Tom Blinn's Temperance Society," "Ten Nights in a Bar-room," etc., \$0 50

This little book consists of a series of Temperance stories, handsomely illustrated, written in Mr. ARTHUR's best style, and is altogether one of the best books which can be placed in the hands of children. Every Sunday-school library should possess it.

Little Girl in Black. 12mo, 212 pages. By MARGARET E. WILMER, \$0 90

Her strong faith in God, who she believes will reclaim an erring father, is a lesson to the reader, old as well as young.

Temperance Anecdotes. 12mo, 288 pages, \$1 00

This new book of Temperance Anecdotes, edited by GEORGE W. BUNGAY, contains nearly four hundred Anecdotes, Witticisms, Jokes, Conundrums, etc., original and selected, and will meet a want long felt and often expressed by a very large number of the numerous friends of the cause in the land. The book is handsomely illustrated with twelve choice wood engravings.

The Temperance Speaker. By J. N. STEARNS, \$0 75

The book contains 288 pages of Declamations and Dialogues suitable for Sunday and Day-Schools, Bands of Hope, and Temperance Organizations. It consists of choice selections of prose and poetry, both new and old, from the Temperance orators and writers of the country, many of which have been written expressly for this work.

The McAllisters. 18mo, 211 pages. By Mrs. E. J. RICHMOND, . \$0 50

It shows the ruin brought on a family by the father's intemperate habits, and the strong faith and trust of the wife in that Friend above who alone gives strength to bear our earthly trials.

The Seymours. 12mo, 231 pages. By Miss L. BATES, . . . \$1 00

A simple story, showing how a refined and cultivated family are brought low through the drinking habits of the father, their joy and sorrow as he reforms only to fall again, and his final happy release in a distant city.

Zoa Rodman. 12mo, 262 pages. By Mrs. E. J. RICHMOND \$1 00

Adapted more especially to young girls' reading, showing the influence they wield in society, and their responsibility for much of its drinking usages.

The National Temperance Society's Books.

Time will Tell. 12mo, 307 pages.
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