

An appeal to the people for the suppression of the liquor traffic : a prize essay / by Rev. H.D. Kitchel.

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AN
APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE
FOR THE
SUPPRESSION
OF
THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

A PRIZE ESSAY.

BY REV. H. D. KITCHEL.

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OLIVER & BROTHER, PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS,
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1848.

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HISTORY OF THE ESSAY.

IN December, 1847, the keeper of the Westchester House obtained a verdict against J. W. Oliver, Publisher of The New-York Organ, for \$250, with costs, amounting altogether to nearly \$800, for an alleged libel published in that Journal, October 10, 1846. A number of friends of temperance believing this to be a premeditated attempt of the combined rumsellers of New-York to intimidate the temperance press, made arrangements for a public demonstration on the subject in the Broadway Tabernacle. The following correspondence will show the result.

NEW-YORK, Feb. 1, 1848.

MR. J. W. OLIVER—*Dear Sir*: You will please find enclosed \$200, being the result, after paying expenses, of the late Demonstration in the Broadway Tabernacle in reference to the Libel Suit in which you were mulcted in the sum of \$250 and costs. The committee beg your acceptance of this sum, regretting at the same time that it is not much larger.

Yours truly in behalf of the Committee of Arrangements.

J. W. KELLOGG, CHAIRMAN.

NEW-YORK, Feb. 1, 1848.

MR. J. W. KELLOGG—*Dear Sir*: The receipt of your kind favor of this date is hereby acknowledged. While I appreciate the feelings which induced the late Demonstration, and the confidence it infers, yet for reasons which appear sufficient to my mind, I respectfully decline the \$200 which accompany your note.

As this money has been raised to sustain the temperance movement, however, and grew out of an attempt of the Liquor Dealers to muzzle the temperance press, I would beg leave to suggest the propriety of offering it as a Premium for the best Essay on the "*Moral, Religious, and Political Evils of the Liquor Traffic, and Means for its Prohibition.*"

Please convey to the committee my sincere gratitude for their generous sympathy and exertions in my behalf. Yours in the good work,

J. W. OLIVER.

NEW-YORK, Feb. 2, 1848.

MR. J. W. OLIVER—*Dear Sir*: Yours of yesterday was received, and the committee fully appreciate the feelings which prompted you to the course you have seen fit to pursue. The committee have adopted your suggestion as to the disposition to be made of the money collected at the recent Demonstration, and in their behalf, request you to offer the premium in such manner as in your judgment will best conduce to the interests of the temperance cause. Yours in behalf of the committee,

J. W. KELLOGG.

In accordance with this arrangement an advertisement was published, offering a premium of \$150 for the best essay, and \$50 for the second best. Rev. Dr. Tyng, Rev. Dr. Peck, and Rev. H. W. Beecher, acted as judges.

Within the time appointed *fifty-three* manuscripts were received. The first premium of \$150 was unanimously awarded to REV. H. D. KITCHEL for the following Essay.



Stereotyped by Vincent Dill, Jr.,
No. 17 Ann Street, N. Y.

N. J. HISTORICAL SOCIETY
NEWARK, N. J.

AN APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE

FOR THE

SUPPRESSION OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

BY REV. H. D. KITCHEL.

IN the progress of every great Reform, there are successive stages, marked by new aspects of the work, and demanding from time to time new aims and measures. We commence the work experimentally. We know not where the strength of the enemy lies. Point after point of greater apparent vitality is assailed and carried, and yet the strength of the evil is not broken. Gradually we come to know where the heart of the mischief is to be found. That heart itself is not stationary. There is in every great social wrong a shifting vitality, which retreats as it is assailed, and is found at last in what, perhaps, was once no vital point. Aiming ever at this, we must change as it changes, and strike at the life of the evil wherever entrenched.

Meantime we are ourselves in a process of development. Our work educates us. Each stage prepares us for the next. The volume of reformed and reforming sentiment is augmented, and gathers vigor as it advances. Thus we come to each more desperate struggle trained to the requisite wisdom and strength. Not an effort has been fruitless—not a delay, nor a reverse, nor an apparent failure has been without its use. We do not find the last citadel of the foe until the search has prepared us for victory.

This has been eminently true in the Temperance Reformation. Increasing wisdom and strength have marked its successive stages. As we have pursued the enemy from one stronghold to another, we have been disciplined for future efforts. Gradually

we have learned the nature and methods of Intemperance, and have been led onward into new fields of more decisive effort, to new positions commanding more vital points.

It has been of necessity a slow and toilsome enterprise. No such reform, involving in its success a revolution of popular sentiment and practice, can be rapid in its advances. Intemperance was a broad and many-sided evil. It had long and universally prevailed, till it had shaped all things into conformity with itself. Its attitude was that of an Institution, resting its proud structure on the pillars of Appetite and Prejudice, Interest and Law. It had grown to be a giant system of sin, more compact, more firmly entrenched, and capable of sterner resistance to every form of assault, than any other. It stood defiant on the field, triumphant over the dictates of religion, the instincts of humanity, the promptings of self-interest. Now a system which could thus despotize over the strongest principles of human action, could not be expected to yield to ordinary opposition. It has, indeed, resisted as no other species of wickedness ever did. The Adversary is not wont to yield such fields unfought. He has defended, and will yet defend, this favorite system with an unscrupulous and persevering energy, which could scarce be exceeded if this were the last citadel of sin, and the very kingdom of darkness were tottering in the struggle.

And yet we are far from having labored in vain. With any just conception of the nature of the work, the progress must be pronounced great indeed. But in order to any just estimate of the success which has crowned our past exertions, in order to appreciate aright our rate of progress in this enterprise, we need a distinct apprehension of the real scope and aim of the Temperance Reformation. A broad view of our work in the fullness of its design will cure our impatience, and throw light on our slow and toilsome progress.

What is Our Enterprise?

The great object of the Temperance Reformation is, to educate on this point the moral sense of the whole population, so that as speedily as possible Intemperance, with all that produces and sustains it, shall be regarded and treated as a crime. This, from the beginning, has been the real import of our work. And through all the apparent defeats and temporary reverses which

we have witnessed, this design has been steadily advancing towards a happy issue. We have undertaken, in this Reformation, to renovate the entire social body—to eradicate the strange prejudices and customs which have come down to us from the old Days of Drink—to enlighten and purify and elevate all classes of men—in a word, to re-educate society and carry it over bodily to rational views and right practice.

Look now at two pictures of society. In the one, we see the whole community utterly blind and stupid under the dominion of Intemperance. There is little sense of the evil, and no conscience touching it. All drink—shame and misery abound—vice reigns—a horrid desolation is spreading; but a strange blindness is over all. The cause and the remedy of all this are unthought of. To drink and provide drink—to sell and to use—these are among the chief ends of life, things necessary, with no character of morality about them. Society is steeped in strong drink. Born, living, dying, no man can do without it. Such a state of things is possible—it has been—and not many years ago it existed among us. It was in this condition of things the work of Reformation began.

And now contemplate the other picture. It presents a community in which, instead of a strange prejudice in favor of intoxicating drinks, there is a natural and intelligent dread of them—in which from their well known properties, from their operation on the human system and on all human interests, the use of them by any man as a beverage is looked upon as an act of wanton trifling with his own well-being and that of all around him. For a man to put himself into a state of intoxication, or make any voluntary approach towards that state, is regarded as a mad and criminal act. All see it as it is—a voluntary abandonment of his own rational and moral being; an expulsion of judgment, conscience and self-control; and a surrender of himself, for the time, into the possession of a demon, to be used by him as he will. All see and feel that no human being has the right thus to turn himself loose and infuriated among his fellows, the ready agent for every shameful and infamous deed. And with equal clearness all see that for another to aid and abet such an act, and even tempt men to its commission by furnishing for gain the means of such derangement, is an intolerable wrong to the whole community. That a man should make it his business to sell what tends directly to

madden and destroy his fellows, and expose every right, affection and interest of others—that he should live by making ruthless havoc all around him—all look upon such an act as one of superlative guilt. In this condition of society, voluntary inebriation is treated as a crime; and he who furnishes the means of intoxication is deemed guilty of a still higher crime. They have laws to that end, as clearly seen to be necessary and just, and enforced with as ready and unanimous approval, as our statutes now are against the thief or the burglar.

Alcohol takes its place among the useful but dangerous drugs, to be treated as other poisons are. Drink it! The man who does drink it, is a man to be taken care of—and he who should so trifle with the public security and peace as to give or sell it for a drink, and should talk of getting his living in that way, he would have a living provided for him, more honest and honorable, in the State Prison.

Now, from these two conditions of society, drawn only in outline, we may learn the nature of our enterprise. Our work is to carry over the entire body of the people from the one of these to the other. We have found it no brief and easy work. Patience must have large part in it. The object being a great popular moral change, every principle must be tried, the experiment at every step must be tested. Positions which were long since taken by those advanced in the work, are thrown back to be sifted by the people till they work themselves out clearly among the mass of the community. The aim is not to see how speedily a few, or even a large part of men, can perfect this reform in their own views and practice; but how soon the whole body can be moulded over. Therefore we go slowly. No such work can be done swiftly.

And yet let no man grow faint in heart or hand. This great revolution will surely be accomplished. From the day of the first effort, all along through these many years of argument and entreaty, through all the successes and the reverses, the bright days and the dark, the great purpose has been steadily progressing. And, considered aright, the progress has by no means been slow. The first generation has not yet passed away since this reform was vigorously begun. Many who were in the first onset still live to render it efficient service, and to cheer us in the struggle. Yet in this one generation what changes have been witnessed! And what elements have been

prepared assuring us of more blessed changes yet in the future ! They who can best remember the times of darkness and drink, thirty years ago, will most readily concur in the belief that the work is more than half accomplished—that the widest and by far the most difficult part of the passage, through which the social body is moving in its transition from that first to the second condition, just described, is already passed over. Much labor still awaits us ; yet so far from yielding to discouragement, a strong and happy confidence should fill our hearts. No changes remain so great, so difficult, as those which have already been achieved. We have carried this Reformation to the point where no power can turn it back, or place it under permanent check. It may be cried down here and betrayed there—it may still have its local and temporary reverses ; but as a whole, the great purpose is advancing. The strong tide sets onward. The surface may be swept hither or thither by the breeze, but the under current holds broadly and deeply on its course, and presses onward with a steady and resistless force. Insensibly the whole body of society has changed and is changing. The heaven is working in all. Light has been poured abroad, till, willing or unwilling, the people understand this matter. Men know the nature and tendency of these drinks. We have enlisted the mass of the virtuous and influential. We have nearly the whole of the quite young. Even those who resist us are themselves changed. Many denounce and ridicule this reform with breath which it has saved for them. Let us have patience—a steadfast, hopeful, patient activity. The change is working slowly that it may be deep and sure. It has gone forward, and is still proceeding, as rapidly as so great a body can be moved in a moral change.

The Present Position of the Enterprise.

And now, where is our position ? What point have we reached in the progress of this reform ? Society is yet in transition, slowly but surely passing over to the condition of freedom from the dominion of drink. Step by step it has already gone through a revolution of opinion and practice in respect to the use of inebriating drinks, almost surpassing belief. Our success has transcended the anticipations of the most sanguine. What stage in the process have we now reached ? And at what point is effort now demanded ? The true answer

to this question should be earnestly sought by all who desire the consummation of this great work. And it will be found from a careful consideration of the present position of the Temperance Enterprise.

Looking back over the whole course of this reformation, we find a number of periods at which the work had become almost stationary. For a time no visible and decisive tokens of progress were discoverable. Such a period of comparative inefficiency occurred during the transition from the old to the new pledge; and such another just previous to the Washingtonian movement. At each of these points the reform had run through an appointed stage and reached a crisis. A new direction of our energies was indicated. A higher field of effort was to be entered upon, and more decisive conflicts and more signal triumphs were the result.

For a few years past we have witnessed another such season of apparently suspended progress. The rich veins which we have been working, and which in their season furnished us ample employment and large results, are no longer adequate to our full strength. We are ripe for more decisive work. And such work, we may be confident, awaits us. To reclaim the fallen can no longer be the one great aim of our efforts. The day has gone by when we could spend our whole strength on the circulation of the pledge. Least of all will it meet the wants of the time to busy ourselves mainly in shaping over the reformed material into new and curious organizations. We have yet much to do with the pledge, and much to do for the salvation of the fallen, and organization is yet a matter of no small moment; but we cannot rest in these without a certainty of decline. Our safety lies in a vigorous onward movement. We must advance, or it will be difficult long to hold the ground we have won. A change of aims and measures is now again demanded. There is some new field for us to enter, richer in work and in victories than any we have yet occupied.

And what shall this movement be? It is clearly indicated by the exigencies of the work. Every where our exertions are met and repelled by one form of resistance. The force of opposition which now meets us comes of the Legalized Traffic in intoxicating drinks. It is this which now checks our progress, and rolls back our work on us at every point. This free, universal, law-defended trade in drinks is proving itself strong

enough to hold us at bay ; and with all our moral agencies alone arrayed against it, it bids fair to give us victories to win to the end of time. The matter continuing as it is, Moral Suasion alone on the one hand, and the Legalized Traffic in full blast on the other, our highest hope can be merely to hold Intemperance under check and limits, with only the distant prospect of bringing it to an end.

For some years past this has been just the condition of this enterprise. Everywhere among us, at all eligible points, the legally commissioned agents of Intemperance have plied their work. They act as public functionaries. They spread forth everywhere, in full array, the means of intemperate indulgence. All over the land, by myriads, at every moment and with every advantage, such agencies are systematically and diligently at work to entice and corrupt—recruiting the wasted ranks of the fallen, and sustaining with terrible efficiency the whole baleful system of destruction. On the other hand we print and preach, pray and persuade. We agitate, and organize, and Washingtonianize. And we stand amazed that the work does not go forward in triumph. What we gain is evermore slipping from us, and comes rolling back on our hands. Fresh victims continually appear. We save many and lose many. The truth has been too well demonstrated that, while sustained and sanctioned as it has been, the Traffic is not far from a match for all our moral suaves combined. No art could devise a better scheme for perpetuating the conflict.

Let this condition of our work be carefully considered, for it points unerringly to the next great step in this reform. We have for years been skirmishing, over and over the field, winning much, and finding much still to be won—victorious over an ever reviving and still to be vanquished enemy. All our exertions have only sufficed to limit and moderate the evil. We hush the wail in one sorrow-stricken circle, but it breaks forth afresh in others. We do much to mitigate and repair, much in the way of indirect prevention ; but the grand Law of Supply, the force by which the mischief continually renovates and reproduces itself, that force remains unbroken. And until that self-perpetuating power is broken, this Reformation must still linger on its way.

This vital power of Intemperance now lies in the Traffic, by which it assumes and maintains the attitude of an Institution.

It has its system, and talks loudly of its interests and rights. It sustains a scheme of vigorous and almost universal operation. Its dram-shops line our thoroughfares, and float on all our waters. Every point of concourse is seized and occupied by its agents. The Tavern is perverted from the Traveller's Home into a den of tipplers, and fitted out in the name of the State with all that can entice the temperate and push on the falling to their ruin. While this continues, we may bail away forever at the pool of Intemperance, but this system will pour in fresh floods incessantly upon us. Let this horrid enginery play on, and we shall forever have woe to alleviate, pauperism to provide for, crimes to punish, and victims to pull from the burning gulf. Let us be weary of working so. We have rolled this stone of Sisyphus till patience has ceased to be a virtue.

The Present Demands of the Work.

The effort now on all hands clearly indicated for the advancement of this cause is a vigorous and united onset upon the Traffic. Let us suppress this systematic agency for the temptation and ruin of men. While sparing this, we allow in the field an enemy capable of counterworking all our moral measures. With absolute certainty, while it continues, this Traffic will sternly and powerfully resist us at every point. It is the only effective mode of opposition with which we have now to contend, the only form of the foe which we have no weapons to reach. We have run upon an obstacle which no zeal, nor amount of exertion, in the old way, can ever surmount. Our moral means have no relevancy to this part of the work. The enemy is now entrenched in a fortress as impregnable as rock to all mere influence and argumentation. Shielded behind the ramparts of Law and Custom, the Traffic is proof against all those weapons which we have found effectual in other directions. It laughs at the shaking of our moral spear. The whole artillery of moral suasion glances from it as a powerless impertinence, harmless as the pattering of hail on a rock. The strong arm of Law alone can reach it. And this is the point which we have reached in the process of this reform. Our business now is with the Traffic. To this we are summoned now as our first duty. We must stop this authorized trade in destructive drinks.

This has indeed begun to be felt. For some time past we

have turned, as by one consent, to the consideration of Legal Restraints. By a common impulse in this state and in several others, the public mind has raised the inquiry, Shall we any longer afford the protection of Law to a business directly and visibly at war with all peace and virtue and every interest of society? Shall we not now begin to deal with this traffic as it deserves to be dealt with, as a high civil as well as moral offence? Criminal as it is before Divine Law, shall it any longer be suffered to shelter itself under human legislation? This is no question for remote speculation—it is the question of the day, of most urgent, immediate, practical interest. Already whatever of genuine temperance principle there is among us has felt itself moved in this direction. And we must go on to array ourselves more and more against the Traffic, or fall back from the work and be wanting in the very crisis of the conflict.

At the same time let it be kept in view that this special and strenuous movement against the Traffic implies no abandonment of other long tried and approved methods of advancing this cause. We do not look to legislation as a substitute for moral means. Let us beware of the fatal notion that even the best possible Law would perfect this reform without further action on our part. We must not contemplate it as coming instead of our ordinary system of operation, or as designed to render any moral instrumentality less needful and pertinent in its place. All that we want of Law, all that the best enactments can do for us, is simply to clear the path for the legitimate and unimpeded operation of moral means. We desire it simply to remove impediments of a nature too gross to feel persuasion or derive conviction from anything short of a statute. For a length of time, moreover, prohibitory Law in this matter must rest back on a vigorous prosecution of argument and influence among the people; and if these be relaxed, Law itself will be speedily swept away by the reflux tide of intemperance.

So far then from being at liberty to relax our present efforts, while we array the whole Temperance sentiment against the Traffic, we do but enlarge the field of action. The old sphere remains, and a new is opened. To our work, the great work after all, of winning to the side of virtue all who have conscience and heart, we do but add the task of legally restraining those who have neither. Our double duty will call for redoubled exertion. Let us ply with fresh zeal the whole system of

argument, persuasion, personal influence, and legal restriction. They are the parts of an entire scheme of action. Let our onset be simultaneous on both wings of the foe, bringing Law to bear on the Traffic, and Moral Suasion on the Vice—Restriction for the vender and Persuasion for his victims.

Who is Responsible for the Continuance of the Traffic?

Not those alone who cordially desire and directly sustain it. The responsibility rests also on those who detest it and desire its overthrow, from the moment it comes into their power to destroy it by any legitimate means, by any measure of exertion not transcending the demands of the case. So soon and so far as the friends of Temperance gain the power to wrest perverted Law from the grasp of Intemperance and turn it on the foe, they are bound to do it. Neglecting this, they too are chargeable with the continued Traffic.

Restrictive legislation against this pernicious business has long since, as we shall presently see, received abundant warrant. Our duty lies in the same direction. It is to urge forward the plan of prohibition, long ago sanctioned and very partially applied, just as fast and far as possible—to follow closely up every measure of change in the public sentiment with new measures of prohibition, and embody every degree of reformed opinion in new legal restrictions. If at any time the Traffic is so deeply entrenched in the popular infatuation that it cannot be wholly put down, let the Law stand at the utmost practicable advance, yielding the least that it may, and that only to necessity. We are bound to carry our restraints continually up to the point where the popular delusion meets us with superior force, and compels us to desist. There is but one position we can innocently occupy in relation to this Traffic, that of uncompromising hostility, of ceaseless, utmost opposition. It is a baleful and God-forbidden business, and we have no sanction, no permission, nor any such thing to give it. If others have the heart and the strength to sustain it, we must endure it—but only *because we must*, and only *while we must*—instantly as it becomes possible for us, we will push new and stringent restrictions, up, fully up, to our power, and prohibit it wholly the moment we are able. Only as we hold this position are we guiltless of the Traffic.

While we hold any other relation to it than this, what con-

sistency, what rational and dignified purpose is there in our temperance activities? If we mean to conquer, and not merely to fight, it is time that our scheme of operation included an earnest and resolute movement against the Traffic. To rectify the public sentiment by moral means is but part of our work. And even what we effect in that way will be insecure and perpetually sliding back on us, till we learn to clinch every degree of reform by a corresponding advance in the system of Legal Prohibition.

For a long time after the commencement of the Temperance reform, its friends were shut up almost wholly to the use of moral means for its promotion. They could only reason, persuade and remonstrate. The popular prejudice and appetite demanded an almost unrestricted liberty in the vending of drinks. They wisely forebore to press for legislation, while every such effort was certain to be defeated, and likely even to exasperate the evil. But the times are changed. Custom and common sentiment have been so far rectified in several of our States, that the strength of society, the moral and the numerical strength, may with due exertion be relied on to sustain a decisive movement against this sorest of all our social evils. Why are we so slow then to array ourselves fully against this Traffic? Why do we labor on, year after year, *sustaining by our forbearance* a system directly counteracting all our efforts? It is in the power of those who number themselves among the friends of this work, by adequate and sustained effort in this direction, to restrict, almost as far as they please, the traffic in intoxicating drinks. Instead of such utmost possible restriction, it riots in gratuitous license. Our legal permissions equal its largest desires. Thus by our liberal allowance of the traffic, we feed with one hand the fires we are striving to quench with the other. We create, by our permitted system of operations, the appetites and misery, and poverty and wickedness which by another scheme of efforts we labor to correct. As citizens we permit the Traffic; by our forbearance the fatal enginery of corruption and ruin is still briskly at work; the cup is everywhere proffered to men's lips with all the sanction of public authority; this we permit, and then as Friends of Temperance we turn and bewail the legitimate and inevitable fruit of our doings—the wo, and beggary, and crime that flow from causes operating by our permission! While the matter continues thus, let us know that this war is

all our own—both sides of it. When will the “Friends of Temperance” quit this Traffic? When will this guilty connivance be withdrawn?

It is beyond question, we think, that were the whole weight of the Temperance sentiment, in this State and several others, thrown undividedly and without reserve into any legitimate form of opposition to the Traffic, it could not withstand the shock. We are able to carry whatever point we will within the limits of a wise discretion. In large sections of country the numerical strength is clearly with us, declared to be so on every issue that has been made for years. And when we take into consideration the comparative weight and worth, and prevalent, influential power of character and position as arrayed on the two sides of this question, there is not room for a doubt that a resolved and persevering effort, made with an energy and devotion such as the merits of the case would amply justify, would triumph over every obstacle, and lay the stern interdict of Law on this business of death. We have faith in the people, that light, and reason, and conscience will not go for nothing. Among the least reformed, convictions are at work that will not leave them wholly against us when the hour of trial comes. We bring to the struggle the advantage of hearts weakened by no secret misgivings of our cause—strong in the sustaining might of an entire conviction. The good, the wise, the influential, are not equally divided. All the elements of prevalence are on one side. We need but united counsels and singleness of heart.

Our position then is, that we can innocently sustain no other relation to the Traffic in intoxicating drinks than that of *simple and strenuous opposition—undermining it, on the one hand, by the most vigorous scheme of moral influences, and cleaving it down, on the other, by successive prohibitory statutes, approaching as rapidly as possible the point of entire legal proscription.* While prejudice and appetite and cupidity can prevail to keep up the Traffic, our duty is *to hold it strictly down to the minimum; and outlaw it as speedily as possible.* It may be well to strengthen this position by showing how clearly it is justified by the merits of the case.

The correctness of these views and of the course indicated, depends entirely upon the estimate that is to be put on the Traffic. In this there is probably very little agreement among the patrons of this cause. If it be, as we regard it, the gushing fountain

of mischiefs beyond description, if here lies the great strength of the foe, then wisdom demands that our attention and efforts be mainly and immediately directed to this point. Let us then contemplate the character of the Traffic in intoxicating drinks, and specially in reference to this inquiry. Is it such as to admit and justify the application of restrictive Law ?

The Character of the Traffic.

It is the systematic business of maintaining Intemperance, by sating the appetites already formed, and kindling them in others as widely as possible. It is purely an agency for evil, a fountain of unmingled bitterness. And with all this incalculable and unredeemed damage to human well-being the Traffic stands justly chargeable.

As a foe to all the *social* interests of men there is no other to be compared with this—no other that wars so ruthlessly upon Home and all that sacred circle of interests of which Home is the centre. Back of all the visible ravages of Intemperance, and deeper than all these, there lies a field of devastation which has never been fully explored, and can never be more than partially reported. It is the wasted realm of the social affections, the violated sanctuary of domestic peace. From the under world of suppressed wretchedness there comes up to the ear of human pity many a piercing cry of those who writhe under the slow torments of a desolate heart and dying hope. Yet all this which meets the eye and pains the ear is but the overflow of misery; this is what inadvertently escapes through chasms violently rent open; and it tells sadly of the sea of anguish that is stifled forever in its secret recesses.

Within this sphere of social devastation the curse of Drink has a two-fold operation—the unseen and the seen, the process and the result. The first lies in that vast amount of untold and unutterable wretchedness which is carefully hidden, so long as concealment is possible, within the bosom of multitudes of families which the Destroyer has entered and marked for his own. As yet his victory is incomplete. His victim has not yet shaken off all the restraints of affection, nor burst through the barriers of reserve and shame. He yet cleaves, with a sensitiveness that is very significant, to his shattered remnant of character. And others within that smitten home are still more

fondly concealing the terrible change. Theirs is a wretchedness of which the world must not know, for it has in it the stain of shame. The keenest inflictions are perhaps those which attend the incipient stages of ruin. Perhaps no after pang will ever distress the heart like that which comes with the first conviction that the love of drink has gained the mastery over the beloved one. And from that point onward through all the unrecorded history of a drunkard's progress, as seen and felt within the circle of those who love him, there is a bitterness of anguish which can be fully conceived only by those who have tasted the cup for themselves. To those without that circle there may be little to awake suspicion of the torture that is going on beneath the surface. It is not till the heart is consumed within them, not till despair has grown familiar, and the whole hidden process of deprivation has reached its maturity, that the result comes forth to the surface and shows itself to the eyes of men. It is done in silence and secrecy, almost before we dreamed of it.

From this point the work is open and appalling indeed. Concealment is no longer sought, for it is felt to be no longer either possible or of any avail. The fire burned long repressed and slowly eating away every support within; now it has burst through and taken air, and the whole pile is ready to collapse in hopeless conflagration—and why should there be any further attempt at concealment?

And now look at the visible results of the Traffic on all the dearest interests of mankind. Look at its handiwork as written out in woe and desolation on the whole face of society. Look on these innumerable hearts that have long silently bled over the ruin of all their dearest hopes, till they can bleed in silence no more. Myriads of such still sigh among the living, and many, oh! how many myriads have hidden their crushed and weary hearts in the grave! See it yearly beggaring multitudes of families—quenching the light of many thousand homes in anguish and despair. Read the character and deserts of this traffic in the air of thriftlessness and dilapidation which it is every year spreading over a countless number of once prosperous and happy homes—read it in the depravation of character, the growing sottishness of its victims, fallen from the sphere of hope and virtue and love, and pushed rapidly through a career of shame and sin towards graves of infamy. How many such,

with those that love them still, are even now hiding their misery in obscure and comfortless hovels! How these sad refuges of the once happy and hopeful stare upon the traveller along all the highways and byways of our State! How they thicken within the broad circuit that is swept by the influence of some den of drink! Could the map of our State be so drawn as to present a full picture of its social condition, and reveal to us, as we gazed on it, all these drink-ruined families, strown in their desolate huts over all its surface—could it be made transparent also, so as to reveal the burdens of grief that are hidden in these homes; the bursting hearts of parents for their ruined sons; of wives from whose life all joy and hope, all tenderness and comfort have been blotted out; of children shame-crushed and doomed to penury and disgrace—could we thus look on all these stricken families, once affluent and respected, now doomed to meanness and want, each with its own peculiar history of sorrow, we should ask no further witness to the heinous guilt of the Traffic, or the righteousness of Law against the destroyer of all these!

We may well pause here for a moment to contemplate the direct *physical* inflictions of this vice. These are indeed not the worst, but how great are even these least! For the sake of completeness let us embrace these in our view. And among these mark the first blow that is struck. The finger of God has placed this significant seal of his disapproval on the intoxicating agents which man's perverted ingenuity has devised: that their use shall invariably tend to engender a burning appetite for more; that he who indulges in them, shall do it at the peril of contracting a passionate and rabid thirst for them, which shall ultimately overmaster the will of its victim, and drag him unresisting to his ruin! No man can put himself under the influence of alcoholic stimulation without incurring the risk of this result. It may not be perceptible at once. It may be interrupted. While the bonds are yet feeble, he may escape. But let the habit go forward, the excitement be often repeated, and soon a deep-wrought physical effect will be produced; a headlong and almost delirious appetite, of the nature of a physical necessity, will have seized the whole man as with iron arms, and crushed from his heart both the power and the wish of self-control. The perpetually recurring thirst must be quenched with a draught which only adds fuel to the flame. It is a physical

infliction. Our nature and these articles stand so related to each other, that their use invariably tends to this.

The melancholy condition of drunkenness is another of these. It is seen in the unnatural excitement of body and mind in the poor inebriate—in the derangement of all his powers, some of his faculties palsied, others wrought up to a pitch of action bordering on delirium—the moral faculties, now more than ever needed to operate with special power to restrain, are enfeebled and at length obliterated—and the deranged man, with his brain fired and whirling with excitement, his physical power increased as yet, and all moral restraints withdrawn, is ripe for any act which wild fancy, or a depraved heart, or a ready devil may suggest. At a stage further onward the curse assumes another, and in some respects a sadder form. The stage of mad excitation has passed into that of stupefaction. It need not be described. The dark picture once seen never fades from the memory. That condition is God's loud warning, uttered through our abused nature, against the use of drink.

Add now to these the sacrifice of health and life. There is no disease, no liability or exposure to disease, that is not fostered and aggravated by intemperance; while it has a list of maladies peculiar to itself, and of the most fearful character. Under disguised and softened names, these have been, and still are, covertly at work as the choice instrumentalities of death; and the lying marble over myriads of graves thus filled glosses with soft terms the truth which the living would not know.

Another of the physical effects of drunkenness has as yet been little considered—we mean its connection with Idiocy as its producing cause. When fully explored this field will exhibit results more appalling than we have conceived. The reader may gain some intimation of the more general fact by looking around him on the instances of partial or entire mental imbecility that are presented within the circle of his observation. Let him carefully trace their relations. Are these melancholy spectacles so utterly unaccountable, so dissevered from all traceable causes, as they are generally deemed? *They are in a very large proportion the offspring of drunken parents!* Rigid investigation, we are confident, whenever it shall be made, will show that *at least four-fifths* of these helpless objects are ascribable to intemperance, the living monuments of sin and shame by drink. The report of a Committee appointed to inquire in regard to the

Idiots of Massachusetts, showed that *eleven-twelfths* of this pitiable class were born of intemperate parents! Let the facts be ascertained and results equally astounding will be brought to light in other States. Another crevice is thus opened through which we catch glimpses of the unutterable and revolting scenes of brutality perpetrated under the infernal stimulation of drink, and only coming to light in these their unhappy fruits.

In all these forms the God of our nature has loaded the Traffic with an appalling burden of bitter and terrible results. There is not another form of unrighteousness against which we have a more clear and emphatic revelation of the Divine displeasure, than against this, as seen in the legitimate consequences with which it is loaded. These constitute the *natural revelation* of the Divine Will against this Traffic. All these results are its legitimate and well-known fruits. And the business of furnishing the known provocative of every species of evil is incomparably more guilty than the use of it under the phrenzy of appetite or the demands of custom. By these inevitable results it stands branded with the most significant curse of the God of Nature—a curse ever deepening from the first cup down to the closing scene in beggary and infamy, delirium and the grave.

But we have as yet contemplated only the least serious of its results. The *moral* influence of the Traffic is still more deplorable. Everywhere it is the prolific parent and instigator of all that is unseemly and flagitious. It is a central vice, a radiating point for all crime. It creates an aptitude for all iniquity. It is the favorite and most successful device of the great Deceiver, to steal away the judgment, stupefy the conscience, and remove all moral susceptibilities and restraints, and at the same time goad up every passion to a pitch of maddening excitement by the use of intoxicating drinks. Often the evil-minded find themselves incapable of the crimes they meditate, till qualified by a degree of intoxication. Then all crime is easy. An instrument is then made ready for Satan's using; and if there be any deed the drunken man does not happen to perpetrate, it is not that he is not prepared for it. The helm is put into the hands of the fiend, and with canvass all spread, driving wildly before the storm of excited passion, he guides and wrecks the soul on whatever rock of crime he will.

The guilt of the inebriate is great. In our reprobation of the

Traffic and the Dealer, let us not palliate the offence of him who consents to stand in the double capacity of a criminal and a victim. But the most candid justice must pronounce that he has no guilt to match with his, who furnishes the draught that qualifies him for any crime. Viewed considerately, in the light of their respective motives, the drunkard will pass for an innocent and honorable man in comparison with the retailer of drinks. The one yields under the impulse, it may be even the torture of appetite; the other is a cool, mercenary speculator, thriving on the frailties and vices of others. The one we commiserate while we blame; the other inspires us with indignant abhorrence. For he is a trader in tears and blood and crimes. To one he sells a capacity of brutal abuse to his family; to another he sells theft, or lustful violence, or murder. His shop is a repository where all the immoralities and iniquities are kept and sold on commission from the pit. There the incendiary lights his torch, and the assassin nurses his appetite for blood. There is sold by the glass that modern species of insanity, which we hear pleaded in every instance of flagrant crime. It is simply the condition of being *not in one's right mind*—sold everywhere among us for less than a handful of coppers.

The character of the Traffic as an agency, for the promotion of vice and immorality, depends evidently to a great extent on the character of those who deal in drinks; and that has sunk just as this Reform has advanced. It has become a discreditable business, felt to be such, even by those engaged in it. It has been constantly falling into less and less scrupulous hands. Hence these two results are natural—that our moral suasion avails less with dealers than with drunkards—and that an almost incredible proportion of dealers themselves fall, in one way or another, into the pit they dig for others. In their persons, estates, and families, they suffer beyond any other equal class of men. How many of them wear in their persons a badge of their calling! How many *finished landlords*! How many dealers in our State Prisons! The investigation was not long since made in the prison of a neighboring State, and gave as the result *forty* out of *one hundred and seventy*—*nearly one in four*!

But aside from the commission of crime and overt iniquities, the demoralizing influence of the Traffic is indefinitely great and defying all computation. These outrages, now and then startling us, are but the more obvious and striking results. They

are the ripe fruits—the prominences which rise to view out of a wide level of more common and every-day immorality. A loose and dissolute spirit is bred by it, that penetrates society and loosens all the bonds of public and private virtue. It is seen in the quarrels and litigation, the riot and confusion which it breeds—in the debauchery of the moral sense and the reckless intolerance of restraint from any moral considerations—in the perpetual tendency which it engenders to overstep every limit of order, decorum, and virtue. We need not dwell on consequences so obvious to every eye. They are directly fostered and perpetuated by the Traffic.

Closely connected with its demoralizing influence is the disastrous bearing of the Traffic on *the purity and prevalence of Religion*. It creates a condition of mind in the individual and in a community more impervious to religious truth and influences than results from almost any other cause. We know of no barriers in the way of promoting genuine piety equal to those presented in the thriftless and decaying condition which is brought on a community by the prevalence of drinking customs. This outward decay is but too sure an index of dissoluteness within. The heart has lost tone and vigor. The religious susceptibilities are blunted, if not lost. The soul is bent downward and refuses to look up. The sensual spirit, like a strong man armed, keeps the house. In innumerable instances the incipient stages of religious improvement are effectually blighted, and the Spirit of God repelled from the soul by this cause.

It is one of the most blessed achievements of this Reformation, that it has so often prepared the way for the Gospel to work its higher reformation in the entire character and life. It has in countless instances removed impediments that had long entirely obstructed all gracious impulses, and would have rendered them abortive forever. Lying under the bondage of drink, the soul is hopeless of redemption. These chains must be broken; this moral besotment must be removed, before the principle of purity and spiritual life can enter the heart. This has been witnessed in cases beyond number wherever this reform has taken effect. It has wrought changes that paved the way for better changes. A happy multitude, who have thus been prepared unto good and brought within the scope of Christian influences, now rank among the accepted members of the Christian community, as the brightest trophies of this reform.

In the opposite direction we meet with equally convincing proofs of the bearing of the Traffic upon Religion, in the inroads it has made into almost every Christian community, and the blighted hopes and wreck of good it has wrought. From the Church, as from every other sphere it has plucked down many of the brightest stars. Probably no other stumbling stone and rock of offence has troubled the Church like this. Either as matter or motive cause, the use of strong drink enters into a vast proportion of the offences which weaken and distract the churches, and bring scandal on religion.

But the question whether a commonwealth may legitimately apply legal restraints in a matter like this, may be felt to turn principally upon its bearing on the public interests and well-being of the State. In other words, is it a *political* evil? Does this Traffic injuriously affect the sources of public prosperity and happiness, the order, peace, and strength of the State? If it have this influence, assuredly it is among the powers and prerogatives of the Social Body to guard itself from its invasions. In what relation, then, does the Traffic in these destructive articles stand to the public weal? We confidently reply, in that of a virulent and irreconcilable antagonism to all the true interests of a State. Directly and indirectly it is at war with all the means and ends of the public good, and with all the sources of political prosperity. And a careful inspection will abundantly sustain this charge, and remove every rational objection which may be taken to the application of Law. To this let us now turn our inquiry.

Shall we look at it in the pecuniary aspect? In this view it touches directly only the coarsest of all our interests; yet these are not trivial, certainly not least considerable in the estimation of men. To many it may be the most conclusive consideration that the traffic in intoxicating drinks, beyond any thing else, devours the substance and enervates all the productive energies of the people, and thus preys at the roots of the public wealth. The wealth of a State is as the capital, and means, and vigorous, healthful, industrial faculty of its constituent members. This proposition will open at once to every mind the relation of this Traffic to the prosperity of a commonwealth.

Set down first in the account, then, as the least item by far, the millions that are directly squandered for these useless and pernicious drinks. We shall not recite statistics. Thus much is

at once withdrawn from the stock of national wealth, and leaves no species of equivalent. It is so much utterly sunk; and it falls as a tax to be gathered by indirect processes from the pocket of the State through the pockets of the people. The first draft may be on the consumer; but there is not a man of us, having the least taxable substance or accident, who does not ultimately come in for his share in the burden. Like other war-debts, it must be liquidated by a scheme of universal and incessant suction so covert that the people shall not know for what they pay. But they pay for it none the less.

But were these computable millions of direct, annual expenditure for drink, simply sunk and done with, we might congratulate ourselves. But, alas! it has become a most productive investment. It is so much gone to purchase seed of evil, and sow it through the land, to bear us too soon a harvest of incomputable losses. Trace its operation as it pervades the whole social body, corrupting habits of virtue and thrift, destroying industry, begetting a vicious and spendthrift spirit, producing poverty, pauperism, vagabondage and crime—and in the issue imposing a burden on the remaining industry and thrift of the community, many times greater than the original expenditure. On these points no statistics can more than approximate the truth; and none will be needed by considerate minds. No figures can fairly represent these ruinous influences at work on the vitals of public prosperity. For the crime and pauperism some approach could be made to an accurate estimate of cost to the State. But the humane and reflective mind will see in these things worse evils than taxation, and worse relations to the public good than that of pecuniary cost. Annually there are men lost to themselves and to the State, whose worth no millions could represent. And how shall we compute what is lost in the wreck of talents and virtue, the sacrifice of character and life? Here we touch upon a relation of the Traffic to the public welfare of the very deepest interest. It presses destructively on that vital connection which subsists between the virtue of a people and the well-being of a State. The body cannot be sound if the members are diseased. That national prosperity must be only apparent, which is not simply the out-bloom of a people's virtue, the flush of a popular moral health. What estimate then, is to be put on the influence of an infection like this, which circulates through every vein of the body, and in-

roduces derangement into all the functions on which the general welfare depends! There can be no surer curse of a commonwealth than one which thus inflicts its wounds secretly and incessantly on all the private, social, and moral virtues.

Such is the Traffic, feebly delineated. Only an outline has been attempted, which the reader can fill up with facts and instances within his own observation. It is a God-forbidden business, and wages open and cruel war on every human interest. Its mischiefs and abominations are wrought before every man's eyes. In every neighborhood there is mourning over its ravages. And they are few who have not felt the iron entering their own hearts in the anguish and shame inflicted by loved ones lost. No laws, though enacted by the unanimous vote of the human race could make it anything but a crime to drive this trade of death.

Now if year by year, as the popular sentiment has been corrected, we have urged, and are evermore urging, our restrictions on this Traffic as far as we can, causing our prohibitory statutes to tread close on the heels of the retreating foe, and watching eagerly for the first moment when entire prohibition shall be in our power, then are we innocent. But if, through our indifference and neglect, this horrid business enjoys any beyond the least degree of legal toleration to which we could reduce it, we are fearfully implicated in its guilt. To resist such an enemy, with vigilance and a zealous activity proportioned to the evil, is the simple duty of every man, and the especial calling of every friend of Temperance.

The Right of a Commonwealth to Prohibit the Traffic.

But it is urged by many that legal prohibition would involve an invasion of certain just rights and liberties. This business has so long enjoyed legal protection, that it now claims to be regarded as pre-eminently and inherently "a lawful business." And this claim must, perhaps, still receive consideration.

A *lawful* business it undoubtedly is, while protected by law. But its only defence is in the statute, on which, by the grace of a deluded people, it is permitted to lean. It is so nominated in the bond. Let it be once stripped of this factitious protection, and it stands a naked and glaring nuisance, deserving beyond any other to be instantly and indignantly chased from the haunts of men. Repeal these statutes which now shield it, and

this business, resting on its own merits, would be indictable at Common Law. We could bring the dealer to justice on the manifest tendencies of his traffic, and as a wanton and felonious trifler with the peace and virtue of society. While Law embodies the full temperance sentiment of the community, and bears with all practicable force against the traffic, it is well to have law; but if we are left to choose between no Law, and such as for many years has at once stimulated and shielded the traffic, give us none. Leave us to deal with it simply as an unprotected nuisance. Yes, this is a *lawful* business, exceedingly so; and that is the very point of our inquiry, whether we shall longer legalize this incomparable curse.

But the claim goes further, and denies the right of society to interdict the traffic. We reply, it is the main prerogative of a civil government to prohibit just such things as this. *Protection* is its end and business—the protection of the possessions, the rights, the industry, and the virtue of a community, from the invasions of the lawless and mischievous. Hence the main function of a Government is *prohibition*. Its office is to supervise the complicated and often clashing operations of self-love among the associated thousands of whom society is composed, and restrain its injurious workings. We need a civil government simply because in the social state we are exposed to injury from the evil minded. Its end is protection; and its power to protect lies in this very power to prohibit whatever conflicts with social order and private rights. Turn now to our Statute Law, and you will find this the real meaning of each enactment. More or less obviously, each statute is a *protective prohibition*. It presupposes some lawful interest endangered, some laudable pursuit molested, some social or individual right invaded; and the statute is the arm of the social body stretched forth to protect the violated right by prohibiting the invasion.

The only question then can be, does the Traffic in alcoholic drinks inflict any serious injury on the rights, interests, affections, or virtue of the community? By that issue it must abide. It stands impeached in the name of every virtue, in the name of all things pure and beautiful and blessed, as the pitiless invader of them all! Where else is there such another gushing fountain of derangement to all the interests of the social state? Society has no other enemy so injurious as this—none from which all just rights and interests so earnestly cry aloud for

protection. We have pampered this traffic with our sanctions till it has waxed fat and kicks at all restrictions. It devours its victims at noonday, and sows the land with thriftlessness and immorality, violence and crime—and pauses from its banquetings on broken hearts, and ruined hopes, and fallen character, only to tell us with a front of brass that we have no remedy! We may prohibit theft and arson and several other things, but not this! Away with a Government, then, as soon as you please; it is an unmeaning and worthless thing if you deny it, on principle, the power and the right to protect us by prohibiting such warfare on the social good.

But we must listen for a moment to the dealers and their constituents. "You invade our liberties; we have a natural right to deal and drink as we please." Let it be admitted that you have a *natural* right to do so; but recollect the whole theory of which this is a part. Recollect where you are. We are not savages. It is a good thing, we find, for men to dwell together in the social state; but in the social state, as this theory goes, every member yields many points of natural liberty, as the price of protection from the injurious action of others. Go forth, then, out of the social state, away from any society of your fellow-beings to be injured by your doings, and then you may do what you please, unrestricted by human law. There you may enjoy this precious natural right to traffic in alcohol, and to make yourselves maniacs, ready for any deed, by the use of it. There too you may sell arsenic, may curse and blaspheme, profane the Sabbath, and take what you can by the sole law of the strong hand. There you may turn to the left, instead of the right, on the highway; may set your slaughter-house where you choose; may coin your own money, fire your own dwelling. All these are as truly natural rights, and quite as defensible, as that which you claim. But as a member of a confederated human society, you may not do these things. Why? Because others have rights as well you. The common good requires that you forego these things. That is the condition on which we any of us remain in society and enjoy its advantages. There is no compulsion—go, if you like—go, if you deem these concessions of natural liberty too high a price to pay for the social benefits. Go where you can do better. But if you stay here in the organized society of men, you do it as consenting to forego these, and whatsoever other so-called natural

rights, which that society shall find it necessary to prohibit as inconsistent with the common well-being. Here, as a social being, you must turn to the right on the highway—no sort of liberty left you to turn to the left. Here you may by no means coin your own money. And here, on infinitely higher grounds, if ever consideration shall visit the souls of men, and outraged society shall come to look at this matter with a sober eye, here, then, you will have no right to wage at our charges this warfare on all we hold dear.

It will throw light enough on the propriety and duty of legislation in this matter, should we look out over our Statute Law, and notice our legal treatment of certain other evils, the loins of which are not so thick as the little finger of this traffic in alcoholic drinks. It would be edifying also to the advocates of natural rights to consider how extensively they are bereft of their liberties by submitting to the social state. If, indeed, we have no right to prohibit this traffic—if every restriction laid on this and like things be an invasion of their rights—then have the whole body of retailers and their abettors, and all other aggrieved persons, in view of the multitude of aggressive enactments of the same character, just cause to declare themselves oppressed beyond endurance, and taking up each one his cup and his keg, cry, “Let us depart hence.”

If it be the right and duty of a Legislature, watching over the interests of society, to interdict a demoralizing game, how is it not much more its right and duty to prohibit as far as possible a traffic which hourly proves itself an agent of mischief with which no other can compare? If liberty can survive the one, how is it that the very peril of our liberties should be cloven down by the other? Yet you remember what wailing and fierce protestation were heard from the champions of liberty and liquor against that *unconstitutional* statute which merely submitted it directly to the people themselves in their primary assemblies to say whether they would invade their own liberties in this tender point!

And many such things has social law presumed to decree. On all hands lie our natural liberties smitten down by statute. We prohibit theft, for example; but for what reasons that do not with tenfold force demand the prohibition of this traffic? Is theft at war with the social interests? Doubtless it is; but the worst it does is but an occasional skirmish on some of the

coarser interests of mankind, compared with the havoc this traffic continually makes of all that men should most highly prize and most earnestly defend.

"In which is felt the fiercer blast,
Of the destroying Angel's breath?
Which binds its victim the more fast?
Which aims at him the deadlier death?
Will ye the felon fox restrain,
And yet take off the tiger's chain?"

Yet the purse we sedulously hedge about with protective statutes, while character and social morality, the hearts and souls of men, are open game for this legalized system of freebooting! Counterfeiting we cannot tolerate for a moment, for a false bill is detestable and sorely injurious; but a system which continually produces and palms off on us the worst counterfeits of humanity, in the form of inebriated men, is most abundantly lawful! The *delirium tremens* closely resembles and often surpasses in its horrors those of *hydrophobia*; and hundreds perish over the land by that terrific mania from drink, to one that dies by the bite of a rabid dog. Yet it needs not five cases of hydrophobia per annum in the nation, to keep every neighborhood so tremblingly alive to the possibility of its occurrence, that an animal, showing the slightest symptoms of madness, finds instant death or effectual restraint. We stumble at no plea for liberty in that matter. He would be dealt with as an execrable offender who should spare him one moment at large. But to traffic in an article which, every year that rolls over us, ripens for us a thousand times so many maniacs, pushed shrieking, trembling, spectre-ridden to the grave—a traffic that directly produces every year more mischief and agony than all mad animals have caused for the last fifty years—that, forsooth, is a *right* to be held sacredly inviolate! In the name of Liberty and Law, this maddest of all things mad, that fastens its tooth in the soul as well as the body, shall even have most public and eligible places appointed it, shall be lifted up by authority in conspicuous and alluring array, crowds shall be drawn within its reach, and abundant facilities be given it to strike its deadly fangs into as many as possible! And the attempt to drive it from these public haunts, and break up the reign of madness, and shield society from this bitterest of its curses, is the invasion of rights so loudly complained of among us!

But there is a view still more conclusive in justification of prohibitory Law in this case. All legislative action touching this traffic has been, and from the nature of the case must be, prohibitory in its aim and operation. Suppose a time when as yet no statute touched this traffic, but all enjoyed the natural right to deal at their pleasure in alcoholic drinks. Presently some measures of self-defence are found necessary. The License scheme is adopted. What is it? It is a *prohibition* of the Traffic, except by a certain few, and in a certain way. A, B and C, under specified limitations may sell—all the rest of the alphabet may not. The very first step settles the whole question. It is based on the right to prohibit. From the beginning Society has assumed the right in question, and a series of statutes of a prohibitory nature have been enacted, under the name of License Laws, loose and utterly inadequate, it may be, but nevertheless restrictive of the traffic, and establishing forever the right to restrict to the uttermost. Thus the thing comes down to us branded from of old as a nuisance, with which Law not only has a right to deal according to its deserts, but which it has no right to let alone. The only questions are, what treatment does it *deserve* at the hand of human society, and how far are we able to treat it as it deserves?

This restrictive system was very early adopted. Even while society was steeped in strong drink, it was felt to be an evil and a bitter thing. Like a raging beast, it must be guarded. The attempt was made to methodize the madness, and reduce it to decency and order. Our fathers accordingly took the traffic out of the hands of the multitude and gave it in charge to discreet and trust-worthy men, numerous enough that none need go thirsty, elevated to the rank of civil functionaries, and commissioned to furnish this indispensable but perilous article discreetly, "for the public good." Instead of a reproach, considering the time, it is a genuine compliment to the character of deacons that they so often were the men chosen to conduct this difficult business. They remained in it too long; but it is a high testimonial of their worth and of the esteem in which they were held, that when a drinking generation felt urged to seek out in all their coasts the men who would put the bottle to their lips in a sober and becoming way, and make them drunken also with gravity and discretion, they so often selected the deacons to do it.

Now this is worthy of notice, that from the first we have had

restriction on the Traffic. Let us do justice to our fathers. With all their infatuation on the subject, they have left us their solemn testimonial that the ox goes so he must not go at large. In saying that this and that man might sell, they prohibited the sale by others. The form was permissive, but the whole purpose and effect restrictive.

It is painful to think of more recent legislation in this light. Instead of an advance corresponding to the growth of the temperance sentiment among us, instead of applying new checks and limitations, such as the advancing reform authorized and demanded, we have suffered Law too often to reverse its action and operate as the ally of vice. And the whole work must continue to stand very nearly as it now does, until we condense this abundant temperance sentiment into Law, and precipitate our whole force against the Traffic.

But there is quite another aspect to this question of rights. Others too have rights and interests as well as those who deal and those who drink. Civil government is not framed for the sole behoof of retailers and their supporters. It has certain other aims and uses than to secure to them the largest liberty in matters of drink. Tax-payers also have rights and interests. They are a class worthy of some regard. Without constant access to their pockets, this traffic would soon cut off its own supplies and perish by suicide. As it is, it has a lien on the entire social body. Aside from the incalculable indirect waste and damage, this traffic creates four-fifths of all our pauperism, and taxes every ratable dollar of our property for its support. It occasions three-fourths of our crimes and criminal prosecutions, and of our police and prison provisions, and hands over the heavy bill to be borne by the virtue and thrift of the community. It creates crime for us to mourn over and punish and pay for, and beggars for us to pity and feed. It infuses its poison through every vein of society, fostering every vice, stimulating every bad passion, and sealing bespotted souls to perdition. Whatever villainy can devise of knavery and violence, this traffic matures and pushes to execution. All who have hearts to bleed over sin and anguish—all who have loved ones in peril from the seductions of vice—every friend of virtue and order—every man contributing to the support of society—all who care for themselves or care for others, have rights and interests in this matter.

Instead, therefore, of this preposterous clamor of dealers and their partisans, for liberty to wage at our cost a deadly piracy on all our just rights and dearest interests, it is time the tables were turned, and a peremptory demand made of these men that they cease swiftly from that business, and betake themselves at their earliest possible convenience, to some honest and innocent calling.

The Character of those engaged in the Traffic.

It is only in one point of view that we wish to speak of the character of those who are engaged in this business. We shall find in it an additional and conclusive argument for the application of Law. Nothing short of Law will avail us in dealing with such men. Gradually for twenty years the business of rum-selling has been sinking lower and lower, and in the same degree has sunk the character of those who can afford to engage in it. By a necessity of the case, it has fallen more and more into the hands of men bankrupt in conscience and humanity,—of men, who, as a class, are beyond being disgraced by any business. Those with whom reason and moral considerations would have weight, have quit the business long ago. With such a race of dealers we can wield no effectual argument but that of Law.

In any other light than this, it would not be of much practical importance what we are to think of the individual agents in such a business. Be the dealer what he may, it alters not the thing he does. It is *that* we have to do with. There may be individuals engaged in some forms of the traffic, who are in other respects estimable men. They may not merit entire reprobation. We can look at them only with surprise and grief. But with dealers as a class, the case is very different. They are in it as a congenial calling. As there is in nature no rottenness so loathsome that it does not furnish the most attractive condition for some vile form of animal life, so there are men who find this trade of corrupting their fellows, with all the moral and physical filth that gathers around the dram-shop, just their congenial work. And the wonder is that all but such do not instinctively revolt from such a business, and leave it wholly in the hands of those whose gift it is to relish a work so mischievous and vile. But while there is this difference in the men, their work is the same—perhaps even worse, if you

weigh the whole influence of his doings, when done by the quite respectable man who lends himself to this strange work, than when done by those whose vocation it is to do evil. It is ours to put an end to such a work, by whomsoever it may be done.

But let us look at the Rumseller, that we may know with whom we have to deal. He is a man selling for gain what he knows to be worthless and pernicious, good for none, dangerous to all, deadly to many. He has looked in the face the sure consequences of his course, and if he can but make gain of it, is prepared to corrupt the souls, embitter the lives, and blast the prosperity of an indefinite number of his fellow-creatures. By the vending of these drinks he sees that with terrible certainty, along with the havoc of health, lives, homes, and souls of men, he can succeed in setting afloat a certain vast amount of property, and that as it is thrown to the winds, some small share of it will float within his grasp. Upon that chance he acts. He knows that if men remain virtuous and thrifty, if these homes around him continue peaceful and joyous, his craft cannot prosper. But if the virus of drink can only be made to work, swift desolation will come of it, and every pang will bring him pelf—each broken heart will net him so much cash—so much from each blasted home and shame-stricken family—so much a widow—so much an orphan! He does not expect to win all that he causes others to lose; so far from that, he is perfectly aware that only a meagre per-centage of the wreck will find its way into his hand. Yet for this he sets it all afloat! He fires a city that he may pilfer in the crowd.—There are certain wild shores invested by bands of Wreckers, whose business it is to watch along their dangerous coasts, and seize whatever may float within their reach from the wrecks on the neighboring shoals. To increase their chance of such accursed spoil, they set themselves systematically to work to bring about as many shipwrecks as they can—false signals are given—beacons quenched—movable lights devised, and every means employed to decoy vessels in the offing upon the fatal shore. Figure that scene, when night and storm are on the deep, and the tempest howls along the fatal reef; and through the darkness, faintly heard above the roar of the surge, comes the boom of a signal-gun, announcing a vessel in distress! A moment more and it comes again, more distinct, and yonder, at length, its light trembles to the eye, as some billow tosses it above the horizon. The wail of despair

already comes to the aching ear! And here on the shore are voices heard, and torches glance, but not in pity or for help; and on the cliff above burns the false beacon that lured them to the rocks! A moment more and she strikes! And for an instant, while the storm lulls as if relenting, you hear the shrieks of the lost, the cry of the spent swimmer, and the crash of the vessel as she spills her treasures and lives into the deep! Witness what joy is felt on that shore! Their work has prospered. A little floats to their hands—but ah! how little of all that precious cargo! Yet that is their reward. For this they lured so much to destruction. Such is their business—and the brother of it is here among us, this trade in drinks. There is a circumstantial horror thrown around the one, while the other works more quietly, under cover, and by piecemeal; but in this essential feature they stand side by side—they each create a vast, indefinite amount of wo and damage to others, that out of the terrible wreck they may gain a little! And if the one deserves legal protection, give it to the other too.

To balance all this fearful array of mischief and wo, flowing directly from his work, the dealer can bring nothing but the plea that appetite has been gratified, and “some, since many die, have lived by rum.” There are profits, doubtless: Death finds it the most liberal purveyor for his horrid banquet; and Hell from beneath is moved with delight at the fast-coming profits of the trade; and the dealer also gets gain. Death, Hell, and the Dealer—beyond this partnership none are profited. Not we—we have only to look on, give license, furnish victims, pay so much on the dollar to sustain the operation, and bury the dead from our sight!

We meet with the Traffic in intoxicating drinks under two forms, differing circumstantially, and viewed too generally with very different feelings. On the one hand we have it in its own proper shape, undisguised, standing on its bare merits, in the simple grog-shop system; on the other, we have the same traffic in the covert and disguised form in which it appears wedded to the Tavern system. With the same deadly weapon, the one strikes openly, the other under cover. Yet the latter seems to many, in virtue of its connection with Inn-keeping, almost stript of its deformity; and even among those who condemn it, and who are convinced that the sale of these drinks can never in any form be harmless, this is the last point

on which they see clearly. The old prejudice, the power of custom, lingers in us still, and holds us too often divided between speculative soundness and practical delusion.

The Dram-Shop Traffic.

In respect to the class of dealers in this form of the traffic, legal restraint is so far from being a premature method of treatment, that it is wonderful we have not long since quit every other method as impertinent to the case. Let us understand our error. Legalize the Traffic, and there will not be wanting those who will carry it on; and though they were to be, at the first, the most conscientious and tender-hearted of men, let them be schooled for a little time in the Traffic, familiar with all the effects of drink, daily making men drunken with their own hands, and pocketing by three-pennies the price of blood, and presently you have beings made of them steeled against all that other men feel. Waste no argument on such. Make it legal and gainful to sell, and they'll sell. The clink of the six-penny from the palsied hand of a customer sounds louder in their ears than the wail of the widow and orphan, sweeter than the praise of all the good.

Look at what he does. He sells the provocative of every shame and every sin. All forms of distempered fancy, wild and evil desires, unhallowed passions, madness of brain, the heart to cherish and the hand to execute the promptings of the Tempter—these are his wares. On his counter he sees laid down all things prized among men, in barter for the maddening draught. And he knows his work. It is written on the squalid and haggard persons of his victims. Day by day, as they visit his counter, he sees the progressive debasement and shame he is working. He marks the fiercer thirst that drives the ripening sot more frequently to his haunt—the hand more tremulous to-day—the raiment more filthy and worn—he sees the growing debauchery, and gives him still the “wet damnation” that has caused it all. Around him he reads his work in dilapidated dwellings and mortgaged farms, that have dropped, bit by bit, through his till. And these are to him the tokens of a thrifty trade. He must order larger supplies. Like the serpent fascinating the bird, and gloating on his prey as it flutters around him in ever narrower circles—such a thing is the grog-vender; and around him hover, smitten and infatuated, the

crowd of his victims, drawing ever nigher unto death. Of all that vice and wo and growing infamy, he there is the master-spirit. He kindled it, and fattens on it. Now give such men the sanction of Law, and what will your moral suasion avail ?

Let us well understand that this business has no claim on our forbearance. No just interest or right will be invaded by the most summary proscription. Perverted Law has long allowed the dealer his pound of flesh out of us, and coolly he has taken it, and patiently we have borne it. We abide by Law. While it compels us to stand the passive spectators of his ravages, we do so ; but no longer. We propose to abide by Law still. We look on the drunkard-maker, with all the license earth could give him, simply as a privileged malefactor. In all his pomp of office, though rich in blood-bought bank stock and potters-field farms, he is one whom half the poor wretches he has bred for the prison might blush to be seen with. Between him and them the only partition is that thin bit of paper called *a license*. The wealth he gets is the monument of his infamy and the measure of his crime. For his thrift many have been made poor. Let no such men talk of rights. Their only shelter must be Law, and that shall not long be a refuge. They have appealed to Cæsar, and to Cæsar they shall go.

The Traffic as Connected with Inn-keeping.

One of the strongest entrenchments which this traffic has reared for itself is found in the force of Custom. Usages which grew up in the Alcoholic ages, and won the thirsty generations of our fathers to adopt them, have come down to us venerable with age, and with almost the force of law. Viewed in the light which now shines on them, they may be grossly unwise and pernicious ; and yet they hold their ground. They may stand on no pretence of intrinsic fitness and utility, but simply on the ground of immemorial use and the authority of custom ; and still to question their propriety may even yet startle many minds as a rash step.

In just this way it has come to be almost universally regarded as essential to the being of an Inn, that it should be fitted out with all the variety of intoxicating drinks. In the popular notion of it, one of the chief purposes of a Tavern is that it be a convenient and respectable place for drinking. The promi-

nent feature is the Bar. Remove that, and in popular estimation the Tavern is gone.

Now we deny wholly the justness of this conception. We deny that there is, by either necessity or propriety, any such bond of connection between the traffic in drinks and the business of Inn-keeping. It is no part of the appropriate functions of that calling to deal in liquors. A Tavern is not, in the nature and fitness of things, a grog-house, nor is a taverner inherently a tapster. The two things are so far from being identical, that they are even antagonists; their union is inconsistent and disastrous, and ought to be at once prohibited by Law. And if to any one this proposition seems startling, let him suspend his judgment and reflect a little.

There is a large variety of establishments passing under the name of taverns. At one end of the list you have the genuine Inn, busied with its own appropriate work of public accommodation. Of such establishments the demand will create and sustain a supply. The Traffic in drinks is an impertinence and an incumbrance to their real business, a pernicious and needless expedient for swelling gains already sufficient. Below these you have an innumerable host of grog-houses, swarming on all highways and byways, of all grades, "shade unperceived still softening into shade," including at the nether extreme many of our barest dram-shops—all dignified with the name of taverns! They vary in their character according to the prominence given to the drinking department. Some of them are *taverns kept in grog-shops*, others are *grog-shops kept in taverns*. They are for the most part in the management of men who can afford to defy the opinions of mankind, and stoop without a blush to pick a livelihood from the pockets of sots. A churlish and hard-hearted generation of publicans have thus stolen into their hands the whole class of third and fourth-rate Inns, and perverted them into the worst of dram-shops. Under the abused name of taverns, what a multitude of such dens of ruin are swarming all over our State? The traveller feels instinctively, as he approaches them, that he has entered on the scene of many woes. The very air seems laden with sighs. Desolation sits throned on the leaning sign-post, and covers the sad scene with the spirit of his presence; while doleful creatures are hovering around, grim shapes of ruined ones haunting the spot where they fell.

This union of the Traffic with a useful calling, and the conception of it as a necessary union, are of such practical importance as to justify a careful consideration in the view we are now taking. Intemperance has fastened no other abuse on a deluded world so strange as the perversion of the Tavern system into an universal agency for the ministration of drinks. It is at this point we are yielding the most infatuated and effectual support to the traffic. And here is one of the master-strokes of Satanic wit, to mask this traffic in its most energetic form under cover of such a business as inn-keeping, and then entrench the devilish injunction so firmly in the popular delusion, that while all other modes of this traffic attract attention and assault, this still sits secure and defies reformation. With willing blindness men still acquiesce in and continue the gross usurpation, by conceding practically that a tavern is, of course, and must be, a drink-house.

1. Now let it be considered how utterly inconsisient, in its tendencies and actual operation, the business of dram-selling is with every genuine purpose of an Inn. Every appropriate end of such a establishment is marred, if not wholly defeated, by connecting with it this business of pandering to the lowest appetites, and exciting the worst passions that disgrace the species. Look at any legitimate design of a tavern. Is it intended for the accomodation of the neighboring public on occasions of business and general concourse? But if on such occasions we would secure the trustiest discharge of public business—if we would provide for peace and decorum among large and promiscuous assemblies—if we would not have noise and riot, brawling and violence, banish from the public house the temptations and facilities of drunken excitement. Is it designed, furthermore, for the accomodation of travellers, to provide for them a temporary home, and minister to their necessities? Then how preposterous to convert their home into a tippling house, and render it the favorite resort of the idle, the impertinent, and the boisterous—to defeat, just so far as this business prevails, the whole design of accomodating travellers! Two occupations are thus conjoined under the same roof and in the same person, which are every way antagonist to each other. The ends of the one must be sacrificed, just so far as those of the other are attained. Both cannot flourish. There cannot be a good tavern which is also a prosperous grog-shop. The one

implies peace, quiet, neatness, an orderly and ready ministration to the wants of the wayfaring; while the whole tendency and inevitable operation of the other, if carried on with any success, is to produce a scene of disgusting filth, confusion, and disquiet, not twice to be willingly entered by the decent. That this is a sore evil and a glaring inconsistency, I appeal to every reader who has had occasion to endure the accommodations of our common inns about the country. The last place on earth in which this traffic in the means of disorder and annoyance should be allowed, is the place to which we send the weary and way-worn for quiet and refreshment.

And see how amply the public accommodation in this sort is provided for! Along our public ways, often at every mile or two, a suspicious looking house with an importunate *sign* thrusts itself on the public notice, and begs a weary world to allow itself to be refreshed! But the luckless wayfarer who is enticed to enter, pays for his temerity by finding himself deemed and provided for as a tippler. And who will pretend that one half of these so-called inns are needed for public convenience, or that they derive more than a fraction of their support from the appropriate business of an inn? Multitudes of them neither receive, nor from their situation and character could be expected to receive, more than a casual and meagre patronage as houses of public accommodation in any proper sense whatever. They are a dead weight on society—they are sustained at an immense public charge—and they inflict on the community the direst mischiefs in return. They are not Inns; they are drink-shops in that disguise, licensed in a false name and on false pretences, and designed as the convenient resort of a wretched constituency of neighboring sots.

Such are more than half the taverns in this State, as any traveller of sufficient temerity may learn. Instead of being an advantage to the public or to the community in which they are located, they are at once a disgrace and a curse to their neighborhood. Each is a centre of wide-spread debauchery and decay.

2. The practical difficulty will, in many places, be found to lie here: "Our tavern," it will be said, "cannot sustain itself on the mere tavern-business of the place. It will fail, if we deny it this other source of profit from the sale of drinks. But we *must* have a tavern—therefore we must concede it the privilege of rum-selling."

It were a thousand-fold cheaper, then, to raise by tax and pay over to such an establishment in regular installments, from year to year, the balance of a fair support, rather than to make it a nursery of vice, and suffer it to support itself by depraving the morals and preying on the thrift of the community. In the other case you say to the man, "keep us here a tavern—get what you can from it as a tavern—and for the rest, keep drinks, teach our neighbors and sons to love them, and they'll pay you the balance!" Such is the virtual compact on which many a tavern is opened. Pass on now a dozen years, and count the advantages of this economical scheme. It is less of a tavern now than at first, but it is a very public house. At first it found little help from the bar; such were the general virtue and correct habits of the neighborhood, that it yielded small gains for a time. But a beginning was made. Your neighbor A has paid a trifle there, and B sometimes drops in, and C just takes a drop. The work is well begun. Your son has learned the way there. A growing thirstiness is among you. Loose habits gain ground, indolence prevails, and strange medicines have come into vogue. And so, year by year, the poison works ever deeper and wider. And now, ten or fifteen years being past, balance your accounts with this cheap tavern. That fine young fellow then, rich in health and character and homestead—that is he, the ragged bully yonder, lounging at the tavern steps in the capacity of deputy hostler! His wife and children are in yonder hovel. These have been terrible years to her and to him. Infinitely better and cheaper for him if years ago, when he first entered that tavern, he had laid down on the counter a deed of his hundred acres, as his share toward sustaining it free of drink. And where is your neighbor B, that man of office and leader of men? Dead, three years ago; he was singularly handled, had wild fits of fury at times, and saw horrible visions of serpents and devils—"Inflammation on the brain"—and the town paid for his coffin! And his aged widow, and two intemperate sons, and the sottish widow of his third son, who broke his neck at a raising, and her five children, are all counted among the town poor! That man was worth more than many taverns. Insanity has prevailed too. Captain C, one evening of muster-day, after displaying all through the duties and trials of the day as much sanity as military men in general, went mad at night and butchered his wife! The State supports him now, the town his six

orphans. And what a change for the worse all over the place! It is not merely so many fallen, so many bankrupt—not merely that many of your old acquaintances are sleeping now in premature and shameful graves—nor even that that son, who took his first glass in that tavern, now costs you thousands, and wrings your heart with every pang which a besotted and vagabond child can inflict—but alas! what a loose and graceless generation has sprung up! What indolence and mischief and vice abound! Property fallen thirty per cent—morals eighty! But you have had your tavern. You have tried that sagacious expedient for sustaining it, not by putting your own hand in your pocket and paying what it was worth, but by letting the dealer put his hand in and help himself—and not into your pockets only, but into the hearts and characters and lives of you all! You have paid him out of the best blood of your hearts.

3. But a still more important consideration remains. By this perverse and unnatural union, the whole tavern system is surrendered into the hands of the enemy, and becomes a legalized and efficient agency for the continuance and extension of intemperance. Here and there at suitable points over the country, Inns are needed; and this necessity is made directly subservient to the nurture and patronage of vice, by fastening to these useful establishments the pernicious system of dram-selling. The traffic is allowed to seize upon them and appropriate them to its own use. At these places of most public resort are stored up and displayed the temptations and facilities of indulgence, and the work of seduction is carried on at every advantage and on the broadest scale. They constitute a favored class of dram-shops, for on their premises depraved appetite may sate itself without restriction. Secure from responsibility, they smite indiscriminately among the multitude with the keenest weapon of death. Theirs is a dagger that kills not here and now, but hides its deep wound in the heart, and sends its victim elsewhere for a grave. They kindle and nurse the appetite that finds in other scenes its miserable maturity. The transient tippler who finishes his course with delirium in some loathsome cell in a distant city, has for years been imbibing that perdition perhaps at half the taverns in the State; and grinning in fit demon form around his dying pillow. comes the image of many an obliging host who lent him a new impulse in his career of ruin! Yet hiding himself in a crowd, each dealer cries, “never shake thy gory locks at me; thou canst not say *I* did it!”

Probably more is done to perpetuate intemperance by this form of the traffic, as connected with our Inns, than by all others combined. Consider the extent of this agency, netting the whole land with its snares, and everywhere proffering the fatal cup with all the seductions which ingenious cupidity can devise. Look at the factitious respectability which it gains by its connection with the useful and honorable business of Inn-keeping. It is a loathesome and exhausting excrescence on that business, sharing its dignity and fed on its life-blood ! To the traffic as connected with our Inns is mainly assigned the more delicate task of inducting men into the way of death—of tempting them to the first glass, and nursing the fatal appetite through its first stages. Other modes of the traffic shock and alarm us more, not because they are doing a different work, but simply because they are pushing the same work through its more matured and dreadful stages. The work is one ; and the service rendered in it by our fashionable hotels is more important than any other. Theirs is the fundamental work of decoying the victim. And by their operation the demand is created for all these lower and lowest sinks of sottishness ; for they kindle the thirst which drags down its victim from step to step through every grade of infamy, till he who erewhile was quaffing his wine in these first-class hotels, is pitched forth at last from the meanest cellar, and death passes the work by a slight transition from the hands of the dealers to the hands of devils. The whole array of these middling and worst taverns, beer-shops, dram-cellars, &c., are but the necessary appendages to the higher Inns. Yet no misery is seen around these ; none of the appalling results of matured intemperance are visible there ; and so our eye is diverted from this most effective agency of the enemy, and we wage an almost useless war against the lower shops, where Death sits openly grinning over his feast, and defies our efforts.

We want none of all this sort of taverns. Where the public need requires a real Inn, it might be sustained as such. We have now more than twice as many as are needed or can be sustained as taverns simply, and therefore they are degraded into drink-houses. Now let these inconsistent callings of the inn-keeper and the dram-vender be forever separated. Give us only real taverns, and we will sustain all we want.

We may be told that there is perfect freedom to open Tem-

perance Taverns, if we wish ; and that such houses have failed often enough to show that only taverns of the old stamp can be sustained. This appears plausible, but a little thought will show it to be an entire fallacy. Temperance houses, that is, Taverns strictly, have often and perhaps generally proved failures. Why ? Partly because they have not met with that ready and generous support from the friends of temperance, which they had reason to expect ; partly because they have not been opened at eligible points, but at third and fourth-rate locations ; but more than for all other reasons, *because of the multitude of rum-selling establishments, facetiously styled Taverns by the Authorities, swarming at all corners, sustained in very small part by the real business of a tavern, the balance derived from dram-selling ; these mongrel establishments divide up the appropriate inn-custom into shares so small, that no tavern, as such, can live on it.* A Temperance house, on the same spot where one of these could thrive, fails of course ; not because it does not better answer all the real purposes of a Tavern, but simply because, with the scanty dividend of appropriate patronage which falls to its share, it will not eke out a support by striking hands with death and pocketing the price of blood.

It may also be said that there may be and are establishments that meet every reasonable expectation as Inns, and yet retain the sale of drinks. It may be ; but such instances upon examination will furnish us the clearest proof of the irreconcilable incongruity of the two employments. For one of these two things will be found true of every such respectable exception to the ordinary vileness of grog-vending taverns : either its keeper is a man who carries on a strenuous and continual contest against all the legitimate tendencies of the traffic, and thus by beating back the evil, maintains, in spite of it, a decent house ; or he has sunk the drink-department almost to nothing, withdrawn his bar, hidden it from sight, and virtually discontinued the sale. In either case we have that most convincing testimony which a reluctant witness yields against himself, that an irreconcilable antagonism exists between the traffic in alcoholic drinks and all the true ends of a tavern.

We have dwelt at such length on the traffic in this connection, because just here we are still making the most pregnant concession to Intemperance. At a time when entertainment and accommodation were synonymous with drink, it is not strange

that a Taverner came to be regarded as, *ex officio*, a vender of this epitome of all comforts. In such times grew up the notion that, in the nature of things, a Tavern is a dram-shop with a bed-room and barn appended; and its keeper a man cunning in the concoction of drinks, who incidentally also provides food and rest, such rest as can be had in the purlieus of a dram-shop. And to this day that is the prevalent conception of a Tavern—the bar-room, as the central idea, to which are added, by-the-by, certain appendages for the accommodation of those who do not find in drink a summary supply for all wants. And on this conception our Laws are framed. In a word, there is no point at which this reform has made so little impression as at this; and any intelligent movement against the Traffic must include, as one of its chief aims, the redemption of our Tavern system from this strange abuse.

Recent Attempts at Legislation.

But we have already entered upon this last stage of the Temperance Reform. For several years past our work has been impelling us to a more direct conflict with the Traffic, and in several of our States this decisive battle is already begun.

But our attempts thus far have only been introductory. Assuredly we shall not rest in these indirect methods of legislation. It has doubtless been wise to approach the question of Law experimentally, until it shall have matured itself in the popular mind. And no plan could have secured this so well as that which we have been trying, by submitting the fate of the Traffic, town by town, to the suffrages of the people. But we shall have far other Law than this. Our aim is to secure as speedily as possible direct legislation against the Traffic in intoxicating drinks, as against other pernicious and criminal practices. We shall not cease to demand legislative action until this work of temptation and destruction is directly prohibited under severe penalties. Meantime we have urged this scheme of local and popular legislation in the primary assemblies of the people only as an initiative. It is a very imperfect measure, but its excellence for the time lay in its imperfection. We should not tolerate such a mode of legislation against theft, nor shall we long tolerate it in this case.

But have not all our attempts in this direction failed? Very far from it. And if any are disheartened by recent apparent

reverses, we would ask of them a careful consideration of the following thoughts.

In the nature of the case so wide a change in legislation as this is, from favoring to repressing the traffic in drinks, must be attended for a season with popular revulsions. There will be a period of fluctuation. This should have been anticipated by us from the first. As yet the people know not fully what they mean in this matter. The real intent and purpose of this State is that there be Law against the Traffic, and that will at length be the result. Meanwhile the wish of the people has not yet clearly become their will. Unstable souls are shaken from side to side. The popular voice is uncertain. All this is but natural. It is only the beginning of the end, and should create no alarm. This cause has been inured from its infancy to popular clamor. In the midst of just such agitation and stormful debate it has won its triumphs; and now that it has reached a hardy and vigorous maturity, we need not fear to trust it once more to wind and wave. For a time it will meet with a doubtful reception, and with temporary rejection; but it will return again like the stronger flow of obstructed waters, sweeping all obstacles before it. The question has gone down to work itself out among the people, and ere long it will emerge in the shape of an imperative and undeniable popular demand for prohibitory Law against this traffic.

There is need among us of a more philosophic composure in view of these temporary checks. We should mingle with our wishes more of hopeful trust in the strength of great principles. Let us watch with confidence the process by which the great experiment is wrought out, possessing our souls in patience as well as in zeal, sure that what men may call defeat by God's favor hides in it a blessing and a victory.

It is not now as it has been in years past, when the Temperance sentiment was mainly operative in other directions, and conscious of weakness submitted to legislation which it could not avert. All parties have felt at liberty, in time past, to treat it with contempt and opposition, for it could be done with impunity. Now it has gained strength; and though it is the creature of no party, owing allegiance to none, and connecting itself with no party as such, it has nevertheless become a most influential element in the political world. The demand comes up more and more loudly from the heart of the people, for pro-

tection against the intolerable ravages of the Spirit-traffic, for legal restraints on a source of wo, penury, and crime surpassing all others, and which no moral means can reach. It is rising, still rising, already passing into the ascendant, already having power to pull down and to set up. What they shall do with it—what it will do with them—are questions of deep interest to those who at this crisis have place and power in the State. Will they consult for the right, or yield to the clamors of the thirsty? Will they listen to the voice from above, or to the voices from beneath? To venture now on an espousal of the doomed traffic would be to share henceforth its falling fortunes. We do not anticipate an act of such blind infatuation on the part of any party. There is prudence enough to count the cost of such a step.

There is yet another consideration which has not been sufficiently weighed, and which will be still more needful in the future. *There is an inherent impossibility that new Law should at once have all the force and easy applicability of that which is old.* The conditions of the case forbid the perfect immediate operation of a recent statute in a matter like this. And we call on all who are desirous of better Laws, to forearm themselves with considerate anticipations as to the immediate working of even a perfect Law, when we get it. The demand seems to have been, that in this transition state of the popular mind, when it has indeed made itself up prevalently, but only partially, in favor of restrictive Law—while as yet old prejudices, customs, and appetite conspire mightily against it, and the newness of the Law forbids it those supports of age, authority, and usage on which the efficiency of the Laws so largely depend—that a recent Statute, amid all these obstructions, should go at once into smooth and easy and universal operation! There shall be no fair trial-time, no day of grace, no considerate allowance for the peculiarities of the case. Away with it if in one twelve-month it do not show all the energy and authority of a Law of a hundred years' growth against a crime universally reprobated! The absurdity of such an expectation is apparent on the slightest reflection. And yet it is quite a common impression that, only once get right Law, it will immediately be capable of complete application.

Suppose now that instead of possessing a clear and long-settled character as a crime, theft had all along been licensed,

defended by many as a natural right, and practised with impunity. An opposing sentiment springs up, and finally turns the drift against it. Still it holds ground, and multitudes claim it as an inalienable and constitutional privilege to steal. In short let it stand just where this equal crime of drunkard-making now stands. Who does not see that to obtain and enforce Law against theft would in that case be for a time as difficult and delicate a matter as we find this ?

This impatience therefore is utterly unreasonable. It demands an impossibility. It overlooks all the conditions of force and authority in Law. An immense friction is to be overcome by any new statute in an unwonted direction, before it can have full force and easy applicability—a friction which in some cases of reformatory Law may for a time almost forbid its present motion. This is inevitable and must be endured. Let righteous Law have its place on the Statute-book. It will be much that it stands there. For there is a power in right Law beyond its immediate availability. Like wisdom it standeth in the top of high places, and its voice is to the sons of men. Law is itself one of our highest moral means, and has an educative influence on the popular mind and heart. Let there be right Law, therefore, and we will apply and enforce it as we can. Its restrictive energies will more and more develop themselves ; and the time is not distant when no Law will have easier operation than this.

It only remains to consider now the plausible objection, that while the popular mind is yet so divided and unsettled, it is premature to demand legislation. Wait, we are told, till you are strong enough to carry and keep a perfect Law. Wait till this moral want shall have become the undoubted will of the people, and they shall have made up their minds so clearly that there shall be none of this fluctuation and painful uncertainty.

We must decline such counsel. We cannot wait—we ought not to wait—and it would be ruinous to attempt it. We cannot, for as by a Divine impulse the Temperance sentiment is already everywhere assuming the shape of a struggle for Law against the Traffic. We have reached that stage of this Reform. The progress of things has brought us to this part of our work. It is in vain to decline it. The crisis has come and we must meet it. Nor ought we to wait. Such is the character of this traffic, so fully is it now known to be the fountain-head of all the evils of

intemperance, that every just principle and every right emotion impel us to hold no terms with it but those of resolved and utmost opposition. We feel it a shameful and guilty thing that Law should countenance it, that it should not prohibit it, as one of the highest crimes among men. And we must clear our souls of the guilt of it by seizing the first moment of our ability to turn Law as decidedly as possible against it. And we gain nothing by postponing the struggle. To wait until the work of right legislation shall be easy, will be to wait forever. For while we delay, the Traffic retains its activity and holds us back. We shall gain little increase of strength while it remains in unimpaired operation. Defer the struggle long as we may, there will still be the same intrinsic difficulty from the novelty of Law, and the fluctuations of popular feeling; and equal incidental obstructions would still embarrass the undertaking.

We are not premature, then, in our demand for righteous Law. We know it is an arduous struggle, but it must be made, and our strength will not be relatively increased by delay. The public mind will never make itself up for Law until it is put resolutely to it as a present question. We have been able to begin the work in this direction, and we are able to carry it forward. We are ripe for a movement in advance, and it would be neither wise nor right to defer it if we could—nor have we the power to defer it if we would. It is begun, and we cannot look back.

QUESTIONS FOR LIQUOR DEALERS.

BY PRESIDENT WAYLAND:

President Wayland, of Brown's University, is one of the ablest moral philosophers of the age; and is, therefore, apart from a consideration of his high moral and religious character, entitled to the attention and respect of all. He puts to the conscience of each one who continues, either by wholesale or retail, to be engaged in the traffic of intoxicating drinks, or who in any way furnishes the same for the use of his fellow men, the following pointed questions. Let every such one read attentively, and then seriously ask himself—"Is it right?"

1st. Can it be right for me to derive my living from that which is spreading disease, poverty, and premature death through my neighborhood? How would it be in any similar case? Would it be right for me to derive my living from selling poison, or from propagating plague and leprosy around me?

2d. Can it be right for me to derive my living from that which is debasing the minds and ruining the souls of my neighbors? How would it be in any other case? Would it be right for me to derive my living from the sale of a drug which produced misery or madness; which excited the passions and brutalized the mind, and ruined the souls of my fellow men?

3d. Can it be right for me to derive my living from that which destroys forever the happiness of the domestic circle—which is filling the land with women and children in a condition far more deplorable than that of widows and orphans?

4th. Can it be right for me to derive my living from that which is known to be the cause of nine-tenths of all the crimes which are perpetrated against society?

5th. Can it be right for me to derive my living from that which accomplishes all these at once, and which it does without ceasing?

6th. Do you say that you do not know that the liquor which you are selling will produce these results? Do you not know that the nine hundred and ninety-nine gallons produce these effects for one which is used innocently? I ask, then,

7th. Would it be right for me to sell poison on the ground that there was one chance in a thousand that the purchaser would not die of it?

8th. Do you say that you are not responsible for the acts of your neighbors? Is this clearly so? Is not he who knowingly furnishes a murderer with a weapon, considered an accomplice? If these things be so, and that they are so who can dispute, I ask you, my respected fellow-citizens, what is to be done? Let me ask, is not this trade altogether wrong? Why, then, should we not altogether abandon it? If any man think otherwise, and choose to continue it, I have but one word to say:—My brother, when you order a cargo of intoxicating drinks, think how much misery you are importing into the community. As you store it up, think how many curses you are heaping together against yourself. As you roll it out of your warehouse, think how many families each cask will ruin. Let your thoughts then revert to your own fireside, your wife, and your little ones; look up to Him who judgeth righteously, and ask yourself, my brother, **IS IT RIGHT?**