

Young (John C.)  
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ADDRESS

*Presented by  
D. G. Peters*

ON

TEMPERANCE;

DELIVERED AT THE COURT HOUSE IN LEXINGTON, KY.

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BY REV. JOHN C. YOUNG,

President of Centre College.

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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THE substance of this Address was delivered nearly three years ago in Frankfort, and a copy of it was requested for publication. In compliance with the request, it was then written out, and prepared for the press. The author, however, determined, on reflection, not to furnish a copy for publication at that time, from a belief that he could more extensively diffuse the views it contained by speaking, than he could by printing. It has effected all that it probably could effect as a speech, and it is now printed, that it may, if possible, direct to this subject the attention of some who will not attend a Temperance meeting. There are a few of the principles, arguments, and illustrations in the speech, which, at the time I composed it, appeared to me to be original; but which I have since seen exhibited by other writers. A regard to the connection which would have been broken by their erasure has induced me to retain these thoughts, though others have already presented them through the press. The general statistics was the only thing which I was conscious of borrowing; and the speech is printed as originally written, with a few verbal alterations and notes.

JOHN C. YOUNG.

## ADDRESS.

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THERE are three distinct classes into which the supporters of intemperance may be divided:—Dealers in ardent spirits, Moderate Drinkers, and Drunkards. Each class is actuated by its own peculiar motives; and to draw them from their pernicious course, it is necessary that the members of each class should be addressed by considerations appropriate to the views and feelings under which they now act. Our object, then, will be to present successively to dealers, moderate drinkers, and drunkards, some reflections which may exhibit their conduct in its true light, and may awake them to a sense of their interest, and their duty.

It will be necessary to speak harshly in discussing this subject: because the evils existing are enormous; and they cannot be extirpated without an exposure of their true character, as well as a faithful exhibition of the criminality of abetting their continuance. If we would deal honestly with ourselves and others, we must recognize guilt wherever it exists, though in so doing we may condemn ourselves, or pronounce others to be criminal whom, in many respects, we admire and esteem. The Apostle of the Gentiles was once a persecutor; but, after he became a convert to the faith as it is in Jesus, he never extenuated the sinfulness of his past life. He acknowledged the evils he had committed, and humbly thanked Him who had opened his eyes to behold their enormity. And as no desire for self-justification ever led him to conceal the truth; so no false delicacy towards others, no criminal inclination to spare their feelings, could warp him to such a course. When he wrote to those disciples who, before they embraced the sanctifying precepts of the gospel, had been stained with many abominable crimes, he plainly exhibited the odiousness and guilt of their former conduct. Candor as well as true kindness requires this honest dealing; for old offenders reclaimed will be tempted to relapse into evil habits, and the innocent will be tempted to contract them, unless their criminality be portrayed in clear and faithful language.

We would further remark, before proceeding to our subject, that no man is responsible for evil consequences, when he *could not* be aware that they were likely to flow from his conduct. And even if a man,

through *culpable ignorance or thoughtlessness*, pursue a course fraught with mischiefs to his fellow-beings, his guilt is widely different from that of another, who is committing the same acts with a full apprehension of their probable results. The Apostle Paul tells us, that he "obtained mercy" for his sin of persecution, because he did it "ignorantly in unbelief;" and even so, ignorance of the nature and consequences of his evil conduct greatly diminishes the criminality of *any* offender; and makes him an object of commiseration rather than of reprehension.

With these preliminary remarks, we shall proceed, *to expose to Dealers, THE CRIMINALITY AND THE IMPOLICY OF THE TRAFFIC IN ARDENT SPIRITS.*

It has been ascertained, from the most accurate calculations, that, at least, thirty thousand deaths, every year, are caused by ardent spirits.\* Thirty thousand of our fellow-citizens are, then, annually consigned to a premature grave by the manufacture and sale of this article. But how shall we distribute the guilt of this destruction of human life? How shall we assign to each portion of liquor made and vended, its appropriate share in this horrid work? We cannot follow every dram, and mark its ravages upon the stomach, the nerves, and the brain. We have, however, a rule applicable in all such cases, and which, if applied here, will bring us to a sufficiently accurate result. We cannot follow the flight of each bullet in a battle, and record its effect; but if we know the whole number discharged, and the number of individuals they destroyed, we can arrive at the average number of balls required to cause one death. Thus, if the number of balls discharged were one million, and the number of the slain ten thousand, it would be clear that every hundred balls had destroyed one life. In the same way, if an army of ten thousand should cut in pieces another of thirty thousand, we would say that the average which each individual of the ten thousand was to

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\*The way in which this estimate is found is very simple. Various medical associations in our country have kept registers of the number of deaths in their districts, and their causes. These show the number of deaths in a year from intemperance. A comparison of the number of deaths in any district with the whole number of its population, will show the average deaths to every thousand inhabitants. Then multiplying this average number by the number of thousands in the whole land, we learn how many deaths are produced by this cause through the whole Union. I do not know that the result of these calculations has ever been disputed. Many of the victims are *immediately* carried off by other diseases; but their deaths are attributed to ardent spirits, *whenever the bodily system has been brought by their use into such a state as has produced disease, or has rendered a malady fatal which would not otherwise have been dangerous.*

be considered as killing, was three; and he would be proportionably honored—though some *might* have performed more than this, and some less. On the same principle, we can learn the average quantity of ardent spirits that sends one soul to perdition. The whole number of gallons consumed among us, in a year, is fifty-six millions. Now divide this number by thirty thousand, the number of persons destroyed annually by intemperance, and you will find the result to be eighteen hundred and sixty-six.

There is one death, then, caused, for every eighteen hundred and sixty-six gallons of spirits made and vended. And every man, who manufactures or sells eighteen hundred and sixty-six gallons of ardent spirits, must consider himself as having provided and set in operation the means of destruction for one soul. How can any one solace himself with the idea that the liquor which he sold destroyed *less* than the average; when there is just as much probability that it destroyed *more*? The greater probability, (as we allow in similar cases where our judgment is unbiased,) is, that it produced the average effect. And for this effect every such man should feel himself responsible.

But here the question may be asked by a dealer in this poison—"Am I responsible for effects which it was not my design to produce? I did not intend to cause the death of a fellow-being by my traffic, but merely to make money." The answer is plain,—"*If you did not know that the work in which you were engaged was calculated to produce the effects which followed, you are not responsible for them; but if you did know it, you are responsible.*" This is a principle of common sense, and one which God's word clearly lays down. In the book of Exodus chap. 21. verses 28, 29, we find the following law of God. "If an ox gore a man or a woman that they die; then the ox shall be surely stoned, and his flesh shall not be eaten; but the owner of the ox shall be quit. But if the ox were wont to push with his horn in time past, and it hath been testified to his owner; and he hath not kept him in, but that he hath killed a man or a woman; the ox shall be stoned, and the owner also shall be put to death." Mark this well, the Divine Lawgiver holds a man responsible for the evils which accrue from his keeping, for his own interest, a thing which he knows to be mischievous in its tendencies. And most righteously is this done; for the man who keeps, for his own gain, an ox that he knows is disposed to kill, or sells liquor that he knows is apt to destroy, shows that he regards his own trifling pecuniary interests above the lives of his fellow-beings. And if their lives fall a sacrifice to his cupidity, he is answerable before heaven for their destruction. Suppose that one man manufactured or vended the

whole amount of this destructive article, and knew that his traffic cost the lives of 30,000 of his fellow-men per year, many of whom died most miserable deaths; would he not be a monster if he did not abandon it? Would he not be bound to renounce it, though his gain might amount to \$10,000,000 per year? Would he dare to go on treasuring up dollars soaked in blood? But now the guilt and the gains are distributed among thousands; and on the same principle that one man would be bound to rid himself of the whole guilt at the sacrifice of the whole gains, each individual is bound to free himself from his share of the guilt at the expense of his portion of the gains. If the whole gain will not justify a man in assuming the whole guilt, neither will a small part of the gain justify a man in assuming a small part of the guilt.

I say nothing of the countless woes you make the victims of intemperance, their families, and society, suffer by your trade—this itself would accumulate, upon those who will continue it, incalculable guilt. But here is *blood* to be answered for;—here are the mournful and untimely deaths of 30,000 human beings to be every year accounted for, by those who, knowing the effects of ardent spirits, continue to make and sell.

Many of us remember the conduct of those British traders, who, in the last war, supplied the Indians of our frontiers with arms and ammunition, and thus enabled them to bathe our settlements in blood. We may remember the detestation which followed their deeds. From one extremity of our land to the other, deep execrations were poured upon them—their occupation was considered as inhuman, their character infamous. But why were these men viewed with such unmingled abhorrence? Why did the blood boil in our veins at the very mention of their names? Because they knew the horrors of Indian warfare, and yet were willing, *for the sake of their own gains*, to furnish the savage foe with his implements of destruction. They knew that they were letting loose the towahawk and scalping knife upon our borders—they knew that the innocent would no longer sleep in security—they knew that the shrieks of mothers and their helpless children would break the silence of midnight, and that fires of desolation would light up the darkness of the woods—they knew that heaps of ashes and the blood and bones of the murdered, would alone mark the spot where many a happy family once dwelt—they knew that these were the legitimate effects of their traffic, and yet they pursued it with unrelenting activity. But listen now to the excuse which might be urged by one of those who armed the hands of the savage foe. “I did not perpetrate those ravages and murders. I did not even approve of them. My sole object in

what I did, was to make money. And it is not certain that any of the knives I sold ever tore the scalps from helpless infants, or that any tomahawk I sold ever dashed in the brains of the mother sheltering her babe from the grasp of a savage. The weapons and ammunition with which I furnished these ruthless destroyers may have been used only in the chase, while from some other traders they may have obtained those which were used for their cruel massacres." Would such an excuse palliate the conduct of the Indian trader, and shield him from infamy? And can the same plea justify him who arms the self-murderer and the destroyer of his own family, with the instrument for accomplishing his deadly work? If we know the consequences that are *likely* to follow our deeds, the common sentiments of mankind, as well as the word of the Eternal declare us answerable for them.

Sometimes the excuse is heard, that "if we do not make or sell, others will, and we may as well secure the profits, as permit others to enjoy them." Suppose an honest man should fall among pick-pockets, and one of them should steal his purse, and be afterwards apprehended, and brought to trial. What would be thought of the plea of the thief, if he should urge, that he saw the man surrounded by knaves all ready to plunder him, and knew that if he did not secure the booty some other would? The excuse of this pilferer would be just as valid as ours is, if we engage or continue in a practice we know to be wrong, because our withdrawal will be the signal for another to commence it. Take another illustration of this principle. In the last century there followed the European armies a multitude of abandoned women, who, always at the close of a battle, scattered themselves over the field to rifle the dead and the wounded. When one of them saw a wounded man whose dress held out the prospect of a tempting prize, she would creep slyly upon him, and with a mallet, which they always carried about them for this purpose, she would beat out his brains, lest he might resist her attempt to disencumber him of his watch and purse. Sometimes these wretches were detected, condemned, and executed. And what bar to her punishment could any such miscreant have interposed, by pleading the certainty that others would have committed the deed for which she was condemned, if she had declined it? If the plea would not justify one of these marauders, surely the same plea could not extenuate whatever of criminality is involved in the course of the liquor-dealer.

The man who offers this excuse, tacitly avows that, because the wages of crime are sufficient to lure others to its perpetration, he will hasten to anticipate them in their guilty work. We might show

that this excuse, miserable as it is, is not absolutely true. For every grog-shop, every still-house, and every mercantile establishment sells much that would not be purchased were it not in existence. It presents a temptation before the eyes of many who would not buy were it removed. But even if men were determined to purchase—if they were bent upon the ruin of themselves and their families, we should not help them to the means of accomplishing their purpose. If they will travel to perdition, let us not turnpike the road, and furnish them with conveyances to the miserable place of their destination.

Good men have been engaged in this work, and good men, we fully allow, are still engaged in it. But they can only continue to be so, while they are ignorant of its effects. Let them reflect—let them ponder upon the consequences of this traffic, and they will abandon it. One thing alone should startle any such man, and lead him to reflection—it is the fact, that many, without the slightest prospect of personal benefit, expose themselves to odium by denouncing their traffic; and that many others have not only relinquished it, but have even staved their casks, and condemned their liquor to moisten the earth. Either the business is criminal, or multitudes of the wise and good of our land have turned idiots.

If this traffic is wrong, its profitableness, (if it were profitable,) could furnish no reason for its continuance. For if gain could justify crime, even the Burkers,—those abandoned miscreants, who have lately been detected in murdering their fellow-beings to sell their bodies to the surgeons,—could plead their poverty and their five guinea temptation in palliation of their deeds. Hear a Burker plead in extenuation of his crime. He may tell you that his dependant family were crying for food—that the poor creature whom he strangled was a vile drunken wretch, a burthen to society and to himself—that he did the miserable being no real harm by sending him out of a world where his portion was infamy, and where he was heaping up materials for future woe—and that five guineas were more important to him than a hundred to a richer man who, for gain, destroys his fellow-men by selling them liquor. But the Burker, and the liquor-dealer are alike mistaken. No criminal course is, on the whole, profitable even in this world. Men are short-sighted; and often lured on by the prospect of rapid and immediate gains, when a course the very reverse of the one they are pursuing, would conduct them to much greater ultimate prosperity. We have a signal instance, recorded in the abolition of the slave trade, of the blindness of men to their own real interests, as well as of their dreadful obduracy where they imagine that the happiness of others conflicts

with their own gains. The Liverpool merchants by petitions, and by their representatives, implored the British Parliament to permit them to continue the slave-trade, averring that its abolition would be the ruin of their commerce. Here we find numbers claiming to be *high-minded, honorable, and christian men*, petitioning for the continuance of a traffic, which existed only by treachery, rapine, torture and murder, lest *they* might be deprived of their pitiful profits!! *They* must be clothed in fine linen and fare sumptuously, though to purchase these luxuries, every breeze that blew over the ocean must be laden with the shrieks and groans of unhappy victims torn from their friends and their homes, though every billow that rolled in the Atlantic must carry in its bosom the body of a wretched African murdered by the unutterable horrors endured in their prison-ships. But their folly has been proved to have been equal to their cruelty. For, since the slave-trade has been declared piracy, and they have been forced to abandon it, their commercial prosperity has *greatly increased*. The conduct of the inhabitants of Bristol furnishes us with another illustration of the impolicy of iniquity, however apparently gainful. They petitioned the British Parliament against the recognition of our independence, declaring their belief that it would ruin their city by depriving it of its commerce. They petitioned that three millions of their brethren should be kept in bondage, with their necks beneath the feet of the oppressor, that they might become rich!! We feel that language cannot depict the baseness of their conduct. And yet if they had effected their purpose, it would have been to their own pecuniary loss. For such was the rapid increase of our trade when British colonial restrictions were removed, that these same merchants of Bristol, in 10 years after the former petition, presented another, to *procure a grant of money for deepening and extending their harbor*, alleging that it had already become too small for the shipping that resorted to their port. Numberless instances of the same kind might be adduced; and if we judge from the experience of the past, it may be safely laid down as a maxim, that no set of men can be permanently prospered in this world, by a business that is based on the ruin of others. There may be appearances which would favor the belief that some pursuits are exceptions to this rule—but time and experience will at length show that those appearances are deceptive. And it would be strange if it were otherwise, when a righteous and wise God has organized that system of causes and effects in our world, by which men prosper or decline. Let us then examine into

THE IMPOLICY of the traffic in ardent spirits to the manufacturer.

and venders themselves. There is no business, indeed, however generally impolitic, in which some do not find brilliant success. Nor does any pursuit hold out sufficient temptation to induce men to embark their capital in it, which does not, at least for a time, reward its followers with handsome profits. But while I admit all this, my object is, *to show that, in the long run, this employment is less profitable than one which promotes the welfare of our fellow-men, and that generally its most lucrative proceeds do not counterbalance the evils it produces to the dealer himself.*

All the articles men manufacture and sell, may be divided into three distinct classes, according to their influence upon the future prosperity of the buyer.

First, there is a class of articles which benefit the buyer, in such a way that he is in point of wealth a gainer by their purchase and use. It consists of all those commodities which are necessary to enable a man to prosecute a gainful business. Take some illustrations. The healthful food and comfortable clothing we purchase are of this kind; for while we consume these the health and strength they impart, enable us to make other articles which we can sell for more than the cost of the food and raiment. The wool, cotton, hemp, and other raw materials, which manufacturers purchase and work up, are of this kind; for they change their form and sell them at a considerable advance upon their original price. The tools of the mechanic furnish us with another instance; for while he is wearing them out, he is using their instrumentality to fashion and give additional value to the various articles by the sale of which he makes his living. By far the greater portion of commodities bought and sold in the community, are of this sort—they are bought for the purpose of selling again to greater advantage, which is effected by changing their shape, or by keeping them on hand till the scarcity raises the price, or by carrying them to a different market; or they are bought for the purpose of supporting us while we are engaged in the manufacture or sale of the articles from which we expect profit. Now every one perceives that the purchase of such commodities is of great advantage to the buyer, for the service he receives from them makes him richer than he would be if he did not purchase them. The money he gives for them is more than repaid to him, by the gain they bring him. The purchase of such articles makes him richer. But it requires very little reflection to convince any one that it is the interest of the *seller* too, to deal in such articles. For his prosperity depends on the prosperity of *his purchasers*. If they become impoverished, they must make fewer purchases from him, and

consequently his gains must be diminished. But if they grow richer, their purchases will be increased, and his gains will increase in the same proportion. It may indeed be laid down as a first principle in trade, that, in the long run, *the traffic most advantageous to the sellers themselves, is the traffic in those articles which most enrich the buyers.*

The second class of articles consists of those which are not productive of wealth to the purchasers, but are still not in themselves injurious. Of this kind are all costly pieces of furniture; for money laid out upon them yields no return, and they are not necessary to enable us to live while we are engaged in producing other valuables—they do not, in any way, help us to increase our wealth. Let the profits of two men engaged in business be, at the end of a year, \$1,000 apiece. And let the one add this sum to his active capital, while the other lays it out in furnishing his house more splendidly—in the purchase of turkey carpets and mahogany chairs, costly mantle ornaments, &c. &c. The thousand-dollar investment of the latter will be gradually consuming away, until the whole value shall perish; while the investment of the former will be increasing until it may accumulate to twenty times its original amount. And mark the different effects of these investments on the *sellers* of these different sorts of articles. *The luxuries yield no pecuniary increase to enable the purchaser to return to the seller and procure from him a new stock of commodities,* while the articles of trade purchased by the other are again sold at an advance price, and *he returns to the seller with more than his former means to make another purchase.\** Every dealer in luxuries is, then, only making a profit upon his present sales, but is not, in his dealings, preparing the way for an increase of future sales, by increasing the wealth of his customers.

The third class consists of those articles which not only do not aid their purchaser to produce wealth, but *which absolutely impair his powers of production.* Of this kind are all those objects which occa-

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\*This is the reason why shops for the sale of luxuries are usually found only in large towns or cities, while every village has its tradesmen who deal in the necessaries of life. It requires a place which will afford a great number of customers to support a jeweller's establishment, for each customer usually purchases but once or twice during his life; while the customers of the hatter and shoemaker return several times a year. Still I am well aware that dealers in luxuries may often make more than dealers in necessaries, because the number of competitors the latter have to contend with reduces both their sales and their profits, while the small number engaged in vending the luxuries makes the profits of the business, to each one of them, large, though the whole amount of sales may be small compared with those of other articles.

sion a loss of more than the mere price we pay for them. Lottery tickets are injurious to the great mass of buyers, not merely from the great amount of money they cost, but from the loss they occasion by fostering an expectation of wealth from some other source than the industrious exertion of our own powers, and from their thus producing an idleness and depravity that end in ruin. The amusements of the Theatre, the Circus, and the Gaming-table, are of the same sort. The purchasers of these pleasures do not merely spend money which yields them no return; but these objects of purchase cause the waste of time which might be profitably employed, cultivate in them habits of idleness, introduce them to dangerous associates, and give them a taste for dissipation and vice. The hundreds who are yearly ruined in our large cities at those scenes of iniquity, are ruined not by the actual expense of their purchases, but by the consequences those purchases entail upon them. *And these are the worst of all articles to the sellers themselves.* For they not merely give nothing valuable in return for what they receive, but they injure the customer to a much greater amount than they benefit themselves. Their trade is reducing him to poverty much faster than it is enriching themselves. And it is very evident that nothing could support their business but a constant succession of victims. As fast as one set is fleeced and stripped of the power of supplying themselves with the ruinous indulgences they offer for sale, another set must be lured on, to undergo the same dreadful process. Now to this class of articles belong ardent spirits. They injure the producer as well as the consumer, for by gradually impairing the resources of the latter they must at length incapacitate him for further purchases. For illustrating its impolicy in the long run, let me suppose a case. Suppose a farmer to have a breed of cattle which always die as soon as they are fattened sufficiently for the market. He sells an hundred head to one who does not know their nature, and who intends fattening them, and then selling them at an advanced price to the butcher. But after all his expenditure in their purchase and keeping, they die; and he loses all that he gave for them, and all they cost him in their feeding. He is certainly far less able to purchase another hundred the next year from the cattle-raiser, than he would have been, if he had received back the whole cost of those he bought before, with a profit. And unless his income were great enough from other sources to make up these losses, he could not continue to be a purchaser. Would it not evidently be the *policy* of the raiser of the cattle, to have such a breed as would be the means of enriching those who traded for them? I say nothing at present of his *criminality* in

breeding and selling such stock as he knew would injure the buyers. Now the loss to the consumers of ardent spirits, and consequently the ultimate impolicy to the venders is much worse than in the case here supposed. For the *purchase-money* of this baneful article is but a *comparatively small item of the loss it occasions*.

The most accurate estimates that have been made on this subject, give the whole cost of ardent spirits to the country as about \$120,000,000;—or equal to about one-thirtieth of the capital in the United States. So that the savings from the entire disuse of this article, would, in 30 years, amount to a sum equal to all the wealth now in the country.

Let this, too, be well observed, that all the gain to dealers from this immense loss to consumers, does not amount to \$6,000,000. For the whole amount paid to them for 56,000,000 of gallons, is about \$28,000,000. If then they make 20 per cent clear gain in the trade, (and it is a high estimate,) their profits are \$5,600,000. Here then we see that for every dollar they make, they cause to others a loss of nearly 22. We thus see that it would be greatly to the benefit of the consumer if the dealer, instead of enriching himself in the present way, were simply to rob his customers of the amount he now gains from them. The consumer would thus merely lose one dollar, where he now loses twenty; and would, besides, be saved the multiplied miseries entailed upon his body and soul, by the indulgence of a brutalizing and destructive appetite. Nor is this the only advantage to the consumer which robbery would have over the present system. Robbery would not impair his faculties and incapacitate him for retrieving his losses—while strong drink not only deprives him of his money, but *corrupts and destroys his powers*,—it dries up and withers those bodily and mental energies which are his sources of wealth. The loss suffered from the robber, compared with that suffered from the whiskey-dealer, is like the mischief received by the Greeks, in the late war, at the hands of the Turks, compared with that inflicted upon them by the Egyptians. The Turks swept off their flocks and herds, and robbed them of every thing valuable they could carry away. But the Egyptians, more refined and cruel in their policy, cut down the olive groves, on the produce of which many of the inhabitants depended for their yearly support, and thus desolated the land by destroying the very sources of its wealth. While the olive trees remained their condition was not desperate—they had the means of recovery in their hands, and industry and economy might, in a few years, restore them to their former abundance. But when these perished, their destruction was ensured. The present generation must pass away before the land can again be brought to its

former capacity of supporting its population. The waste of the Turk is the loss by the robber—the waste of the Egyptian is the loss by the whiskey-dealer. Of course the moral turpitude of robbery and the trade in liquor is immensely different, *wherever the trader is not aware of the injury he is inflicting.*

It may be objected to this reasoning, that the loss cannot be so great, or men would not continue to purchase ardent spirits. But such an objection has no force against a plain fact. For all the money wasted, time squandered, evil habits formed, bodies disabled, crimes produced, and deaths inflicted by strong drink, its consumers receive nothing in return but an unproductive and ruinous gratification.

Again, it is said by some, that what one man loses another gains, and that thus the community is as much benefitted by the thriftless expenditure of individuals, as by their judicious outlays. If this were true it would prove that the expenses of war are no loss to a nation, for all the taxes raised, and sums borrowed to equip fleets and armies are spent among our own people!! But the palpable falsehood of the position may be easily detected by an example. An individual fires away for his amusement one dollar's worth of powder. Here is a loss to him of one dollar, while the powder manufacturer from whom he procured the article is only gainer to the amount of 10 cents, for this is, probably, all that he makes on a dollar's worth of his manufacture. And as the wealth of the community is made up of the aggregate wealth of the individuals who compose it, the community is 90 cents poorer by the unprofitable destruction of the powder; for while one of its members has added to his wealth 10 cents, another has diminished his by the loss of 100. Again, suppose a man to burn a house down and pay its owner \$10,000, which was its value—would the community be no poorer? Unquestionably it would; for *before the destruction*, there existed in the community, as a part of its wealth, two values, the house and the \$10,000. *Now* there exists but *one*.

It may further be objected, that this traffic cannot be productive of loss to the manufacturers and venders, or they would abandon it—their continuance in the business proves it to be profitable to themselves, at least, though it may be ruinous to the community. Money is undoubtedly often made at this business, just as it is at any other business which may still, on the whole, and in the long run, be unproductive. Stage-players, Circus-riders, Lottery-managers, and Gamblers, often make money, and yet their occupations tend to impoverish those who support them, and ultimately tend to affect themselves: and it is a fact that few such persons are ever rich. But the question is not whether

money is *ever* made by such occupations, but whether other pursuits would not, in the long run, be more gainful. And this has been shown to be the case. Besides if every man were engaged in a calling which made society richer and better, the condition of the whole community would be raised and his particular business would necessarily be favorably affected and continue to improve with the general prosperity.

Lastly, it may be urged, that our country is growing richer though many are engaged in this destructive commerce; and this shows its effect to be not so bad as it is represented. But it must be remembered that when an individual is carrying on many branches of business, he may, in some one of them, suffer repeated and heavy losses, and yet continue to grow rich, because the wealth flowing in profusely from many other sources, may more than compensate for the drain occasioned by his own unsuccessful enterprize. Even so it is with a nation—its great resources may enable it to bear up under great wastes, and endure an evil which would ruin a less favored land. Ours is a country of broad streams and fertile vallies, rich in every natural production that can enable its inhabitants to accumulate wealth. And even the burning floods which have been spreading over it for years, have not been able to destroy, though they have scorched its resources.

The day will arrive, and that speedily, when it will be considered as an axiom, that such a traffic is not merely destructive of human happiness and life, but is baneful to the prosperity of the country, and even to that of the individuals who appear now to be gainers by its continuance.

Their traffic is a further source of pecuniary injury to the manufacturers and venders, from its effect in multiplying crimes. We have the opinions of those most competent to decide on this subject, (the most respectable lawyers and judges in our land,) who assure us that at least two-thirds of the crimes which are perpetrated among us are the effects, immediately or remotely, of the use of ardent spirits. Now every crime committed renders property less secure, and consequently lowers its value. We can mark this effect of crime upon property, most clearly, in countries where thefts, robberies, and murders are matters of daily occurrence—but if we would observe accurately, it is felt in every country, just in proportion to the frequency with which those acts occur. Of this evil the dealer must bear his share, and his gains are thus diminished in value. He must also sustain his part of the expense that falls upon the community, from the criminal prosecutions that are the result of intemperance. His own property, too, is subjected to the deprivations of the robber and the thief, and he may, by a single act,

prompted or remotely produced by love of drink, be deprived of the acquisitions of years. Even life itself may be taken from him, by one whom intemperance has reduced to crime; and thus the wrongs of that crowd whose destruction is traceable to his potions, may be avenged on him by one of their own number:

I might mention the quota he must contribute to defray the public expenses of pauperism and insanity, each, in a great measure, the offspring of intemperance. But I hasten to a more fearful consideration exhibiting the impolicy of this course.

There is a righteous God in heaven who judges the children of men. Full retribution for all the evil we do is not awarded to us on earth, but even here he often makes a man to "eat of the fruit of his own ways." He often vindicates his Providence, by converting the instruments of men's sins into the instruments of their punishment. The dealer in strong drink is often himself made to inherit the drunkard's woes. Some years since I was travelling in a distant part of the country, and stopped for breakfast at a respectable tavern. A miserable looking sot was in the bar-room taking his morning bitters. The landlord appeared to treat him as though he were his slave. He soon departed. His tyrant then turned to me, and pointing after his unhappy customer, said, "formerly that man was respectable and the owner of the finest farm in the neighborhood." "But," said he, with a look of great self-complacency, "his farm will soon be mine, for my account against him for drink has been running up for years, and will shortly cover the value of the land." A few years after this occurrence I stopped at the same house, and found its master himself converted into a stupid and bloated sot. He had boasted himself upon bringing calamity on others, and it had overtaken himself. I could not but exclaim, "God is just." The dagger this wretch had wielded to the destruction of others, had at length drank his own blood. He had reared a blood-hound to hunt down the property and lives of others, and it had torn his own vitals.

But the retributions of God do not as often, perhaps, visit the dealers in this poison, in their *own persons*, as in that of their children. It is to amass wealth for their children that they pursue this destructive traffic; for perhaps few are led to it from an opinion that they cannot otherwise procure a *support*. And it is through their children that their sin finds them out. I would say to every dealer in this unhallowed poison, "Look at your children, and think how you could bear to see your sons degraded sots, and your daughters the wives of drunkards. Yet you know that you are now circulating, through the community, a drug which will reduce the children of others to these conditions.

Can you expect, if you knowingly continue in this course, that God will not pour upon your own household a portion of those woes, with which you are now drenching others? You are letting loose the dogs of hell on many a happy family, and can you expect that your own will be preserved from their devouring fangs? If there be justice in Heaven, you should expect to suffer. Look around you, and observation will corroborate the conclusions of reason. You will find innumerable cases, where the conduct of the father has brought destruction upon the children. I well remember two families with whom I was once intimately associated. At one time, they were the wealthiest, the most respectable, and most influential, in a populous and rich community. But in each case the still-house had been erected, and used to increase their prosperity. In the one family, one son out of five remains a sober man. Three have, already, fallen, in early life, victims to a father's misjudged policy; and the fourth yet lives a burthen and shame to his friends. In the other family the characters and lives of four out of six, (and some of them females,) have paid the forfeit of a father's folly. How poor a compensation were the gains of these distilleries, for the temporal and eternal degradation and ruin of the children they were intended to enrich. In reply to a remark on the almost inevitable ruin brought upon children by a father's traffic in ardent spirits, one who was largely engaged in the business once observed, that he had secured himself against the danger by strictly prohibiting the use of liquor in his own family. But what a dreadful principle was here tacitly assumed! A man coolly and deliberately allows himself to manufacture and distribute, through the community, a drug so dangerous and deadly that he will not permit it to be even tasted under his own roof. He scatters fire-brands, arrows, and death around him, and exultingly exclaims, "am *I* not safe?" If it be mischievous to ourselves and families, it is mischievous to others; and if, acknowledging it to be so, we persist in its distribution, we are sinning deeply against God and our fellow-men. We may juggle ourselves into the belief that we can evade the consequences of our course; but we cannot baffle *divine justice*;—if there be a God in heaven we will suffer, and our policy will prove as hollow as our conduct is unfeeling.

II. *Moderate Drinkers* are the second class, to whom we would advance some considerations intended to draw them off from the *triple alliance*, that supports the cause of intemperance. I would appeal to your *patriotism*, your *humanity*, and your *regard for your own security*.

*Your country's safety demands your care.* The increase of intem-

perance has been such, within the last 30 years, that if the ratio of its increase were to continue the same,—if no means were used to arrest its progress, in less than a hundred years, we would be a vast nation of drunkards. But that time could never arrive. For long before the evil could extend so far, it would produce consequences that must issue in speedy national ruin. Let a *majority* of drunkards rise in our land, (where drunk and sober alike participate in power,) and our liberties are gone. Already in many places the fate of elections can be determined by the votes of those whose votes are bought and sold for whiskey. Was it not asserted, at our last Presidential election, by that party which hitherto had boasted of the purity and dignity of its course, that the opening of drinking-houses was necessary to their attainment of success? Let this inebriated horde increase for fifty years as it has been increasing for thirty years past, and misrule, and finally slavery, must be our inevitable portion.

*The miseries of the drunkard claim your compassion, and urge you to save others from such a fate!* The prison, the gallows, or the lunatic asylum, is often the termination of his career. But even if he escape these, look at the woes he endures. Ruin seizes upon him—ruin moral and intellectual—ruin bodily and spiritual—ruin temporal and eternal. Look at him when the foul appetite gains full possession of him. He may have been standing on the pinnacle of society—he is now hurled to its lowest depths. His intellect may have been such as to have made him the admiration of the wise,—he has now become the sport of the fool. He may have been courted by the great,—he is now despised by the mean. He may have been loved by the good,—he is now the fit companion of the vile. His body is diseased, his mind is enfeebled, his conscience is stupified, his feelings are perverted—he is a scandal to his friends, a loathing to society, and a burthen to himself. When he is intoxicated, he is a beast; and when he is sober, he is almost driven to madness by his reflections. He sees that he has unfitted himself for business, alienated his friends, lost his character, sacrificed all his former enjoyments—that he has bartered away all that the world holds dear, for the gratification of an appetite that is never satiated,—an appetite that has filled his body with pains, and his soul with remorse,—an appetite, which, like the curse of God upon the proud king of Babylon, has driven him out from the society of men, and made him a fit companion only for the beast of the field. Sometimes his career is short, and the poor wretch soon finds a hiding-place from the scorn of the world, in the darkness of the grave. Sometimes his days of misery upon earth are lengthened, and for years he is stagger-

ing down the hill of life. His name is a bye-word and reproach. The child mocks at him;—the slave despises him. This is the life of a drunkard at his best estate. There are now in our land four hundred and eighty thousand of these poor beings. Gather them together, and what a mass of human wretchedness! What a mixture of bloated and shrivelled forms, what disfigured and idiotic countenances would meet the eye! What foolish babblings, what unmeaning laughter, what horrid ravings of remorse and blasphemy, would assail the ear! If the last generation of sober men had done its duty, these poor wretches might have been ornamenting and serving society, happy, and diffusing happiness around them; now they are in the *transition state* between men and demons. And if *we* neglect *our duty* myriads more must follow them in their dreadful course. Every year thirty thousand of these miserable beings have the pains of death brought upon them by strong drink. Gather these dying wretches, and lay them on couches in the streets of this town—then pass from couch to couch, and view them enduring every variety of pain, and exhibiting every shape of loathsomeness. Hear their groans, and deep-muttered curses mingled with prayers, and mad cries of, “Drink—drink.” Some are lying stupid and senseless, breathing life away; others are writhing in bodily anguish—horror is depicted in the countenances of some; others are distorted in feature—some are tortured into remorse; others are blaspheming in rage.—Could you move through such a scene, and yet feel willing to make no sacrifice to terminate these woes? All the inhabitants of this county are not equal in number to *half* the annual victims of ardent spirits. But suppose all the inhabitants of *even this county* were thus gathered, and thus suffering, and you witnessing their condition, would you not think it a hard heart that could refuse to adopt any plan that would promise *even to lessen the number of the sufferers?* And what would you think of one who refused to unite in a plan that would *save them all?* Now the united action of Temperance Societies promises to save all the thousands of coming generations from such woes. In about twenty years, if nothing be done, as many, in this land, will suffer the drunkard’s woes, and die the drunkard’s death, as will equal the whole number of the inhabitants of Kentucky. Imagine yourself standing on some high hill, and all the inhabitants of our state gathered before you; and you were informed that all these were doomed to die a lingering and painful death from which great exertions alone could save them—would you refuse to join in the effort?

But the miseries of the drunkard do not terminate with life. “No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God.” Follow into eternity the

30,000, who have, during the past year, been driven from the earth by intemperance. Darkness, and horror, and despair, brood over them forever. They changed their nature into that of brutes, it has now become that of devils—they outraged the laws of God, they now suffer his wrath—the fire that plays around them is never to be extinguished, the worm that gnaws them is never to die. Are you contented that thousands after thousands should plunge into this condition, while you make no effort to save them?

A great portion of the woes of intemperance remain yet to be told—*the sufferings of the drunkard's family and friends*. What tongue can describe the shame and anguish hourly endured by wives, sisters, parents, children, and friends, when they see those whom they once loved and respected, degraded and brutified. There are at this time in our own country, at least a million of hearts wrung with anguish by the intemperance of some beloved relative or friend.

Go to the home of the drunkard. Ruin has set its mark on every thing around his dwelling. Desolation crouches at his door. His children are shivering around the cold hearth; and when they go abroad, their tattered garments and hunger-bitten countenances tell the tale of their domestic woes. His wife has no heart for her work—want, her husband's unkindness and degradation, the disgrace and ruin of her family, have crushed her spirit—she moves about with listless step, weeping as she goes—her wasted form and pale cheek bespeak a mind filled with troubles, that she cannot disclose. Many are the families in this condition—families in which comfort once reigned, and plenty smiled. Many a gay and lovely female has married with every prospect of earthly felicity—has left her father's hearth, the home of her childhood, with the man in whom she confided; and has been bowed to the earth, for years, and her heart broken by that monster, whose progress we are now urging you to arrest. Who can paint her anguish, when she first perceives him, in whom her hopes of happiness are treasured up, sinking into the fatal habit? She shudders at her own suspicion—she chides herself for admitting it—she strives to banish it. Then as fact after fact forces conviction upon her mind, she weeps and prays in secret. How long and how anxiously she labors with him to reclaim him—how she implores him by the love of their youth, by the children she has borne him, by her blighted prospects, her withered hopes, and her bleeding heart—how various and painful are her efforts to screen his vice, from the eye of a prying world. But she feels at last that all is ineffectual; and, overwhelmed with shame and want, she sits down in despair.

Let the widows of those whom strong drink has slain come up before you. Let them move past in long procession, clothed in their sable weeds, leading their helpless orphans by the hand, and carrying them in their arms. Let each one of them, as she passes, pause and tell all that she and her children have suffered, and all that they yet expect to suffer from a husband's and a father's intemperance; and then say whether you will stand aloof from all efforts in this sacred cause. When Brutus stood over the dead body of the Roman Lucretia, and beheld her bleeding in consequence of Tarquin's base deed, he plucked the dagger from her bosom, and raising it dripping with gore, swore eternal enmity against the cruel house of the destroyer. *But ten thousand female bosoms are now bleeding—thousands more have been consigned to the grave; and shall we not pledge ourselves to exterminate the use of ardent spirits, this robber of their peace, this destroyer of their lives?*

Such are the appeals this subject makes to your benevolent feelings—to your regard for others' welfare. But there is another principle which we would now address—*your regard for your own interest.*

There is perhaps no one among you who has not suffered from the ravages of intemperance; for there is perhaps no family in our land, which has escaped without losing a victim. Now if every family had lost some relative by an Indian band which was still hovering on our borders, and daily committing new outrages, would there not be a general levy of the community to destroy the foe? Would you not endure hardships, forsake gains, and even peril life, to terminate such scenes and obtain permanent security? Would the fact that you, or some of your friends, were benefitted, by supplying these murderers with arms and ammunition, hinder you from engaging in this enterprize? Would not the man who should attempt to impede it, on such grounds, be marked as a traitor? Would not the wail of the widow and the orphan rise against him, and a voice from the graves of his murdered countrymen proclaim him infamous? But the present case is far worse. The savages kill with tortures—but their tortures endure only for a few hours, and affect the body alone; while ardent spirits rack the body and soul—their pains are felt in time and eternity—they kindle a fire in the heart and a fire in the brain, that shall never die. The miseries they inflict are not confined to their victims—they often make those wretches the instruments of destruction to others. Take a single case out of thousands, and one which some months ago occurred. A drunkard, one evening, returned to his home intoxicated, and found his wife sitting with her babe at her bosom. Influenced by a sudden fit of

groundless jealousy, engendered by his drink, he seized an axe, and, at a single blow, crushed her skull. She fell dead, with the infant she had borne to him yet clinging to her breast, and spattered with the blood and brains of its dying mother. It is but a short time since a wretch was executed, who instigated by the fiend of drunkenness, murdered his wife and seven children. He slew them one by one, beating them to death with a murderous club, without pity or remorse; and with a cunning and malignancy that seemed inspired into him from the pit, he attempted to lure his unoffending neighbors to the scene of butchery, that he might procure additional victims to slake his thirst for blood. What savages ever perpetrated such unnatural atrocities? And no one, *not even a female*, is secure from becoming the victim or the instrument of such horrors, until herself and all who are dear to her are pledged to total abstinence. All the intemperate were once moderate drinkers; and from a place of fancied security they have slidden into the gulf of crime. The practice of drinking must be banished from the land, before we can be perfectly safe. You are a wife—perhaps that husband, now your protector and delight, may be transformed into a fiend to torture you. You are a sister—perhaps that beloved brother may become your loathing and disgust. You are a mother—perhaps that little prattler, your pride and your hope, may become the scorn of society, an outcast from God and man—that eye now so bright, you may see dulled and bleared by intoxication; that countenance now so fair, you may see bloated and distorted; from those lips now so pure, you may hear the drunkard's oaths and the madman's ravings; those hands now so innocent, may be stained with abominable crimes; and that life now so precious, and for which you would freely peril your own, may be terminated on the gallows. If you would realize all this, you would suffer only, what thousands of anxious and tender mothers before you have suffered, whose prospects for their children's happiness were once as bright as yours. Intemperance is a demon, from whose intrusion, while it stalks through the community, no family can be secure—and where it finds a Paradise, it makes a Hell. Should not the bare possibility of such a calamity induce you to unite in expelling the monster from society? Should you not aid in throwing around the community a moral rampart, so high and strong as to defy all his efforts to gain an entrance? Old Cato's conduct towards Carthage, should be ours towards strong drink. He knew that this ancient foe had spilled the best blood of Rome; and though shorn of its strength, he knew that while it existed there could be no safety for his country; for it might secretly regain its strength, and at some future day, again fill Rome

with lamentation and fear—he therefore bent all his powers to effect its utter destruction. Even so we cannot be safe, while our insidious foe is permitted to remain in the land. Let us then resolve on its extermination, and exert all our energies to execute our purpose.

Do you ask what you are to do? Pledge yourself to total abstinence, and to discourage all drinking by your influence and your example. This is a scheme which will effect the object. Look at the results already produced. The American Temperance Society has only been organized long enough to send out its fifth Annual Report, and already the committee tell us that, according to information, there are in the United States more than 4,000\* Temperance Societies, containing more than 500,000 members; that more than 4,000 merchants have ceased to traffic in ardent spirits; and more than 4,000 drunkards have ceased to use intoxicating drinks. There is also reason to believe that more than 20,000 families are now in ease and comfort, without a drunkard in them, or one who is becoming a drunkard, which would otherwise have been in poverty or cursed with a drunken inmate; and that 50,000 children are released from the blasting influence of drunken parents, and 100,000 from that parental influence which tended to make them drunkards. And there is reason to believe that thousands and thousands are now members of christian churches, rejoicing in the hope of the glory of God, who, but for this, had now been “without hope and without God in the world.” Such in five short years are the fruits of individual pledges. Look at home, too, and see what a check has been given to the waste of money, and time, and intellect, and domestic happiness, and life itself, by the influence of that local combination which we wish you now to join. We hazard nothing in asserting, that every Temperance Society has furnished, to the neighborhood in which it has been formed, such proofs of the utility and importance of these institutions, as should induce every man to aid in their extension.

The day has gone by when a man or a woman could ask, “What good can I do by pledging”? Facts have answered your question. You can save the money, the time, the health, the intellect, the happiness, the lives of those around you—you can give an onward impulse to a great and glorious reformation, which will rob perdition of thousands of victims. By your pledge you give force to your advice both to the drunkard and to the temperate. You can thus admonish others whom you

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\* The seventh Report recently published gives the present number of societies 7,000, of members 1,250,000, drunkards reformed 10,000, of distilleries stopped 3,000, of dealers who have ceased to traffic in spirits, more than 7,000.

cannot personally address. Does a son entertain apprehensions for his father, a father for his son, a wife for her husband, a friend for his friend? Join a Temperance Society—your conduct will thus preach more powerfully than language—it will throw a restraint about the object of your anxieties, and he may, perhaps, soon be induced to follow your example.

“I am temperate, and I favor the cause of temperance; but I cannot pledge myself to total abstinence”—such is the answer of many to all requests that they would co-operate in this work. Let us examine whether the principle on which you act is patriotic or humane. You see our land groaning under the evils of Intemperance; you know that for thousands of years this destructive plague has, more or less, ravaged the earth; and you know that, during all this period, men have been trying to destroy it by *moderate drinking* and by argument. But all their efforts have been unsuccessful—the moderate drinkers have, by tens of thousands, become sots; and argument alone has proved too weak for appetite. It is time, if we hope ever to succeed, to try some new plan. One has been devised—it is simple, it is easy, and, as far as it has been tried, it has proved successful even beyond hope. It has accomplished more in a few years than the old plan effected in as many centuries. And will you now, professing a wish to rid the world of this myriad-mouthed destroyer, continue to pursue a course which the experience of generations shows to be calculated only to increase its strength? And will you refuse to concur in efforts which experience has demonstrated to be efficacious for its destruction?

Let us grant that some sacrifice is required of you—that this act, to which we urge you, will cost you some self-denial—that your liberty of drinking is to be relinquished. What then? Do you expect that good can be done without slight effort and sacrifice? Or are you unwilling to forego a gratification to advance the happiness of your race? And what is this privilege which you feel it to be so hard to resign? The privilege of tampering with that which has been the ruin of multitudes, who once as little feared its influence as yourself—the privilege of using that which is always more or less deleterious to the constitution, and which may sap it before you are aware of your danger.

If you have a right to enjoy your dram, others have the same right to enjoy theirs; and thus if every one were as selfish as yourself, there could be no union of effort to stop the ravages of that vice which you affect to condemn, and your country must be finally engulfed in ruin. Let me take a parallel case, and see what you would think of your own principle, when acted out in other circumstances. On some parts of the coasts of France and Scotland, there are great sand-hills covered

with bent and juniper. These bushes have been sometimes pulled up for various uses. The hills thus loosened are drifted inland by the wind and cover whole farms and villages, carrying sterility and desolation over the most fair and fertile tracts. Suppose the inhabitants of a village which one of these hills threatened, aware of their danger, and the mode of warding it off, should band together and give each other his pledge that he would not himself molest the bushes which grew upon it, and would use his exertions to prevent others from digging them up—each agreeing to forego, for the common safety, the privilege of using the juniper and bent—Would any man dare to refuse his assent to this agreement? What would be thought of the humanity, what would the thought of the *morality* of such a man, if for his own private gratification or gain, he should thus mar a plan that promised to give full and permanent security to his own and neighbor's property? Now is not the folly and inhumanity of such conduct surpassed by that of the man, who, for his own gratification, refuses to accede to a plan which will save the society in which he lives from all the abominations and ruin consequent upon the general indulgence in strong drink?

When the British government laid their unlawful duty upon our tea, all men of patriotism banded together—they gave up their pleasant beverage, rather than suffer the smallest infringement upon their rights. But we are now contending against a despotism that *tyrannizes over the soul*—we are trying to break the power of a foe, which deprives its victims not of their civil rights and personal liberty, but of their reason and conscience—of those gifts which make their civil rights a blessing, and prevent their personal liberty from becoming a curse.

Again, we consider it the glory of our fathers, that they made great sacrifices to secure the freedom of themselves and their children—that they pledged their lives and sacred honor in a dark and hazardous conflict, rather than have their soil polluted by a monster's foot. Suppose that one of these had thus reasoned, "I have enough to live upon in ease and security—British taxes will never oppress or hurt me, my estate will never feel them—why then should I league with these patriots and sacrifice my comfort?—Let those join them who are afraid of suffering by these taxes." Would not the hiss of contempt have saluted the ear of a man who avowed such a principle? Would he not have been pointed at and shunned as a traitor to his country? Our fathers felt what each of us ought to feel—that *a man lives not for himself alone*. Is there a man in this assembly, who feels that he has done enough, when he has done good to himself alone? Is there one

who has never known the luxury of sacrificing his own desires to save another from the pangs of distress? If there to such an one, to him we make no appeal. Selfishness has destroyed the finer feelings of his nature; and he only lacks the opportunity to become a Nero—a wretch who, provided his own little enjoyments were untouched, could sport while a world was in flames. By every 120 persons, who have pledged themselves to total abstinence there have been, on an average, one drunkard reclaimed, and at least five families saved from the misery of a drunken inmate, which would have been otherwise entailed upon them. The reflection that the hundred and twentieth part of such a work was accomplished by our exertions, is worth more than all the enjoyments that ardent spirits have ever imparted, from the day when the first drunkard reeled upon the earth till the present hour. How a good man or woman can persist in refusing to lend their efforts to this work, when such effects already present themselves to view, I cannot understand. It is not strange that some creatures should refuse. The mean spirited selfish wretch, whose whole pleasure has ever been found in ornamenting his back or gratifying his stomach, and the empty-headed strutting youth, who thinks that drinking is necessary to vindicate his manhood, and whose intellect is just large enough to save him from being mistaken for the animal that his dress and manners make him resemble—*these* act in consistence with their proper character and past lives, when *they* refuse to join a Temperance Society. But that benevolent and virtuous men should yet refuse, is one of the strongest illustrations of the iron grasp with which preconceived opinions cling to the mind, and the Egyptian darkness which prejudice throws around us. Increasing light will, however, loosen the grasp of preconceived opinions, and dissipate the mists of prejudice, and such men will at length feel and acknowledge their duty. Let us not, in the meanwhile, wonder at the conduct of despots, who will not relinquish that unlawful power they enjoy by hereditary transmission. The blindness which *custom* and *selfishness* produce, prevents them from seeing their conduct in its native colors; and the principles which govern them are exhibited in operation, only on a smaller scale, in the midst of our own community.

III. THE INTEMPERATE are the last class to whom our object requires us to address a few brief considerations. You have dabbled with strong drink, until you have found it overpowering your reason, destroying your character, alienating your friends, and undermining your health. You have had such proofs of its deleterious influence *in your own persons*, as should supersede the necessity of extraneous dissuasives from

its use. Your condition has generally been considered hopeless. Your recovery has generally been considered like a resurrection from the dead. But the experience of others, within these few last years, has shewn that *even you* are not beyond the benefits of the system we advocate. Thousands in your unhappy state have been rescued from degradation and death by their pledges of total abstinence. Why will you not summon energy to save yourselves by a like course? I once read of a tribe of Indians into whose borders a company of traders were carrying a quantity of Rum. The savages were devotedly fond of it, but knew its baneful effects. They heard of the approach of the ensnaring poison—and a party of them determined to ward off the danger. They met the traders, stove in the head of every keg; and knowing that before the taste of the liquor their resolution would melt away, with a self-denial worthy of all admiration, not a man stooped to touch it, as it streamed before them. Can you not learn wisdom here from the untutored savage? Again, you have seen or heard of many spirit dealers who have stove their own casks, when their attention had been fairly fixed upon the consequences of the traffic. Now if your beloved liquor be so noxious, that they would rather lose the money invested in it, than be answerable for its effects, should not you *on whom these effects are wrought*, refuse to touch it? In indulging your appetite you have nurtured and reared a serpent in your bosom, and it is now coiled around you, pressing you to death. A few more crushing folds wrapped around you, and you are lost. *Now* exert your strength, tear it loose, cast it from you.

If I would do you good I must speak plainly. It is kindness to tell you the truth. I tell you it, that you may improve your brief chance of escape. I must say to you, then, that while you remain a drunkard you are an *enemy to your country*. The drunkards of our land do more injury to the cause of liberty among us—they threaten the safety of the country more, than all the despots of earth. Let the land be cleared of the four hundred and eighty thousand drunkards, who demoralize the community, commit three-fourths of all our crimes, and perpetuate these crimes by their example and influence upon the rising generation—let the country be rid of *them*, and I would be willing to see it menaced by the bayonets of four hundred and eighty thousand foreign foes. Such foes we have force enough to crush—we could meet them on our borders, and the mound we would raise over their bones, would stand for ages as a monument to warn the nations of the power of freemen battling for liberty. But drunkards are foes the country cannot shake off. The foreign enemy is like a wild beast—

you can calculate its strength, you can learn where to find it, you can attack and destroy it; but the evil influence of the drunkard is like a pestilential atmosphere—it surrounds us, but we cannot grapple with it; we feel it, but we cannot attack it; it destroys us, but we cannot resist it.

Further, while you are a drunkard you are an *enemy to your family*. You are daily bringing sorrow and shame upon them. Perhaps strong drink deadens all your kind feelings, and makes you cruel to your wife, and children, and friends. You abuse those whom others defend even at the expense of life. But perhaps you yet love them, and are kind in your treatment. Still how miserable is their condition; for the greater their affection for you, the deeper must be their sorrow for your ignominy. If you are harsh, they hate you—if you are gentle, they weep over you. In Sparta, of old, the citizens occasionally made their slaves, the Helots, drunk, in the presence of their children, that by their foolish tricks, their loathsomeness, and bestiality, they might teach the youthful Spartans a lesson of sobriety. A freeman was not permitted thus to degrade himself. And will you consent to exhibit before your offspring a Helot's example? Will you thus teach them virtue by your own debasement? Think of the heritage of shame you are leaving to your children. When you are dead they must blush to speak your name.

Lastly, you are an *enemy to yourself*. You are ruining your property, your character, your intellect, your conscience, your body, and your soul. You are consigning yourself to a life of disgrace, a death of suicide and shame, and an eternity of torture. Soon the fountain of your enjoyment will be shut up, and the sluices of misery will be opened upon you—increasing streams of bitterness will pour forever on your soul. If you feel it hard now to resist a craving appetite, how will you endure the thirst that shall never be quenched? Ponder and think of the horrors of that day, when you must stand before God's bar, and hear him pronounce your sentence. That day is near. Prepare for its approach. Fix now your resolution to abandon your sin at once and forever.