

Gillpatrick (J)
THE NATURE AND REMEDY OF INTemperance.

AN

ADDRESS,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

MOUNT DESERT TEMPERANCE SOCIETY,

JULY 4th, 1832.

BY JAMES GILLPATRICK,

PASTOR OF THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, BLUEHILL, MAINE.

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1832.



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At a meeting of the *Mount Desert Temperance Society*,
July 4th, 1832, *Voted*, That the executive committee present
the thanks of this Society to Rev. James Gillpatrick for his
address, delivered this day, and request of him a copy of the
same, for publication.

SIMEON J. MILLIKEN, *Secretary*.

ADDRESS.

RESPECTED AUDITORS,

In compliance with your request, I stand here to plead the cause of *Temperance*.

You are well aware that the subject is a hackneyed one. It is a grateful consideration that talents of the very first order have been brought to bear upon it, and arguments the most conclusive have been urged for its support. The subject has been thoroughly discussed by abler hands than those to which it is now committed. I am not vain enough, therefore, to expect to present it to you in a more striking shape than theirs; nor will you, I am persuaded, expect from me on this subject, any thing which is particularly new.

But after all, it may not be needless to look at this subject again, in some of the views which we have already taken; and I know not of a fiter time, than upon this, the birth-day of our nation. It is certainly not less appropriate on this day to contemplate those things which are essential to the preservation of our national glory, than to *review* those things which led to, and secured it. But *temperance*, as we shall see, to say the least, is one of the pillars upon which rest the very existence of the free institutions in which we glory.

The field of discussion before us is of vast extent; but a small part of it can be surveyed at this time. Perhaps I cannot do better than to direct your attention to the *nature* and the *remedy* of intemperance.

Respecting the nature of intemperance, it is both natural and important to remark,

I. That it is *deceptive*.

Of all the evil practices to which depraved men are liable, no one is more worthy of this epithet than intemperance.

Of all the stratagems devised and used by the subtle foe of God and man, the arch deceiver, to decoy deluded mortals, and lead them down to ruin, no one partakes more of his own nature than this. It is on this account that its progress has been so rapid, and, until recently, so little opposed. By some strange spell, men were decoyed into the mistaken notion that artificial stimulus was really needful in the performance of labor—to the enjoyment of health, and for the comfort of life. It naturally followed, that spirit was introduced on all occasions, at all times, and drank by almost every person. At *morning, noon and night*—in *childhood, youth, manhood and old age*, it has been deemed necessary. On every occasion, and for almost every purpose that can be named,* it has been thought needful—and by almost every person, from the chief magistrate of the nation, to the beggar who craves a morsel from door to door, both male and female, it has been used and thought necessary, at least occasionally. But all this, was *deceptively* called a *temperate use of ardent spirits*, and practised without the least suspicion of danger.

But it is in this *general use*—this temperate use, (as it is usually called) of spirit, that the *monster* intemperance, with his specious name, his glossy mantle, and his fair pretence, has taken his stand, from which he sallies forth upon the unsuspecting, and makes them his prey before they are aware of his approach. It is here, he has spread the fatal snare in which the unwary thousands are taken while they vainly suppose themselves to be safe and happy. It is here, he plants the dismal pit, into which the unconscious multitude were constantly huddling, while custom whispers, “All is well.”

Did *intemperance* make an open and direct attack upon men, its contest with them would be less dangerous, and its victory over them less sure. Did the youth, when first he puts to his mouth the inebriating cup, believe, or even suppose, that it contains a mortal poison—that the practice which he then begins, tends directly to all the horrors of drunkenness, he would dash it in pieces, and flee with haste from such a deadly foe. But he suspects no such thing. He has no intention of becoming a drunkard, or of bringing upon himself any of the evils connected with confirmed drunkenness. He vainly supposes that it is needful. He is following the example of his father, perhaps of his mother too. O think of this, ye fathers and mothers who advocate temperate drinking; your example may carry your dear offspring down to a drunkard's grave! He is following, I say, the example of his parents; yes, and the practice being sanctioned by *general*

use, he hesitates not a moment, to take the *morning dram*—the 11 o'clock—the 4 o'clock—the evening sling—nor, when in the social circle, to take the friendly glass. All this he does, and suspects no danger; so deceptive is the practice. But his appetite for strong drink increases; to satisfy it, the quantity must be increased and the oftener taken. In this way the practice of intemperance *imperceptibly* steals upon its victim, and ere he is aware, he is confirmed in the habit of drinking, and is an accomplished sot—a slave to drunkenness.

2. I remark that the practice of intemperance is *powerful*.

Of all the vices which originate in sin, and haunt the miserable race of Adam, there is no one which attacks them with greater force; that gains a completer conquest over them—or, that reduces them to more abject slavery than *intemperance*. When once it has gained an ascendancy over its victim, its power seems irresistible. It bears down all before it. Like a raging tornado, which bends the forest, and sweeps the plain, it sweeps the soul of man as with the besom of destruction, and leaves scarcely a vestige behind. Intellect, reason, moral sense, and natural affection, these monuments of departed grandeur, which, like the pyramids of Egypt, still remain in spite of most other vices, are nearly, if not totally swept away by *intemperance*. Intellect is benumbed—reason is dethroned—conscience is paralyzed, and all moral sense, yes, and even natural affections too, are nearly or quite buried in oblivion.

Nor is this all—other vices, though powerful in themselves, are overcome by *intemperance*. Pride, avarice, covetousness, and vanity, which are powerful in their influence upon men, are overcome by this giant foe. The man who is naturally proud, who places a high estimate upon his person, his character, his endowments, his friends and his reputation, by *intemperance* becomes regardless of them all, and glories in his own shame. He who is so much under the influence of avarice, as to avail himself of every advantage in business, even to the expense of justice, to amass wealth—who will compass sea and land, toil day and night, and face the most imminent danger and suffering to increase his stock, by *intemperance* becomes inactive in business, indolent in his habits, and regardless of his income. So the covetous man, who bids defiance to the most commanding motives that urge the claims of charity, by *intemperance* becomes a spendthrift, and without regard to expense, squanders away his interest. He who from a spirit of vanity, seeks the applause of men—who will

spare no pains, nor expense, to court the esteem of others, by intemperance becomes indifferent to their esteem or applause.

Such is the power of intemperance upon its victim. It gains a complete ascendancy over him, and rules and governs him with a despotic sway.

O it is astonishing that men of good sense, of the first talents—of unblemished morals in other respects—who have a high sense of honor—who are economical in their business—who possess much fortitude—who hold high stations in society, and who in every other respect seem to be governed by prudence, should suffer themselves to be overcome by this common foe, and so easily become the dupes of this degrading practice. Especially is it strange, when we reflect that the conquest is gained not by physical force, but with the free consent of the will. For although intemperance is powerful, it does no violence to the will. None are entered upon its list but volunteers. There is no fatal necessity of becoming a drunkard. Men are not born drunkards, nor tipplers; and if they become such, it is because they are foolishly taken in the snare of *temperate drinking*.

3. I remark that the practice of *intemperance* is *ruinous*.

It is ruinous to the individual who becomes its miserable victim. His morals *fade* as intemperance increases, and are fled when the practice is confirmed. The inordinate use of ardent spirit throws wide open the flood-gate of vice and immorality. If some vices, which from their nature are incompatible with intemperance, are subjugated by it, their absence is more than supplied by the steady growth of those which remain, and the introduction of others of a deeper hue. The intemperate man is emboldened in the practice of iniquity by intemperance; so that when in a state of intoxication he commits those crimes, and performs those atrocious deeds, at which his soul would recoil when sober. For the truth of this, you have only to go to our courts of justice—visit our prisons—and attend the execution of criminals, and there you will find on examination, that the miserable beings which you there behold, were generally led on by intemperance to the commission of those crimes for which you there see them arraigned, condemned, imprisoned, and meet their untimely fate. In short, intemperance, as we have seen, banishes all moral sense from the mind—inflames every unhallowed passion, and gives loose reins to every unbridled appetite. From such a man the glory is departed. Every distinguish-

ing characteristic of the man is gone, and he is but little better than a demon incarnate.

Nor is intemperance less destructive to health. It is a fact, supported by the concurrent testimony of the ablest physicians, and by general observation, that ardent spirit, when constantly used, however moderately, is injurious to the health, and when used *immoderately* is ruinous. Indeed, I suppose it is no exaggeration to say, that it is as sure poison as the juice of the noxious hemlock, and that a draught of the latter is no more ruinous to the health, than the constant use of the former. No, let intemperance be practised by the most healthy man with the most sturdy constitution, and in almost every case, his countenance will soon indicate to every observer, that the liquid fire is preying upon his vitals. His faltering voice, his want of appetite for food—his trembling nerves, and his debilitated faculties will all declare, and distinctly, that his health is fast declining; and that without an immediate reform, he will speedily go down to an ignoble grave.

Nor does the interest of the intemperate man share a better fate. It is *ruined*. His daily expense for spirit is no small draught upon his purse; but add to this, that much of his time is squandered away in idleness—his business is neglected, and all his concerns are left at loose ends; and you cannot fail to see, that the ruin of his interest must follow. But need I stand here, and labor to establish this point from the nature of the case? You are all witnesses from what you have seen, that almost invariably as men have become intemperate, their property has decreased; so that we have often seen those who were in opulent circumstances—who lived independently, in a few years reduced to penury and want by this pernicious practice.

The same is true of the happiness of the intemperate man. I mean, rational happiness—it is *ruined*. “Who hath woe? who hath sorrow?” inquires the inspired penman—to which he immediately replies, “They that tarry long at the wine—they that go to seek mixed wine,” that is, the intemperate; they have woe and sorrow for their constant companions. Of all the paths which lead down to the chambers of despair, in which the feet of infatuated mortals tread, there is none more dreary, none more dismal than that of intemperance. A lost reputation, a squandered interest, the contempt, or neglect of friends, the pinchings of poverty, the demands of the creditor, the upbraidings of conscience, and the insatiable thirst for spirit, which like the daughters of the horse-leech,

continually cries, “*give—give,*” all combine to render the victim of intemperance miserable. But to exterminate his happiness, and complete his wretchedness, he has loosed the bonds of every unhallowed passion, and raised them to a flame, which, like so many fires of hell, kindle upon the soul, and at times, even in this life, make it the sport of unutterable woe.

Miserable man! to him the pleasures of life are no more. To him the heavens are hung in sackcloth, and all nature is clothed in comparative gloom:—Thus miserably he spends his shortened days, and goes down quickly to a drunkard’s grave!

Here I would gladly stop—but alas! the truth, and the weight of my subject forbid: I am forced to follow the undying part, which, when the polluted body is lodged in the grave, is hurried with all its pollution and guilt, to the tribunal of Him, who has said, “No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God.” Which leads me to remark that the soul of the intemperate is *ruined*.

What Solomon says of the “strange woman” and her house, may with equal truth be said of the intemperate man and his practice. For his practice inclineth unto death, and his paths unto the dead. It is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death. None that go there return again, neither take they hold of the paths of life. Their feet go down to death, their steps take hold on hell. It is true that the drunkard is not beyond the reach of mercy. The practice of intemperance is not an unpardonable sin. It is possible, that the sovereign grace of the gospel may reach and save him. But if so, he is emphatically as a “brand plucked out of the burning.” If the confirmed drunkard is ever converted, it is matter of surprise—it is what we hardly expect. So deceptive, so powerful is the practice, that it is generally true, that “*None that go therein return again, neither take they hold of the paths of life!*” But certain it is, that if the practice be continued, it will ruin the soul. *No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God.* Those holy gates which “forever bar pollution, sin and shame,” will be forever closed against the polluted soul of the drunkard. His doom will be with hypocrites and unbelievers—his flowing bowl, will be exchanged for a cup of unmingled wrath, from the hand of God; which he must drink to the very dregs—his sordid pleasures, for the worm that never dies; and the drunkard’s song for the howlings of despair.

These are some of the ruinous effects of intemperance upon the individual himself; but the ruin stops not here; like a mighty torrent, it rolls on to bury the surrounding multitude. The drunkard, like the *torpedo*, (or electrical fish) imparts a ruinous effect to all with whom he associates. His family feel it, and groan beneath it. Society is sensible of it, and would gladly be free from such a pest. In short, the whole community is in danger, and has reason to tremble in every nerve, while the monster intemperance stalks abroad in its gigantick strength as in years which are past.

Were we to sketch a picture of domestic misery and wretchedness, it would be an intemperate family—a family where one, or both the parents are slaves to this pernicious practice, and the children are trained up in poverty, ignorance, and dissipation. “I have seen, (says another) I have seen ardent spirits more than once, form, with a scanty allowance of bread and meat, the only meal of an almost perishing family. I have seen a mother and her children, hovering in the depth of winter over a few dying embers, half naked and half starved—bread and water the only nourishment of the children, bread and rum of the parents. I have seen a little child, squalid and filthy—pinched with cold and want—covered, but not protected from the inclemency of winter, by a few tattered garments—her bare feet on the frozen earth, stealing along with a broken pitcher to bring to her parents the liquor which was to serve for their morning repast; whilst within their comfortless dwelling, gladdened by no blazing hearth, the wife waiting in bed, with a drunkard’s longing for that, which was to them better than food, clothing, or fire!”

Such, or very similar sights, we have all seen. Nay, worse; add to the above the horrid profanity, the internal broils, the mutual contentions, and the constant babblings, which are almost invariably found in the families of intemperance; and you do but complete the scene of woe, that has often appeared to our sickening gaze.

In these abodes of wretchedness, by the contaminating example of their parents, a miserable group of children are trained up, and generally confirmed in the habit of intemperance. These at length are turned out upon society; than which, she could hardly receive a heavier *curse*. She feels the wound, and bleeds at every pore; but how can she avoid the evil? gladly would she spue out every drunkard; but alas! they live to torment her; for, as we have said, the drunkard imparts a ruinous effect to all with whom he associates. Oth-

ers are contaminated by his example, and so the evil increases; and what is the result? Oh! we have seen, and over it we have had occasion to weep; that where intemperance has prevailed, society has never failed to droop, and dwindle, and die.

Finally, let intemperance prevail, and our country, our beloved country, must be ruined. It is a given point with every one who is worthy to be called a philosopher, or politician, that knowledge and virtue in the people are essential to the *permanence*, nay, the very *existence*, of a government like ours; and ignorance and vice are incompatible with a free government. But intemperance strikes a fatal blow at the very root of both knowledge and virtue; and promotes in the highest degree, both ignorance and vice. It is absolutely certain then, that as intemperance increases, the pillars of our government are weakened, and all our free institutions are on the retrograde. And let intemperance increase in these United States for years to come, as it actually has in years which are past, and it needs not a prophetic vision to see, that before another century has gone by, it will deluge our happy land—lay prostrate the dearest interest of our nation—the dark tide of oblivion will roll over the precious inheritance purchased for us by the blood of our fathers—and this memorable day will only return to remind us of the national glory which will be forever gone.

I have now given you a brief review of the nature of intemperance. This is an evil which has “come in upon us like a flood,” and from which we must arise and free ourselves, or our ruin is inevitable. We do not well to sit down discouraged, nor repose ourselves upon the sluggard’s couch. The work is before us, and a mighty work it is, demanding all the energy, and worthy of the most untiring efforts of every christian, of every philanthropist, and every patriot. Come, then, my respected auditors, and individually, and in one united phalanx, lend your aid to roll back this tide of evil—to stay this desolating plague—to check the progress, nay, to vanquish this ruthless foe; and thus free yourselves, your families, the society to which you belong, and your own endeared country, from certain wretchedness and ruin.

Do you ask what can be done? I am prepared to answer that a remedy, an effectual remedy is at hand. Yes, to banish intemperance completely from the land, and to dry up the very fountain whence it flows, is perfectly within the power of the temperate part of the community. They may do it if they will, though the enemy rage, and vaunt himself, and

“grin horribly a ghastly smile.” But how can they do it? Why, in the first place, let them leave off drinking—entirely abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors. This, it is easy to see, would prevent any more from becoming drunkards. Yes, let every sober man, woman and child, from this time forward, drink no ardent spirit, and another drunkard, it is certain, will never be made. It is equally certain, that all who are now drunkards, or on the high road to drunkenness, will in the course of a few years at most, be either reformed, or lodged in a drunkard’s grave. So that in all the length and breadth of the land, a single drunkard, no, nor a moderate drinker, would not be found. Let all, then, who deplore the evil of intemperance, and wish to suppress it, cease to drink the mortal poison. But this is not all that you can do. You may cease to drink it yourselves, and still by furnishing it for others—for your children—your domestics—your friends and persons in your employ, be contributing to make drunkards by scores. It is not enough to abstain from the use of spirit ourselves—we must withhold it from others to the utmost of our power. O what immense evil has grown out of the practice, almost universal, of furnishing spirit as an article of refreshment for laborers, and entertainment for friends. The ship yard, the mill, the work shop, the army, and every thing which floats upon the sea—from the little fishing boat, to the tallest ship in the navy, has been complete schools for making drunkards. There, and in many other places, too numerous to be mentioned, it has been daily furnished; and he who could not drink his share, has often been looked upon and treated by his mates as a weak-headed, or strangely eccentric creature.

As an article of entertainment, when and where it has been introduced, I will not attempt to tell; for it were much easier to say, when and where it has not, than when and where it has been introduced. So common has been this most pernicious practice, that on a person’s declining to take the friendly glass, it was almost taken for granted, that there must be some misunderstanding, and the inquiry was immediately made to ascertain the ground of difficulty. Now what course could be more directly calculated to spread the contagion of intemperance, and make and finish drunkards, than this? He then, who does not abandon this course, is not a friend to temperance, but greatly strengthens the hands of the enemy.

There is another step, which every *friend to temperance* is bound to take, or he is not worthy of the name. He must

abandon the traffic in spirit; and neither make it, nor buy it, nor sell it, or he cannot with any propriety be called a friend to the temperance cause. I know that there are those who traffic in spirit, and would fain be called the firm friends of temperance, and plead in justification of their practice, necessity—they have no other way to support their families. Suppose the thief who had stolen his neighbor's goods, should plead necessity—the wants of a dependent family, as no doubt he often could with truth, would that justify him? No, says the objector, but the bible condemns stealing. Right; so it does. "Thou shalt not steal," is written in the bible. And does not the bible condemn the sale of spirit too? "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken also," is found in the same bible. But, says the rum seller, I do not put the bottle to the drunkard's mouth, he comes and buys it for himself, and drinks it for himself; very well—but is it not absolutely certain, that if there was none to be sold, it could not be bought, and consequently, would not be drank? Besides, does not every rum maker, or rum seller, make or sell his rum to be drank? does he not know that it will be drank, and make drunkards? Yes, says the trader, I know that if the drunkard do not get rum of me, he will of others, and they will get his money, and I may as well have it as they.

An apothecary keeps arsenick to sell—a poor infatuated man comes in, and wishes to purchase a dose to put an end to his own existence at once. The apothecary hesitates, perhaps is entreated by a friend not to sell it to him; but he replies, the man is determined to kill himself, and if I do not sell him the arsenick, he will get it of some other one, and I may as well have the money as another—I have the arsenick; I keep it to sell, and want the money for it; and so he lets him take as much as he wishes. The fatal dose is taken—the man dies. Now, I ask, is he justified in selling the arsenick? Is he not, to all intents, a murderer?—It is equally clear, that every dealer in spirit contributes in a high degree to make drunkards, and is, to say the least, accessory to all the evils which are occasioned by drunkenness. You cannot fail to see then, that he who would aid in suppressing intemperance, must wholly abandon the traffic in spirit.

There is yet another step, which the friends of temperance may take, and, in my view, are bound to take. As it is necessary they should abandon the sale of spirit themselves, so they should discountenance it in others. This may be done in different ways. The board of officers in every town, are

at liberty to give, or withhold license to sell rum as they please ; and I cannot but feel, that upon them a very great responsibility devolves. I am unable to see, how they can authorise others to sell spirit, and yet be perfectly free from the evils occasioned by selling and drinking spirit. I have no wish to say hard things, or to deal out anathemas against those who do not see as I do, nor act, as to me it appears they should. I will only ask, that if it is in my power to prevent a fellow man from committing a certain crime, and causing much mischief to the community, whether I am not accessory to the crime, and all the mischief which may follow, if instead of preventing it, I give him my full approbation to go and commit it ?

But there are others who may show their disapprobation to the sale of rum. Yes, every temperate man has a powerful engine at his command, which he may bring to bear directly upon the vender of spirit. Almost every rum seller deals in a variety of other articles ; these, he wishes to sell, and in fact must sell, or not live by his trade ; so that he is dependent upon his customers for their trade. Now let all temperate persons resolve that they will no more give their custom to a seller of spirit—let them rigidly practise in agreement with their resolution—in all their dealings at the shops, have nothing to do with the spirit sellers ; but give all their custom to *temperance stores* ; what will be the result ? Try it, and see. The rum seller will soon be convinced that it is not profitable business to sell spirit under these circumstances ; (and we all know that it is sold for the profit which it yields ;) but under these circumstances, it would yield no profit, but prove a very great outset. Soon there would be a mighty stir among the sellers of spirit. The cry would be, “ What shall we do ? our custom is going. The best of our customers have left. We have no body but drunkards to trade with, and they are poor paymasters.”

The engine bears directly upon them, as I said : Yes, and it bores them through and through ; and although they may hold out for a while, depend upon it, they will soon come to quarters ; and all their anxiety respecting spirit will be to convince the public that they have abandoned the sale of it forever.

Such is the remedy for intemperance, and all its evils. How simple, and yet how sure ! How easily applied, and yet how powerful in its effects ! Four links, and a golden chain is finished, which will bind the giant monster intemperance.

Cease to drink spirit—cease to give it away—cease to sell it—and cease to approbate the sale of it—and the work is done.

Such is the giant power of those, who in derision have been called *cold water* folks. They have already exerted a mighty and most salutary influence. But they are capable of exerting a still greater influence; and it is fondly hoped, and confidently believed, they will. This good, this noble work, so well begun, and so signally prospered, is not to stop. It has had obstacles to oppose, and has enemies still; but, as we have seen, they must all give way. The *cold water* folks are not to be put down. They have truth for their helmet, and righteousness for their shield. The scoffing sneer, and the malignant frown, are alike unheeded by them. Their course is right onward—their work is simple, safe, and easy—their object wholly within their reach.

Come, then, my respected bearers, and take a part with them. Do not say that it is no use to join a temperance society—that you can do more good by yourself, than when united with a society. For surely, enough has already been done by temperance societies, to convince any candid person, that that they are not in vain. Besides, your individual influence will not be at all diminished by joining a society. You may then act in a two fold capacity—your influence as an individual, and as a member of the society will be felt. Stand aloof from the society, and others will refuse to join on your account; but join, and they will come with you.

Do not say that you are afraid to give a pledge of entire abstinence, lest it should increase your appetite for spirit. With just as much propriety might you say, that you are afraid to resolve that you will not swear, lie, steal or murder, lest you should be inclined to do those things; and if there is an impropriety in adopting such rules as those of the temperance society to bind men not to drink, then, surely, there is no less impropriety in all the human laws ever made to restrain men from vice. Do not say I have long been in the habit of taking a little spirit, and I love it, and think it does me good, and I am not, therefore, willing to deny myself merely for the good of others; for, in the first place, it does not do you any good, nor never did, nor never will. You may have been well with it, but you would both *be* better, and *feel* better, without it. For the truth of this, I appeal to every temperate physician in the land, and to the experience of thousands who have thoroughly tried the experiment. In the second place, you are in imminent danger where you are. You have long been in the habit of taking a little, and like it. Just so it was but a

little while ago with thousands who are now drunkards—they were all temperate drinkers once. As you cannot go from the equator to the poles without passing through the temperate zones, so you cannot go from entire abstinence to drunkenness without being a temperate drinker. But, then, you are resolved never to be a drunkard, and have not others resolved so too, and yet become drunkards? You are every day creating a drunkard's appetite, and when once it is formed, as well might you imprison the king of the forest in a cage of bulrushes, as to restrain it by your resolution, while you continue to drink. But in the third place, suppose it did you good, and you were in no danger from it—ought not the good of others to be a sufficient motive to influence you to deny yourself and join a temperance society? Hear the apostle Paul, and compare your spirit with his; "If meat," says he, "make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend."

Do not say that you are free, and that you will not be *bound*. True, you are civilly and politically free; but of what avail is that, if at the same time you are in love with rum, and bowing daily at the shrine of Bacchus? True, our country is free; but the lovers of rum, the enemies of *temperance*, should be among the last to boast of freedom. What! talk of freedom, when with their own hands, they are forging chains to bind themselves and their country in the most abject slavery!

But the temperance friends are *bound*, and to this the objector will not submit. *Bound* by what? Why, by their own deliberate, free, most wise, and virtuous resolutions; nothing more. From what are they *bound*? Why, from drinking a mental poison, a liquid fire, and from becoming drunkards, the companions of fools and of brutes. To what are they bound? Why, to engage with all their hearts, in an enterprise not very unlike that to which the ever memorable band of patriots bound themselves on the fourth of July, 1776. They bound themselves by the most solemn and sacred pledge, to work out the deliverance of their country from a foreign foe, and secure the freedom and safety of their wives and children, and latest posterity. So the friends of temperance, bind themselves to do with their might what they can, to deliver their country from a domestic foe, more terrible in its onset, and destructive in its aim, than all the armies and the navy of Great Britain, and to secure the freedom and welfare of the whole people, and their posterity. And still the objector will not be thus bound by giving a pledge. Suppose the patriots above referred to, who to each other and to their

country, pledged their *lives*, their *fortunes*, and their sacred *honour*, had acted upon the same principle; we should probably have been a *nation of slaves* to this day—certain it is, that the fourth of July 1776, would not have the birth-day of our liberty.

Finally, do not say you are a female, and therefore it is not proper for you to join a temperance society.

Why improper? Are females in no way affected with intemperance? Are they in no danger from it? Have they no influence in society? Who have been greater sufferers on the account of intemperance than women? Ask the drunkard's wife. She can tell you a tale of woe, which mocks the power of description. Nor are females free from the danger of becoming intemperate themselves; for although intemperance is far more common among the males, it is by no means uncommon among females. Ah! no, how many of the fair sex, have ruined themselves and their families by this shameful practice. Let them all arise, then, and free themselves from this danger, and redress the wrongs which they have suffered, by exerting that commanding influence upon society, of which we cheerfully acknowledge them capable. Let all, both male and female, old and young, cease to object, for every objection is groundless; and let all, as one, engage to help forward the temperance reform.

To the members of this society which called me here, I turn with conscious pleasure. Friends to yourselves—friends to society—friends to our country, and the human race, you have embarked in a noble cause. Your object is great, good, benevolent, and patriotic in a high degree. Nor do you lack encouragement to pursue it. The majority to be sure are not with you; but you certainly have the first talents and the best feelings in the nation with you. And what is more, you have truth and righteousness, and the approbation of God on your side.

The signal and almost unparalleled success which has attended the temperance cause from its first rise, and which still attends it, is a most animating consideration. A great number of distilleries have already been stopped, and no longer send forth the liquid fire, to spread misery and death through the land—the amount of spirit imported from abroad, has been greatly reduced—millions of money have been saved to the people of these United States—thousands of drunkards have been reformed, and restored to their families and society in their right minds. Thousands more have been saved from becoming drunkards—a vast number of *grog-shops*,

those *schools* of vice, have discontinued the sale of spirit—the pernicious practice of offering spirit as an article of entertainment, is pretty generally abandoned—the ruinous habit of furnishing it for laborers is mostly given up—the public mind has become much enlightened on the subject—The best feelings of the best men in all the land, are strongly enlisted in the cause—their prayers, ardent and incessant, are ascending to Heaven for its prosperity; and their efforts to carry forward the temperance reform unto perfection, are united, vigorous and persevering. To join in this good work is both a duty and a privilege.

In closing, therefore, I again earnestly call upon all who hear me, to arise and lend their aid to the temperance cause. Are you a patriot, let the freedom of your country, of which you are reminded by this memorable day, arouse you to engage in this noble cause. Are you a friend to humanity, I call upon you, by all the miseries of the drunkard, and the wretchedness of his family, to engage in this benignant work. Are you a friend to society, I beseech you by the outrages committed upon it by the sellers and the drinkers of rum, to do without delay what you can to put down this alarming evil. Finally, are you a christian, I enjoin it upon you by the vows of God, which you have taken upon yourself to labor for his glory, and the good of man, to set your heart, to lift your voice, and to raise your hands against *Intemperance*.

The following is a list of the names of the
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 various offices of the Board of Health
 for the year 1865. The names are
 given in the order in which they
 were appointed, and the names of
 those who have resigned are given
 in italics. The names of those who
 have been re-appointed are given
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