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1864

THE DESIRE FOR LIQUOR  
A DISEASE;  
ITS CAUSES, EFFECTS  
AND CURE.



*D. C. W. Roberts, with reports of the  
author.*

THE

DESIRE

FOR

INTOXICATING LIQUORS

A DISEASE:

Its Causes, Its Effects, and Its Cure,

WITH THE DANGER OF A RELAPSE.

Together with Illustrative Sketches—The Good Sales-  
man—The Would-be Politician, &c.

BY GEORGE MOORE.

Washington, D.C.  
26363  
BRARY

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"At the last, it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

PROV. XXIII: 32.  
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## ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

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To the Rev. J. N. McJILTON, D. D., Rector of Mt. Zion Church, the Author acknowledges his indebtedness for valuable assistance in the preparation of this work. Without his assistance, he would not have been able to accomplish his purpose in the service he desires to render the cause of Temperance, and especially to the Maryland Inebriate Asylum, of which the Doctor is Vice-President. When the subject was mentioned to him, he at once declared his willingness to assist, by all possible means, the great cause, in the success of which every true philanthropist must feel an interest. My earnest prayer is, that God may bless the object I have determined to pursue in doing good.

GEORGE MOORE.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 18, 1864.

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Entered, according to the act of Congress, in the year 1864, by GEORGE MOORE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the District of Maryland.

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## DEDICATION.

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To the cause of an Inebriate Asylum for the cure of drunkenness, and to all persons who are exposed to the temptation of drinking intoxicating liquors, especially the young, on whose behalf the kindest interest is entertained, this volume is respectfully

### DEDICATED.

In the general, as well as in the especial application of his labor, the author is animated by the hope that, through the blessing of God, it may be the means of restraining some of his fellow-men from the abuse of themselves by yielding to the desire he has endeavored to delineate, or from the further abuse of their persons and families after they have so yielded. In consideration of the causes of the disease, which in the moral form are insufficient, and its causes, which are sadly afflictive,

the hope is entertained that the propositions here presented in relation to its cure may be effective in the accomplishment of their intended purpose.

It is the ardent desire of the author, that an asylum should be established for the reformation of confirmed inebriates. Confinement and treatment in such an asylum is the only method by which drunkenness may be properly treated as a disease, and its cure effected. To accomplish an object so desirable, it is the design of the author to contribute his means and labor to the utmost of his ability, and he indulges the hope that he may be sustained and supported in this design by all who desire its success.

## INTRODUCTION.

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IN presenting this little book to its reader, it may be proper to say a few words by way of explanation. In writing it the author has had four things in view, all of which are subservient to one object, and that is to benefit, as far as its influence may extend, a class of my fellow-citizens, who, like myself, have been too free in an indulgence which is at all times dangerous, and not unfrequently attended with disastrous results. No man can indulge in the habitual use of intoxicating liquors without the hazard of becoming a victim to his folly in the loss of character, of property and life. It were criminal in the voice of experience to be silent while the evil is progressing, and the souls and bodies of men are involved in the ruin it produces.

The first thing I have in view is to show that drunkenness is a disease. The second,

to exhibit its causes. The third, its effects. The fourth, its cure. In illustrating these points, I shall take occasion to advocate the establishment of an institution for the cure of the disease, which is fatal in its effects of sending tens and hundreds of thousands yearly to a premature and dishonored grave. There is scarcely a family in this country but has experienced the sad effects of drunkenness in some of its departments. Many of them have been rendered unhappy in the mortification it produces in witnessing the degradation to which it has reduced multitudes of young men, the starting point of whose career was as promising as could have been desired.

Since the breaking out of the rebellion, thousands of our youthful fellow-citizens, who were leading a peaceful and quiet and temperate life at home, have united with friends and associates in the army in the practice of drinking, in which they have continued until they were ruined. They have left the plough in the field, the store, the trade, the profession, the pursuit of every kind of business, and when far away

from home, and beyond the control of their parents and friends, they have contracted the habit of using intoxicating drinks, in which they have broken down their constitutions, and rendered themselves but the wrecks of what they once were.

Stationed with their regiments in large cities and in towns, they have frequented the Lager Beer Saloons and Restaurants until the habit has become fixed upon them, and they have believed it was necessary to make several visits a day, and at each visit to take one drink or more, expending nearly as much money as it would require to support them, and sinking themselves lower and lower in the disgrace of drunkenness. Although frequently told that they were nourishing the viper that would sting them at the last, they have steadily refused to believe it, and as steadily pursued the path of destruction. The wound, more fatal than many of the battle-field, has reached them in the drinking hall, and from its effects they may never hope to recover.

Many a young man that would have been a brave soldier, if he had continued tem-

perate, has been converted into a coward, and so far from being of service on the field, he has damaged the cause he should have sustained, and rendered himself an object of reproach among his comrades, and a burden to himself.

Young soldier, answer the inquiry for yourself, and to yourself: Will you be willing to waste your money for the liquor that can do you no service, and may rob your country of your services by enfeebling and destroying you? This result is inevitable, if you persist in the use of your cups until the control is complete over you, then you will assuredly be undone. Reason with yourself but a single moment. Ask yourself what benefit all the liquor you have drank has done you? Ascertain whether you have been rendered better or worse by your habit. If you have been worsted in the trial, the caution has been administered through your experience, and if you heed it not, and pass on and are punished, the blame that you can cast upon none but yourself, will surely fall most heavily upon you. Your place is in the ranks of the

army of your country's defenders. If you stand there, a young soldier, without the mark of disgrace upon you, firm, faithful, undaunted, in this situation of honor you may be noticed, and your patriotic devotion to the cause of the Union, may elevate you to an enviable distinction—a distinction you may never secure while you are the patron of the Lager Beer Saloon and boon companion of the men that linger long over their cups, and stupefy their sensibilities in constantly repeated inebriating draughts.

Young man, if you are in the army, and far away from home and friends, and your associates ask you to enter with them into the drinking house for the indulgence of the dram, before you consent ask yourself if you would do it if you were at home. Ask if your father or your mother would be pleased at your acceptance of the invitation, or if they would not warn you to flee from the engagement as you would from the serpent. It may require longer for the beer to do its work of destruction than the bullet, or the shell, but the result

is just as inevitable, if the intemperate course is continued.

If you have left the plough in the field, and hurried away to war at the call of your country, remember that you might have done service to your family and yourself, if you had proceeded with your agricultural labors. Do not reduce the chances of your service in the army by drunkenness.

If you have gone from the store in which you were engaged in a mercantile pursuit, remember that you might have maintained your reputation and been respectable and respected at home. Preserve your character in your military relations, and be sure that you are as much a man when you return to your home as you were when you left it.

Was it the trade you followed and that enabled you to support yourself with credit, and to render assistance to others of your family and friends who needed it? Remember that the same success might have attended your labors had you not become a soldier. Resist every temptation that may be thrown in your way, and ever be the

manly character you were when home and friends were near, and when friendly associations had not corrupted you, and perhaps could not have done it.

Did you leave a profession that was more or less lucrative in its return of profit for your labor, and in which your counsel was sought and you were frequently called upon for advice? Remember that the same honorable and profitable pursuit might have been continued if you had chosen that it should be so. Repel the tempter when he approaches you, whether in the company of young associates or in the desire you may entertain for the dram. Determine that you will preserve your manhood in its strength, and that with the temptation in your view, you will be the man that will resist it.

Soldier from the plough, the store, the trade, the profession, this little book is designed for you. Read it; ponder over it. Let its truths affect you. Let them cause you to vow eternal warfare against the tyrant, drunkenness.

If you were well prepared and successful

in the pursuit of your business at home, I may refer you to the case of the "Good Salesman," in this book, which will answer as a warning to the efficient young man who may be engaged in any business. With this case I was perfectly familiar, and you know as well as I do that what happened to him may happen to you. The safe side is the side on which there is no liquor. Keep on that side and you are safe.

Are you an aspirant for political honors and profits? Examine the case of the "Would-be Politician," which you will find in the following pages. His fate will assuredly be yours if you persist in the use of the intoxicating cup.

Do you profess the religion of Jesus Christ? If so you are looked up to as an example. There are hints that may be profitable to you among the pages that you are here desired to peruse. Remember your position. It is one of eminent distinction in proportion as you render it so by your character and labors. Do not meddle with the dram or you may realize how fearful may be the fall of *the drunkard*.

## THE DISEASE.

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The Desire for Intoxicating Liquors is a Disease.

There is abundant evidence to prove that the desire for intoxicating liquors is a disease. A disease is a moral or mental disorder. So says the definition given in Worcester's large Dictionary. A moral disorder is a violation of the rules by which society is governed, and that should govern mankind in society. That drunkenness is a moral disorder—that it is a violation of the rules of society, every sensible person very well knows. Who is it that disturbs the peace of society more frequently, or in a greater degree, than the drunkard? This question may be answered by every man and woman who has had any experience in the social relations.

And this moral disorder has its effects upon the mental and physical organization of man. What is the condition of the men-

tal powers of the man in a state of intoxication? Are they in their sane condition? Did any one ever see a man under the intoxicating influence of liquor that could properly use his mental powers? In a state of excitement those powers may be used while consciousness remains, but not in a state of intoxication. The intoxicated man is beside himself. His mind is not under his control, because it is exhilarated beyond its ability, and loses its balance. It is in a state of bewilderment which is unnatural, and which cannot be controlled by reason. Who does not know that the drunkard is the most unreasonable of all men? Witness his language and his actions. He utters foolishness in every word he speaks. He has no idea of the force of language, and mutters his unconnected sentences in such confusion as convinces every one with whom he attempts to converse that his senses are benumbed, and that he is not responsible for the abuses that he heaps upon his best friends.

The effects of intoxicating liquors are witnessed as well in the movements of the

physical man as in the use of the man's mental powers. Why does that man stagger? Why is it that he cannot support himself, and falls to the ground? It is because the liquor he has drank has affected his physical system. He is excited; his blood is in a condition of fever; his nervous system is affected; his whole frame is disordered; his power of locomotion is either prostrated or weakened. It is in this condition that the drunken man is put to bed as though he were a sick man. And a sick man he is. He is too sick to stand, and must of necessity be placed in a prostrate condition. Nor is the drunken man able to work himself, either in his mental or physical powers, until he becomes sober. He is therefore laid aside a sufficient period to wear off the effects of the liquor. He is good for nothing until the effects of the liquor have disappeared.

And is it said that the drunkard cannot control his desire for liquor? So, indeed, is it truly said. He cannot control his desire for liquor, because it is a disease. And how is the disease produced? It is pro-

duced, like other diseases, by predisposing causes, and by contact with contagious properties.

One of the predisposing causes of this disease is fondness for a stimulated condition. In this condition men fancy that they enjoy themselves. The drunken man sometimes exhibits himself in such a manner as to cause every one that witnesses his actions to believe that he is the happiest man in the world. Many times the man under the influence of liquor imagines he is the richest, or the most famous, or the most important man of all the neighborhood. How then does he act? Most foolishly. The bystanders that look upon the wildness of his actions and listen to the foolishness of his speech, set him down as an insane man. And such he is, for the liquor has deprived him of his judgment and his physical strength, and he shows himself to be a temporary lunatic.

And there is contagion in this disease. It is produced by contact with those who are afflicted with it. Who associates with a drunkard and does not become a drunkard

himself? Should there be small-pox or yellow fever in a house, would not persons be afraid to enter it? And what would produce this fear? It is the danger that the disease may be contracted. Both those diseases are known to be contagious. Persons are therefore afraid of contact with them. The case of the drunkard is similar. He comes in contact with those who are accustomed to dram drinking, or with the liquor, and is induced to use the beverage. But is it argued that there is a difference between the effects of the small-pox or the yellow fever and dram drinking, in the fact that in the one case it is produced without action and in the other with action? It must be remembered that it is the desire that is the disease, and this is produced without action, although the act is required to produce the drunkenness. The desire is the disease, and it is contracted by contact with contagious causes, and not by action. The action follows in the development of consequences in the same manner that consequences are produced by contagious diseases.

Reader, if you are afraid of going into a house where there is small-pox or yellow fever, be afraid of going into the bar-room where liquor is sold and drank. The sight of the liquor, and the persons drinking it, may produce the desire, and you know how easy it is for the desire to be followed by the act, which will prostrate you upon the ground as a drunkard. You think your life is in danger by your contact with the contagious disease. The desire for liquor, which is succeeded by drunkenness, is produced by the contagion of habit—the habit of drinking. Be consistent, then, and shun the one as well as the other. Avoid the associations of drunkenness and liquor, and you will escape the disease which you will be almost sure to contract by too near an approach to the contagion. And when the desire is indulged, what is the consequence? Do you see that bloated face? What produced it? Liquor. Do you observe how that man trembles? What causes his tremulousness? He is excited by the liquor he has drank. Look how that man staggers! What causes it? He is drunk.

Hear how foolishly that man talks. What is the cause of it? Drunkenness. And what is to be the end of such pursuit? The end is destruction. Nothing less. The desire indulged and increased by indulgence is the disease inflamed and aggravated, and it will carry the patient through the several stages of his excitement and depression; his fever and its abatement, until the ruin appears. And the result is inevitable. The disease will continue, and progress, and work destruction as long as it is allowed to work its way in the system.

The rich man drinks because he can afford it. He has the means, which he can appropriate to the purpose without being oppressed by his circumstances. But it is not so with the poor man. Why does he drink when it requires all he can make in his daily labors to support himself and his family, if he has one? The poor man drinks for the same reason that causes the rich one to do it. He is impelled by his desire. The desire is his disease, and its results must be rendered apparent. The desire must be indulged, if it takes the last cent

that honesty procures. If the man is hungry, and has the means of satisfying his hunger, if compelled by his desire, he will expend it for the dram, though there be future trouble and even destruction in his view.

But there is a moral difference between the diseases of small-pox and yellow fever and the desire for liquor. The man may be attacked by the small-pox or the yellow fever, notwithstanding his refusal to enter the house where those diseases are raging. This is not the case with the desire for liquor. In the indulgence of this desire the man has to act. He enters the place where the contagion is; he comes in contact with it; he takes hold of it; he places it in his system. While in the one case he keeps away from the exciting cause of the disease, in the other he takes hold of that cause, and places it in immediate contact with the parts of his system that are affected by it. The poison is brought in immediate contact with the vital parts that are impressed and subdued and prostrated by it, and this by the voluntary act of the man himself.

But it may be said that the desire for liquor is not drunkenness. This is true. But the desire for liquor, when indulged, produces drunkenness. The desire for liquor indulged may be declared to be drunkenness, because the result is inevitable. The man that enters the restaurant, and drinks three mornings in succession, and cannot resist the desire for liquor on the fourth morning, is pretty well gone with the disease. The desire is surely fixed in the system, and once settled it will work its way of destruction.

Reader, if you have never been afflicted with the desire for the dram, and wish to know how it will affect you, I can give you an idea of it, if you have ever been accustomed to the use of tobacco, and made the effort to give it up. You know how hard you had to struggle against that inward feeling that was like some living thing gnawing at your stomach, and inflaming with its effects the whole of the lining membrane of the throat and mouth. If you succeeded, you had to endure the trial. So is it with the desire for liquor; if in-

dulged, it becomes your master, and when you would cease from its indulgence it rises up for the mastery, and you are a man indeed if you wrestle successfully against your adversary. The only difference between the use of tobacco and that of liquor is in the force of the desire for the liquor, which is much stronger than that for tobacco.

In its inflammation the desire for liquor is insupportable, and the rum-seller would have the fever rise to this point. For the purpose of causing you to reach it he uses every possible appliance. Do you remember the card-table, the bagetelle-table, the domino-board, the faro bank? Let me ask you, what do you suppose these demoralizing agencies were intended for? Why, it was to arrest your attention. It was to keep you employed at exciting games in the sight of the liquor, so that you might be tempted to drink as often as possible. You perhaps know something about the excitement produced by the game, and the frequency of the working of the desire. It was the disease that was calling for its stimulus, and

that in most cases called too loudly to be resisted.

Reader, if you are a young man, and have talents, I would warn you of the ruin of your intellectual powers, and of your final overthrow. You may improve your talents and occupy places of respectability and honor in society. There are halls of intelligence in which you may pass your time in self-improvement, or in imparting your intelligence to others. In those halls are the pursuits of honor and usefulness. You may raise yourself to a proud eminence if you will only labor sufficiently for the purpose. And in the labor thus expended there is character—character that you may possess, and that will give you a name and place among the community that may be indeed enviable.

If you have contracted the disease, be warned to seek its cure. The first step will be to keep out the predisposing and exciting and aggravating causes. Keep out of the way of the liquor. “Look not on the wine when it is red.” Shun the presence of the viper, and it will neither bite nor poison you.

It were much better not to contract the disease, than after you have contracted it to seek its cure. An ounce of preventive is worth a pound of cure. Use the preventive. Abstain from the use of liquor, keep out of its way, and the desire for it will not harm you.

## THE CAUSES OF DRUNKENNESS.

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The Desire for Intoxicating Liquors is the Cause of Drunkenness.

In attempting to point out some of the principal causes of this deplorable evil, I can speak not from *theory* only, but from personal *experience* and *observation*. For fifteen years I have often had to work in taverns and bar-rooms, and of course had to mingle in all kinds of society, from the highest to the lowest. I have made good use of these opportunities for seeing the workings of intemperance, and have besides often inquired of men who indulged too freely how they began to fall into this destructive habit.

Though there is no good excuse for drinking liquor, no justifiable cause—for no man can be so senseless as not to know that it brings in its train ruin to both body and soul—yet the reasons with which so many

men deceive themselves into this deadly habit are numerous. With the view of doing service to my fellow-men, I propose to examine some of them.

The desire for excitement, for relaxation, for social pleasure and amusement, which is natural to man, and when properly directed is perfectly innocent, induces many persons to resort to the use of stimulating liquors. Some, for instance, drink because at the moment they have nothing else to do, and "must have excitement." They afford an illustration of the common proverb: "The idle man's head is the devil's work-shop!" What a great pity it is that they cannot find a less expensive means of excitement. The cost is sometimes fearfully oppressive not only in money, but in health and in real happiness. A man can make nothing by idleness, while he may waste his time and his money, if he has it, in its indulgence. Then it is that in his desire for excitement he may poison himself in the use of intoxicating liquors. For the brief enjoyment of what at best is but a momentary gratification, he brings upon himself per-

manent disadvantage. And when engaged in the fatal orgies, in which the soul is sold, what power is there that can compute the loss he must sustain? For the sensual enjoyment of the single occasion he is willing to risk months of pain and wretchedness. Let the effects of a single night's debauch bear witness to the discomfort he brings upon himself. Behold his condition on the morning after his revel. His eyes are swollen, his nerves are unstrung, and he trembles as if he had the ague. The gnawing thirst for more liquor causes a burning sensation in his stomach, which is almost insupportable. His head is aching, and seeming as if it would burst. Its throbbing and jerking excite the most painful sensations. The man is dissatisfied and unhappy where he is, and he can be at rest no where else. If with all this there be the dim recollection of some act that is ridiculous, it brings the blush of shame upon his cheek. And what if the remembrance, dim as it may be, is of an act that is criminal? Then comes the bitter reflection on account of the deed, or the fearful anxiety that the dread of be-

ing exposed occasions. Surely, while the man is in this condition he is enduring the curse of his own producing. He is bearing the afflictive penalty of his own deed. While the man lives and indulges himself in the use of the intoxicating bowl, he must render himself a wretched victim of his own depraved taste and appetite.

Suppose we contrast the enjoyment of the moment of dissipated pleasure with the wretchedness that follows, and with the pure satisfaction enjoyed in innocent amusements, which cost nothing, and instead of demoralizing, tend to elevate and refine. The pleasant walk or ride into the country, the healthful and manly engagement in sports in the open air, the quiet evening spent in good society, in musical or literary associations, or in attendance upon entertaining and instructive lectures, and many other pursuits that might be named, leave no excuse for resorting to the low and debasing stimulus of rum. These are real recreations, and leave a man with his eyes bright, his head clear, his nerves strong, his spirits buoyant, with no stings of remorse to tor-

ture him, and with the respect and friendship of all true men.

Reader, if you are a young man, and have fallen into the habit of drinking and carousing for amusement, because "you have nothing else to do," as I have often heard it said, let me implore you to try these cheaper and purer employments, and my word for it, you will not only escape a perdition of torture, but you will experience a heaven in your breast that is worth all the sacrifice you can make of the intoxicating draught to obtain.

And I warn you that if you will resort to these dens of vice, where both soul and body are destroyed, it will make earth a place of perfect horror to you. By indulging in drunkenness you madly quench the light of reason, and in your moments of insanity, produced by the liquor, you will probably do something that you will have to regret for life; something that will haunt you to your dying day, and fill you with sorrow and shame.

Closely allied to the indulgence of the dram for the idle love of it, is another fruitful cause of drunkenness. It is the habit,

so lamentably prevalent among young men, and even boys, of frequenting beer-houses. There is a wide-spread, but very false notion, that beer is a very innocent and healthy drink, and many persons who would shudder at the thought of ever being drunkards, do not hesitate to drink themselves, and invite others to drink "a social, healthy glass of beer." Take your stand near what is called a respectable Lager Beer Saloon, and watch its customers, as they pass in and out. Some are business men of the neighborhood, who, when they make a sale, habitually invite their customers to take a glass of beer with them; others are young men, who are just entering the road that will lead them to ruin; others appear in rags and wretchedness. They have almost reached the last stage of the drunkard's career. It may be that while you are watching you will see the respectable church-going gentleman, who, if you ask why he visits such places, will probably tell you his doctor advised him to drink lager beer, or something stronger, for his health. Never was there a greater or more fatal

professional mistake than this. It is the sheerest humbug palmed off upon the community. I have the declaration from an eminent physician as there is in this country, that lager beer is as rank a poison to the system as bad whiskey or worse rum. At least nine out of ten of the doctors who tell their patients to drink these stimulants are either Germans, who are fond of the dram themselves, or ignorant pretenders, who have never studied, and of course know little or nothing about the subject.

In striking contrast with this church-going man, who drinks lager beer, &c., for his health, see that noisy crowd of youths, ranging in age from twelve years to manhood! What are they doing? Listen! They are cursing and swearing. Look through the window and bear witness. They are playing cards, bagatelle, or some other game. Listen to their coarse jokes and filthy language! Look again! They are swilling beer and whiskey and other intoxicating liquors. They are faithfully learning their trade as "drunkard's apprentices." Alas! some of these boys are

sons of pious parents, who are living in the practice of the moral virtues, while their sons are at these dens of vice, preparing for the race of the vicious and the intemperate. They are revelling, it may be, on the Sabbath, while their parents are at church praying for the prodigals. It is a pity that such parents do not give their children better instruction, and endeavor to restrain them from the pursuit of the drunkard's path. I have known even preacher's sons to be at these wretched places, while their fathers were in the pulpit preaching the Gospel. Now, while I must of course blame these boys for so doing, I must blame still more severely those who should have taught them better, and prevented their fall into the vices of drunkenness and profanity. Again, I must blame the men who make our laws, and those who elect the law-makers. The law-makers should put a stop to the evil by shutting up the man-traps. Most of these places are kept by foreigners, who come here to make money, they care not in what way. What is it to the rum-seller whose son becomes a drunkard, or how

much society is demoralized, so that he can fill his purse? Laws of the most stringent character should be enacted in order to prevent the sale of beer or any other liquor to minors. I have never known it fail, that he who contracts the habit of drinking beer will soon want something stronger. These beer-shops are the gates of perdition to thousands of boys and men. It is a significant fact, that beer saloons, restaurants and bar-rooms are almost always in close neighborhood with gambling houses. And many a man has formed the terrible habit of gambling by making the acquaintance of gamblers in the drinking saloon. They have been enticed to play while the brain was heated with liquor, and the seductive game being proposed and accepted, the trap is laid by allowing the novice to win awhile, then the scale is turned, and he begins to lose. At the first session he loses just enough to entice him back in the hope of making up for his misfortune by future success. Forlorn hope, wretched delusion! Such is the machinery by which these gambling houses are worked, that you might as well expect

to find a needle in a hay-stack, or to recover a stolen dollar, without a mark upon it, after it has been thrown into a pile with a thousand others. Men know the dreadful effects of gambling. They have seen the awful wrecks of fortune, intellect, character, happiness, and even life, it has occasioned ; and yet impelled by some singular and foolish fascination, they rush with their eyes open through its seductions and down to ruin. Why do they seek, night after night, the wild excitement which results in feverish anxiety, and that without dreaming of the dread issue of staking their all on a turn in a pack of cards or a box of dice ? In my opinion such persons are insane, and ought to be confined in a lunatic or inebriate asylum, where they may be prevented from doing such mischief to themselves and families and friends.

Reader, if you are one of that unfortunate class of men, you have formed two of the worst habits that can possibly be formed by any human being. Drunkenness and gambling are the lowest and most degraded features of human vice. They act and re-

act upon each other, and unless you break away from their influence, which, like the folds of the Anaconda, press but to destroy, they will surely and certainly drag you into temporal ruin, which will be followed by eternal perdition! Stop where you are. Touch not another drop. Play not another game. Give up the money you have lost. Let it go. You can never win it back, and the longer you play for it the more you will be disappointed, and the more unfortunate and the poorer you will be. The drunkard's and gambler's track is that of ruin. If you pursue it your ruin is inevitable, both of body and soul. If you continue its pursuit you may go on from one degree of degradation and wretchedness to another, until your refuge may be found in the grave of the suicide. You may strike the blow at life with your own hand, that may hurry your guilty spirit into your Maker's presence.

Speaking of the beer-house, suggests to my mind another very prolific cause of drunkenness—I mean the patronage of the keepers of such houses. I can fearlessly appeal to any and to every man who has

worked in the beer-house, and in the service of the keeper, if he has ever realized the profit he expected. I appeal to such in the confidence of obtaining the reply that more has been lost than earned. A run of that kind of custom is ruin to a man in any kind of business. In your dealing you must drink with your employer or cease to do his work. The first drink leads to other drinks, and the drinking goes on until drunkenness ensues. I know of men who had accumulated considerable means in the pursuit of their business, and who at the age of forty or fifty years concluded to invest their money in business. They did so, and for a time they succeeded well. But they were unfortunate enough to secure the custom of several beer-houses. The keepers of those houses managed to remain always a little in their debt, so that they might make frequent calls for their money, and at each call they were invited to drink. This is one of the regular "tricks of the trade," which are played on all persons with whom the beer-sellers deal. By keeping a little in the debt of those with whom they deal,

it naturally brings them more frequently to the house. Every time they appear there, as a matter of course they must drink, and then they must remain awhile to talk and to treat their friends as they come in. In this way men form new associations with tavern loungers and drunken, lazy loafers, who hang around such places. And so it goes on. At each tavern that owes the person employed, he must remain and take two or three drinks, until by the time he has gone the round of the dram-shops he is very fortunate if he is not pretty well in for it, as they say. Such man is unfit for business the rest of the day.

This process may go on, working its effects imperceptibly for years, until the awful disease is fairly established in the system of the unfortunate dealer with the dram-shops. Then its fatal consequences must follow in the ruin of business, the destruction of health and character, the misery of families, and all the dire ills that cluster around the person and the home of the wretched drunkard. Such was the course, and such the result of the wiles of the dram-

sellers upon the men to whom I have alluded. It is the rum-sellers business to work this sort of ruin, and he will do it more faithfully than ever servant served his master. He will, he does practice every stratagem he can invent to make a customer of the man to whom he gives his custom. And the dealer must become what is called a "good customer." I could tell of more than one man who was wrecked in this way, and when the dram-seller got his money, and made him a drunkard, and cheated him out of most of his hard earnings, he absolutely kicked him out of the drinking-room. I know from personal observation what the keeper of the beer-house will do with his customers. I have transacted a large amount of business with them, and that to my sorrow. I will say it boldly, and without the fear of contradiction, that the majority of the men who keep such houses are of the very lowest grade of society. If they do not so begin, they become so. All their concern is to make money, no matter by what means. If they find out that a man has money, they resolve at once to get as much

as they can of it. They proceed immediately with the work. They exert all their ingenuity to get whatever means may be in the possession of every new customer. And they will succeed with every one who crosses their threshold, unless he makes a firm resolve never to put one drop of their poison to his lips. Reader, if you are compelled to do business with taverns and beer-shops, make up your mind not to drink one drop. Drink not the first drop. If you commence you put yourself in the hands of the harpies, and poverty and ruin and wretchedness are the sure results.

There are persons who form the habit of drinking under the influence of false notions, which are very current in the community, and by which they delude themselves to their own undoing. Some of these delusions I will here endeavor to expose.

1. Some, for instance, think they cannot do business unless their nerves are braced and their minds brightened by stimulants. This is a foolish as well as fatal mistake. Liquor may—it does—impart a temporary excitement to the nerves and brain; but

there is no real pleasure in the excitement, because the man is beside himself. He is intoxicated, and beyond the reach of rational enjoyment. And the excess is sure to be followed by a reaction, and to end in benumbing the physical faculties, stupefying the mental powers, prostrating reason, unsettling the judgment, and rendering the subject unfit for any kind of intercourse with mankind. Is it reasonable to suppose that a man can pursue his business properly when his brain is muddled, when he is unnaturally excited, and not perfect master of himself? Ten to one, instead of attending to his affairs at his own store or shop, that he will spend the most of his time at the restaurant and in the bar-room, wasting his hours in foolish talk, or in the far more destructive employment of drinking rum. Then it is likely he will make stupid, silly bargains, and expose himself to the chicanery of every sharper who is the witness of his condition. Let me appeal to facts. Who ever knew a business man who was always stimulated or half drunk, that did not eventually fail, unless he reformed?

Some may stand it longer than others, but time will surely do its work of destruction on the tippling tradesman. If a man in any kind of business, large or small, contracts the habit of drinking, his failure may be written down as a certainty. I have seen it in hundreds of cases. Let it be set down as a never-failing rule, for it is such, that ruin is the ultimate destiny of the dram-drinking tradesman. Unless he dies in disgrace, he will live to see his prospects utterly blasted, his children street beggars, turned away from home and scattered in utter want and wretchedness. His wife will be rendered a broken-hearted woman, and perhaps perish in the condition of utter destitution to which drunkenness has reduced her. And all this for what? Simply because the man has acted on the absurd notion that he cannot be a man and attend to his business without liquor, when the truth is exactly the reverse.

2. But some say they take it to drown trouble. Alas! that such a notion should ever possess a man, when it is known that drunkenness plunges him, body and soul,

in ten thousand times worse trouble than that from which he supposes he is flying. All drunkenness can do is to help a man to shut his eyes for a few hours to his troubles, and to dream of sorrows only to awake to greater misery. I have known, and you, my reader, have known liquor to give thousands trouble. But whose broken heart has it ever healed? Whose anguish of soul has it ever soothed? Has it ever restored the wealth that it has squandered, the houses and farms and merchandise that have been literally destroyed and desolated by its wretched progress? Has it ever supplied the wants of the widow and the orphan, who have been stripped of all by its accursed agencies? Has it ever restored to life the hundreds of thousands martyred and murdered by the madness it has produced? No, never. Then let me beseech you, reader, do not make use of intoxicating liquor to drown trouble. It is one of the chief causes of all the trouble that fills the world with groans and tears.

3. Again, multitudes resort to the dram, because they say they are sick, and must

take it as a medicine. Ah, sad delusion! Take it as a medicine! Surely it is a medicine that kills far more than it cures. It kills its millions for every one it cures. It is the opinion of many eminent physicians that there is no case in which spirituous or malt liquor might benefit the patient that would not be better served by something else. There are medicines that may suit every case without the danger always attending the use of this fascinating poison. Many a man has commenced the practice of drinking by the advice of his physicians, who, for his own sake, and for the sake of his family, would have done better had he remained sick or even died. In such a case, in the effort to cure a disease, another has been substituted. The new disease is worse than the first, because it effects the ruin of both body and soul. It has killed thousands. It has made victims of multitudes, as we have the proof. But where is the one it has cured? Reader, be not deceived. "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging," and if your doctor advises you to take stimulants, tell him boldly you don't intend to

be poisoned, that his prescription shall not poison you, and that you would rather be sick, and die a sober man, than to die under his hand and in the pursuit of his advice, a drunkard.

But in answer to all our arguments, we hear from many two very different, but what they regard as very potent objections. They are, however, as proved in hundreds of thousands of instances, the most perfect fallacies. One class of drinkers say they *will* drink, because there is no danger of their becoming drunkards. "They can drink as much as they please, and not get drunk." Another class are too far gone for that potent fallacy. Their plea is "they love the taste of it, and can't do without it." Let us briefly consider these cases. I have known men of the first class, who boasted that they could drink liquor all day and not get drunk. Strange and astonishing as it may seem, I have seen them stand at the bar, and drink and drink, until their companions would be staggering all around them, while they were almost unaffected. The reason is that the poison instead of

going to the brain works upon some other, or perhaps all other parts of the system. It so gradually does its work that it is not perceived. It destroys the stomach, injures the action of the heart, and prepares the way for sudden death in many forms. A man with so firm a brain is tempted to drink more than others. Although the disease of drunkenness is not apparent, the poison is operating in the system and undermining its powers, and will be as fatally successful in the end as if the drunkenness were apparent. It does not at first show itself, but it takes a deeper hold upon the system, and slowly and surely the poison does its fatal work. It does it secretly, but not the less certainly because secretly, until on some occasion the first news you hear, the man is dead: "he is gone, gone to a drunkard's grave." I know of many cases of this kind; I know of two cases which happened within the last three months. Poor deluded men! Though such may have never been seen to stagger, yet the poison is operating, and will continue its operation. They are now nothing but rum-

soaked carcasses that you see walking along the street. They are doomed to sudden, certain, fearful death. There are some in this condition that will fall under *mania a potu*, others with sun-stroke, others with any epidemic which may prevail in the community. Like tinder, they are already prepared to go off at the least spark of disease. Therefore, young man, do not boast that you can drink as much as you please without being drunk, for let me warn you, your life is in greater danger than that of your companion who is more easily fuddled. And what a low and mean thing to brag of is the capability of extended dram drinking. I think it would be equally creditable to boast that you could murder, rob and slander, more than your acquaintances, without being discovered or brought to account. Let your boast rather be that you can *stop drinking* whenever you choose. And *choose now, and forever.*

And what shall I say of that unfortunate class who so love the taste of liquor, and have become so wedded to their cups that they "can't do without it."

What a deplorable state for a man to be in, to love a viper, a worse than viper, which is his enemy—to love an accursed thing that is ruining his constitution, wrecking his reputation, and clothing his family in rags. “*Can’t do without it!*” Can’t do without a poison that is destroying both soul and body, that is producing a perfect hell in his bosom, that disgraces his wife and children as well as himself—that brings the blush of shame to their cheeks, and makes them wish they had no husband and no father. Poor man, you *can’t do with it*. You can’t do anything but make a beast of yourself, expose yourself to all sorts of slanders, and make your home a desolation. O that your eyes might be opened to see the truth in all its hideous reality! Look at your character. If it is known among a man’s neighbors that he gets drunk, or even drinks at all, immediately all sorts of rumors are circulated about him, and they are not only circulated, they are *believed*. Whether true or false, every evil thing is credited to you by somebody. If you happen to stum-

ble from a misstep, people will say: "Ah! there he goes, drunk again." If you take cold, and your eyes are swollen or red, they will say: "he was out drunk last night." Though you may not taste a drop for months, the tongue of slander will have it that you are drunk all the time. So little sympathy is felt for the drinking man, that if you are in business, and have competitors in the same line of trade, they will use your well known habits as a lever to overthrow your character and business together. Let me give an instance which occurred in my own neighborhood.

There were two men in the same line of business. One of them was a good-hearted fellow, whose love of drink was his only fault. He was fond of it, would spend his money freely for it, and at times get drunk. The other was a little-souled, mean, stingy creature, who loved liquor too, but he loved *money* better. He would not drink unless he could find somebody fool enough to pay for it, which very seldom happened.

Whenever the first man's name was mentioned, his crafty opponent would say,

“that man is always drunk, he will not attend to your work.” If he made an estimate for work a little lower than the other, he would sneeringly say: “he was drunk when he did it.” In fact, when the man was perfectly sober, his adversary would say: “I saw him drunk this morning.” He pursued this course until he succeeded in ruining the business of his drinking neighbor.

Take another case. Go to the home of the wealthy man. Though everything looks bright and beautiful, his house grand and imposing, his furniture magnificent, his gardens adorned with the rarest flowers, and filled with the choicest fruit, with every elegance and luxury at his command, so that you involuntarily exclaim, “surely peace and happiness reign supreme within these walls,” yet if this arch-enemy of man has entered, that splendid home is soon rendered a desolation. The owner has become a drunkard. He thinks he “can’t do without it.” His palace soon becomes a living tomb. See his accomplished and devoted wife, grief standing out in bold

relief on her pale features. See his lovely daughters hiding their heads in shame, trembling at their father's footstep, afraid to mingle in society, unwilling to bear the finger of scorn. Is not this misery? Is it not agony insupportable? And all for what? Because the wretched husband and father has fallen into the snares of the tempter, and says he "must have liquor, he can't do without it." Let me say to that gentleman, and to all who offer this miserable plea: You can do without it. You must do without it, or you are lost. Summon up your resolution. Determine to be a man. Go to the Almighty Father that loves you, and ask Him for strength and grace to support you in your effort to be a sober man. Go to the footstool of mercy and beg for pardon, cast your guilty and polluted spirit upon the Saviour who died for sinners, and having given yourself to Him, identify yourself with some Christian church, and seek aid in its sympathy and prayers, and then "watch and pray lest you enter into temptation," and you will conquer your foe, and stand forth a FREE MAN.

Let me now, in conclusion, upon this point, relate an incident which illustrates much that I have said as to the causes and effects of drinking. I know a gentleman who was formerly in the dry goods business. Never was there a man more respected. He was a gentleman in every respect, energetic in his business, kind and charitable, and beloved by all who knew him. He married as noble a woman as the sun ever shone upon, and had hosts of friends. In short, his prospects for a happy and prosperous career were as bright as possible.

But there were some ten or twelve gentlemen in his neighborhood, who visited each other by turns, and when they did so, the party visited would give a grand supper. Then the social cheer was indulged. The sparkling wines were brought out. The best liquors were placed upon the board. Songs were sung, and toasts proposed and drank, and laughter and hilarious joy were heard, and the hours were passed through midnight and until the morning. But what was the end of all this? Did the scene close as it began, in light and joy,

and beauty and prosperity? Never did such result follow upon such a course of life. Darkness, and sorrow, and deformity, and destruction, were the dread results that ever concluded such a scene.

Let me here remark that men are often mistaken about the *real friendship* of those who visit them, for they frequently turn out to be your worst enemies. They will partake of your hospitality, and no sooner leave your house than they will stab you with the keen dagger of the slanderer, or injure you in your business, or cheat you out of your money. So it was with our dry goods merchant. These expensive and jovial and delightful suppers were kept up for a long time, that is, as long as the means lasted. And there were seldom joyous, happy greetings that exceeded those of our merchant. They were among the very best. Among the guests was a liquor merchant, whose store was near his establishment. The dry goods merchant and the liquor dealer became very intimate, and the dry goods merchant acquired the habit of visiting his friend, the liquor dealer, very

often. He made especial visits when he wanted a drink. And so he progressed, drinking more and more every day, until at last he never drew a sober breath. He did not stagger, but drank just enough to keep him always under its influence. He soon began to decline in his business. He fell behind in his accounts. He made some unfortunate speculations. He was drunk when he made them. His creditors became suspicious. It was rumored that he would not meet his engagements. Claims were pressed. Securities were required. Having bought goods on the eve of a decline, he lost about five thousand dollars by the operation. The liquor merchant and two others of his supper-going friends borrowed his notes and cash to the amount of ten thousand dollars, but forgot to pay the notes or refund the cash. With these and other losses, his affairs fell into a desperate condition. His creditors came in and swept away all that he had, even to his furniture. He had to send his wife and children into the country, to the home of a relative of his wife, while he kept on drinking more than

ever. He had no employment, and drank, as he said, "to drown trouble." What a mistake! The drink was the very thing that caused his troubles, and still he kept them in continuance. It was not long before his wife died of a broken heart. She was a delicate woman, and had not the nerve to endure her disgrace and misfortune, but gradually declined in her grief until death released her from suffering, leaving her two little children worse off than orphans. At this very day, this man is hanging around low groggeries, hoping that some one will take pity on him and treat him to a glass of liquor. All his friends that were once the companions of his suppers, and praised his elegant entertainments, pass him by without notice. They hardly acknowledge that they ever knew him. None own his acquaintanceship, not even the rascally liquor merchant, and the others who cheated him out of the ten thousand dollars, with which loss his downfall began. I think it likely that if he would venture to call at one of their houses and ask either of them for fifty cents, they

would give him the cold shoulder, and probably order him out of their doors. Such are the world's votaries, reader. They will court your friendship while you are in prosperity, but as soon as you begin to go down hill, every one will give you a push, until you land in misery, rags, and utter ruin, at its base. Such were the results of "drinking for amusement," frequenting a liquor store, mingling with convivial company, and seeking "to drown trouble" in liquor. Such was the fall of the man that thought he could "drink without getting drunk," but too soon learned to love it, and to say, "I can't do without it."

May all who read these lines be warned by the terrible fate of our merchant drunkard, and heed the admonition of the wisest of men: "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright; *at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.*" Proverbs, xxiii : 31, 32.

## EFFECTS OF DRUNKENNESS.

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### The Desire for Intoxicating Liquors Realized in its Effects.

IN accordance with the plan proposed, I have taken notice of a few of the many causes of liquor drinking, and of course of drunkenness. I will now direct your attention to some of the effects produced by the too free use of intoxicating stimulants. The effects thus produced may be seen in the ruinous results occasioned by intoxicating liquors upon the human system. The effects of drunkenness upon the family, upon society, and upon the community and the country, are visible in acts which are destructive of character, and degrading to all engaged in them.

The natural effect of over drinking is drunkenness, and you may see the drunkard reeling along the streets at almost any

time. The over-draught has wrought its work upon the brain of the drunkard, and almost paralyzed his entire system. His sight, his hearing, his nervous system, the circulation of his blood, all are oppressed by his over-draught. He cannot think; he cannot walk without staggering; he cannot talk without hesitating and blundering, and he is not able to take care of himself. In a still further condition of intoxication you will find the man upon the pavement, or in the gutter, stretched out at full length. Then what is to be done? Some friend must take him home, or a police officer may find him and convey him to the station house. But there is a still further condition of drunkenness. It is that in which the liquor has so far overpowered the brain as to render the man a maniac. He has mania a potu—delirium tremens. He is crazy and cannot keep himself still to save his life. The worst ague a man can have is that of the trembling occasioned by the surfeit of liquor. And the delirium in connection with it produces the most horrible sensations.

The man under the influence of delirium tremens is in a worse condition than he can bring upon himself by any other means this side the realms of old Pluto. While he is shivering in the most horrible physical sensations, his brain is on fire and he sees such sights as no man in his senses can ever see. Demons of all shapes and sizes appear before him, and he is so terrified that to escape from his dreadful condition he would willingly destroy himself.

It is in this condition of drunken insanity that men are obliged to be taken to hospitals and treated as insane persons. They are indeed insane, and their insanity is the very worst kind. It is that which preys upon mind and body, and destroys the man just as fast as the ravages of the drunkenness can be carried through the system.

But the effects of drunkenness are not only witnessed in these dreadful calamities. They are seen in the fruits that follow, in the disposition it produces to riot and to steal, and to violate the laws of the land in every way, even to the commission of mur-

der. These results have not only followed in the drunkard's path in past days and years. They are following in his path now. They are causing men to be arrested and cast into prison for their crimes every day. The almshouse is at the end of the career of the most fortunate drunkard. The less fortunate find their home in the prison, first, the jail—then the penitentiary, or perhaps the end of the crime is upon the gallows. The history of the past of our country, of our State—of every State, of our city—of every city, is full of details of such results. Drunkenness never did and never can do a man any good, but it may and will inevitably bring upon him some one or more of the calamities here mentioned.

If a man is a drunkard, and will not support himself, he must be supported somehow and somewhere. If he bring on the necessity he must be supported at the public expense, and in the almshouse. If he produce the further necessity he must be supported and punished in the prison. And if he bring on the still further necessity—

that which reaches beyond his support, in the forfeit of his life, he must perish upon the gallows.

And how many drunkards have thus brought upon themselves the very worst kinds of punishment? How many have madly passed their way of guilt and ruin until destruction has succeeded? From all conditions of life drunkenness has brought the man down. The richest fall with the lowest into disgrace, crime, and ruin. Money, nor character, nor family relationship, nor anything can save the drunkard from the degradation and wretchedness and suffering he is bringing upon himself.

But thus far I have spoken of the drunkard in relation to the trouble and ruin he brings upon himself. This is not all. I would it were all. I would that the drunkard could only damage and destroy himself. But this cannot be the case. Every drunkard is in some way connected with his family. He has a father, a mother, brothers, sisters, wife, children, perhaps other more distant relatives. Can he pursue his way of drunkenness without doing damage

to one or more, or all of these family connections? If nothing more, all—to the very farthest off of his relatives—must feel the disgrace of his mean and disgusting course of life.

Has the drunkard a father? How much sorrow must the old man feel in witnessing the ruin of his son? Has he a mother? How must her heart bleed when she sees him in his miserable condition, staggering and muttering, and requiring some one to assist him to prevent him from falling to the ground. And when she places him in bed and watches at his side, how constantly must her heart ache at the idea that the child of her affections is thus disgraced and ruined. Has he brothers and sisters? How they despise him on account of his low, mean habit, and how they wish he was not their brother. They would disown him and cast him off, if they had not still some affection for him as so near a relation.

But has the drunkard a wife and children? Has he a promising, rising family, that he might support in a condition of respectability, and bring out for honorable

society and for a prominent place in business life? Alas, that the hopes of such a family should be in a miserable drunkard. Alas, that the wife's and children's prospects in life should depend upon a low, mean, degraded wretch, who cares neither for wife nor children, nor even for himself, half so much as he cares for the liquor that is destroying him! And what are the prospects of the wife, the children, and of himself? Disgrace, degradation, ruin. The almshouse is to be the home of the unhappy wife and the helpless children. Is this so? Go to the almshouse. Ask that woman how she came there. She will answer, "through the wrongs and outrages of a drunken husband." Has she children? Yes, she has one in her arms, an infant. There is another at her side. And are there others? Yes. She tells you of a son that is living with a friend, and of a daughter that is working in some family. She tells you they were all comfortable and happy once, but drunkenness brought them down until they were in debt as far as they could get into it in the neighborhood, and that the

landlord took their furniture and turned them out of doors. And then came sickness, and then she was obliged to be taken to the almshouse. And where is the drunken husband? He is either dead, or in prison, or in another part of the almshouse. And does the unhappy woman wish to see him? Alas, no. She wishes never to see him again. He has rendered himself loathsome to her, and it would be relief for her to die and leave the world in which she has had so much trouble, and the husband that has brought the trouble upon her. But the children! Ah, yes, for them she has an affection that encourages her to suffer on in the hope that returning health will enable her to support herself and her children when she may take them to a house of her own, and once more make them comfortable. This is all the hope the poor distressed woman can possess, and little as it may be, and dark and gloomy as may be the prospect before her, she is still cheered, and hopes on and ever, that the day of her deliverance may dawn upon her.

Can any one undertake to tell how much

the poor wife, thus reduced, must suffer, to say nothing of the children and their privations among strangers, and their prospects in the future, and the abuse to which they may be exposed,—how severely and how bitterly must be the endurance of the neglected, forsaken, abused, heart-broken wife? And the poor wretch that is raving for liquor in another part of the almshouse took that woman from a good, comfortable home, where she was well taken care of and happy. He made pledges and promises of care and protection, and swore he would be her support and defender through life. His pledges and promises and oaths were all broken, and for the indulgence—the poor, pitiful, mean indulgence in the drunkard's glass—he falsified all his declarations, and wrought ruin for his family and himself.

Is this the result of drunkenness? Ask every family in the land if in a nearer or more remote relation they have not realized it. It is the result of drunkenness, and it was long foreseen before it took place. The father saw it, the mother saw it, the broth-

ers and the sisters saw it, the wife saw it, the children saw it. But what could be done to prevent it? From the father down to the child all was done that could be to prevent it. But the poor mean creature was resolved upon his dram and his drunkenness, with it all in view, and with warnings sufficient to have arrested him in his course. But all would not do. The dram must be indulged in, and the ruin must be accomplished.

So common are the scenes and circumstances here noticed, that they hardly seem to have any effect upon the community. The miserable drunkard is taken with his family to the almshouse, or while the family is taken to the almshouse, the drunkard is conveyed to the prison, and the neighborhood in which he lived is almost unconcerned in relation to it. Hardly half the people know anything about it, and those who do know do not care. And when it happens, as it sometimes does, that the wretched man is condemned to death for taking the life of his fellow-man in a drunken fit, the people think of the murder and

the trial and the condemnation, and say what a pity it is that the man should be hung; and all the time they think but little of the drunken fit, under the influence of which the man committed the crime for which he was convicted and sentenced to the gallows. With the murder in view, many cry out, "it served him right," while they forget that the liquor was the cause of his crime. They blame the murderer for the crime, but think little of the drunkenness that led to the deed. The murderer is condemned and abused, while the drunkard is not considered. Is it not wonderful that many of the people will blame the man for committing the murder, while they do not think of blaming him for getting drunk?

Many a man has proceeded in his career of dram-drinking until he was ruined that never meant to become a sot. Many a man has drank himself a drunkard who has believed, or persuaded himself into the belief, that he could not do without the liquor. This is a monstrous absurdity. There never was a man who could not do without liquor. A man may curb his desire for

drink. He may resist the temptation and save himself if he will. A little reasoning on the subject will bring a man to his senses, and perhaps save him from a drunkard's and a murderer's grave. It should be remembered, that it always requires a cause to produce an effect. No effect can be produced without a cause. It cannot be that a man can become a drunkard without drinking liquor. The liquor is the cause—drunkenness the effect. Remove the cause and the effect cannot be produced. There is no cause that produces its effect upon the human system that is generally more fatal than the use of liquor. It leads a man imperceptibly on until his ruin is accomplished.

It is a great pity that a moral being, holding a place in creation as high as that occupied by man, should give way to the temptation to drink when his noble powers are prostrated and sacrificed in the result. Why should the being of immortal mind be reduced to a common level with the brute? This is done by liquor. The proud faculties which distinguish man as the lord

of creation are blunted and deadened, and he rendered unfit to use them—all by his indulgence in the ruinous habit of taking his liquor. How is it possible for a sensible man to continue in the habit of using intoxicating liquors, when he must witness its destructive influence, and feel that he is on the downward track? There are his starving, half-naked children. He sees their condition—he knows they are suffering; but he must have his drink, and he will have it, though his children perish in his sight and by his neglect. There is his heart-broken, emaciated wife. She is worn down by sickness on account of his neglect. She has done the best she could with her needle, working day and night to support her children, and a large share of her hard earnings have been used in sustaining the life of her destroyer. And he sees and knows it all, but he must have his dram, cost what it may in money, or cost what it may in pain and privation to his wretched, suffering family.

Has the man a conscience who can thus abuse himself to the destruction of his men-

tal powers, his moral nature, his wife, his children and himself? Truly, his conscience, if he ever had one, must be "seared as with a hot iron." Can the man possess any of the sensibilities of a man that can endure the sneers of his fellow-men, their slights, their neglect, on account of his drunkenness, and yet indulge it? But what are sneers and slights and neglect to the creature that can look upon the sufferings of his helpless wife and innocent children, and yet wilfully continue the cause that is gradually producing its effect in their downfall and destruction? It is of very little avail that a man's old acquaintances pass him by with indifference. They meet him on the street and in company, and take no notice of him. But what does he care? He feels cut for the time, and it may be that some mortification may be endured, but he cannot resist; he must still indulge in his glass. He cannot resist, because he will not. He must still indulge, because he will not summon up his resolution as a man, and quit forever his vile practice.

In the pinching of his necessity does the

drunkard go to his friend to borrow money. It may be the friend that has received favors from him that he thus asks to loan him a trifle. But what is the reply? "Drink less whiskey, and you will have more money. Stop spending your money for whiskey, and you will not have to borrow." Such is the reply that he gets to his application for a friendly act. But what effect has it upon him? Does it cause him to quit his practice, and become sober, and take care of the money he earns? No such effect is produced. The man drinks in the view of the loss of friends, and of insults, and of privations of every kind. He drinks though death were staring him in the face. He knows that the liquor is poison, and that it will surely destroy him, and yet he dares to continue in its use.

And can it be supposed that although the man may continue to indulge his habit, and seem indifferent when his friends turn away from him, and refuse to afford him relief, and cast their scorn upon him, can it be supposed that such a man, under such circumstances, is really as indifferent to it

all as he seems to be? It is not so. The drunkard does sometimes feel the neglect of his friends; he does sometimes experience the regret that such treatment usually occasions. It is the case sometimes that there is as burning a hell in the drunkard's bosom as a man ever endured, and all the while he appears to be indifferent and careless of what is going on around him.

Do you desire to see the drunkard when he is enduring the worst effect of his drunkenness in his system? Go to his house the morning after he has been on what is called "a spree." Ask him how he feels; he will answer, "horribly." He has no disposition to talk, but will sullenly answer your questions, while he stretches his limbs and stares around and keeps in continual motion, in the effort to place himself in a position in which he can get a little ease. Tell him that as he came home last night there were many of his friends that saw him, and that pitied him, and condemned him, and laughed at his awkward gestures and the manner in which he staggered along the street. Tell him that some of his enemies

were following him, and tormenting him by punching him with their sticks, and endeavoring to throw him upon the pavement. While you are telling the story you may witness the agitated motions of his limbs; you may look upon his blood-shot eyes staring in frightful wildness. If he has strength enough he will pace up and down his room, and that in the most nervous manner. Ask him if he feels unwell. He will tell you that his stomach is gnawing and burning, and that he is enduring the most dreadful pains throughout his entire system. If you inquire if you shall get him anything to eat, or do anything to relieve him, he will tell you no. He will say that anything you can do will only make the matter worse.

And what is it the man craves in this condition? It is liquor—more liquor. He is starving, and he wants liquor. He is thirsting, and he wants liquor. He is writhing in pain on account of the liquor that has lost its force in his system, and he wants liquor. He is shivering under the prostration of his nervous system, occa-

sioned by the liquor he has already drank, and he wants liquor. What is it that produces this terrible condition? The liquor has wrought a fiery course through his veins. It has inflamed his lungs, his liver, his stomach, his brain. He is suffering in every organ. His whole frame is on the rack. His heart is fluttering under the excitement. He cannot keep still. What ravage is going on in the man's system? What destruction the liquor is working? It is using up the man's power of mind and body just as rapidly as it is possible for the work to be accomplished. There is no hope for the wretched creature but in his abandonment of his practice, and this he will not do. He will force his way onward, although he knows that at the end of it there is inevitable destruction.

Is the philosophy of the man's condition known? It is readily described. The stomach is on fire. It is burning in every part. The mucous membrane is inflamed. It sends its message of suffering to the brain. The brain sympathizes and communicates its sympathy to the nerves and

heart. The heart unites with the stomach and brain in the feverish inflammation, and if the man is not enduring the agonies of a tortured system he never can endure such agonies. The demand is made by every agitated organ for more liquor. The brain, the nervous system, the heart—all unite in the demand. The brain must have the liquor, or it fails to communicate its energy to the nervous system, of course the nervous system is prostrated, the heart beats violently—it is wrought up to palpitation in the failure of its supply of strength. But what is the answer the stomach returns to this demand? It complains that it suffers more than any other organ, and yet that it is full to overflowing, and is in want of more. The liquor within has lost its power, but the stomach in its inflammation retains its desire, and the suffering thus produced must be the most intense that can be imagined. How can it be otherwise when the line of inflammation extends through all the vital organs of the system?

Reader, did you ever witness the nausea, the death sickness, that is produced by a

drunkard's over-draught? His return late at night to his home is from his drunken spree. He throws himself down, whether upon the bed or upon the floor, he knows not, and perhaps cares not. There he rolls and tosses till the morning, and when the morning comes, and he begins to realize his condition, he is sick enough. Nothing will remain in his stomach. It rejects everything but the liquor, and that will hardly remain in it. The poor unfortunate sufferer naturally cries for more liquor to brace his nerves and strengthen his limbs, so that he may be able to stand. And the liquor he must have, or suffer such pains as are hardly ever endured in any disease that may happen to persons of temperate habits.

It is said of liquor that it steals away a man's sensibilities. And so it does. Who would believe that a man may be too drunk to stagger? Who would believe that a man may be able to walk erect and straight forward, and yet be so drunk as not to know what he is about? Such is sometimes the case. Men have committed murder under

just such circumstances. They have appeared to be able to control themselves. They have seemed to hear and see and apprehend, while all was dull and dreamy, and there was little sensibility in the person. The lips could move in muttering unmeaning words. The hand could be lifted. The blow could be struck. The victim could be slain. All this while the wretch that passed through it, and committed the fatal act, was unconscious of his condition or his actions.

An evidence of the truth of this statement is on record in the history of our own city. A man who had been on the most intimate terms of friendship with his own brother-in-law, on one occasion spent a whole day and most of a night on a drunken frolic. Late in the night he returned home, and by some means found his way into his room and to his bed. He felt horribly as he laid and tossed in the solitude of his chamber. His brain was fevered, and his whole system was on the rack. As the night passed on he grew worse, and in a fit of madness he arose from his bed,

seized an andiron from the fire-place, hurried, staggering and swaggering, to his brother-in-law's bed, and in two minutes beat out his brains. The act was sufficient to sober him, but it did not, nor did he then experience the dread reality of his deed of murder. He was confined until the morning, when he was arrested and conveyed to prison. It was not until he reached the prison and was about to be locked in its cell that he came to himself. He asked the officer why he was arrested and brought to prison. When the fact was communicated to him he fainted and fell upon the floor. Upon his recovery the truth flashed upon his mind with such force as to overcome his reason, and seizing a knife, he would have plunged it into his heart if it had not been for the arrest of his arm by the officer. He was soon placed upon trial for the murder, and convicted. He was sentenced to the penitentiary for eighteen years. Although a number of years—the years of his confinement—passed since the deed was committed, the murderer always protested that he was utterly unconscious of his act.

Truly fearful are the effects of intoxicating liquors. They render the man insensible to every condition and circumstance. So much so, that in a state of utter unconsciousness he can rise from his bed, seize a deadly weapon, rush to the side of his sleeping victim, and leave him a corpse upon his bed. Does the blood run chill and cold while such a tale as this is in rehearsal? It is a warning to the drunkard to beware of his besotted practice. It is a warning to the moderate—the so-called *temperate* drinker to cease from his indulgence of the habit in the fear that a like result may happen to him. It is a warning to the temperate man never to touch the accursed bowl.

But all men are not affected in the same way in the use of intoxicating liquors. While it fires and maddens the brains of some, it makes others as simple and as foolish as idiots. In fact, it does render them idiots for the time being. You sometimes see a drunken man in his silly mood. He dances, laughs, sings, huzzahs. Say what you please to such a one, call him by any

name, use the most insulting expression, and he laughs in your face. He looks upon you with a stupid, idiotic stare, and evidently does not realize the force of your remarks. He imagines he is rich, and desires to spend his money in treating you. Many a one has began his career in this way. But he has not so ended it. For a time with such persons the effect of the liquor is not painful either in the height of its operation or in the loss of its influence. But this condition cannot always last. The coat of the stomach will in time be so affected as to become painful—then a different set of sensations are produced. The most peaceful and quiet man then becomes the fiercest fiend. The idiotic child becomes the furious madman. Then he may commit the most horrible crimes and run the risk of the most fearful punishment.

I have shown how surely liquor will convert some persons into murderers. It will convert them also into thieves. Some persons strictly honest at other times, when under the influence of intoxicating liquor

will steal everything they can lay their hands upon. It matters not if they do not want what they steal. The act of theft is performed by a propensity that is increased, if not produced, by drunkenness. I know a very wealthy man who was in the habit of taking an occasional spree to himself. When fairly drunk, nothing was safe that he could steal. It was no matter whether the thing in the way were worth much or little, it was sure to be stolen. His movement in stealing, was cunningly pursued. He knew very well when persons were near, and might detect him, and he watched his opportunity, and generally succeeded without the prospect of detection. Notwithstanding the adroit manner in which his thefts were accomplished, he never seemed to be aware of the folly, and always regretted the act after it was performed. Many times he has stolen articles of value from neighbors and friends, which his wife took the first opportunity of returning.

In one instance this inebriate thief came very near being caused to suffer the full penalty of his folly. He was on one of his

sprees when he stole the purse of an associate ; how he did it he was not able to tell. The purse, however, was found in his pocket by his wife. Like some other wives, she was an excellent hand in searching her husband's pockets. There were two hundred dollars in the purse, and the wife was anxiously desirous of finding its owner, impelled by the will to return the treasure, and not without the fear that the thing might be exposed, and her husband rendered liable to be arrested. Sure enough, by her own inquiries, suspicion was started, and the officer came to the house and arrested the drunken thief. The officer, when he ascertained that the man was wealthy, asked what in the world could have induced him to steal. Of course the reply was, he could not tell, for he did not know himself. The thief was committed to jail and kept there several days. The owner of the purse was as much intoxicated as the thief at the time it was stolen, and he was very much surprised when he learned that his friend had stolen it. It was known to all concerned that the purse

was taken without design, and the case was dismissed.

There are without doubt many persons who steal, not because they really need the articles of which they feloniously deprive their neighbor, but because of the desire to possess themselves of the property of others which the accursed liquor-cup produces. It were a dangerous practice on this account. He that is accustomed to the indulgence had better take the warning in time, or he may go out on his spree in the night, and wake up in the morning and find himself in jail, confined there for stealing; for stealing what he did not want in a fit of drunkenness. And the next thing may be the trial in court, then the conviction, the sentence, and the home for a number of years in the penitentiary. There will be time enough for repentance in the State's prison. Then you may wish you had never been born, or that some rock of the mountain had fallen upon you and crushed you. The life of woe and mourning in the penitentiary is surely not to be desired. It is surely to be lamented and

avoided. Let the man that is even disposed to drunkenness beware of the ruin and wretchedness the habit may produce. Let him shun the intoxicating bowl, and none of these things may happen to him. "Touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing." So says an adviser of the good book, whose counsel is of the highest character, and ought to be considered and followed by every one in the least degree inclined to the inebriating bowl.

Cases are on record of men who, in the indulgence of the habit of drinking liquor, absolutely become so stupefied that they do not know how much they drink. They are not satisfied a single moment that the liquor is not running down their throats. They burn with thirst after it continually. And the more that is drank, the more is wanted. Insensibility to everything but the dram is produced, and it is most remarkable that insensibility to that cannot be produced. Stupefied and idiotic, and almost paralyzed and insensible to objects around, to persons, to home, to everything else but liquor, the man will think of

it, and crave it, and cry for it, and seems to be in a condition that he must have it or die. I know of a man that determined to have the most extended spree of his life. He bought two gallons of brandy and shut himself up with it in his chamber. He drank the two gallons in two days, and at the end of the second day he was found in the room dead. His extended spree cost him his life. After he had commenced drinking, the desire continued to increase; he could not resist the temptation to continue to gratify his desire, and he was literally destroyed by the liquor that produced the excitement, and caused him to proceed with the gratification of his appetite until his system could endure it no longer, when he fell a wretched victim to the destroyer.

Who has not heard of persons who have been found dead in their beds after fits of drunkenness? The result is common among the drinking classes. Every day coroner's juries are called and inquests held over the bodies of men who have been found dead either in bed or somewhere on the high-

way, or near some body of water. An overcharge of liquor has caused the calamity. The verdict of the jury is brought in "death from exposure," "death from intemperance," "death by the visitation of God." In all such cases the destruction has been occasioned by liquor.

The drunkard may become so thoroughly overcome as not to know where he is. The streets that he has been accustomed to all his life, the houses with which he has been familiar, his own home, his friends, all are strange to him. He drinks his fill in the dram shop, and then tries to find his way home. The effort fails. He is another man, and he might as well be in another country. If he lives up the street, he directs his course down the street in search of it. He meets friends but does not know them. Nobody can he find that will direct him to his home, and the more he walks the further he goes from his home. I knew of a very ridiculous event that happened to a drunkard. It is so ridiculous that many people will hardly believe it to be true, but it is as true as anything

that ever happened. A man spent an evening in a drinking house. He became intoxicated of course. Who ever spent an evening in a drinking house and went home sober? This man became thoroughly drunk, and while drunk attempted to find his way home. He was quite genteelly dressed, and was regarded as a respectable gentleman when sober, but when drunk he was about as good as any other drunken man, and no better. In striking for the direction of home he took another direction. He walked until he was tired, and wondered all the time why he did not reach home. At last he began to believe he was in some other town, and had wandered outside of the city. He heard a sound of something like a voice. And it was a voice. He thought it was some of his family that was speaking. In his thought he was home, and undressed himself and went to bed. He slept very soundly. How could he help it? He was drunk enough to sleep anywhere. In the morning he heard a voice calling him. He looked up, and there stood a man with a

pail in his hand. What in the world was he doing there. Was he about to throw a pail of water upon him? The drunken man raised his head to look, and where was he? He was in a hog pen. He had slept with a sow and her pigs, and the man was there with a pail of slop to feed the pigs, and it was remarkable that he did not throw the slop over the man that was snugly reposing among the pigs. His clothes were in one corner of the pen, and he was stretched out at full length on the boards and by the pigs. He was taken from the uncomfortable bed on which he had slept. The man assisted in dressing him, and he turned him loose to find his way home if he could. That man could never tell how he got into the pig sty. He had no recollection of climbing over the side, which he must have done. Nor could he tell anything but that he was perfectly satisfied he was at home and undressed himself and got into his own bed.

The man of the pig sty was an acquaintance of mine, and I very often joked him about his night's adventure. If I had not

known him I should have supposed the story was made up to amuse the people, or to frighten drunkards. But it is no made-up story. I knew the man well, and have often heard him tell the tale of his drunken frolic, and of his sleeping soundly among the pigs. The sound which he mistook for that of a human voice was either the grunt of the old sow or a squeal of one of her pigs. Strange that a man should allow himself to be placed in a condition in which he could not distinguish the grunt of a sow or the squeal of a pig, from the words spoken by a friend or a supposed member of the family. Such he often declared to be the fact, and seemed to enjoy the degrading, disgraceful joke.

There is sufficient evidence in the foregoing relation to convince any one that a man may be so bewildered and stupefied by drunkenness as not to know what he is doing. I knew of a terrible case of the kind which I relate with sorrow. It is that of a young man that was in my employment. He never was drunk but once. But that once was enough. Its terrible

result will be remembered by me and by others as long as we live. The young man went out one night with a number of his acquaintances for a spree. He had never tried anything of the kind, and was anxious to experience the fun of it. They soon became intoxicated, every one of them. The young man of whom I speak, became violently crazy. "I will kill somebody to-night," he cried, and away he hurried homeward for his revolver. He got possession of the revolver and returned to his friends, swearing that he would kill somebody that night. He flourished his revolver, and supposed he was the mightiest, bravest, most independent man in the world. And so he was. Many of his friends thought he was joking, and that there was no harm in his threat. But they were soon undeceived. The young man entered upon a quarrel with the keeper of the dram shop where there were, and he raised his revolver and shot him dead on the spot. He had never seen nor heard of the man he killed, before that night, and of course he could have had no animosity against him. The murderer

was immediately arrested. He was imprisoned until the day of his trial, when he was brought into court and soon convicted. He was sentenced to the penitentiary for fifteen years, and now while I am writing he is there in confinement, during the day at hard labor, and during the night in a solitary cell.

What could have induced the notion in the mind of the man that he must kill somebody? The liquor he drank must have inflamed his brain and produced insanity. He could have been impelled to such an act by nothing less than insanity. Surely, as it is said, the liquor stole away his brains. It disordered his mind. It produced the wildest, fiercest excitement. It perverted all his faculties and sent him forth a maniac, for the commission of the greatest of crimes known to human law. Can I do justice to the young man, or the old man, or to any persons who may read the narrative of this unfortunate young man, without a word of warning? Shun, reader, shun the path of the intemperate as you would that of the viper. You would not

risk your life among the poisonous reptiles that infest the wild untenanted forest. Risk it not among the drunken assemblies. Risk it not in the drinking house. You may begin with the determination that you will never become a drunkard, and you may declare every day that you will not be a drunkard, and every day that you make this declaration you may be pursuing the drunkard's path. Deceive not yourself with any fancy that you are different from others, and that there is no danger of your fall. You are like others in yielding to the temptation. You are like others in the indulgence, in the drunkenness, in the night's debauch, and you will be like others in the wrong you will commit upon yourself and others, and in the ruin in which you may end your career.

Do you know a man that is a mere tippler, who is going carelessly along in his career of tippling? He may be prosperous in business, and he only takes small drinks, or a few a day. "There is no danger of my becoming a drunkard," says he. "My drink is a small one, and I only take it

four or five times a day.' Watch him as he passes along in life. He stops regularly at certain hours at the dram shop. Four times, five times a day he leaves his business for the liquor shop and his dram. Now he goes six times, now seven times, now more times than he knows. He does not wish to count them all. Now he is drunk. He is drunk again. He is drunk every day. His business is falling off. His family are beginning to be in want. He is a habitual drunkard. His family is neglected. He is ruined. His creditors have taken his goods and his furniture. He is no more seen at his business. Where is he? What has become of him? He is in the almshouse. He is in the prison. He has run the drunkard's career. He has died in disgrace. This briefly told is the race of thousands. Young man, do you not know it to be true? Have you not witnessed the result in your own short life? With the fate of the fallen drunkard before you, shun the drunkard's habit. Keep out of the drunkard's path. Shun the dram shop and the dram, and you are safe.

And how is it the case sometimes that the merest accident, which is in itself not improper, leads a man into drunkenness and ruin? I knew a man that was in business, and making money. He was as temperate a man as lived. He never drank liquor. He was taken sick, and his physician ordered whiskey for his drink. At first he refused to take it, declaring he did not like it. But he went on with the prescription. He took the whiskey as medicine three times a day, and before each meal. That is about the number of times some kinds of medicine are taken. Three times! But after awhile three times would not suffice, then it must be four times, then, and then, and then, as many times as he pleased, and he pleased to drink it all the day through. A reverse took place in his business, said to be occasioned by the troubles that the war produced, but it was on account of the whiskey. He was at last broken up. The poison of liquor was in him, and he was about as badly poisoned as he would have been in the slow use of arsenic or strychnine. He was at length

seen staggering through the streets. It took the whole pavement for him to pass, and every one had to run out of his way. One asked him why he threw himself away in that manner. He replied: "To drown my trouble." He said this while he was rapidly making more and more trouble every day, and every hour of every day. The friend remonstrated with him. "Do you care for your family? Look at your heart-broken wife, your little helpless children. You are destroying them as well as yourself. You are making your happy home desolate. You are dragging down to ruin a pleasant, contented, lovely family. In a short time you will be a miserable wreck, and your home a ruin. You say you drink to drown trouble. Is not every day's drinking plunging you deeper into trouble? Are you not nearer ruin now than you were some time ago? Can you stand it much longer?" This remonstrance was intended for the man's benefit. It was made to effect his reformation. But it was all of no consequence. He continued his practice until the ruin came. He is still a splendid

wreck. He becomes crazy periodically, and has to be taken to the hospital. In a week or two he is cured in the hospital, and comes out and mingles among his friends. But he cannot remain out of the hospital more than half his time. It is a pity they do not keep him there until he is cured of his dreadful disease, or that they do not keep him there altogether. He has already spoiled a splendid home, and will soon be in a drunkard's grave, if not prevented by some timely intervention.

Reader, ponder well this little narrative. Remember the caution it continues all the way through. It is caution not only given in kindness, but enforced by sad examples. The examples are true histories. Every one of them is an actual occurrence. Heed the reproof here recorded, and you may not be broken up in business; you may not be picked up out of a pig-pen; you may not be impelled to the commission of murder, and hanged. You may not be conveyed periodically to the hospital. Heed the reproof, and none of these things may happen to you on account of drunkenness.

But you may be the respectable head of a happy, loving family, a benefit to your neighborhood, an honor to your country, a faithful, devoted, useful servant of your God.

## THE CURE.

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The Control of the Desire is the Cure of  
Drunkenness.

As we have spoken of drunkenness as a disease, and its danger of relapse, and its causes and effects, it is now proper that we should say something of its cure. The cure of drunkenness is a subject that has been considered and written upon by some of the ablest men of our own and other countries. The best minds of the Medical Profession have studied the progress of drunkenness, from its beginning to its end, and in the closest investigations of man's anatomical structure. The effects of intoxicating liquors upon the blood, and through the blood upon every organ of man's system, have been traced and developed. But with all that has been done in the relation, no one has been able to discover the prescrip-

tion that will cure it. Like consumption and diseases of the heart and other vital organs, it must work its ravages without a cure in all the volumes and annals of the Medical Profession. In consequence of the inability to discover a remedy among the Medical works or in Medical science, it has been denied that drunkenness is a disease. But of this there can be no question. If delirium tremens is a disease, and if insanity is a disease, nay, if small-pox is a disease, drunkenness is a disease. The fact is now admitted by the most learned and distinguished men of the Medical Profession.

Notwithstanding all the learning and professional skill and anatomical labor that have been employed on the subject, no specific has yet been discovered that can be recommended as a remedy, nor has any method of prescribing been developed that can do more than ameliorate and cure the diseases that are caused by drunkenness. The root of the disease has not been reached, and speculation is still indulged, to a great extent, upon the subject.

Under the circumstances thus presented,

it must not be expected of me that I shall do more than the wisest of men have been able to do in this important relation. I have some remarks to make upon the subject, however, and will present them in as close an examination of the subject as has yet been reached.

When I say that no cure for drunkenness has been discovered, I allude to the malady as a disease of the physical system. If I consider the disease in its moral development alone, I would at once name the cure. Drunkenness, as a moral development, can be cured and has been cured frequently. And were the drunkard to exercise his moral powers as he might do it, he would soon be relieved of his trouble. *Considered as a moral question, the cure of drunkenness is abstinence.* If the man never drinks intoxicating liquors, he will never be a drunkard; and if he ceases to drink intoxicating liquors after he has become a drunkard, the disease will certainly be cured. It requires the cause to produce the effect. The cause in this question is the drinking of the liquor; the effect of

the cause is drunkenness. Remove the cause, and the effect will cease as a matter of course. But it is said this is the old song; and so it is. It is indeed the old song; but I desire to sing it, and to have it sung by every other man. I desire to sing it, and to have it sung to every tune that has yet been discovered, and in every way and place in which drunkenness may be reached. Abstinence is the cure—the moral cure, and if the drunkard cannot exercise the moral force necessary to cure his disease, it is because he has made himself much less a man than God ever made him, or intended he should ever be. In the wreck of his moral powers, which is accomplished by drunkenness, the man not only reduces his character and condition as a man, but actually destroys himself.

The moral force of drunkenness, or perhaps better said, the moral imbecility of drunkenness, appears in the fact, that the drunkard will persist in his vicious career until his family and himself are reduced to beggary, and he will even then persist in its progress, and never cease while a spark

of life is left in his system. In beggary and want and disease, he will call for his dram, and it does seem as if the last lingering pulse craves the excitement produced by intoxicating liquor.

In the consideration of the moral force of the disease, I may say not only that it can be cured, but that it has been cured. And how has it been done? The question is easily answered. Men have been convicted of crimes and sentenced to prison. Fortunately for them, while in the prison, there was no liquor to be had. The abstinence necessary to cure the disease has been practiced, and the disease cured. But it may be said that the disease was cured by compulsion, and would break forth again when the restraint was removed. In many cases this is true, but in many other cases the reverse is true. Many men have become temperate in prison, and have continued so after they were released. In their cases the cure has been effectual. The cure, then, is in the removal of the cause. Why not, then, labor in each case for the removal of the cause?

But the confinement of the prison is not

the only agency by which drunkenness has been cured. After a severe spell of sickness, during which abstinence has been necessary, the man has persevered in carrying out the moral idea, and succeeded in effecting a permanent cure of his disease. The principle is the same in such cases as these as it is in the abstinence through imprisonment. And the result through the working of the principle is the same. The cause of the drunkenness was interfered with and broken, and as a matter of course, the effect ceased.

In the case of a man that fell from the top of his house, on which he had wandered in a fit of delirium tremens, and broke his arm, the moral force is still more apparent. The sudden shock to his system brought him to his senses, and the suffering caused by his broken limb forced him to the consideration of his condition, and he never could be prevailed upon to drink intoxicating liquors afterwards. In the practice of abstinence he became a sober man, and continues so to this day, although it has been more than twenty years since the accident happened to him.

Again, the moral force is still further apparent in cases in which persons have lost their friends or relatives by death. The determination has been formed, and the person has been cured of the disease. Cases of this kind are not so frequent as they might be, if the persons interested would properly consider their condition in view of the certainty of their own death, and of the uncertainty of the time at which it will occur. The full force of this consideration is seldom experienced. The man that is in health feels his powers of life in their active exercise, and in such feeling there is nothing like death or failure, and although every day there is evidence afforded of life's uncertainty, he goes on without being able to realize the fact and certainty of his own dissolution.

Reader, in the considerations above presented, do you not see that all that is required in the reformation of a drunkard is RESOLUTION. The resolution formed and kept is the cure of this terrible, afflictive disease. And what man is there that claims his condition and character as a man, that

cannot form and keep his resolution. There is no doubt that in most cases of ordinary drunkenness the resolution thus directed would be sufficient for the accomplishment of the purpose. Men have tried the experiment in various ways, and succeeded. Others have failed. Some have joined the temperance society, and taken the pledge of abstinence. This is a noble work and ought to be pursued with energy and vigor. It is a sad thing that the cause of temperance should decline, and drunkenness be allowed to work its way without interruption. Let the temperance societies be sustained. Let their members renew their determination to carry them on and enforce their rules. They have been the means of saving thousands from the drunkard's grave, and should never cease their labors while there is a drunkard to be saved. The renewal of the temperance cause would be one of the best events that could be produced at the present time. Such a cause should never want reviving. It should ever be in progress, and ever on its increase in members and labors, and in the fruits of its good works.

But, after all, the best remedy for drunkenness is religion. God never fails in the fulfilment of his promises to mankind, and He has promised that He will be with and protect every one that is obedient to Him in the keeping of His commandments. I have heard of hundreds who have been saved by joining the church. I know personally many persons who have pursued this course, and have succeeded to the utmost of their expectations. The church is a sure safeguard. Only respect and obey its principles, injunctions and laws, and safety is secured. Many men have tried every other experiment—first the resolution, then the oath before a magistrate, then the temperance pledge, then pledge to the minister, and last of all, the church. And here they were secure. Trusting in God, they renounced the trust in themselves, and looked to Him for strength and support in the purpose and pursuit. While a man looks to God and prays for grace, he ceases to trust in himself, and the very fact that he looks to God and prays for grace will be sufficient to sustain him. No

man can pray to God without being sincere, and sincere and devoted prayers offered to God will be heard and answered. There is mystery in this sort of help. And the most mysterious part of it is its success. No man ever yet trusted God and was disappointed. No man ever yet trusted in God for support in a reformed life, and failed. If failure ensued, it was because there was failure in the trust. The failure was in the man, not in God. And the fruits of this mystery may be realized by every drunkard. He may resolve and trust in God, and in the pursuit of his resolution and trust, he will surely be saved.

Reader, there is a cure for drunkenness. It is in yourself. It is in the moral force of the man. You may damage and destroy this moral force, and you may use it in your present and everlasting security. If you are in the habit of using intoxicating liquors, cease the habit, or as sure as your death is in the future, so is your ruin, perhaps death, in the pursuit of ruin. Are you a drunkard? Resolve on your reformation, join the church, and pray to God to give

you grace and strength to fight the battle with your enemy, and you will find that God is greater than your enemy, and that in Him you are safe.

## THE RELAPSE.

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Old Causes Renew the Desire, and Produce the Relapse.

Every disease has its liability to relapse. None more so than that of drunkenness. The seat of the disease being in the desire for liquor, unless the cause be removed in the removal of the desire there is danger of a renewal of the disease, and as it is with all relapses in the development of worse and more dangerous features than attended the first form of the attack.

The causes of relapse in this disease are numerous. In some cases, after the cure has been effected, the subjects of the disease act as the doctors advise in relation to other maladies, that is, keep out of the way of danger in exposure to the causes which produced the first attack. The first idea in this relation is associated with the old com-

panionships. The reformed inebriate is warned to keep away from the dram-shop. This is a prominent feature in the exposure. There is as much danger to the reformed inebriate in his attendance upon the dram-shop as there is in the man who has had the small-pox in taking cold by exposure to drafts of wind and to hard weather. The fall in the one case is as certain as that in the other. The issue is almost sure to be produced. The desire for the liquor which is frequently in sight will most surely return with the old considerations and associations that its appearance must bring forward vividly in the memory. I say to the reformed inebriate, keep away from the dram-shop, or the sight of the liquor will re-produce the old desire, and a second fall will certainly follow.

A second danger to be avoided is the association of the old companions of the dram-shop. Many a man who has by hard exertions reformed his habit and restrained his desire, has fallen into this snare, and a second time become a drunkard. For a time, it may be, he has shunned the old

walks and the old companionships, but by degrees the desire has been revived, the old habits reinduced, and the second stage of the disease has been worse than the first. And how is it that the meeting is effected with the old associates? Sometimes the meeting is occasioned by accident, on the street, or at a friend's house, and the first thoughts of the old friends are those of their glee associations. How happy they were when, on the occasions of their assembling, they engaged in their social cheer. The purpose was to forget dull care, and to drown all responsibility in the use of the intoxicating beverage. And the convivial engagement, how delightful it was! How much uproarous joy it produced! How the thrills of excitement rushed through the system! All this was wrought while the liquor was stealing away the senses, which lasted but a brief period, and then came the stupor, and the nausea, and the lassitude, and the almost impossibility of motion. This reverse in every case was the penalty the system had to pay for its brief exhilaration and transient enjoyment.

A third means by which the reformed may be again entrapped is found in political assemblages. Here the parties meet for so-called patriotic purposes, and when a man feels patriotic unfortunately he feels like taking a drink. This is occasioned by the reprehensible association of intoxicating liquor with political movements. On election days the first thing most men think of is "a spree." They start forth in the early morning for the dram, and many are well soaked before the hour for opening the polls. It has seemed for a number of years past among a certain class, that a man is not fit to vote unless he is pretty full of whiskey, or some other kind of liquor.

The companions of the old political club are among the most dangerous associations of the reformed inebriate. If he gets among them he is almost sure of the relapse. The best way for every one in such condition is to keep away from all his old associations, whether of the dram-shop, of the former friendly greetings, or of the political gathering. There is danger in every step taken under such circumstances, and no man that

well considers his position will risk the consequences it exhibits.

There were ball-room associations connected with the life of the dram-drinker, which were very delightful in their enjoyment, and afford pleasure in retrospection. The fashion, the beauty, the attractive features of grace and talent and social cheer, all have interests which affect the feelings and engross the thoughts. A return to the ball-room is next thing to a return to the dram. The old associations among ladies, who unfortunately instead of frowning upon the baneful practice of dram-drinking, are often found with the glass in their hands sipping the beverage, which their male associates are drinking to drunkenness. They reflect but little, or not at all, upon the damage they are doing to society, and perhaps the trouble they are laying up for themselves. To resist the temptation to taste the beverage in such relationship is next to impossible for an old dram-drinker, and the only thing he can do to save himself is to keep out of the way of the temptation.

And is it asked by the young man, must I forego the pleasant relationships of society, and not mingle among my female companions, where most of all I might expect to find safety and protection? It is even as suggested. The young votary of the social cheer is to keep out of the way of temptation. If there is temptation in the society of ladies, where there ought to be safety and protection, keep out of that society. There is enough of such association that assumes a higher degree of real respectability than can be claimed by any assemblage in which intoxicating liquors are used. The very use of those liquors is degrading, and induces the association that indulges to a lower condition than ought to be countenanced or tolerated by respectable gentlemen and ladies.

Again, there is the theatre. What throngs of young people hurry of an evening to the theatre? And how their sensibilities are charmed by the idle whirl which the brain experiences under the highly wrought fictitious representations of life. Did ever a young man or young woman

learn a lesson of respectability, or of domestic duty, or of honorable life at the theatre? And what multitudes there are who have been utterly and irretrievably ruined by such associations? Talk of the reform of the theatre! It is now purified and redeemed, say its votaries. Purified and redeemed! How? In what? The old crowds go there. The old associations are kept up there. The old cronies still go from the box and the pit and the gallery to the dram-saloon. The theatre is redeemed, because a few foolish people of respectable life are induced to attend it, and a few still more foolish members of the church go there occasionally.

But is not the danger apparent when the young group or the old one, as it may be, adjourns from the theatre to the restaurant. What is to be done in the restaurant other than talk over the excitement of the drama? Why, the oysters are to be enjoyed, and the whiskey is to be used. The hour of indulgence in these luxuries is not to be omitted, notwithstanding the threatened danger of stupor and indolence and

sickness next morning. Go not to these associations if you wish to persevere in the way of reform. The relapse is in their issues, and the second fall will assuredly plunge you into deeper peril than the first.

Again, in the taste, nay, in the very sight of liquor, there is peril in the way of the reformed. It may be supposed that a glass of ale or cider will do no harm, because it may not intoxicate. It is very true that there is no harm in a glass of ale or cider drank by a temperate person. But remember, the danger is in the renewed pleasure the taste or the effect of the liquor may produce. Your desire may be slackened, it may be rendered torpid, but it is still in your system. It is still your desire, and the disease is in the desire, and when indulged it is developed as disease. Again, I say, keep out of the way. Touch not the glass, for thousands have been lost by the renewal of the taste after the reformation. The relapse has followed, and has only become the prelude to the forthcoming destruction. It was the first glass

that led to the first fall. It will lead to the second, without fail, if indulged.

Another feature of the danger is in the temptation to use liquor for slight diseases that may attack the system. The man has the headache, whiskey is the remedy. He has the backache, whiskey is the perscription—the sovereign balm. He has the toothache! There is nothing like whiskey for the toothache. He has bad feelings. And what can dispose of such feelings as surely and as effectually as whiskey? He has lost a friend or some property, whiskey is the antidote. These are temptations which the reformed should ever be afraid of. They are all lies. Whiskey, instead of being a cure for any of these temporary maladies, only aggravates them. Many a man has the headache and the toothache and other slight diseases, in consequence of his habit of drinking. The system is disordered by the use of liquor, and may readily be affected with attacks from any of these sources. Whiskey cannot be a cure for any ache. It is the cause of all aches—the heart ache most of all. It makes the

hearts of whole families ache on account of the drunkenness of one of their members. Those who never drink or think of drinking liquor suffer because their friends and relatives have thrown themselves away in the practice of dram drinking.

It was but a little drink that brought on the first attack of the disease. Less will be required to bring on the relapse. The little drink has sent its thousands to the grave and to perdition. It is sending its multitudes there still. What sort of trifle is the little drink to be considered when that drink is poison? So it has been proved in the destruction of vast armies of the human race. The little drink! Better that any man should take the large drink than the little one. Better, why? Simply because he will do his work of destruction the faster, and hasten the sooner to its end. The little drink! Reader, drink a quart of whiskey rather than half a gill. The quart will do its work at once, while the half gill at a time will but prolong the torture. You say, perhaps, that the little drink will prolong the enjoyment. So it may, but the

penalty is at the end of it. And the enjoyment! What is it? A moment's excitement for hours of depression. A transient exhilaration for a permanent languor. Drink your full at once, and be done with it, rather than tittle and prolong the torture of the drunkard's career. Surely, after the first fall, after the first trial of drunkenness, you will not be willing to experience the wretchedness endured in it a second time. Think of the dark side when you are tempted. Think of the dying of the liquor within you, and the languor and stupor and pain it produces, and not of the exhilaration and the enjoyment. The pleasure is not worth the price you must pay for it; and remember that the second stage of the disease will be worse than the first, the relapse will carry you lower than the original attack.

Philosophically speaking the risk of a relapse is ridiculous in the view of common sense. Has the man been attacked with severe illness, by taking cold? When he recovers, how careful is he to avoid exposure. The physician warns him, the

family and friends warn him,—he feels the necessity himself of exercising the greatest caution, lest he should take the second cold and be thrown back into his room and upon his bed. All this warning, and the care and the prudential consideration come of the fear of the relapse. The man is regarded as a lunatic, who will slight the warning and dare the danger. This is the judgment of philosophy, in its witness and condemnation of the imprudence of the man who has suffered from a physical malady. And is the case of the reformed inebriate different, philosophically considered? By no means. The reprehensibility of the action is as great in the one case as it is in the other. It is the exposure that induces the relapse, and when the destructive tendencies arise and work their way of prostration and suffering, where is the difference as far as the result is concerned?

But the plea is entered that it is the natural tendency of the desire once gratified, to seek its gratification again. This is true. But it is this natural tendency that is to be resisted. The natural tendency is

the natural cause. In the case of the other diseases, it is the natural tendency that is to be avoided. The exposure to the second attack is in the natural tendency. It is in this that the danger consists. Nature craves her gratification. This is the cause of ruin in all instances of self-indulgence. Resist then the natural tendency. Resist it with your might. Resist in the determined purpose of being successful. Resist it as a means of fortifying yourself against the assaults of an enemy which is so insidious and so seducing and so certainly destructive, as to work its way of ruin, while you are witnessing its effects and experiencing its enjoyments.

And again, it is often supposed, that after years of abstinence have elapsed, and the person is strengthened and confirmed in his habits of soberness and propriety, a little indulgence may be enjoyed without danger. This is a fearful error. The desire for the liquor may never be eradicated from the system of one who has once indulged. It may lie dormant. Like certain birds and insects during the cold season, it may be in

a condition of torpor, but it is still there. It is still in the system. The passage of years of abstinence, may obscure it deeply, but while the man lives it is not dead. It may be revived, and it will be revived if the causes are applied. The birds and insects that have lain torpid in winter, revive and return when the warmth of the spring weather operates in the re-animation of their forms. So with the reformed inebriate. The desire is in him, and will be there as long as he lives, and as certainly as the warmth revives the birds and insects, and as fire causes the explosion of powder, so sure will the cause of renewal operate upon the latent desire of the old inebriate, whenever the means of such renewal may be applied.

The man who is engaged in business, requires that every moment of his time should be employed in the same. There are none of his moments that can be spent in the restaurant. If he is seen in such places, his failure may be predicted with certainty. I have known many such, who have neglected their business, for the pleasure they

supposed they enjoyed, drinking and gambling among their friends of the dram-shop. It was well enough understood by their neighbors, that they were on the track, and at some no distant day would wind up. As supposed and believed, so it has happened. The neglect of business was the cause that produced the failure, and it had to take place. The promise of better action in a reformed life, has encouraged creditors to extend time, and allow further credit, and the merchant has made a new start, and proceeded with new purposes and renewed vigor, but the old desire, led the way, and the willing victim followed. He loitered near the old places of his ruin, then entered, then drank, then came the relapse, then became drunk, then was drunk more hours than sober, then followed the relapse and failure. In the second relapse and failure there was a total wreck. The man was left without a hope—a hopeless, hapless ruin. Merchant, look around you, and see how many of your profession have gone down in this way. In your view think of yourself, and be assured that if the propensity

is in you, and you indulge it, that such will be your fate. Human nature is the same in you that it is in others, and whiskey will have the same effect upon it. Drink, and you are undone. Touch not the inebriating bowl, and you may be safe.

And many are the professional men, both young and old, that have been dragged down from the lofty eminence and from the place of promise. I remember the case of a distinguished medical practitioner who was fond of his glass. He was a professor in one of the medical colleges of Maryland. He was one of the most talented men of his profession, and he was highly respected by all the members of his profession, and much beloved by the students that attended his lectures. Once he was discovered in a boozy condition, and his lecture was interspersed with such nonsense as could not be understood. A middle aged man, who was a student, said to a number of his associates, "our old professor will soon go down the hill. He is on the slope, and it will not be long before he reaches the bottom." As predicted so it came to pass. One slide

after another happened, and he was at last unfit to lecture and as unfit for his practice. He spent a small fortune that he had gathered in his better days, and became both a drunkard and a beggar. He was supported by charity until he died. And many was the wish that was uttered that he might soon get through. His friends became tired of serving him. They appropriated reluctantly the money necessary for his support, and wished him out of the way. And as desired so it happened. He fell when he was old, and when there was hope that he would be able to maintain his character, his respectability to the end of life. Such would have been the case had it not been for the desire for liquor. The desire was gratified. He went down in gratifying it. By the assistance of his friends he rallied and worked on again for some time. The old friends and patrons returned to him, and Richard seemed to be himself again. But the destroyer returned, and the second fall was effected. Another reform was induced, and another rally took place, only to become the prelude to the

third overturning. The downward race, after the second relapse, was rapid, and he was soon out of the way of those who so ardently wished it. This case of the professional man is not a solitary one. There are plenty on the record. Reader, if you are a professional man, you have hours that you devote to study. Spend them in the pursuit of your profession, and not at the restaurant. If you spend your hours in the pursuit of your business you will doubtless succeed, but if you spend them at the ale-house you will assuredly fail and fall, and your friends, or the city or county will have to support you. If the city or county has to come forward to your support it will be in the almshouse. So beware of the tempter, and shun it, and the fate of the fallen man may not be yours.

And the mechanic too has fallen. Oh how often—fallen once, twice, thrice—fallen never to be recovered. How many young men have served their apprenticeship in faithful labors, and as soon as they were free or some time afterward, have become addicted to the use of liquor. Not only

the wasted hours were not to be restored, but the lost character was not to be recovered. More rapidly than the fortune and the character were made, they were lost. It is a sad sight that sometimes appears in the form of the able and well experienced mechanic, first on the topmost rounds of the ladder of success, and then at the bottom. It required a long period of activity and industry and perseverance, to reach the place near the summit. But it required but a short time to fall from it. And then comes the constant pressure of the necessity of making the effort for recovery. It may operate successfully, but there is danger again in the prospect of the relapse, and in the relapse there may be the ruin, without the prospect or the hope of being restored. A second and third reformation may possibly take place, but the result is extremely doubtful.

Men of mechanical enterprise and talent, be not deceived by the false hope that you can act with yourself as you please. Deceive not yourself with the idea that you may recover your lost character and busi-

ness whenever you may determine to do so. You may control the winds as readily as your own habits, once they are set and confirmed. Your only hope is in the abstinence that will save you from the ruin to which your indulgence will surely lead you.

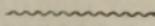
Merchant, professional man, mechanic—listen to the voice of reason. You have intelligence. You possess reasoning faculties. You can reason from premises and judge from facts. You can draw conclusions from premises, and understand how it is that the logic of facts is indisputable. Argue the case with yourselves. Witness the result a thousand times repeated, of the practice you indulge. The wreck, the ruin, the poverty, the wretchedness, the degradation, all are in the path of drunkenness. The ruins lie all along the pathway of the inebriate.

Abstinence, total abstinence, is the true and effective remedy for the reformed drunkard. Every one who is in this condition should ever preserve in memory the dread of the relapse. It were better to suffer in

the mental anxiety that the fear of falling produces, than to fall and realize the wretchedness that the almost hopeless condition of a second fall produces.

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### THE GOOD SALESMAN.



Reader, are your prospects for the future all bright and beautiful and attractive? Has your success secured your happiness, and are you now surrounded with plenty, and happy in the society of your friends? If such be your condition you doubtless would like to be intrusted with the secret of knowing how to resist all the efforts that may be made to dispossess you of your enjoyment and reduce you to poverty, want and degradation. If you would like to be intrusted with such secret give close attention to the following account of a very prosperous salesman, one whom it would have been very hard to excel in his business. When the person to whom I have reference as the good salesman commenced his career, he was about twenty-five years of age ; of very prepossessing personal ap-

pearance, and most pleasant and attractive in his conversation. His style was really eloquent and easy, and very agreeable in manners. When speaking, you could not but be favorably impressed by his rich, full and persuasive voice. In fact he possessed every qualification necessary to win the favor of all with whom he met in the business walks of life. As a salesman, his abilities were of the highest order. He possessed the happy faculty of adapting himself to nearly every customer; and seldom permitted one to escape without being persuaded to make a purchase. This faculty of adapting one's self in manners and conversation to the various circumstances of disposition, taste and means, is no trifling accomplishment. Every one who is acquainted with mercantile pursuits, will readily acknowledge the truth of this declaration. By his tact in the management of his superior powers our salesman brought to his employers many advantages and much profit, and he was in turn remunerated with a salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year, which, for the times, was considered a good one.

Few employees of the mercantile profession received that sum.

At the age of twenty-six the young man married an accomplished young lady, whose family were highly respectable, though not wealthy. The match was an excellent one, and everything went on pleasantly and prosperously for several years. Unfortunately, however, he contracted the habit of taking some of his customers to a very fashionable restaurant near the store. His visits at first were to obtain a snack. Then a glass of ale, then something stronger. He was always successful in learning if his customer indulged in stimulating beverage, which indulgence he was of course compelled to gratify. One visit a day was the starting point in this new and dangerous practice. It is a practice which is often encouraged by merchants who desire to make all they can out of their clerks and salesmen. That it is reprehensible and disgraceful is apparent in the unfortunate results that almost always follow its pursuit. Although our salesman began with a visit a day, it was not long before he could

be seen with his customer three or four times during the hours devoted to business. At every visit, he not only invited his customer to drink, but in gentlemanly courtesy, was obliged to drink himself. On some occasions it was found to be very pleasant to prolong the stay in the good company and engage in the pleasant employment of talking and smoking. Several drams were purchased and paid for and drank and enjoyed on each occasion of these business engagements. In the course of his progress the subject of our history became exceedingly fond of whiskey, which became his choice drink. Being one of his best customers, the keeper of the restaurant always kept on hand for his use a bottle labelled "THE BEST." This best whiskey was about four times as strong as ordinary whiskey. It was what liquor dealers call fourth proof. Being four times as strong as other whiskey; the fact is apparent that its effects were four times more powerful and four times more destructive than ordinary whiskey. It would therefore intoxicate and kill four times as fast as the ordi-

nary whiskey. The chances of the salesman on his rapid passage downward were four times in number those of persons using other whiskies. And this is the stuff that is used by the upper classes, so called, of society. These classes must have the best, and of course they must risk the consequences of the fourfold disaster their effects must produce.

Now, reader, let us pause here for a moment's reflection. In the first place, what do you think of the fashion of the higher classes of society, witnessed in the use of "fourth proof whiskey?" The liquor is concentrated so that its power may become fourfold. And men are willing to run the risk of ruining themselves on account of the name of this fashionable indulgence. Is not such process of fashion an absurdity? But again, what do you think of a talented young man, one possessed of extraordinary business powers, that could thoughtlessly endanger his constitution and character in the use of this highly wrought beverage? It may be termed "*high*" and "*best*" as whiskey, but it is certainly low and worst

in the consequences it produces. It is certainly among the worst and lowest of moral evils. The race of the drinker of this concentrated poison must be measured in figures as four times as fast and four times shorter than that of the man who disgraces himself by the use of "bad whiskey" as his beverage.

But to return to our story. At the first of his drinking the salesman did not fancy the fourth proof as well as he did some other brand. But the extra bottle had its attractions, and besides it was fashionable among the better sort of people. It being the beverage of the extra class of society, caused it to secure for itself the favor of the best judges, and to become the delight of all who had the means of purchasing it. In a little while, so enamored with his new idol did the salesman become, that the drams of the restaurant were not sufficient. He must have some of the best brand at home, and whenever his friends came to see him, the extra was set out, and many extra drinks were called for. And when the friends did not come the drinks and the

extra drinks were all taken when the advancing inebriate was alone. It sometimes happened that the salesman met a customer who refused to accompany him to the restaurant for the drams. Then the frown of displeasure appeared on his countenance, and he pitied in his heart the weakness of the man who would not take a drink. He thought it was a poor kind of man that had no taste for "good whiskey." Poor deluded man! He had lost his sensibility and moral force as a well-bred gentleman, and felt disposed to hate and to curse every one that declined his sociable invitations to taste the friendly glass.

Notwithstanding the rapidity with which the subject of our history made his progress, there were moments when he felt sadly enough. They were moments of better feeling when his conscience was doing its work and causing him to feel that he was wasting his means, undermining his health and preparing a life of future wretchedness not only for himself but for his interesting family. These thoughts, however, were not allowed long to occupy his mind. They

were thrown off as soon as possible and the onward progress of drunkenness pursued. The desire for liquor soon became a disease as it frequently does, and then resistance was not to be considered.

When a man reaches this stage of his progress, unless arrested by some fortunate event of Providence, his case becomes hopeless. He has pursued his way until the disease begins to prey upon him, and like other diseases it must be cured by confinement and medicine. Whenever intoxicating liquors get the better of the system, the liquor is required to steady the nerves, it is said. So it was with our friend, the salesman. His nerves were greatly disordered by the effects of the liquor, and it seemed to be necessary to brace them up by the continual use of it. Whenever the whiskey began to lose its effects in his system he began to tremble, and he could not pursue his daily avocation without the repetition of the dram every hour. Then the run round to the restaurant was a matter of necessity, and its repetition a thing of frequent occurrence.

And now how were the evenings of the salesman spent? At home with his wife and children as was once the case? Alas, no! Every evening had its demands for the draught, and the restaurant was the place where it was usually obtained. Occasionally, however, a party of boon companions would call at the house for the purpose of trying the good whiskey, and while the wife was in her room weeping in the bitterness of a broken heart, and the innocent, unconscious children were sleeping, the hail fellows were in the parlor drinking and carousing, and making the once peaceful and happy home of industry and frugality, hideous with the fumes of liquor and cigar smoke. In vain did the wife importune and implore a renunciation of the habit which she saw was becoming inveterate in its hold upon her husband. In spite of her remonstrances of affection and her tears, the dread experiment was to be tried, and the well educated, capable, talented and influential member of society was to hasten forward in his career until the desolation and the ruin should appear.

At this stage of the inebriate's progress it did not require the customer to induce the visit to the dram-shop. In fact he had sometimes to leave his customer in the store and hurry around for his liquor. One invitation for the purchaser was enough during one visit, and frequently before the time arrived for the customer to take the drink the salesman had taken it several times.

I have often noticed what a number of friends a man has when he passes the bottle around freely. Men will go to see their friends and associates when the dram is expected, when nothing else can induce them to do it. And how anxious they are on behalf of the friend that has the whiskey? He must be thought of and toasted when he is not present, and he must be visited as often as decency will admit. And how kindly and affectionately do these visitors inquire after the health of the family—the wife and the children for whom they have no more concern than if they did not exist; and if the bottle is not soon forthcoming after they are seated in the parlor, they be-

gin to get impatient and to look around as if something was missing. What do drinking men care for wives and children? The sham of the inquiry in relation to them is generally an insult and would be so regarded if the dram did not settle all questions of all kinds, and preserve friendships and associations that could not exist without it.

Reader, if you are a dram drinker and make such calls as I have described, you know it is the whiskey you want, and that if you have to wait a few minutes longer for it than your desire admits of, you get impatient. When you first entered your friend's parlor you asked after his wife and children, and you seemed to be very earnest in your inquiry in relation to them. Now be candid with yourself and answer the inquiry to your own conscience. If after you had waited longer than you expected for the dram and it did not appear, if one of your friend's children had entered the room, would you not have felt like kicking it out? You know this to be the case, and you know that you were half mad with

your friend himself for keeping you so long waiting for the whiskey. And do you not remember asking him for it when he was tardy in bringing it forth, or rather when in your burning desire for the liquor you thought he was tardy in producing it?

What a sham is all such friendship as this, and how the manly character would spurn it! No man that is a man, and none but the thing the whiskey has left could play the part either of the visitor or visited under such circumstances.

Our salesman had now become what is called a hard drinker, and drank more than his constitution would bear. He began to fail in his business qualities, and his employers complained that he made mistakes, and could not succeed in selling goods as formerly. Nor was it unfrequently the case that when the customer came in the salesman was out in search of his dram. This sort of action did not suit the employers. They were very sorry that their friend who had formerly rendered them such valuable service and had made them so much money should have thrown himself away,

as they said, but their business must be attended to and they were not disposed to pay fifteen hundred dollars a year salary to a man that spent so much of his time in the restaurant. It was not pleasant for them to be obliged several times a day to send for him to return from the dram-shop and attend to their business. And after all, very frequently when he returned to the store he was so drunk that he could not sell goods and only made a fool of himself in the presence of the customer who would leave the store in disgust, and that never to return to it. His bland and amiable disposition was entirely destroyed by his indulgence and he became impetuous and fretful, and frequently insulting. On one occasion that was discovered, he called a customer a fool because he required a comparison to be made between two different qualities of the same kind of goods. He said his word was sufficient and if this did not answer the goods could be put upon the shelves. At the moment it happened that one of his employers was passing, or rather he was moving about at a little dis-

tance and watching what was going on. He stepped forward, pushed the salesman aside, apologized to the customer for his condition, and succeeded in making a sale which the drunkenness of his agent would have prevented.

As may be supposed, such conduct was insupportable. The employers of our fallen salesman held a brief interview, when it was determined that he should be discharged. One of them approached the salesman as he stood in a half stupor by the counter and told him his services were no longer required.

“Do you mean to discharge me?” he inquired in a boozy manner.

“We do, certainly,” was the reply.

“What do you discharge me for?”

“For drunkenness.”

“Drunkenness. I’m not drunk.”

“Not drunk, what then?”

“Only a little in for it.”

“Well, my friend, you are too much in for it to do us justice, and have been so for such a length of time that our business has suffered greatly in your hands, and we must

decline your further services, at least until you cease your use of intoxicating liquors and re-possess yourself of your powers as a sober man."

"Well, that's fine. I made you all the money you've got, and now you discharge me. Well, I'm not dead yet, and I'll be revenged. Yes, I'll be smashed if you shan't hang for it."

"You are not in a condition now to talk about your affairs. You had better go home and become sober, and reflect upon your conduct. Here is the amount due you for your services. You had better take it and go home and give it to your wife."

Saying this the employer placed the amount due the salesman in his hands and left him. He stood a few moments in a mood of stupid thought, and left the store, but instead of returning to his home he went to the restaurant, where he drank until he was beastly drunk, and was laid out at full length on a settee in a side passage. While he laid there exposed to the view of every one that passed, he was robbed of his

money and of his watch, and of everything of value in his possession. He laid several hours in his drunken sleep, when he awoke, and in a bewildered state asked where he was and how he came there. The keeper of the restaurant told him that he was drunk and in his way, and that he had placed him in the passage to relieve himself of the trouble he occasioned him. "And what did you do it for?" he asked.

"To get you out of the way," was the reply.

"Out of the way—out of the way, he! Me in the way. Where's the money I spent here? Where's the custom I brought you? Me in the way, he! ha! ha! Well, I'll get out of the way."

Here the restaurant keeper left the wretched man, and he stood a while propped against the wall, and soliloquized. "Turned out—dismissed. In the way. Must get out of the way. In the way in the store where I made the money! In the way in the grog shop where I spent the money! In the way, and must get out. Here man, give me another glass of whis-

key—the best, mind, fourth proof—the best. I'm going it! Dismissed. Kicked out! Give me the best. I've had the best first, and I'll have the best last. Here, give me the whiskey!"

All this and much more was boisterously uttered in the passage, to the amusement of a few persons who were passing in and out, and to the annoyance of the proprietor of the house, but no one gave the poor creature any attention. His vehement calls for more whiskey were at length answered by the bar-keeper, who came to him with the glass, which he was obliged to assist in holding to his mouth while he drank. When the glass was finished, he commenced an examination, fumbling in his pockets for his pocket-book to pay for the dram, but pocket-book and money were gone. Not a cent was left. He could not therefore pay for the liquor, when the bar-keeper in a rage pushed him into the street. He fell upon the pavement in a state of perfect intoxication. He laid on the pavement until the proprietor of the house in a rage, sent for a police officer, who had

him conveyed in a furniture wagon to his home.

The reader may judge of the scene that happened at the home of the drunken man. Wife and children were thrown into a condition of surprise and consternation which caused them to rush from one place to another, and to scream in the wildest manner. It was some time before the wife could become composed enough to attend him. With the assistance of the police officer he was put to bed, where he remained until he became perfectly sober, when he again called for liquor, and threatened to take the lives of any persons that dared to resist him. Liquor he wanted, and liquor he said he would have. It was found impossible for him to be managed by a woman, and it was necessary to keep the children out of his way to prevent him from killing them. His wife sent for one and another of his old drinking friends to assist her in his management, but not one of them was willing to do it. One or two called, supposing a supply of whiskey would be afforded, but when they were told what was the matter, they left in a hurry.

It required but two years from the time he began for our salesman to finish his career in the store of his employers. How brief and how rapid was his course? Such is the result of the drunkard's employment. There is no resisting the course or preventing the result while the practice of drinking is continued. There were bright prospects in the future of our salesman's history, but they were all obscured, beclouded and darkened by his accursed habit. What a waste of desolation was now before him? Utter desolation was in the vista of the future. Amid the uncertainties of life's passage but one thing was certain. That was his entire ruin. There he was, a poor, miserable, forsaken drunkard, with a young and interesting family claiming attentions and services that his habit had disqualified him for rendering. There were no means of support for himself and his dependent charge but by his own labor, and that he was incompetent to render. What was to be done? That was a question more readily asked than answered. The accomplished salesman was not a salesman now, not be-

cause there were no goods to sell, nor because his services were not wanted, but simply because in his wrecked condition he was no salesman. He was good for nothing; therefore he was cast out.

By locking him up in his room, and venturing in with caution, and retreating when he threatened violence, his wife managed to prevent him from getting away from her until he was completely sober. When his reason returned, he remembered in part the scenes through which he had passed since his discharge from the service of his employers. Realizing his condition, without employment, without a cent of money, with a wife and children in want of bread, he became for the time a maniac. He raved and cried, and if there had been a weapon in his way he would have destroyed himself. Several hours passed before he could be composed. At length he became calm, and thought he might obtain a pittance to relieve the hunger of his starving children from his friend, the keeper of the restaurant. Thither he went as fast as his stiff joints and sore frame admitted of motion.

He told his friend, the rum-seller, what had happened, and in lamenting his sad condition, asked for a trifle to serve him in the emergency of the moment.

“You owe me a balance of ten dollars,” said the man, whose whiskey had ruined the salesman.

“I know it,” replied the wretched man, “and I will pay you as soon as I can. But I am now in need of a very trifle, to buy bread for my children.”

“Pay me the ten dollars,” said the rum-seller, “and I will lend you a trifle.”

“It is impossible. I’m without a cent.”

“Then leave my premises.”

“But I spent a large amount of money with you in the last two years, and you might give me a dime or so.”

“A dime or so! Didn’t I give you value for all the money you spent in my establishment?”

“Yes, I got the value in whiskey, but it has been of no value to me, if it has been to you. I’m ruined, and your whiskey helped to do it, and now I only want a dime.”

“Do you insult me? Leave the premises, or I will have you removed.”

A police officer being sent for, our fallen salesman deemed it best to leave his friend, who was desirous of assisting the bar-keeper in dealing out the drams to waiting customers.

“That was cool,” said the proprietor of the restaurant to a bystander. “That fellow used my house and my refreshments, drinking the best liquors I had, and now that he has ruined himself, he comes here for help. He tells me of his starving children, as if they were any account to me. I gave him full value for all the money he ever paid me, and now while he owes me ten dollars for liquors he has drank, he comes to me for assistance. He shall pay the ten dollars, if I have to sell his bed from under him. No man shall receive and use my property, and not pay me for it.”

The rum-seller continued talking in this way while a number of customers called for drink, obtained it and went away; but not one of them seemed to concern themselves about his conversation, and none gave a moment's

consideration to the case of the poor wretch he had helped to ruin, and then turned upon the street. At length he seized a labelled bottle, and drew it from the shelf. "Here," said he, "is the very bottle of extra whiskey, with its gold label, with which that fellow began to drink at my house. And he drank out of that bottle to the last. It is the extra bottle. Worthy of a prince. I kept that bottle filled with the best whiskey, fourth proof, for him and his friends. And now he has the impudence to ask me for a dime. I wish I had collared him, and led him to the door, and pitched him out upon the pavement. But I'll fix him yet."

While the restaurant keeper was enlightening and amusing his customers with the rehearsal of the salesman's history, the poor man himself was wandering along the street, he knew not and seemed to care but little where. He was sober and capable of reflection. He thought of that very extra bottle, out of which he had drunk his ruin, and vowed for revenge upon the bottle, and the man that owned it.

Wonderful it is that the rum-seller could

abuse the salesman, and threaten him with damage, while not a thought of his own agency in his ruin occurred to him, and the salesman could meditate upon the bottle and the rum-seller and the ruin to which he was reduced, and not entertain the first idea of his own agency in working the evil that had come upon him. This is witness, plain and palpable, of the selfishness of mankind. Each desires all he can secure, no matter how or at what cost, and the self-appropriation is made of whatever can be secured, without a moment's concern for any one else, and disregarding the measures and means by which it may be secured.

It was that extra bottle that run the salesman into the loss of all he had. It desolated his home, blunted and benumbed his own mental powers, brought disease upon his body, and left him a poor, pitiful wreck of what was once an intelligent, active, accomplished man. How certain is the fall of the dram-drinker? He begins on the best. He ends on anything he can get. He begins a man of power and means and abilities. He ends a wreck—a ruin.

The restaurant keeper was as good as his word in the threat he issued, that he would force the payment of the ten dollars the ruined salesman owed him. He obtained a warrant, and had it executed in the seizure and sale of about three times the quantity of furniture than the original price of which would have paid the debt. The loss of this furniture reduced the family a degree lower in the scale of suffering. The want of it was experienced much more by the wife than by any one else, but she bore the trial with apparent composure.

How kind, how considerate was the keeper of the restaurant while the character of the salesman was good, and his money and credit lasted. He kept the extra bottle for him. Whether or not it always had the extra liquor in it, is a question which he would hardly like to answer. How often the bottle was emptied, is not to be told, nor how much profit was realized in its use. The selfishness of rum-selling is proverbial. What can any man expect who falls as the salesman did, but the same kind of treatment? It is part of the business of the

rum-seller to turn away from his bar and his door the poor wretches he has ruined. All he wants is the money, and when he gets that he can readily enough turn the cold shoulder on his victim. Never was man petted, favored and praised by a rum-seller more than was our salesman. He was treated in the kindest and gentlest manner, because he was a good customer. He visited the bar frequently, and he brought friends with him, and he drank the most costly and profitable liquors. His custom was courted, and anything that could be done to accommodate and please him was most readily performed. All this while there was money to be made in the pursuit. But when the money was gone, and the man was poor, there was no further use for him. The sooner the house was rid of him the better.

Reader, do you frequent the dram-shop? Beware! The salesman's fate will surely be yours if you continue the practice of drinking the best whiskey, or any kind of whiskey long enough. And it will not require a very long period to accomplish it. The salesman run his course in two years.

You may run longer, but the end is inevitable. Whiskey never elevated a man. It never caused his rise in society and his honorable distinction. But it has caused the downfall of multitudes. The overthrow is certain of any man that walks in the footsteps of the salesman. Never try the experiment of drinking good whiskey. Never try the experiment of drinking any kind of whiskey. The extra bottle is extra poison. It will accomplish its work of ruin, and reduce you to the pitiable condition of a beggar for a glass of liquor, which will not be given, for the rum-seller is the meanest man on earth. He will not favor you with two cents' worth of his whiskey without the money. Nor will he trust you for it unless he is certain you will pay the amount.

While the auctioneer was selling his furniture the salesman thought he would drown his care by taking a glass or two of whiskey. He went to a low groggery and called for his drink, which was immediately delivered to him by the bar-keeper, as he was well dressed and gentlemanly in his appearance and was supposed to be able to pay. He

drank off the liquor without thinking he had no money to pay for it, and when the fact was made known the bar-keeper ordered a colored man, that was in attendance on the house, to put him out. It is the lowest kind of a drunkard generally that calls for liquor for which he is unable to pay. And the bar-keepers respect such no more than if they were brutes. The order was obeyed, and the well dressed and yet gentlemanly looking salesman was thrust into the street by the colored man. As he wandered along he was impelled by his burning desire to taste another glass, which he obtained in the same way, and with nearly the same result. He drank a very large quantity each time he practiced the deception on the bar-keeper, and it was not long before the liquor began to affect him. In fact he was soon drunk. He continued to wander in his drunken condition until night came on, when he was found by a police officer and taken to the station house. Had there not been an officer there who knew him he would have been obliged to have remained in the station house all night. But the

officer who knew him took him home and delivered him to his sorrowful wife, who received him kindly, and at once proceeded to make him as comfortable as possible. When the effects of the liquor wore off he felt as though he could have hanged himself if the opportunity had been afforded him.

The next morning the subject of our story was sober when he awoke, but he felt as though he was punished in every nerve and muscle on account of his transgression. He arose and went into his parlor and sat awhile with the windows closed, admitting light that was scarcely twilight. He sat and thought, as well as he could, over his condition. In a few minutes his wife entered, and in tones of tenderest affection asked him if he would not quit his habit of drinking and return to his former condition, a sober, respectable, useful man. He made every promise she asked him, and said he would struggle against his propensity and once more appear worthy of her affection and of the respect of his children. In order to fortify himself against his temptation she

desired him to remain at home for the day, to which he consented. But he broke his pledge. He left home, and meeting a friend on the street, one who had not heard of his recent misfortune, he borrowed fifty cents, as he said, to provide some medicine for a sick wife, he having accidentally left home without any change in his pocket. In a short time after he received the money he was so drunk that he fell and hurt himself severely. He had wandered near the outskirts of the city and was found by a tender-hearted man, who assisted him into his house and allowed him to lie upon a lounge in one of the rooms of his house. There he remained until he became sober, when he thanked the man kindly for the service he had rendered him, and left for his home. As he went along the street he asked himself what he should do and where he should go. "I will go home," said he, "and fight this enemy that is destroying me. With my wife's assistance I will conquer." His determination was fixed, and he started for home. Passing a restaurant he stopped and looked through the door, which was

partially open, and saw the decanters and tumblers on the shelves and counter. "One more drink," said he to himself, "and then I'm a sober man." So saying he entered, and in a moment the liquor was in him. He sat down on the bench in a side room of the restaurant and concluded he would wait a few minutes and take another drink. He did so, and that drink was followed by another and another, until he began to feel that he was entering upon another fit of drunkenness. He had just enough reason left to desire to reach home before he became so stupidly drunk as to be unable to walk. He arrived in time to enter without assistance, but he passed another night of wretchedness, and resolved again next morning, in the presence of his wife, that he would resist the pressure of the temptation and go in search of a situation. The first object, however, which it was necessary for him to pursue was an amount of money sufficient to provide bread for his wife and children. He made a number of pledges to his wife of keeping out of the way of liquor, and started for the house of one of the old companions

of his evening associations over good whiskey and the cigar. He went to his friend's house, which he entered in the confidence of having his immediate necessities supplied, and of securing the relief he desired in the required provision for his family. His friend was at home, and received him in a very cordial and affectionate manner. After the exchange of the usual civilities, he informed his friend of his misfortunes in being discharged by his employers, and reduced to the necessity of applying to his friends for assistance. "I have now come here," said he, "to beg the loan of a small amount of money, say five dollars, to serve me until I shall be able to return it, which I hope will be in a few days." The friend heard the story with evidences of impatience, and when it was concluded he said he would have to be excused from the loan, as he had no money, and as his business was pressing for his attention he had no further time to spend with him. He then moved towards the door, followed of course, by his visitor, whom he bowed from his presence at the street door and left.

“Well,” said the salesman to himself, “this is fine work. To be treated thus by my old friend, who enjoyed himself so much over my whiskey and cigars. But I’ve learned a lesson. They are summer friends that sport with one while the weather is warm and the sky is clear, but when the winter comes and the storms begin to blow they disappear.”

While pursuing his way, engaged in this run of thought, and feeling all the time the pressure of his desire for a drink, he met another of his old companions, whom he accosted. This friend had heard of his fall, and affected to be in too great a hurry to listen to his appeal for help. Shaking hands with him he abruptly left and hastened out of his sight. “Again repulsed,” said the disappointed man to himself, and again the thoughts came up, what shall I do? Where shall I go? The inquiries were answered by a mechanical dive into a cellar—an oyster saloon, where they sold bad whiskey. Here he drank himself beastly drunk, and by some means he again found his way home, where he was as kindly

received as he had ever been. When sober he excused himself to his wife by telling her that he had walked all over the city in search of employment but could get none, and that having failed in a number of efforts to borrow some money for her use, he became discouraged and took a drink which made him drunk.

The string of lies told the stricken wife was believed, and the usual counsel and encouragement afforded him in the effort at reformation. "Go," said the unfortunate woman; "go to the only one that can afford you strength to resist this great temptation. Go to God in prayer, and He will hear you and save you."

That was the right sort of advice, and it came from the right source, but it was not heeded by the wretched man. He felt its force, but the feeling was only momentary. It was not attended by any purpose of amendment. He heard as thousands hear, merely by the ear. The heart was not fully impressed nor the purpose thoroughly changed. His reply was, "Yes, dear; I will do the best I can."

After a couple of hours spent in pacing the floor and talking occasionally to his wife, the salesman thought it was necessary for him to make another effort to obtain a situation. The wife was fearful of the experiment, and said she had much rather he should spend the day at home, and become stronger in body and mind before he ventured along the streets, where there were so many restaurants. This advice was not accepted. Then she proposed to go along with him. This also was rejected as very unbecoming. The idea of a wife following a husband in his search of a situation among business men was spurned as ridiculous.

“Not half so ridiculous,” said the wife, “as for the husband to visit the restaurants instead of the stores, and instead of getting a situation to drink too much liquor and hardly be able to find his way home.”

This was a very hard reproof, but it was very kindly spoken, and did not give the offence it would have done under other circumstances. It was finally agreed that he should go alone in search of the situation.

He accordingly started. As soon as he had left the house the wife slipped on her shawl and bonnet and followed him at a distance. There were restaurants in abundance for him to pass, and although without money, he could find out the way of getting the liquor. Before one of these dens of ruin he stopped as if arrested by some power of magic which was irresistible. His wife saw him in the distance and quickened her pace so as to reach him, if possible, before he accomplished his purpose. She was successful. The glass was on the counter and he was about to take the decanter and pour out the liquor when she approached, and taking him by the arm turned him completely around before he was aware of it. "Come," said she, "come, let us go home, this is not the place for you." As she spoke she led him towards the door, and succeeded in prevailing upon him to return to his home.

Again the remonstrance was repeated, and again the promise was given, and all was for the time apparently satisfactory. The wife, however, could not always be at his side, and when she, after securing prom-

ise after promise, left him to attend to her household duties and her children, he slipped out of the house and hurried off for the purpose of securing a situation. He did not pass the first dram shop. He halted a moment before it, looked up and down the street, and then darted in as if he expected to be arrested in his passage. The tumbler and the liquor were placed on the counter by the bar-keeper, who looked in chagrin and amazement at the quantity of the liquor that was poured into the tumbler. It was nearly filled, and enough for two or three drinks. Before he could remonstrate, however, the liquor was in the stomach of the salesman. It is needless to say that he was soon drunk. There were four restaurants in his way, and he entered three of them and got liquor, each time a sufficient quantity to produce intoxication. While drunk he hurried off to the store of his former employers, where he had performed so much service, and maintained, for a time, the highest reputation of his profession. He looked around with some interest upon the scenes of his labors for several years, and became

a maniac in the madness that seized him. He committed one outrage after another until the proprietors of the store determined to resist his abuse. Although a thin and delicate man he was more than a match for two of the clerks, that were directed to remove him from the house. It was not until two police officers were procured that he was seized and confined. His violence was of such a nature that it was considered proper to send him to the station house, where he remained during the night. One of the clerks of the establishment was despatched to his home for the purpose of informing his wife what had happened, and of consulting with her in relation to his future confinement. It was decided that one of the firm should appear against him and direct his commitment to prison. This was done, and while in the jail, the firm that had employed him contributed largely to the support of his family.

He was in jail but a few days when he was taken quite ill, and it was agreed by all concerned in his confinement that he should be conveyed to his home for proper

medical attendance. For four months he was afflicted and kept his bed. During a part of the time there appeared to be no hope of his recovery. His system, however, through proper medical treatment, got the better of the disease, and he was gradually and slowly restored to health.

During the period of his convalescence he was visited by his former employers, who were still anxious in regard to his welfare, and appeared to be willing to do every thing in their power to save him from ruin and his family from suffering. While he was confined to his bed by sickness his wife was driven to the expedient of supporting herself by the use of her needle. She labored day and night on the hard work of the tailor shops, and thereby acquired means almost sufficient for the support of the family. The deficiency was made up by the firm in whose employment the salesman had served.

One day, when the patient was able to bear it, his wife suggested that a clergyman should be sent for, and that an effort should be made to direct his mind towards

the subject of religion. One of his former employers happened to be at the bed-side when the proposal was made, and gave it his hearty sanction. Accordingly the clergyman was introduced. In a second or third visit a decided effect was produced upon the mind and feelings of the sick man. Portions of the Scriptures were read to him on each visit, and he was affectionately counselled to direct his thoughts towards the pursuit of a religious life. The effort was successful. He became deeply interested on account of his condition, and on behalf of his family. The thought of having been the agency through which his wife and children were reduced to want, and his wife was obliged to resort to the hard labor of making heavy pantaloons and coats, in order to provide support for the family, was very oppressive upon him. It brought him to repentance, and he made most determined pledges of amendment, if Providence should spare him.

By the application of medical skill and assiduous attention on the part of his wife and her friends, he was restored to health,

when the gentlemen of the firm in whose service he had wrought so faithfully and wrecked himself so shamefully, proposed to re-employ him. The engagement was effected, and as soon as he was able to leave the house he returned to their employment.

Fortified now by his religious pledges and profession, he felt as though, by the assistance of God, he could sustain himself. The divine assistance never fails those who are willing to help themselves. The assurance of its co-operation is on the record. It is contained in the Scriptures. That record has never yet been faulted. Failure has never been successfully charged upon it. God's word is ever true. The evidence of its truth is witnessed in every instance in which the subject of its influence performs faithfully and constantly the part of the duty necessary on his part. The reading of God's Word, prayer, and the performance of religious duties, are means that must ever be successful in the salvation of the man. If there be failure it must be with him. The agencies of the spiritual

reformation are ever at hand, and they may must be effective wherever the mind and heart of the subject are in constant and faithful co-operation with them.

For some time after the recovery of the salesman, and while it was unknown that he had reformed, and even afterwards, he was shunned cautiously and determinedly by his old associates. The boon companions that had partaken largely of his hospitality, and drank freely of his liquors, avoided him on the street and wherever they met him. They were fearful that calls might be made upon them for assistance in the support of a suffering family. It was indeed the case that several of them were called upon for trifles in the earlier stages of his progress in ruin, and before the wife was obliged to take in work for support, but in all cases they most positively refused to contribute to the aid of the family of their fallen friend. Some of them were very well able to spare the small amount desired, but they had not the heart to do it, although the appeal was made by a delicate and suffering wife and

on behalf of innocent and starving children.

It is almost needless for a fallen inebriate to look for aid to his companions in the mean and miserable associations of drinking and drunkenness. It is in fact one of the most disgraceful features of the drunkard's life, that appears in the utter selfishness of the parties that were engaged with him in his downward career. While he has the money to contribute to the enrichment of the rum-seller, and to purchase the liquor for his associates to drink, he is welcome to the bar, and the praises of his drinking companions are shouted in his behalf. But when the money is gone, and the man penniless, he is turned from the counter on which the liquor is placed, perhaps kicked off the premises, or sent to the station house, and despised and shunned, and his acquaintance disowned by the creatures that were constantly on his trail while there was the price of a glass of whiskey in his pocket.

A truly heartless gang are the grog companions of every unfortunate drunkard.

While they can possess themselves of the liquor, and sport in each other's society, they care not where the means come from by which their bacchanalian accounts are settled. The wife's groans and tears, and the children's cries are nothing to them. They can drink and shout and swear over their cups while they know that the family of the man at whose expense they are revelling, is enduring the greatest privation and suffering. Reader, are you the boon companion of the drunken crowd? If you are, consider for a moment your condition of meanness and degradation. There is not an associate of the dread gang that secures your companionship and services, that would contribute the price of three drams to keep you out of the almshouse; and the proprietor of the restaurant who is amassing all the means in the possession of your gang, will be the first to propose that the almshouse shall be your residence. Let the dram-seller make the record of the wrecks his establishment produces, and the tale would be too shocking to be endured by any but himself.

But I must hasten to the conclusion of my story. My friend, the good salesman, found his old employers the same kind friends they had been before he was seduced from their service by the drunkard's worst enemy—good whiskey. They had cause to regret that they did not discourage and prevent, in the use of more energetic and determined measures, the earlier movements of their friend over the drunkard's path. There were occasions when they might have interposed, and when perhaps a resolute procedure on their part might have been of use in arresting his progress to the condition of ruin that came upon him. The omission to remonstrate and advise and enforce the better process, was now regretted, and the purpose resolved on that there should be no hesitancy in the future in such relations should they occur. They learned, through their experience, the lesson that is ever taught the timid and the hesitating, that through their neglect in the performance of an unpleasant and painful duty—that of warning the subject of their interest who is destroying himself as

rapidly as the process can be effected, in the use of intoxicating liquors.

It affords me great pleasure to state that our friend, the salesman, has recovered himself, and is now at his work as before, supporting his family handsomely, and rendering satisfactory service to his employers. His case is singular in his successful recovery. In nine cases out of ten of the kind, the man goes down and down, until the hovel and the almshouse brings him to the halting point; then the death of pauperism, wretchedness and disgrace, winds up his miserable career.

It is indeed pleasant to look upon the happy wife and children of the recovered inebriate. Every morning and night the family are assembled for prayers, and on Sunday morning the children are prepared for the Sunday School, and the parents follow afterwards to the church. It is hoped that this happy condition of things may continue, and that there may be a long life of usefulness and happiness before our reformed and yet excellent salesman.

It might be supposed that there would

be some remorse of conscience in the keeper of the restaurant who contributed most of all to the downfall and ruin of the subject of our story. But such is not the case. He turns with contempt from his door whenever he sees the salesman passing along the street and by his door, which he does every day either towards the store or his home. While he refused to speak to him when he met him, and turned away with evident gestures of contempt and scorn, he continued to denounce and curse him on account of a "drink" for which he said he still owed him. When the knowledge of this charge reached the ears of the salesman he determined at once to call and settle for the liquor which he had no remembrance of receiving, and could not believe he could have ever drunk again in the restaurant of the man who had seized and sold his furniture for the sum of ten dollars. Accordingly, as he was passing to the store one day, the salesman called and asked if he owed any amount to the bar. The keeper of the house supposed he had come for another glass, the first in the renewal of his old habit,

and he became as polite and as interesting as the occasion suggested, and as the ingrained hypocrite could render himself. The chagrin of the disappointed man may be imagined when the bill was paid and the salesman turned without the slightest appearance of a desire for liquor and went to his business. Reader, let the warning of this story be heeded. Touch not, taste not, handle not the bottle, although it be filled with good whiskey.

“Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath babblings? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine! they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not upon the wine when it is red! when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.”

## THE WOULD BE POLITICIAN.

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In our country, the form of government being republican, every man has a right to vote and be voted for. Of course every man has the right of enjoying his opinion, and of expressing it, provided his opinion be not treasonable. In such a form of government, in the varieties of human kind, there are persons of all grades of political sentiment, and of all dispositions in the use of those sentiments. Among such a variety of sentiments and dispositions it is not to be wondered at that there should be a great variety of political characters. We have, therefore, the political preacher, the political doctor, the political lawyer, (all lawyers are politicians,) the political merchant, the political mechanic, the political laborer, and last, though not least, the political gentleman. And among all these we have

the political dram-drinker. The political preacher has a first rate opportunity of working his way among the people. He visits among his flock and hears their sentiments, and talks fluently in order to secure a free expression from each, and having collected all the knowledge he can secure, he can tell a good tale from the pulpit and deal out his opinions and threats and abuses without the fear of being contradicted. He can mount the hustings when he thinks his country is in danger, and the country is always in danger when he wishes to make a dash and distinguish himself at the town meeting.

“I went to hear your preacher, the other night,” said one political mechanic to another, “and a fine piece of work he made of his speech. He says the country will go to ruin if the people don’t vote his ticket. My preacher was there, and he says he’ll give him beans when he has the chance of speaking for his party. He don’t believe in your preacher’s ticket, and I reckon he’ll tell him so.”

“Well,” replied the person to whom the

remark was addressed, "I was there and heard the speech of my preacher, and I think both your preacher and mine would do much better to stay at home and study sermons for Sunday, than to get up on the stand at a political meeting and talk nonsense. My preacher proved to me that he knows very little about politics, and I guess yours will convince you by a single speech that if he knows no more about theology than he does about politics he had better quit preaching."

As I had heard some political preachers talking politics and political nonsense to the people at town meetings, I could not help deciding that the second speaker was right. It is the duty of preachers to preach the gospel, and not to mount the political hustings and make political party speeches. They may find as much fault as they please with the people for their sins against God and religion, and there is enough for them to do in this department, without offending one-half their congregations, by advocating and abusing party doctrines and practices. It is said that on a certain occasion, after a

political party preacher had descended from the stand, at a town meeting, he was invited to take a drink, and he consented, remarking as he went that he was quite exhausted, and a glass of liquor would refresh him. A fine example is such a preacher for the crowd with which he associates. He is much liked and much applauded by his drinking assemblies, with which he is frequently found in association. If the country is to be saved, it will never be done by political, partizan, liquor-drinking preachers.

And the political doctor ! What of him ? Why, he can talk politics to his patients. He can tell them the latest news, and about the last political speculation that has been started. He carries the price of gold with him, and is always ready with his speculations as to the cause. In most cases, the political speeches the doctor makes to his patients do them as much good as his pills. In his search for intelligence in relation to the political market, he has his time so much occupied that there is but little left for thought on account of his practice. His

prescriptions are hurriedly prepared, and one-half the time he knows but little about the condition of his patient, and less of the medicine he has been prescribing. The political doctor takes his drink without invitation, and of course, without compunction of conscience, and if his patients suffer, the cause is to be charged to the politics and the liquor, between the influences of which his brain becomes so thoroughly muddled that he does not know what he is doing. If people can believe themselves safe in the hands of political party doctors, they may employ them, the loss will surely be upon one side or the other, oftener perhaps on the side of the patient than upon that of the doctor. Political pills will not always cure, and there is at least a risk of damage in their use

The political lawyer is no article of scarcity among any community that needs such services as he can render. It is the lawyer's business to make speeches. Why should he not make political speeches? And why should not a political lawyer be elected to office? He is competent. He knows every-

thing and a little more. He can talk like an auctioneer. He can drink like a fish. He can do anything. He's the very man for office. The country is safe in his hands, so he says himself, drunk or sober. Indeed, if the lawyer, drunk or sober, is to be believed, the country is safe in the hands of none else.

The communities of our country have tried the lawyers, and they have found them wanting, in everything but the collection of the fee. In this they are accomplished. They can do the work to perfection. In some cases they can collect from both sides. It is said that the lawyer is pledged to take care of his client. The drunken lawyer can take good care of his client's money. He can take such good care of it as to prevent the necessity of the client's ever having anything to do with it.

And what is to be said of the councils of the States and of the nation, which the lawyers have controlled so long? The answer to this question is found in the condition of the country. If the lawyers have controlled the councils of the States and of

the nation, who else could have brought the country to its present unfortunate condition?

Reader, my advice to you is, if you can find a lawyer who is a sober man, and no party politician, employ him, if you are obliged to do so. But be sure you think well whether you are obliged to provide such assistance for your business. In most cases, as far as the morality and the honor of your case are concerned, you had better throw the papers on which it is represented into the fire. Your case is half lost, and more than half lost, in the hands of a drunken attorney. If you smell liquor in the office, or suspect it to be there, take your papers home with you, and burn them.

I know some excellent men that are lawyers, but they are neither drunkards nor party politicians. They are not found among the brawling multitudes, who are in search of distinction and plunder. They frequent the great walks of life with quite as much interest as they do those of the court-house and its vicinity, and they never take a case into court if they can prevent

it. They settle the most difficult cases out of court, and save the characters and money of their clients by so doing. The lawyer that labors to keep cases out of court is a rare man of the profession, but he is the true friend of his client and of the community. Such a lawyer desires the patronage and friendship of the public.

And what of the political merchant? Does he sell political party sugar and calico? If he does not, he talks party politics while he is engaged in selling sugar and calico. In thus talking he pleases about one-half his customers, while he offends the other half. Who cares about the man's sectional and party feelings and interests while he is purchasing goods? Who wants to hear of the success or defeat of the democrats or of the whigs or of the republicans, while he is examining the quality of sugar or the texture of calico?

"What's the news in your district?" said a sugar merchant to a dealer.

"What kind of news?" asked the dealer.

"Whose ahead, Lincoln or McClellan? and how does the price of gold affect the

people? and what do the people think of the war? and how do they like General Grant? and when do they think the war will end?"

The poor dealer was confounded at the amount of information required of him, and as he did not know which question to answer first, nor how to answer any of them, he simply replied :

“ I am a dealer in groceries, and know nothing about politics.”

The reply would have been sufficient for any one but an inveterate party politician, but it would not answer for the merchant, and he asked question after question, as fast as he could pronounce the words, until the dealer believed his purpose was to confuse and confound him, so that he could not examine the goods he wished to purchase. Not being very well pleased with the position in which the merchant placed him, which obliged him either to talk on a disagreeable subject or acknowledge his ignorance, the dealer touched his hat, bade the merchant good morning, and left. A few such rebukes might assist in curing the

party political merchant, or at least they might cause him to entertain some few feelings of respect for his customers.

“Do you know why Smith failed?” asked a wag of another wag.

“Yes,” was the reply, “he swamped himself watching for gold to fall, so that he might make a heavy purchase.”

“You’re mistaken,” was the rejoinder. “Smith failed because he talked party politics to his customers on the wrong side. He was generally half drunk all the time, and his tongue run ten an hour, and nobody believed half he said. No customer could stand such talk as Smith’s.”

If the merchant had attended faithfully to his business, and let rum and politics alone, he might have prospered.

And what a character is the party political mechanic! He talks while at work of the unrighteousness of all the parties to which he is opposed, and especially of the great political party in the opposition, and he vows that he will work night and day to put down the tyrants that are oppressing the country and producing hard times and

low wages. Before the time for leaving his work in the evening, he prepares for a visit to the printing-office to hear the news. On his way he stops at the dram-shop for a drink, and by the time he reaches the printer's he is in a good condition for a controversy with any one that may come in his way. On the appearance of the news-boy he buys the newspaper, and in a very few minutes he has devoured the news. He must talk to somebody about the election, or the war, or the new constitution, or the proceedings of Congress, or the President's Message, or something else. It does not take him long to convince every one with whom he talks how little he knows about the topics of the times, and how much he desires to be considered a politician. In a short time the man of little work and much talk begins to imagine that he is smart enough to fill an office of some kind—almost any kind, and almost any office will suit him. He suggests his name to the parties in power, and perhaps has it placed at the lower end of the list, and then he is in for it. He works less, and drinks and

talks more every day. The more he hunts the office, the more he can't get it, and he is greatly surprised that his talents are so lightly estimated. He is disappointed once or twice every day in not hearing of his appointment, when no one has ever thought of it but himself, and in his disappointment he sometimes becomes enraged with everybody, and talks at random about the ingratitude of the government that he has done so much to serve, and lost so much time in serving.

There is but little hope for the would-be politician who leaves his work-shop in search of an office and turns into the dram shop by the way. He may waste much of his time in hunting the office and never obtain it. And if by an unlucky chance he should be appointed to some insignificant position, if he would soberly consider his duty he would conclude that he had better remained at his business and let the office alone. He learns by unfortunate experience that the proceeds of the office will not support his family, that he has run himself in debt in seeking it and is drink-

ing his way to trouble, perhaps to destruction.

And what caused the mechanic to leave his business at which he may have wrought for years in contentment, to enter the arena of contest with noisy, disappointed, discontented, and factious politicians? The question is answered in saying that he was either crazy, or fond of drinking intoxicating liquors, or discontented in the pursuit of a trade that he had learned in his youth and may have followed for many years. Scarcely ever did a man turn from his trade in this way to become a politician, without regretting that he was ever tempted to the trial. Sad experience convinces him that he had better remained at his work and labored in contentment for the support of his family and himself.

But there is the day laborer that talks politics and belongs to a party, and desires office. His business is too laborious. It has become oppressive. It affords too little pay. He cannot pay for his whiskey and support his family. He must have an office. Hours of every day are lost hanging

about the restaurant and the city hall, and in talking on the corners of the streets with other men of the same stamp. The times are complained of as oppressively hard and business as exceedingly unprofitable. No wonder. The times are hard, and his business unprofitable because he is too indolent or too ambitious of securing a small political office, or too fond of talking politics to apply himself properly to his work and earn a support for himself and others depending upon him. It requires a little of the pinching of poverty to bring him to his senses, and convince him of the folly of his course. If he does not become a drunken vagabond, and leave his family for starvation, or for some other means of support, he is quite a lucky man. Poor, foolish, would-be city or county officer! Cease your folly, and turn in for work. Become an industrious man, and seek to please your employers, and you will meet with much better success and be much more respected than you ever can be either in seeking a political office or in becoming a political officer.

But who is that little fussy, seedy looking, broken down gentleman, that is hanging about the newspaper office, and hearing and telling the news, and assisting every one to read his newspaper, and explaining everything that people don't know? He is the gentleman politician, or the gentleman would-be politician. He can give no account of himself. He does not know how he gets his living, or how old his hat or coat is. His hat allows the hair to stick a little way out, and the sun to slant an occasional ray upon his head beneath it, and neither he nor any one else has seen the nap on his coat collar and sleeves for years. Alas, that nap has disappeared, and it has been a long time since he commenced napping in it through the night, first at the dram shop and then any place in which he can put himself. He talks smartly. Why should he not? He has been hanging about the newspaper office and the restaurant, reading other people's newspapers, and finding out what other people knew, until he has become the receptacle of a large amount of small news. He

talks fluently about the President and the cabinet and the war, and the next steamer. He is sometimes Mr. Oracle; that is, when he can find listeners. How extremely polite he is! He can show the way to the best kept restaurant, especially if a glass can be secured for his trouble. It matters not how often he is troubled in this way during the morning or afternoon. He works it all pleasantly and complacently, and with a countenance covered with smiles, especially when the whiskey is in view.

The prospects of the seedy gentleman are not very promising. He can get a meal in the market house and a dram in the drinking house whenever he can find a friend to treat, or secure the pennies to pay for his purchase, or prevail upon the cook woman to give him a bun, or an oyster, or the claw of a cooked crab. It happens sometimes that he goes a while hungry and begs hard for the needed relief. He may work his way for a time in such pursuits, but the almshouse is not far ahead of him, and he is making his way to it as fast as he can. How much more a gentleman would such

a man be if he would find some kind of respectable employment and earn himself a decent living? The kind of life he lives is not only despicable, but it is troublesome. It might be mortifying, if such a character was capable of being mortified. If there were a work-house, as there ought to be, the gentleman loungeur with no visible means of support, might find an institution in which he might be a well-fed and well-cared for, though a reluctant inmate.

Speaking in a general way of the would be politician, we may consider him as a man in possession of a flourishing business, who becomes animated with a desire of distinguishing himself among the politicians of the day. He hears large talk among the free voters of his district and talks largely himself until he is so full of the desire for distinction that he cannot consent to have his abilities circumscribed by his single occupation. He must flourish among the talkers, and the time that should be occupied in the pursuit of his business is devoted to that purpose. His first advance is to the position of a wire-puller. There is distinc-

tion in this office. The alehouse is the place where the wire pullers meet. They learn the wire pulling and the ale and whiskey drinking at the same time. They are good customers and must sometimes be accommodated with a private room. Here the flourish is conducted. Speeches and the announcement of purposes and threats, and the exchange of pledges are freely circulated, and the ale or the whiskey as freely drank. Schemes are projected for finding out how the neighbors vote, and if they vote on the wrong side, of intercepting the vote. In the neglect of his business the man finds his business is sliding away from him, and that his new profession of political wire pulling is ruining him. In the course of his career the business so far declines that failure ensues, and then the man has time to devote to his darling object. The wire pulling associates become constant companions. The alehouse becomes his second home, and he becomes more attentive to his second home than he ever was to his first. He treats and is treated until his money is all gone, and then—then what! Then he

is left alone in his—not glory, but shame. And then who cares for him? Then where are his brother wire pullers? Then who quits his company? Then who kicks him out of the bar room? And worst and most shameful and disgraceful of all, who suffers more than any others on his account? Truly none suffer more than the impoverished, neglected, degraded, wretched family of the foolish adventurer among the wire pulling politicians.

The political adventurer like every other man that treads the path of drunkenness, begins his career in moderation. He is a moderate drinker. He drinks an occasional glass. He drinks for the benefit of it. He drinks for the comfort of it. He drinks for the excitement of it. He drinks for the ruin that follows. Every moderate drinker has examples enough before him to be fully convinced that his course if persisted in will end in ruin. The moderate drinking is increased as a matter of necessity. It becomes frequent drinking, constant drinking, and then ruinous drinking.

Let me ask you, reader, and answer the

question candidly. Did you ever know a moderate drinker that continued a moderate drinker? Did you ever hear of such a drinker? I will anticipate your answer. You never knew such a one. If the moderate drinker continued the use of his dram he became the frequent drinker and the ruined drinker. There is no preventing this result but by discontinuing the drinking. The most fatal imposition that a man ever practiced upon himself is that in which he believes he will continue without increasing the use of intoxicating liquors. As surely as the man increases in years he will increase the portion allotted for his dram. The result is inevitable. It is in the view of every dram seller. It is in the view of every dram drinker. It is in the view of every man.

Flatter not yourself, my dear friend, with the idea that you can do what no man ever did before you, that is, continue a moderate drinker. It never was done. It never can be done. The moderate drinker is a regular drinker and the regular drinker is in the high way to drunkenness and to his destruction.

But I have something more to say of the political wire puller. He is the man of a party, a political party, and he has the work of the political party to perform. He has money placed in his hands for the purpose of treating the honest voters of his district. The English of this is, the money is to be expended in buying votes, or in getting votes in any way. The man engaged in this business, when he becomes a proficient, has to drink as often as he finds a free American citizen to drink with him. This is a glorious business for the fuddling employee, who desires no better office than that of buying, bribing, cajoling and deceiving the sometimes honest, but more frequently the ignorant and vicious voter. They are the ignorant and the vicious that he most of all encounters and most of all succeeds in controlling. What sort of an account would the wire pulling politician render were such demanded of him? Would it not be shocking to the meanest of party politicians? Let us imagine how such an account would read :

TIPPLE HALL, December 31, 1864.

*Fuddle Club**To John Smith Jones, Professional Wire Puller, DR.*

## To Cash paid :

6 drinks for 5 honest freemen and self.....	\$2 50
Cigars, do. do. ....	50
Oysters, &c., do. do. ....	2 75
18 more drinks, do. do. ....	7 50
1 hat, one pocket handkerchief and 1 cravat lost,	5 00
48 more drinks for 6 honest freemen and self.....	20 00
Doctor's fees for attendance on 3 hurt men.....	15 00
Services of 2 penitentiary birds, and drinks for do.	1 00
Taking 2 hurt men home.....	50
Damage for spree in grog shop.....	2 00
Washing out blood from bar-room floor.....	50
Noisy wife of one honest freeman to hush up.....	2 00
Money lost.....	25 00
Confidential expenses.....	10 00
Ac't generally, for liquor, oysters, doctor's bills, &c.	26 75

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\$121 00

## CR.

By cash received from President of Fuddle Club... 120 00

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Balance due John Smith Jones, W. P..... \$1 00

This is quite a moderate account for the amount of services rendered. The fuddling was successful as far as the eating and drinking, &c., were concerned, but it is not certain that six votes were gained by the process. The wire puller fared best of all. He had the money and he did what he

pleased with it. He was hired to pull wires for other people, but he pulled them all for himself. He made a noise in his talk and flourished patriotism freely, but he knew his purpose and pursued it.

And who furnished the money for this wire pulling purpose? Who furnished the money to make men drunk in order to secure their votes for the party? Now comes the deepest shame of the whole matter. Who furnished the money? The preacher gave his share—a very small one. The doctor gave his share, quite liberal. The lawyer gave his share. It made the Indian on the American penny yell, the squeeze was so tight, before the penny got out of his fingers. The merchant gave his share, it was a fair one. The mechanic and the laborer gave theirs, and the seedy gentleman looked on and sighed. He wanted a little for himself, and when he was denied he followed the wire puller at a respectable distance, and asked occasionally for a drink, which he seldom received. Very ungentlemanly was he frequently treated in not being invited to take a glass among the

political gentlemen who had the funds and did all the drinking. Who gave the money? Do you see that demure looking professor of religion. He is one of the most sanctified among the long faces. He frowns when you laugh. He sighs when you say witty things. He looks up, and appears to pray when the drunken man staggers before him. He gave the money. And why did he give it? Why, because he was requested to do so by the Rev. Moses Tobias Agrarian Snooks, the minister of his church, who preached long sermons, prayed long prayers, gave out short hymns, and run away from the church as soon as he could get out of the pulpit.

Reader, what hope have you for your country when such games as these are played for its freedom? What hope have you for the church when its ministers and members are desecrating the pulpit and the aisles and the pews, by such shameful, such ruinous proceedings? Don't ask me if what I say is true? Look around yourself a little, and you will find that I have only begun to tell what is true.

But what of the demure looking professor? He contributes his money for the hire of a man to do what he would not have done himself. He hires a man to help on the ruin of his country, and pays him for the service. He hires a man to sell his soul to perdition, and thinks he shall escape perdition himself. And what of that preacher? He is the worst of knaves. He knows very well what he is doing. He knows that he is practicing deceit, and helping on the work of corruption. He knows that the course he is pursuing is that of ruin to society, to the country, and to the church, and he does not believe a word of what he preaches about perdition, and the loss of the soul. If you had heard that preacher when he delivered a temperance speech for ten dollars, and sent all the drunkards of christendom howling into the dark regions, you would have supposed he was a true temperance man, and a strict religionist. You would have thought he was a little too hard on the sinners. But with a peep behind the curtain what would you think of him? Perhaps there is enough said on this subject.

But we must follow our would-be politician through his career. He began a respectable business man. He commenced tippling when he started out in political life. He drank moderately with his friends at their political meetings. He was in search of an office. He contributed moderately to the general movements of the party. He did more for the immediate circle in which he operated, and through which he hoped to be elevated to a political position. He deserved an office—a respectable office. He would like such a one as was a little in advance of some others, but would take a lower one if offered him. He spent about much money as the office was worth, and was insolvent when he was fortunate enough to obtain it. Now he was fairly in the political ring. He was an office-holder. So elated was he with his success that he thought not of the money he had expended, nor of his failure, nor of the danger he was in of becoming a drunkard and a beggar. He provided an office for the transaction of his business as a government agent, and in that office there were always friends who

were in office, or out of office, or seeking office, and not unfrequently the drink was proposed, when all hands proceeded to the nearest restaurant, where all drank at the newly-appointed office-holder's expense. For a time there was pleasure in the meetings of these friends, and they met as often as possible, never without a drink or two. There was a small select party that met most frequently, and what was for a time remarkable, they never met without becoming too thirsty for endurance without the drink. Some one of the party had to treat, and so often did the event happen that the turn of each came round very fast. It was not long before the office-holder found his pay too small for his expenses, and he was running in debt. This sort of thing might last awhile, but there was ruin somewhere in its issue. The running in debt was one thing not to be endured any length of time, and the running into drunkenness was another thing which would certainly wind up the business thus pleasantly although unprofitably pursued. As might have been expected, the party wound up in

trouble. The office-holder was obliged to pawn his office furniture and some of his personal property, in order to keep up appearances. When turned out of doors by his landlord, the higher officials of the government, by whose appointment he obtained and held his position, turned him out of his office. He was now a common drunkard. The members of his family were obliged to seek homes among their friends. His wife with one child found a shelter at a sister's, two of his children were taken home by one of his brothers, one was put out at business, and another, which was a cripple, was sent to an institution established for the care of destitute children. The unhappy condition of the wife and older children, as may be imagined, was that of wretchedness. The younger children were not capable of realizing their situation sufficiently to be as unhappy as those who were older.

The man himself managed to batter it around, as drunkards sometimes do, while all who know them wonder how it is that they can continue the drunken pursuit, day after day, without being brought up at the

almshouse or the prison. And although the creature thus debased may outrun the limit allotted him by the most liberal of his acquaintances, he must at last bring up somewhere. Our office-holder was picked up on the street one cold night in a state of helpless intoxication, and taken to the station house. One of his brother office-holders had compassion upon him, and furnished him with a bed for the night, and in the morning gave him his breakfast, but what was to be done with him. He was too much enfeebled by his drunkenness to do anything for himself. He had scarcely strength left to reach the nearest dram-shop, nor had he the first penny towards the amount necessary to purchase a glass of the lowest-price liquor. In pity for his person, in its extremity of necessity, it was deemed advisable to commit him to the almshouse. Here he laid sick for several weeks. He was reduced to a frightful looking skeleton, and when able to move about he reminded one of a walking disease. In a little time he gained sufficient strength to walk over the grounds of the institution.

None suspected that he would ever think of returning to his old habit, especially after his experience of wretchedness in its pursuit. He was therefore allowed more liberty than he would otherwise have enjoyed. One evening the man was missing. The attendants upon his ward at the almshouse supposed he had wandered into some secluded place where he had died, and they commenced a search about the premises for his body. His body was accordingly found, not dead, but dead drunk. He had wandered into a distant liquor-house, where in pity on his forlorn condition, a very liberal bar-tender, in the person of a generous hearted boy, gave him several glasses of whiskey. Full to overflowing, he left the dram-shop and succeeded in reaching the spot within the almshouse enclosure where he was found. He was taken to his ward, where every necessary attention was given him, and through which he was enabled to pass the critical crisis that had very nearly carried him off. When he came to himself an attendant was at his side, who was much gratified at the success of his efforts to save him from a drunkard's death. He was

quite rational, and asked the attendant what had happened to him. The information startled him. "What," said he, "was I found drunk on the ground, and brought back to this place?"

"You were," was the reply.

"And I am yet alive, and yet a wretched sufferer. I think I had rather died. But it is horrible to think of dying out on the field, and drunk." Here he was overcome by his feelings, and hiding his face in his hands he wept like a child. "I am nearly gone," said he, when he was able to speak, "and before I die I should like to see my wife and one or two of my children."

The attendant promised to do what he could to have them brought out to the institution. He was as good as his word, and in the course of the day the wife and one of the children were brought to his side. "Wife," said he, when she approached his bed, "I am dying. It is all over with me now, and I thought I would like to see you, and tell you how I have suffered and what agony I have felt on account of the trouble I have caused you and the children. The accursed liquor, and that more accursed

office, have ruined me. They made a beast of me. They wrecked me. They brought me to beggary, and you and the children with me. I want your forgiveness, but I can never forgive myself. I want you to know that I die penitent, though my death must be horrible, horrible.”

He could utter no more, but sunk exhausted on his pillow. When he recovered a little his wife assured him of her forgiveness, and desired him to compose himself, and think no more of the past, and if it was the will of Providence that he should be taken, she hoped his departure would be peaceful.

“Peaceful!” he exclaimed, repeating the word with emphasis. “Peaceful! Never. There’s no peace for me. I’m wretched, wretched, and must die a miserable creature, a self-destroyer—a suicide. Yes, I have destroyed myself, and what is more, I must leave behind an affectionate wife and innocent children that I have wronged and ruined—almost murdered. Mine is the end of a drunkard—a drunken office-holder. There’s no forgiveness for me. I’m ruined, ruined, cursed, cursed forever!”

Thus he raved, until again exhausted, when all supposed the last struggle was over, but it was not so. He again recovered, and again received the assurance of his wife's forgiveness, and again raved in the agony of his greatly disturbed spirit. His system could not endure the overtask to which it was subjected, and he sank into a profound slumber, which lasted several hours. When he awoke he was a maniac. Reason was gone, and he was himself no more. He raved in his madness against every one that came near him. He imagined that his wife was a fiend sent to torture his doomed spirit, and he sprang at her with a violence much beyond the strength that any one could have supposed was left in his system. The wife and child were conveyed away from him, and he made the ward ring again with his screams and ravings. He cursed every friend whose name he could remember, and his memory was as vivid, and more so, perhaps, than it had been for years. His wife he remembered by her name before marriage, and he cursed her by that name in utterances most

fearful. Such were his ravings, that it was found necessary to tie him down to his bed, in which condition he expended his remaining strength.

“Man,” he exclaimed, looking full in the face of his attendant, when he recovered himself sufficiently to speak, “Man, I am lost. The cursed fiends have ruined me. Where’s the woman that brought the last spell upon me? She’s gone, but I’ll find her. She has brought the cursed spell upon me, but I’ll be revenged! I’ll be revenged! I shall die, and she shall die with me! I shall torture her spirit forever in the torment of—of—yes, of hell!”

It was impossible to picture the wretchedness of the poor miserable creature that had wronged and ruined himself so thoroughly, while wronging and ruining those who were once so dear to him. Let it be enough to say that he died with the most bitter curses on his lips for himself and for every one he knew, most of all, for the political associates that had helped him onward in his career of misfortune, and the dram-sellers, that had perfected and completed it.

The day his wife left him was his last. His attendant became exhausted at night, in his efforts to quiet him, and the assistance of another was secured. In weariness both were overcome, and while in a slumber, the spirit of the wretched inebriate took its departure. When they awoke he was dead. Such was the end of a man who was possessed of quite an ordinary degree of natural ability, had been fairly educated, and might have been a useful member of society. But the dram was the poison of his life. It brought him to drunkenness, to ruin, to disgrace, to disease, to madness, to death. The consequences were natural, as they followed upon their causes. He lived the drunkard's life, and nothing less could have been expected than that he should have died the drunkard's death. It was a death of horror, more so, perhaps, than is usual, but the end to which he brought himself, was what might have been, and perhaps was, anticipated by the more considerate of his friends.

Reader, I have said it was impossible to picture the scene of horror that witnessed the last struggles of the life of the drunken

subject of our present history. No man has power to fathom the extent of sin and wretchedness to which the man reduces himself, who brings himself to such an end. And all for what! Why, for the pleasure, the mean, the low, the disgraceful pleasure of indulging in the dram. Surely the drunkard's habit is low and mean and degrading. It cannot possess much pleasure, but it is succeeded by a degree of pain that cannot be expressed. Is there no warning in the terrible end that drunkenness may bring? Surely there is. If a man can properly consider it he will never dare to risk its terrible consequences. What, die a drunkard—a raving maniac from drunkenness! Only think of it. Bereft of reason. Mad, and imagining demons to be the only companions of hours and days of torment. Truly this is perdition while the soul is in the body, and torturing it with its convulsions of insanity and horror. What then must be the after perdition when the soul has left its wretched tenement, and gone naked to the deeper torture of the fire and the worm—the fire that may never be quenched and the worm that can

never die—the fire that must burn, and the worm that must gnaw and gnaw forever. Think of it, reader. Think solemnly of the curse that intoxicating liquor may bring, and shun it as your experienced spirit would the wild agony to which the lost is doomed.

Reader, are you a preacher, a doctor, a lawyer, a merchant, a mechanic, a laborer? In either of these occupations, honestly and faithfully pursued, there is a living for you. Labor you must, in some pursuit, unless you are blest with a fortune adequate to your support. In either of the pursuits named there are opportunities for advancement. You may pursue your way to distinction, to honor, to fortune. It is common for men to complain of the business to which they have been brought up, and to desire to change it for some other business. This is one of the greatest fallacies with which mankind can be deceived. It is not the particular profession that produces the dissatisfaction. It is the labor of the profession, and if you were engaged in any other than your own the result would be the same. You would become tired of it, and desire to change it. It is the misfortune of

humanity that it wearies with any employment that it is obliged to pursue. Humanity does not relish restrictions. It is naturally indolent, and would live at ease. This is one of its greatest faults. You may discover in yourself impatience in the pursuit of the fortune that seems to elude your approach, and keep ever at a distance from you. It matters not what may be your pursuit of life, this is the result. Be contented, then, in the choice that you have made of your profession, and pursue it steadily, and honestly, and faithfully, and contentedly, and success will surely attend you. A half heart and half purpose, in any pursuit can only be attended with failure. The good Book gives the right exhortation, "What thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." God intended that the whole power of the man should be put forth in his pursuit of life. Usefulness in some one of the professions is duty. Let the duty be pursued in the proper way, as God has designed it, and success and blessing must follow.

I think if you keep properly in view the troubles, vexations and disappointments of

the office-holder, you will not be disposed to seek an office. And if you can consider properly the condition and end of the drunken office-holder, you will never follow in his footsteps. In the path of the would-be politician there is trouble and danger. In that of the wire puller there is meanness and disgrace. The employment is beneath the thought of a respectable man. No man can be a true patriot while he is engaged in the occupation of a wire pulling politician. While thus employed, a man that has any consideration in relation to life and its responsibilities, must despise himself. He must regard his employment among the meanest in which he can labor, and himself as the meanest of men for consenting to labor in it.

Let the preacher continue to preach the gospel, the work he was appointed to perform. Let him faithfully warn the people of all manner of sin, especially that of drunkenness, which includes all the sins of a vicious life. A man will do any act, he will commit any crime while drunk, and the warning voice of the pulpit should ever and forever be raised against it. Let the

man of any profession and pursuit, consider himself to be a man, and let him avoid the meanness and tricks of trade which every where disgrace the occupations which men follow. Pursue the course of high-minded, honorable dealing. In the course of such a life there may be labor and many disappointments, but the labor will be pleasant and the disappointments may be endured. Perseverance in faithful labor, will surely reach its reward, and the faithful life must possess blessings which none else can claim. Touch not in any case the intoxicating glass. Imagine not that you can trifle with it, and come off unscathed. A single indulgence may be your undoing. Say not to yourself that it is only a glass. It cannot do much harm, and if it makes you drunk it will be soon over. It is only a glass, and it is only one drink, but it will lead its way to other drinks, and to the ruin that follows.

“ Only this once—the tale is told,  
 He madly quaffed the poisonous tide,  
 With more than Esau’s madness sold  
 The birth-right of his soul—and died.”

Risk not the terrible issue of a single drink. Remember the admonition. Avoid the first dram, and you are safe.



