

Miscellaneous.

TWO MEMORABLE TEMPERANCE SPEECHES.

I. GOV. JOHN W. GEARY.

On taking the chair as temporary president of the State Temperance Convention at Harrisburgh, March 5th, Governor Geary, said,—

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Convention— Fellow citizens:—I rise, not for the purpose of addressing you at length on this occasion. I will not insult the distinguished and brilliant minds around me, by attempting to address you unprepared. But as you have seen proper to select me as your temporary presiding officer, I rise more to thank you than to make a speech.

When I look upon this assemblage and contemplate its object, many thoughts rush upon my mind. I see here ministers of the Gospel, members of the legal profession, intellectual men—tutors of the popular mind, from every section of the State, and I am happy to greet you. Shall we inquire why you have come here? It has certainly been for no selfish object. Some noble impulse has doubtless guided you, and I feel that our cause is a truly noble one.

You come not with arms or martial weapons. You come in time of peace, to set a grand example for the young men of the country. You come in the cause of temperance. (Applause.) You do not propose to gain any object by forcible means, but to snatch our brethren from the dangers that surround them; and that by reason and example.

Why, my friends, we have just passed through five years of war. Seven hundred thousand of our friends have laid down their lives, and hundreds of thousands are maimed for life. They met the foe in the field and conquered him, and we now perceive a vast army engaged in another warfare. More than half a million of our fellow-countrymen are engaged in it, and the enemies they are fighting are themselves. Now, we have come here to-day to rescue them from so baleful a fight—to aid and assist them against the fell destroyer, King Alcohol. (Applause.) When we see so many of our fellow citizens daily going down to a grave as ignoble as it is horrible, it is a noble impulse which prompts us to rescue them from themselves.

We are daily doing our duty to our maimed and crippled braves and devising plans for their maintenance and comfort, but those gallant men would gladly see their friends and protectors distributing a portion of their sympathies and attentions along the millions who are injuring their health, prospects and reputation by the excessive use of liquor.

What is it that fills our asylums? What is it that fills our prisons? Our almshouses? Intemperance! Three-fourths of the inmates of our institutions for feeble-minded children owe their sad condition to inebriate parents, thus verifying the Divine sentence, saying that the sins of the father shall be visited upon the children.

For my part, I do not deserve much credit for being a temperance man. I have been temperate from my youth up. (Applause.) In all my life I think I have never used medicine or otherwise, a quart in all, of spirituous liquors. (Cheers.) When a boy I saw the effects of drunkenness. At seven years I resolved that I never would be a drunkard, and I never have been one. I never acquired an appetite for drinking; but I have a heart full of sympathy and compassion for those who do drink.

I will tell you more: Having passed through very exciting scenes and periods in my life, I have been able to go through an extended experience without even an apparent necessity for an alcoholic stimulus. (Applause.) Called to govern a large and wild district upon the Pacific coast, I found no necessity there for the use of ardent spirits. I passed through the war of Mexico and of the Rebellion without it. I was nominated (and you will pardon me for this personal digression) to fill the gubernatorial chair of the Keystone State; but I did not, thank God! buy my nomination by giving men that which destroys the body and soul. (Cheers.) Though the canvass was exciting it was conducted on temperance principles, strict and pure, and at my inauguration, I am happy to say no whiskey was used. (Cheers.) A new administration has just commenced, and I promise you that I can and will perform my duties without the use of intoxicating drink. (Cheers.)

Let us go forward, encouraging and protecting the weak, to break down the domination of strong drink in our State. We are encouraged by voices from the capital of the nation. To-day I have the glorious news to announce that Gen. Ulysses S. Grant is about to become a Son of Temperance. (Cheers upon cheer.) With a full knowledge of the activity and usefulness of that Order, and observing so many of its representatives in my presence, I deem it a pleasure to tender to you a hearty welcome to this convention at the capital of our State, and to say to you, in the language of your beautiful ritual, "Hail, Sons of Temperance, and be that name thy Glory and thy Shield." Let us go forward in the good cause. You have the Congress of the United States, and the State administration with you. Let all the people join in the glad chorus of a redeemed Commonwealth and nation. Let our course be upward and onward, until all the people shall rejoice, "the morning stars sing together, and the sons of God shout with joy." (Immense applause.)

Rev. Dr. Torrence arose and said: For the inauguration of a Governor of Pennsylvania without the use of rum, I propose three hearty cheers. (Given with a will.)

II. SENATOR YATES.

At a recent meeting of the Congressional Temperance Society, Senator Yates, of Illinois, said:—

"Temperance is one of the sweetest and most delightful things upon earth; it is the

very spring-head of cheerfulness, happiness, and joy—the very chivalry of manhood itself. I have been a temperance man for fifteen days, and I am a gayer boy to-night than I have been for seventeen years. (Laughter.) I think I am the gayest man in the Senate, except the compeer of Clay and Crittendon—the able, indomitable and gallant old cavalier of Kentucky (Garrett Davis.) I expect you also, Mr. Chairman. (Laughter.) Temperance gloomy? Not a bit of it, Mr. President. My pledge shall be a perpetual charm, 'a thing of beauty which is a joy forever,' not a cloud of gloom, but an ever present rainbow of promise, hope and beauty. I am as proud of it as of my wife and children, and that is the strongest way I have to express my pride. (Applause.) I am as proud of it as I am of the commission which entitles me to hold the position of an American senator. By-the-by, Mr. Chairman, I will submit to you the question. I rather think the commission and the temperance pledge ought to go together. (Applause.) What do you think of having 'the teetotaler' put into the iron-clad oath? (Laughter.)

"You say, of what use is the pledge? I will tell you. Twenty days ago there came along a friend of mine, a senator, and said, 'Let us take a drink.' I said, 'Certainly, all right.' Another friend from Illinois in about three minutes and a half came along and said, 'Let us take a drink.' Said I 'All right.' It is this way. One drink of liquor is enough for me; two ain't half enough (laughter); three is only one-third enough, and four is chaos. After I signed the pledge I was asked several times to 'take a drink, but I didn't do any such thing. (Laughter.)

"After I signed this temperance pledge I wrote to a little lady out in Illinois, who weighs about a hundred pounds, has black hair and flashing black eyes, 'a form fairer than Grecian chisel ever woke from Parian marble,' and I received the following answer:

"My Dear Richard: How beautiful is this morning; how bright the sun shines; how sweetly our birds sing: how joyous the children; how happy is my heart. I see the smile of God. He has answered the prayer. Always proud of your success, you have now achieved that success which God and angels will bless. It is the shining summit of human aspiration, for you have conquered yourself. All who love you will aid you to keep the pledge. I love you, my dear boy. 'KATIE'."

'Love, the sun, soul and centre of the moral universe; Love, which links angel to angel, and God to man; Love, which binds in one two loving hearts: How beautiful is love.' (Applause.)

"As I look over this audience, composed of senators and representatives of this great nation, and these galleries blazing with beauty and the 'worth of the city and sojourners from all the States and territories, I ask myself why they are here? Proud England, upon whose dominions the sun never sets, has but one queen; but, thank God, we have millions of queens, who

'Shine in beauty like the night Of sunny climes and starry skies,'

whose chains we feel, and yet we bless the silken sceptre. You are here to give by your presence, encouragement to the congressional temperance society, and I propose, sir, that this society shall be the beginning of societies throughout the land, and that we will push forward the temperance column, move upon the enemy's works and give him canister and Greek fire. (Applause.) We will storm upon the citadel of intemperance until it shall crumble and totter and fall to the earth. (Applause.) Why do I refer to the ladies? Because their example is mightier than the eloquence of a thousand senators, or the banners of a thousand legions.

"You are here to-night to see the snowy-white flag of temperance as it is unfurled over the capital of your country, as it rises and rises, and unfolds to God and spreads until there shall not be a drunkard nor a moderate drinker to take away the bloom from the cheek of female beauty, and until all the hearth-stones of this land shall blaze with comfort and joy, and happiness and gladness shall dwell in green freshness there. (Tremendous applause.)"

A MORNING WITH DR. ALEXANDER. HIS VIEWS ON PREACHING.

The last volume from the pen of Dr. James W. Alexander—"Thoughts on Preaching"—lies before us as we write. His serene, benignant face, engraved by Ritchie, looks down upon us from our study wall. It looks precisely as the dear Doctor looked, when seated in the chair of Rhetoric at Princeton, he used to say, "Young gentleman, please to say something about Pericles." We never can forget the last interview we ever had with that countenance. It was thin then, and sallow, already bearing the premonitions of the grave. We met him in the exhibition-room of the Heart of the Andes, surrounded by a half-dozen men, each of whom has "found himself famous." Church was there himself, with his pale, eager, boyish face, looking like just what he is, the enthusiastic child of nature. Before the glorious painting stood Huntington, who has never yet surpassed his "Mercy's Dream," painted near twenty years ago. The handsome face of Geo. William Curtis was turned towards the landscape just in front of us; and two or three celebrities filled up the group. As Dr. Alexander gazed at the great snow-mountain, he said to us—"Does not that recall the view which we took of the Bernese Alps from the valley of Interlachen? How America is surpassing modern Europe in landscape art! I saw no painting by any living man abroad that is comparable with this picture."

As we parted, his hand trembled violently from bodily weakness; in six weeks more that right hand had forgotten its cunning. He had gone in to see the King in his glory. Among the legacies which Doctor Alexander leaves to the working Church, are those

admirable "Thoughts on Preaching." He had a special fondness for writing and chatting on sermons and sermonizing. On no theme was his talk more racy and suggestive. While he lived in Chambers street, New York, we spent a morning with him in his study; he rearranging his library and overhauling old letters, while we sat laughing and enjoying his riot of mirth and reminiscence, surrounded by piles of books and manuscripts. The turning up of letters from such men as Summerfield, Kirk, Nevins and Breckenridge, set him upon pleasant sketches of these "men of renown;" and in one of Summerfield's letters occurred the expression, "I leave the selection of my language 'till I get into the pulpit, for the best word always comes to me in the heat of the moment." Dr. Alexander then broke out into a diatribe against dull essay-reading in the pulpit. Taking up three or four huge packages of sermons, and pitching them over into the corner, he said—"There goes the labor of my life; and now, after twenty years of experience, I candidly say that if I could live my life over again, I never would take one of those manuscripts into the pulpit. I would try to take them into my head, and not on paper. We are sacrificing preaching to essay-reading. Yet I would have thorough preparation, and then an unhampered delivery with great enthusiasm. My young friend! aim at a high degree of passion, especially when you are preaching in doctrine. Argument made red-hot is what pleases people, and interests them. Argument admits of great vehemence and fire. No man can be a great preacher without great feeling. Aim at a high, holy enthusiasm. The old Greek tragedies used to stir people up, and keep open the fountains of rage and tears. Many ministers are enthusiastic about other things, such as art, poetry, authorship, or politics. Their week-day conversation is full of entertainment, but their Sabbath sermon is like a sponge, from which all the moisture is squeezed out. Live for your sermon; live in your sermon. Get some starting to cry sermon, sermon, sermon. The best discourses are the efflux of a man's best thoughts and feelings during the week. It is manifestly so with Melville and Chalmers."

"If you would preach well, pray. Even aesthetically considered, one hour of prayer is better preparation than a day of study. Keep your mind in a glow. Write when you are in a glow. Our young preachers have too uniform a method of 'frying all the vocation out of a sermon over a lamp. Read as much as you can, but write your sermons with as total a forgetfulness of the language of books as possible. I am growing jealous of even looking at a book inter scribendum. The Bible is, after all, the one book of the preacher. Make the Bible your book of prayer; cut off all superfluous studies, and come back to your Bible. Make Scripture the interpreter of Scripture. When I write my best discourses I have nothing by me but my Bible and my Concordance."

These were golden words which fell from the good man's lips that morning—interspersed with amusing personal sketches which delicacy forbids to the public eye. The glory of the three Alexanders lay in this, that they were all intensely Bible-preachers. We wish that our brilliant and beloved brother of Plymouth Church could learn a lesson from them in this particular. Nearly all his pulpit faults—his excess of philological and of political preaching—his oft-repetitions of a foolish sneer at "doctrine as the stuffed skin of truth"—his painful lack of thorough exegesis, and of exposition of vital doctrine,—all could be cured by holding more of the Bible in solution. In knowledge of human nature, and in the power of stirring the human heart, he walks without a rival. A combination of the best qualities of James W. Alexander and of Henry Ward Beecher would have made the most glorious preacher of the age. But since the Creator saw fit to send them separately, and not in one propria persona, it is a pleasant thought that the excellences of each may supplement the other, and the world be the richer for them both.—The Evangelist.

SENATOR LOWRIE, OF ILLINOIS, SPEECH ON THE SUNDAY OR BILL.

The speech of this Senator was a remarkable and somewhat eccentric performance. Without any connected argumentation it contained some of the severest and most telling hits that have been made on either side of the discussion. Some of them must have fallen with the suddenness and stunning effect of a thunder-clap on the ears of his antagonists. It was such a speech as cannot be easily reported. Yet fragmentary extracts such as we give below, will convey a fair idea of its character.

"I will vote against this bill, because it is a side-blow at religion, a side-blow at the ministers of religion, a side-blow at the observance of religion, and a direct blow with the devil's sledge hammer on the devil's chisel, to cut out the letters written by the finger of God on the keystone of the Ten Commandments. 'The constitution of heaven, the organic law for man's government, the fundamental principles of all truth, the code of the law of laws; shall not be erased by my vote; and I would be a coward and a dog did I place a sin individually upon the shoulders of an unthinking, unwashed, ungodly mass in Philadelphia that I dare not assume myself.' The 'Union passenger-railroad company' have gotten enough from this Legislature. Six days in the week she blocks up, by our votes, the highways upon earth, and now she comes here, demanding that we let them use the debauched in a debauched city to block up the only strait and narrow path to heaven. Who is it that asks us to vote for this bill, which has in its loins wealth for a corporation and poverty for the people? Which are the most charitable to the poor—those who ask that this legislation be given them, or those who protest against it? All general rules have their exceptions. I

speak for the rule, not the exception. Are those who ask for this bill, as a rule, not scoffers? Are they not legislative lobbyists? Are they not infidels? Are they not the young men who desire to turn the Sabbath into a day of feasting, dancing and revelry? Are they not the red-nosed rumsellers—the keepers of the very purloins of vice? Are they not those who love their beer better than their Bible, keepers of fast horses and fast women?

Will you tell me, Senators, that those who ask for the passage of this bill have a deeper sympathy for the poor, in whose name it is brought here, than the God who created them, and who gave his Son, born of the poor and lowly, and who suffered the agony of the cross that they might be saved? The labor for the poor man, after his six days of labor, is not in the street cars, leading to the ball alley and the dance house, and freighted with the votaries of sin; but on foot, and in the pure air of heaven, leading his little ones in the quiet of the Christian Sabbath to the Sabbath school and to his church, guided by the example and precept of his Saviour, visiting in mercy the house of the widow and the fatherless, and comforting the sick child's bedside. * * * Is the wisdom of those who ask us to strike down the institution of the Sabbath greater than the wisdom of God, of Moses, of Solomon, of Penn—greater than the wisdom of experience, the wisdom of the Christian world?

You have no more right, and it is fully as impolitic, to give the roughs of Philadelphia the right to repeal the observance of the fourth commandment, than you have to give them authority to chisel out, with rude hand, from Christ's Rock all of the ten. The commandments of God are "distinct as the waves and one as the sea." Strike down the fourth commandment, and the whole decalogue will fall. * * * The ten commandments are the common law of the country, recognized as such by the highest judicial authority of the nation, and the fourth commandment, that closed the first tablet of the law, was re-written by Penn as an indispensable necessity to man, and whose legality, I believe, has never been seriously questioned by any one except the Union passenger railway company.

The bill has passed the other branch of this Legislature, and I now appeal to the country members of the Senate to turn back the wrong which the members from Philadelphia propose to heap upon the fair name of this body, and the moral and social suicide to which they are hurrying the people of that great city. The Senators from Philadelphia may point to this deacon and that clergyman, with a siphosod conscience or a badly located church, and tell us that they are in favor of this bill. Away with such dissemblers, who, on such a plea, support a measure that compels the Christian people of that city to surrender their Sabbath for the benefit of brothel-keepers.

Had the devil asked us respectfully for one day in seven of his own, and that not the Lord's day, I would have taken his petition into respectful consideration. Mephistopheles says he has become pious; but, old hypocrite, I will tear your veil from your face and your disguise from your body. The devil has cut his hair and shaved his face, and comes into the Senate Chamber and says that he is a Christian of great respectability, and coolly proposes to enter into this partnership with the Lord for purely Christian and benevolent purposes—the whole profit of which is to go into the pockets of a corporation, with the Senator from Philadelphia for its treasurer. Senators! you cannot get rid of your own moral responsibility by handing over in chains the good element of a great city to the bad elements of violence and crime. Let us not shift our own religious responsibility to the shoulders of unbeliever. If we believe we shall meet beyond the tomb, do not let those who have fallen, through their crime, shout into our ears, "you did it!"

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