American Volunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON. "OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY." AT $2 00 PER ANNUM.

VOL. 34. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 2, 1848. NO. 38.

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Burns, Scalds, and all kinds of Inflamed Sores Cured.

TOUSEY'S UNIVERSAL OINTMENT, is the most complete Burn Antidote ever known. It instantly (as if by Magic) stops pains of the most desperate Burns and Scalds. For old Sores, Bruises, Cuts, Sprains, &c., on man or beast, it is the best application that can be made. Thousands have tried, and thousands praise it. It is the most perfect master of pain ever discovered. All who use, recommend it. Every family should be provided with it. None can tell how soon some of the family will need it.

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It is a scentific compound warranted not to contain any preparation of Mercury. ☞ Price 25 cents per box. For further particulars concerning this really valuable Ointment, the public are referred to Pamphlets, to be had gratis, of respectable Druggists and Merchants throughout the United States.

Prepared by S. TOUSEY, Druggist, Syracuse.

AGENTS FOR THE SALE OF THE ABOVE.—S. W. Haverstick, Dr. J. J. Myers, J. & W. B. Fleming, Carlisle; G. W. Singiser, Churchtown; A. Cathcart, Shepherdstown; Dr. Ira Day, Mechanicsburg; J. C. Reeme, Shiremanstown; John G. Miller, Lisburn; Jane May, New Cumberland; John H. Zearing, Sporting Hill; John Coyle, Hogestown; John Reed, Kingstown; Roussell & Dice, Dickinson; James Kyle; Jacksonville; J. Hood & Son, Springfield; John Diller, Newville; Robt. Elliott, Newburg.

December 30, 1847.—ly.*

Clickener's Sugar Coated Pills, or Grand Purgative,

For the Cure of Headache, Giddiness, Rheumatism, Piles, Dispepsia, Scurvy, Smallpox, Jaundice, Pains in the Back, Inward Weakness, Palpitation of the Heart, Rising in the Throat, Dropsy, Asthma, Fevers of all kinds, Female Complaints, Measles, Salt Rheum, Heartburn, Worms, Cholera Morbus, Coughs, Quincy, Whooping Cough, Consumption, Fits, Liver Complaint, Erysipelas, Deafness, Itchings of the Skin, Colds, Gout, Gravel, Nervous Complaints, and a variety of other diseases arising from Impurities of the Blood, and Obstructions in the Organs of Digestion.

EXPERIENCE has proved that nearly every Disease originates from Impurities of the Blood or Derangements of the Digestive Organs; and to secure Health, we must remove those obstructions or restore the Blood to its natural state. Therefore, when the slightest derangement of the System is indicated by Costiveness, or any other sign, it admonishes us that superfluities are gathering in the System, which should be removed by an effectual purging. This fact, as stated, is universally known; but people have such an aversion to medicine, that, unless the case was urgent, they formerly preferred disease to the cure. Since the invention, however, of

Clickener's Vegetable Purgative Pills

this objection is entirely removed, as they are completely enveloped with a coating of Pure White Sugar (and as distinct from the internal ingredients as a nut shell from the kernel) have no taste of medicine. They are as easily to swallow as bits of candy. Moreover they neither nauseate or gripe in the slightest degree. They operate equally on all the diseased parts of the System, instead of confining themselves to, and racking any particular region. Thus, for example, if the Liver be affected, one ingredient will operate on that particular organ, and, by cleansing it of that Excess of Bile it is constantly discharging into the stomach, restore it to its natural state. Another will operate on the Blood, and remove those impurities which have already entered into its circulation; while a third will effectually expel from the system whatever impurities may have been discharged into the stomach, and hence they strike at the Root of Disease, Remove all Impure Humours, open the pores externally and internally, promote the Insensible Perspiration, obviate Flatulency, Headache, &c.,—seperate all foreign and obnoxious particles from the chyle, secure a free and healthy action to the Heart, Lungs and Liver, and thereby restore health even when all other means have failed.

The entire truth of the above can be ascertained by the trial of a single box; and their virtues are so positive and certain in restoring Health, that, the proprietor binds himself to return the money paid for them in all cases where they do not give universal satisfaction. Retail price 25 cts per box.

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December 30, 1847.—ly.*

JUST received a fresh supply of Thomas' celebrated Grape Tobacco, for sale at the Book store of J. S. GITT.

THE AMERICAN VOLUNTEER,

Is published every Thursday, at Carlisle, Pa., by JOHN B. BRATTON, upon the following conditions, which will be rigidly adhered to:

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For one year, *in advance*,	$2 00
For six months, *in advance*,	1 00

No subscription taken for a less term than six months, and no discontinuance permitted until all arrearages are paid.

Twenty-five per cent. additional on the price of subscription will be required of all those who do not pay in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square, one insertion,	$ 50
One square, two insertions,	75
One square, three insertions,	1 00
Every subsequent insertion, per square,	25

A liberal discount will be made to those who advertise by the year, or for three or six months.

OFFICE.—The office of the *American Volunteer* is in the second story of James H. Graham's new stone building, in South Hanover street, a few doors from Burkholder's hotel, and directly opposite the Post-office, where those having business will please call.

Poetical.

For the American Volunteer.

To the Prettiest Young Lady in Carlisle.

Who will this humble tribute claim?
Inscribed to *one*, unknown her name!
A tribute which the muse would bring,
And at the shrine of beauty fling.
Oh! who will claim it? is the cry
Of every youngster pass'ng by!

Perhaps 'twill be Miss ——, *you know who*,
With face so fair, and eye so blue,
With cheeks so rosy, form so neat
And tempting lips, they look so sweet!
Who will receive it? sounds each tone
Oh! who will be the happy *one?*

Perchance may be Miss ——, yes it may—
Be the lady I saw one day;
Whose eyes like *ether's twinklers shine*,
Whose ringlets round her neck entwine.
Oh! who will get it? cries each voice!
O happy she who'll be the choice!

I think 'twill be Miss ——, I suppose
The *one* who wears the deep red rose;
With gazelle eyes, and ruby lips;—
The *one* who can the rest eclipse!
I wonder who will take the prize!
The maid with dark, or deep blue eyes.

I hope 'twill be Miss——, with dark hair,
With eyes so bright, and form so rare,
So neat her form, so fair her face,
Sealed with perfection, type of grace!
Who will it be? still probes my mind;—
Who can the fairy claimant find?

Well, it may be Miss —— I forget,
It matters not, she is my pet;
And with her brightly beaming eyes,
I think, must surely take the prize.
Who will take it? I wonder yet,
Who will the humble tribute get!

O ladies! tell me who I mean?
'Tis surely some one I have seen,
I know I have! yet know not where
I saw this lady, young and fair.
Oh! who will take it? *ladies tell!*
That I her praises here may swell.

QUIS.

Miscellaneous.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

"Throw up the window! 'Tis a morn for life
In its most subtle luxury. The air
Is like a breathing from the rarer world;
And the south wind is like a gentle friend,
Parting the hair so softly on my brow.
It has come over gardens, and the flowers
That kissed it, are betrayed: for as it parts,
With its invisible fingers, my loose hair,
I know it has been trifling with the rose
And stooping to the violet. There is joy
For all God's creatures in it. The wet leaves
Are stirring at its touch, and birds are singing
As if to breathe were music, and the grass
Sends up its modest oder with the dew
Like the small tribute of humility."

The delicious morning which is glowing around me, and which has recalled the exquisite description of our gifted countryman, brings also to my mind the recollection of one as fresh and beautiful, "in the days that are gone." I well remember how the sense of that morn's exceeding loveliness burdened my heart with a sweet weight,—and how, at last, flinging aside the dull book which I had been attempting to study, I caught my light sun-bonnet, and bounded out of the house, which outward bloom and beauty had rendered prison-like. I then turned my steps towards a fine old mansion, the home of a very lovely girl, who had been endeared to me by years of constant and intimate intercourse. Of late there has been formed a new tie to bind our hearts—she has become the betrothed of "one of ours," a favorite cousin, and the engagement was a joyful event to all concerned.

Annie Moore, sweet Annie Moore, how thou glidest before me, in thy soft, etherial loveliness, like a gentle spirit from a holier clime! With thy form of lily-like grace, tall and fragile,—

"With all thy young head's shining bands,
And all its waving curls of gold,"—

with thine eyes of softest violet, and thy cheek of delicatest rose-bloom.

"I must think of thee
Oh gentlest! as I knew thee well and long,
A young, glad creature with a lip of song.
An eye of radience, and a soul of glee—
Singing sweet snatches of some favorite tune,
Or wandering by my side beneath the sky of June."

William Gordon, the lover of Annie Moore, was an exalted, yet a most loveable character, an embodiment of intellect, manliness, faithful affections and fervent piety. He was a young student of Divinity,—had been self-supported, almost self-educated, and at the time of the commencement of this sketch, was in the expectation of entering upon the ministry in the course of a year.

And this man, poor, unknown, and devoted to a holy calling was the choice of Annie Moore, the wealthy, the beautiful, the luxuriously reared!—"'Twas passing strange"—our worldly ones wondered at, and our sewing circle gossipped about the matter; for a month or two, and then the ruffled tide of our village life flowed on as usual. But I was on my way to pay Annie a morning visit. William Gordon had called the night before, to bid us adieu, as he was to be absent for many months, and I thought his betrothed needed a little cheering up.

I found her sitting at her work, as usual, and but a slight tremulousness of the voice, and a glistening of the long brown eye-lash, told of the painful parting which had just taken place.

"When will William return?" I presently inquired.

"In May—little less than one year."

"*And then?*"

"And then we are to be married—so hold yourself *in readiness to be my bridesmaid.*"

The summer passed—a season of earnest, untiring and prayerful toil, with the young student, and of patient, hopeful, and sustaining love, on the part of his betrothed. Then came the chill of autumn, followed by a winter of uncommon severity. Our dear Annie, while on a night visit to a dying friend, was exposed to a sudden and fearful storm—took cold—ah, does not my reader anticipate the mournful consequence? Her mother and older sister had died of consumption, and soon, very soon, the seal of death was on her blue-veined brow, and the *very voice* of the grave sounding in the hollow cough which shook *her fragile frame*. We *knew that* she must die, and she, unlike many consumptives, knew it also; yet she *was strangely* averse to acquainting her absent lover with the fearful truth. She wrote to him that she *had been ill*—was still suffering from debility; but that he must not be troubled about it, nor be painfully surprised by her changed appearance, when he should return in the spring. Not one word of the dread, last parting before them—of the *grave*, which might

"Rival the bridegroom, and take from his side,
To repose in its bosom, his beautiful bride."

At length May came round again, and with it returned William Gordon, the young clergyman. He was bowed to the earth by the great and unlooked-for affliction which awaited him—yet meekly drank he the bitter cup, for his God had mingled it.

Sweet Annie was passing rapidly from earth—growing more and more fragile in form, and angelic in spirit day by day, and poor William became intensely desirous that their union might take place. Annie's friends readily assented, but she to our surprise, firmly refused to grant the mournful request of her broken hearted lover.

One evening he was sitting alone by her side, as she was half reclining on a couch; the hectic flush was more startling bright than usual on her cheek, for she had suffered much that day, and as he thought how very near might be the dark wing of God's dread angel, he took her wasted hand in his, and said—

"Oh, my Annie, let me call you *wife*, before you leave me! You would not be so utterly lost to me then, for I would know you bearing that sacred name in Heaven. Refuse me not, love."

"Oh, William, William, urge me no longer," she replied, "it must not cannot be. I am the bride of Heaven, you must not be my husband, and hear me, dearest, you must *no longer be near me*—your love is precious, but it is earthly, and it comes as a cloud between me and the glories of that upper world, to which I hasten. Your voice, my own, is sweeter to me than the hymns of the angels, heard in my dreams of Heaven? We must part, *now*—for every hour renders you dearer, and how can I leave you at last."

With heroic and martyr-like calmness spoke the mistaken girl—mistaken, for a pure love, for one worthy, is the holiest and sweetest preparation for His presence who "is love."

William Gordon saw her firmness, and that she was weak and trembling from the excitement of the scene, and

"In close heart shutting up his pain,"

resolved to yield instant and uncomplaining obedience to her wishes. He rose up calmly, and imprinting on her forehead a kiss of mingled love and anguish, turned and was gone! Annie buried her face in her thin, white hands, and remained in an agony of prayer and grief. Then came vague regrets for the course she had taken, and painful doubts of the necessity of the sacrifice she had made. Presently she heard a well known step—William had returned! His calmness had forsaken him, and he murmured imploringly—

"If I must leave you to die alone, Annie, let me fold you once more to my heart, before I go—It will give me strength."

He knelt on one knee beside her, reached forth his arms, and sobbed like a child; she leaned upon his bosom.

No word was spoken by that pair, loving and faithful unto death, while the flood of sorrow swept over their hushed spirits, as the fountain of the soul's great deep were broken up. Yes, silent, but not tearless, knelt William Gordon, with his lips pressed against the dear head which lay upon his heart. At length he raised his eyes heavenward and those lips moved in whispered prayer—he unwound his arms and would have risen, but Annie moved not—*she was clinging to his breast!* A smile of joy irradiated his face, and his arms once again enfolded her.—She looked up and murmured with something of her old playful tenderness, more touching than the wildest burst of grief,

"Are you not stronger, dear William?"

"Ah, I fear not, my love."

"This is strange, for when I felt the strength ebbing from my own heart, I thought it had flowed into yours."

"Thank God for the weakness which is lovelier than strength! I must never leave you, Annie."

"*Never!*"

The morning of the wedding day had come, and I was arraying Annie in her bridal dress, a beautiful muslin guiltless of ribbon, or lace. I wished to twine in her hair, a small string of pearls, which was once her mother's,—but she gently put it from me.

"What, no ornaments?" I enquired.

"Nono," she replied, "but yes, if you will go into my garden, you will find a lovely white rose tree, which William planted when I first knew him,—bring me one of its buds, and I will wear it in my hair."

I have seen brides radient in healthful bloom—glittering in jewels—dazzling in satins, rich veils and costly wreaths, but never have I beheld one so exquisitely, so wonderfully beautiful, as that dying girl, with her dress of simple white, her one floral ornament, the dewy lustre of her soft blue eye, and the deepened hectic of her cheek! When the ceremony was to be performed, she wished to rise, and as she was too weak to stand alone, I stood by her side, and supported her. She smiled sadly, as she whispered—You remember, Grace, I promised you should be my bridesmaid."

As the beautiful marriage ceremony (that of the English Church,) proceeded, the face of the bride became expressive alternately of earthly and heavenly love, of softness and of sublimity, of the woman, and of the angel, till it grew absolutely *adorable*.

At the last, she received the tearful congratulations of her friends with a graceful manner, and with the most cheerful smiles playing about her lips.

It was morning—a morning born of bloom and beauty—so soft, so glowing, it seemed

"Like a rainbow clasping the sweet earth,
And melting in a covenant of love."

Annie Gordon was lying on her couch by an open window, with her fair head supported on the breast of her husband.

And she, a father's joy, a mother's pride, the wife of two short weeks was leaving us now. Every sunbeam which looked into her eyes, saw their violet hue grow paler, and every soft air which kissed her faded lips, bore back a fainter breath on its light pinion. Her doating father knelt in a deep trance of grief at her side—I stood holding one of her hands in mine, while at her feet sat her younger brother, Arthur Moore, weeping with all the uncontrolled passionateness of boyhood.

Annie had lain for some moments apparently insensible, but she looked up yet once more to William, with her own sweet smile, and murmered,

"Pray, once again, my beloved—it will plume my spirit's wing for its upward flight; but place your hand upon my heart, that you may know when I am gone!"

And William Gordon lifted his voice in prayer, all saint-like submission and child-like love. He solemnly and tenderly committed the passing soul of the wife, the daughter, the sister, and the friend to her Saviour and her God, and meekly implored for the stricken mourners, the ministrations of the blessed Spirit. Suddenly he paused—*her heart had ceased its beatings!* His brow became convulsed and his voice was low and tremulous, as he added, "She has left us; oh! our Father, she is with Thee, now!"

"Gone! our Annie dead!" exclaimed poor little Arthur Moore, and springing forward and casting one look at that still face, he stretched his arms upward and cried—"Oh! sister, sister, come back to us, come back!"

We arrayed her in her bridal dress, even to the white rose-bud, twined in her golden hair. We laid her to rest by her mother's side, in a lovely rural grave-yard, and a few months after I took her favorite rose-tree from the garden, and planted it over her breast.

Our Annie had been gone from us a year, and the rose was in its first bloom, when William Gordon came to bid us a long, it might be, a last adieu. He was going out as a missionary to India. On the last *evening* of his stay, I went with him to the grave of our lost one. We remained till the grass was glittering with dew, and the stars were thick in heaven.—Many times turned poor William to depart, and returned again. We both had remarked a single rose-bud, very like the one Annie wore on her marriage day, and at that second bridal, when she was wedded to the dust,—and when at last William summoned strength to go, he plucked this, and placed it in his bosom, with many tears.

I doubt not that in his distant home, that darkened land, where he is toiling for Christ's sake, that flower is still a cherished momento of his sadly beautiful past, and a touching reminder of a shore to which he hasteneth, and unfading clime where ever liveth *the rose of love*, in the bloom of *immortality* in the sunlight of God's smile.

I, too, am far from her grave, but I *know almost* to a day, when that rose-tree is in bloom. Every morning, I see, another bud is unfolding over her rest—how it loads the air with perfume, as it sways to the passing breeze!—and at evening, how the starlight trembles *around it*, and how sweetly sleeps the cold dew-drop in its glowing heart!

REMINISCENCES.

A letter writer from Philadelphia, in the Boston Courier, calls up these recollections of what has been in that city:

Philadelphia, though abounding in wealthy men still, has fallen from the high position she once occupied in this respect. Monuments of this fall are *strikingly conspicuous*. Before my window stands the stuffed hide of the thirty-five million "monster," stuffed now with Uncle Sam's revenue *parchments*.—The victor occupies the house of the slain. It stands a perpetual monument of the fact that no "monster," however powerful, is powerful enough to successfully combat the "unterrified democracy." More emphatic still speaks a little sign, the bigness of a man's hand, a little farther down the street, by side of an unpretending stairway leading to a small duty room, which echoes only to the tread of a grey and wan looking clerk. On this little sign is written "Office of the Trustees of the Bank of the United States." Here, in this deserted room, lies the withered heart of the beast whose name was Leviathan. For all the *rest, where is it?*

The private history of Mr. Biddle, after misfortune laid its heavy hand upon him, is very sad. I have no time to enter upon it. He suffered insult, contumely, and, bitterer than all, neglect from those who had once basked in the sunshine of his favor, and called themselves his friends. It is beyond a doubt true that he died of a broken heart.

One other memorial of Philadelphia. Near the centre of the city, in Walnut street, are some of the most splendid residences in the city. Among them are two conspicuous for their elegance, and facing one another. They were built a few years ago by two young gentlemen, brothers, who inherited great wealth, and moved in the gay and fashionable circles of life. They were well known, courted and carressed. One chose his partner from the stage, a woman of brilliant talents and unquestioned genius, and at the time of her marriage, the idolized of thousands—a women who at the age of three and twenty, had run a professional career on both sides of the Atlantic, whose astonishing brilliancy had attracted the gaze of the world. The other chose his bride from a more private circle.

Time wore on. Estrangement, seperation, bitterness and the keenest sorrow, followed in the one case, to which those who read "A Year of Consolation," cannot be strangers. And now the head of the other and most magnificent of the two dwellings, is just brought home on his bier, to his young widowed wife, from Mexico, whither a life of luxury and ennui had hurried him, in pursuit of new excitements, new fields of activity for his restless spirit. Palled and satiated with the pleasures of a city life, the comforts of a luxurious home, the blandishments of society, abundant wealth, troops of friends, wife and children, a princely mansion, horses, carriges and servants, all were not sufficient in their attractions to withhold him from plunging into the pestilential vapors of Mexico.

Temperance.

ADDRESS OF REV. JOHN CHAMBERS, OF PHILADELPHIA.

Delivered in the First Presbyterian Church, in Carlisle, Monday evening, Feb. 14th.

On the 20th of December last, during a hurried visit to your magnificent valley, I addressed, pursuant to their invitation, the citizens of this place on the subject of TOTAL ABSTINENCE. In that address I assumed as the basis of my remarks, that intoxicating liquor used as a beverage was a poison and a curse, an enemy of God and man, and interdicted alike by a common morality and the great rule of our faith and practice. It was the design of the speaker on that occasion to show that the inspired volume has left not a loop upon which a doubt can hang as to its decided advocacy of total abstinence, in both spirit and letter, from Genesis to Revelation—that the praises of this elevated and elevating doctrine were coeval with the preservation of our race by Noah in the ark—and that it continued a respected theme of the inspired writers from that moment to the days of St. Paul, inclusive. It was also respectfully urged that, if the personality of the Christian Church, living through a period of eighteen hundred years, had by precept rejected this doctrine, and by example in the vicious indulgence consequent upon such rejection, spread death and mourning over the world, some other remedial action should be resorted to, more consonant with the avowed purpose of God, and the crying wants of humanity. It was furthermore stated that I had examined and weighed well the claims of the several organizations instituted with this specific view, and that the investigation resulted in the belief that none existed whose means were so admirably adopted to that end, as the Order of the Sons of Temperance.

To this address the Rev. James Lillie, on the 30th of the same month, made a reply, and caused or permitted the substance of it to be published. This remarkable discourse, so intrinsically singular and so astounding in the light of its authorship, is familiar to you all.

Pursuant to your invitation, I am here for the purpose of reviewing it. And in doing so I shall pass over such charlatanry as his allusion to my hurried departure being dictated by the fear of his Attic whip, as being as much out of place as his scriptural deductions are wide of honest and truthful interpretation. It may be said however that, if cowardice urged my departure, the old couplet has been verified—

"The man who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day."

I pass over the application to myself of such thoughts as "imbecile fierceness," "utter incompetence," "son of darkness," &c. &c., leaving them to a more congenial companionship in the home of their birth. Indeed I might pass over the whole of his discourse as, what I think the religious world will consider it, a libel upon the sacred record, a slander upon the purposes of Divinity, and a scandal upon the reformatory spirit of the 19th century. But this would be asking too much from the most generous patience. Gray headed abuse when clad in a sacred garb, deserves prompt and unceremonious exposure. If men in high places will officiously muddy or divert the the great current of truth in God and Nature, a most especial rebuke should be administered. If the Lillie of the valley will toil and spin, the thread of his verbosity should be of a piece with the staple of his vocation—his *yarn* should have the right twist. In other words, his calling is too elevated for indifference to his heresies.

The Rev. gentleman, in legal phrase, thus joins issue with me on this important subject:

"I feel myself bound by the most solemn obligations as a minister of Jesus Christ, to protest against the principle on which the whole speech of Mr. Chambers was founded. That principle was that intoxicating drink, under every form, was a poison and a curse. On the contrary, the whole strain of the divine teaching in both Testaments, demonstrates the very opposite of what those teachers so confidently promulgate. This I now undertake to prove."

This is a bold position. Before the truth or falsity of it, tremblingly hangs the security of unborn millions who are to come after us. What! those imperishable ordinances, which the wild thunder cloud as the messenger of Jehovah, bore to Moses on startled Sinai—those sacred prayers *breathing the spirit of* the Almighty Father—throwing a mantle of holiness around that cause, whose effects, like the heated sirocco, have blighted the green and growing energies of man's moral and physical existence! I have heard of the *divine right of Kings* and of Episcopacy; but never before, in the bosom of wildest extravagance did the *horrible sound fall* upon my ear that HE who died for our happiness, had justified and uphold the *direct* cause (moderate drinking,) of *three fourths* of the *miseries with which* humanity is afflicted.

It is sincerely to be regretted that such a discourse *is headed* with the announcement that a Minister of God is its author, as strangers, in all probability, would have read it without entertaining such a suspicion. I am too much in love with that excellent body of men, whose office it is to expound God's law and mercies, to have the world impute to any one of them a seeming desire to press those holy laws and *mercies* into the service and countenance of a practice which not only causes a "brother to offend," but which, by virtue of its tendency, is evil and evil only. If there were one thought in that discourse breathing denunciation against intemperance or its superinducing causes—one word to show a common sympathy with the great effort now operating for man's escape from the greatest source of his degeneracy—anything to constitute a redeeming feature in its prima facie evidence of *favoring* the terrible vice, true piety would have been less shocked and ministerial pride less wounded.

But to the matter at issue. The gentleman in the two predicates just quoted gives to mine a feature which it never had. I did not use the words "*under every form*," in connection with the sentence attributed to me. I am aware, that even as a poison, intoxicating liquor has medicinal virtues; and so has arsenic, prussic acid, &c., &c; but does it follow that those deadly poisons should be used as a beverage, by persons in good health?

The true question, then before us is whether intoxicating liquor, according to the Bible, is a poison and a curse. His Reverence assumes the negative to be the teachings in both Testaments, and endeavors to maintain his position by a reliance on the following passages:

"Noah made wine, and drank to excess—Gen. ix. 20, 21. Melchisedeck refreshed the friend of God with wine—Gen. xiv, 18. Isaac blessing Jacob said, 'God give thee plenty of wine—Gen. xxvii. 28. Permission is given to the Israelites to bestow his money for whatever his 'soul lusteth after; for oxen, for sheep, for wine, or for strong drink'—Deut. xiv. 25, 26. The Psalmist praises God for bringing 'good out of the earth, and wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face to shine, and bread that strengthens man's heart'—Psalm. civ. 14, 15.—The spirit of God by the pen of Solomon commands, 'give strong drink to him that is ready to perish, and wine to him that is of a heavy heart'—Prov. xxxi. 6, 7. Bring wine and milk—Isaiah lv. 1. And He took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, drink ye all of it—Mat. xxvi. 27. The Son of Man is come eating and drinking—Luke vii. 34. The miracle at Cana of Galilee—John xi. 1, 11. Paul says of Bishop, he must not be given to wine, but sober, temperance—Paul to Titus i. 7, 8."

These are all the points upon which the gentleman has labored to build his heresy. Now for the sake of the argument, let us suppose that the full force of meaning attaches to these passages which the spirited gentleman claims for them; and then let us place by their side the following interesting hints from the same *invaluable* source:

"Do not drink wine nor strong drink; thou, nor thy sons with thee, when ye go into the tabernacle of the congregation, lest ye die; it shall be statute forever throughout your generations—Lev. x. 8, 9. Now therefore beware I pray thee, and drink not wine nor strong drink—Judges xiii. 4. Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise—Prov. xx. 1. Look not thou upon the wine, &c.—Prov. xxiii. 29—35. It is not for Kings to drink wine, nor for princes strong drink; lest they drink and forget the law, &c.—Prov. xxxi. Ye shall drink no wine, neither ye, nor your sons forever—Jer. xxxv. 6. Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning to follow strong drink, &c.—Isaiah v. 11, 12, 13. Neither shall any Priest drink wine, when they enter into the inner court—Ezek. xliv. 21. But ye gave the Nazarites wine to drink, &c.—Amos 11, 12. Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that puttest thy bottle to him, &c.—Hab. xi. 16. The nations have drunk of her wine, therefore the nations are mad—Jer. li. 7. Thou hast made us drink the wine of astonishment—Psalm. lx. 3. Awake ye drunkards, and weep; howl all ye drinkers of wine—Joel i. 5. And they shall drink and be moved, and be mad, &c.—Jer. xxv. 15, 16. Put away thy wine from thee—1st Sam. i. 14."

Here then we have a cloud of witnesses of equal authority, equally sacred, more numerous, and infinitely stronger than the ambiguous branches of truth which Mr. L. has violently turned against their parent trunk. Admitting then, I repeat, the meaning which this violence ascribes to these several passages, what will such testimony amount to against this overwhelming counter current? If in a court of criminal jurisprudence during a trial for assault and battery, you should hear eleven men say under oath, that they saw A. strike B. and fifteen asserting, with similar means of knowledge of the transaction, of equal character for veracity, and under similar solemnities, that A. so far from striking, was himself struck by B. which, let me ask, would the gentleman believe? On what ground would a jury render a verdict in favor of A? The only motive, I apprehend, which could induce such a decision, by an otherwise honest jury, would be a secret preference for A. himself, or the expectation of favors from his friends, over that of B. and his associates. But do those fifteen passages to which I have referred, constitute the whole of the sacred testimony in favor of my position? No no; they are some of the occasional sparks from that hallowed fire of indignation, fed by the atmosphere that wraps God's throne, which breathes and burns with undying fervor throughout these inspired pages.

Yes, so important has been the theme that in three hundred instances do we find allusion made in the Bible to the cause and effects of wine and strong drink; and from that terrible array of evidence do we read the condemnation thereof, as plainly as if an archangel had dipped his finger in the out spreading halo of God's glory, and traced it upon the blue vaulted heaven. And yet with all this thrilling and unmistakable testimony against this vice, with unfettered reason to analyze and comprehend it; with the spirit of reform tearing away the veil of moral darkness for the ingress of that true light, in which we recognize it as the epitome of all other vices, we find a clergyman whose profession it is to preach by precept and example against all evil tendencies, torturing his ingenuity, and still more his Bible to find eleven passages, out of three hundred, to show that God himself has sanctioned a moderate indulgence in that practice which has hung our vast earth in mourning!

We ask again, then, to what conclusion will the gentleman come when contemplating the apparent contradictions? Will he regard the Bible as a heterogeneous compound, a mass of conflicting elements? Will his comprehensive mind, and enlarged piety, detect no means for reconciling these imaginary differences? Yes, verily, we will introduce to this Horatio, some of those things which, it is to be hoped have not, as yet, been dreamed of in his prescribed philosophy. We will invite his examination into the meaning attached to the nine words in the Hebrew Bible, which are there used to describe the various kinds of vinous beverages then in use. We will show him, in almost every instance where wine is alluded to as a *blessing, that it is classed as an humble* in the general harvest, in connection with its kindred products, *oil and corn; and that, when* used at all, with the approbation of Heaven, it is used as our *farmers use the unfermented* juice of the apple.—*Then it* will be that the gentleman, we trust, will see the folly of jumping at conclusions without a proper examination of the premises. Then will his cherished castle be *acknowledged the baseless fabric of a* vision. Then will he approach the sacred page as the *unerring standard of faith, and authoritative rule* of moral conduct, with the interest of a student, the *docility* of a child and the humility of a devotee.—Seeming incongruities will merge into a perfect harmony; a harmony with history, with science, with reason and with the providence of God. Having attached to the passages quoted by Mr. L., merely for the sake of the argument, the full force of meaning which he claims for them; and having introduced from the same authority counteracting passages as numerous and pointed as to be, even with this admission, overwhelmingly conclusive, we will now proceed to show that the authorities, upon which he affects to rely, have no such meaning as that which he ascribes to them.

To meet Mr. L.'s position fairly and understandingly, it is necessary to know that, according to Pliny, (Liber, xiv. chap. 22,) who wrote sixty years after Christ, there were over one hundred and ninety-five different kinds of wine in Palestine. That the Bible classifies these liquors, by one grand division, into good and bad: That there are in the Hebrew Bible nine words, viz: *yagin, tirosh, ausis, hamar, mesech, shemarim, sava, shecker, eshisher*—employed to designate these liquors. That the bad wines were alcoholic, and consequently, when used as a beverage, a poison and a curse; that the good wines were without intoxicating properties, and consequently, in conjunction with other productions of the earth, a blessing. That the word *yagin*, derived from *yanah*, (to squeeze) is a generic term, and means anything pressed out of the grape, fermented or not; and that we are to judge from the context, whether it means good or bad wine. The juice of Pharoah's cup, for instance, was *yagin*; so was the liquor that intoxicated Nabal. There must have been, therefore, a difference in the character of the two beverages.

Now for the true light in which the passages selected by the gentleman should be viewed. He says, "we are informed (Gen. ix. 21,) that Noah made wine and drank to excess. Mr. C. would infer from this that the preacher of righteousness made poison and committed a foul outrage on morality in tasting it." Let me here say that Mr. C. would infer no such thing. But if after being made, it acquired an alcoholic property, either by formation or drugs, then it was a poison, and if the preacher of righteousness voluntarily got drunk upon it, then he was guilty of a gross outrage upon morality, and a great ass in the bargain. Noah however was sensible enough never to try it a second time.

But did he do it with the knowledge that it had intoxicating qualities; if so, why did he, in consequence of it, brand his son with infamy. It has been alleged with much plausibility that Ham, with a knowledge of drugs obtained in the midst of antediluvian wickedness, had thereby played a trick on his father; and the severe curse pronounced by the old patriarch seems to countenance the idea. This chosen one of the Most High—the second father of mankind—was either thus deceived, or was ignorant (which is also probable) of the nature of fermentation; otherwise he never would have commited such a folly; and his not committing it a second time, is the best proof of the assertion.

"But," says Mr. L. "Melchisedec refreshed the friend of God with the same kind of liquor which intoxicated Noah." Ah! indeed! How is it known that it was the same kind of liquor? "Because," says Mr. L. "the very same word, not in the English Bible merely, but also in the Hebrew, is employed to designate both."

Well, suppose A. gets drunk on Sherry with thirty per cent of alcohol in it, does it follow, that B. must get drunk also when he choses to drink the same quantity of wine just from the press, because forsooth these dissimilar beverages are both called WINE?—The word Yagin is a generic term, like the English word *wine*, and was used for every kind of wine when the speaker or writer did not wish to *particularize* the beverage. Thus it is with the Greek word *oinos*. A beautiful incident, in connection with this subject, is mentioned by Dr. Clark in his commentary, on Gen. ix. 21, which you can read at your leisure.—Would any man in his sober senses assert, that the liquor that intoxicated Nabal was the same as the juice of Pharaoh's cup? and yet, the Hebrew word for both is *yagin*. But is the unfermented juice of the grape wine? If not, then is the majority of commentators mistaken—if not then the translators of the Septuagint and the Vulgate also, were most seriously at fault. "The pure blood of the grape," as drank by Jacob, and commended as one of the blessings granted to him, is thus rendered in the Vulgate—*Et sanguinem uvæ bibisti merum*. Thus according to Moses and the Prophets, we have the fruit of the wine described by the various appellations of *tirosh, yagin, ausis, &c.*, which are comprehended by the Generic terms of *oinus* in Greek, *vinum* or *merum* in Latin, and *wine* in English. The wines mentioned in the sacred volume, then, were both with and without intoxicating properties—they are mentioned also, both as a blessing and a curse—as an article of food and as a poison.

Now let me ask the gentleman, in the name of suffering humanity, in view of the best interests of earth and Heaven, in view of those invenomed adders that lurk beneath the flowers that wreath the sparkling bowl in view of the eighty per cent of moderate drinking which results in drunkenness, disease, death, and hell, which of these two kinds of wine would our Saviour have recommended as a blessing, when he said "lead us not into temptation?" Would he have recommended *that* as a blessing, the effects of which, about him, he could not fail to read in letters of human blood, as the most damning curse that ever visited God's fair earth?—Would he have said, with some of the clergy of the present day, that the blessing consisted in the moderate use of that which has done so much in exchanging the virtues of earth for the furies of Hell? As readily would he have recommended moderation in theft, burglary, and murder. I hope I do not err, but, rather than believe such doctrine to be stamped with Divinity, I would barter, for a mess of porridge, my hope of Heaven.

I shall not pursue the singular views of the Rev. Mr. L. on this subject farther, as the remainder of them are all met by the argument just made; nor will I notice this evening, that more plausible part of his discourse in reference to the order of Sons of Temperance. I will reserve that delicious morsel for my lecture on to-morrow evening.

One or two questions, however, in conclusion irresistibly force themselves upon me. *Has the gentleman* in any part of his discussion, attempted an answer to a single argument, or statement in my address of Dec. 20? "*Not the shadow of a shade*, of a phantom of a fiction." Has he proved to this *community, and to the country at large, that intoxicating* liquors, when used as a beverage, are not a poison and a curse? Has he by any system of logic, human or divine, shown that the *rum-sellers, as a class*, are not worse than Mexican Guerrillas, pirates, highway-men, robbers, or slavers? Has he in any way ventured to prove, that the sale and use of intoxicating liquors, as a beverage, have at any time benefitted mankind? Has he satisfied *the people of this town* that if they break up the sale and use of these beverages, *Providence will frown upon them?* That morals will soon become withered to the roots?—*that the happiness of home, sweet home, would be* blighted? That the kind husband would be converted into a fiend or a monster? *That the young men would become bands of lawless rowdies?* That the lights of science, and religion would soon be *extinguished?* *In a word, has he proven* to your satisfaction, that intoxicating liquor, when used as a beverage, is one of the favored creatures of Heaven's *bounty?*

Then, as you value God's richest blessings, and *your own temporal* and eternal happiness; make broad the foundation and rear high the superstructure of this mighty moral fabric—put the trumpet of God and truth to your lips, and from its topmost doom, call all the people, far and near, to partake of these merciful bestowments. Let the blast ring along the valleys, let the mountains catch the welcome sound, and in wild echo, send back the cheering proclamation—come—come all; the cherub boy, and patriot sire—Aye! and ye thoughtless young men, the bulwark of a nations hopes, come and drink and be happy, for God has provided a rich blessing for you and yours, in brandy, gin, whiskey, rum, wine, beer, ale, and cider—come and drink, for the Rev. James Lillie will stand by, and defend your rights on the most approved scriptural authority, and by his precept and examples encourage you all in the use of these *good* creatures of God.

But hark, Mr. Lillie, a counter blast is heard. *It* breaks over the eternal battlements of *Heaven*. *It* rolls its deep mouthed thunder tones *athwart the conscious* earth. It convulses the *moral atmosphere with* the thunder of its warning. *It shakes the fancied* security of moderate *indulgence*. *It awakens slumbering* apathy to an earnest *interest in Reform*. *It* startles piety to a hurried *survey of her ground of* hope, and creates a *thrill of suspicion* even amid the solemnities of the *holiest of sacrifices*. That counter blast *is the voice of God* in the unmistakable and awful "*Woe unto him who giveth his neighbor drink!*"