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

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Poetical.

THE MECHANIC.

Composed for and sung at the late anniversary Celebration of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association.

Lift up thy toil-worn hand,
Thou of the stalwart frame and fearless eye!
Lift proudly now thine iron hand on high!
Firm and undaunted stand!

No need hast thou of gems
To deck the glorious temple of thy thought;
Thou hast the jewels which thy mind hath wrought,
Richer than diadems!

Thou art our God's high priest,
Standing before great nature's mighty shrine;
For the whole world the glorious task is thine
To spread the eternal feast.

Even like the Hebrew Chief,
Strik'st thou upon the rock, and from the deep
Mysterious heart the living waters leap
To give the world relief!

Mighty among thy kind,
Standest thou, man of iron toil, midway
Between the earth and heaven, all things to sway
By thy high-working mind!

Thou canst delve in the earth,
And from its mighty depths bring forth pure gold!
Thou canst [illegible] the clouds in heaven rolled,
And give the lightning birth!

Thou hast the stormy sea
Chained to thy chariot wheels and the wild winds
Obey the o'erran intellect that binds
Their rushing wings to thee!

Thou canst new lands create,
Where the wild rolling wave no mastery owns;
And the vast distance of opposing zones
Canst thou annihilate!

Lift, then, thy hand to Heaven!
Spread thy toil-sceptre o'er the sea and land,
Thou hast the world entrusted to thy hand,
Earth to thy charge is given!

Miscellaneous.

ELLA CORWIN; OR THE CHIEFTAIN'S OATH.

A LEGEND OF NAUMKEAG.

A bright and joyous creature was Ella Corwin, at the age of fifteen, a laughing hoydenish, and thoughtless maiden, but a beautiful one withal, who delighted, when the summer time came on, to romp over the green hills and rocky sea-shore of her native village, which although it nominally bore its present title, at the time of which we are speaking, in the year 1671, was called by the people generally by its Indian name of Naumkeag. The place has changed since that date, from a quiet village, to a populous city, and the improving hand of time, passing heavily over it, has caused many of its green hills to be covered with busy workshops, whose occupants have been found to be great adepts in turning nature into art, by levelling hills to valleys, and destroying vestiges of the former as fast and sometimes faster than was absolutely necessary. But there is one spot which neither time nor improvement has altered, a little grass covered hill, situated not a great ways from Hathorne's Point, near what is now called Salem Neck.

It was on the top of the little hill mentioned above, that Ella Corwin had chosen to rest, in company with a female companion, whom we shall call Annette Arnold, after revelling and romping about the green fields, for a greater part of the afternoon of a warm day in August, 1671.

"This is a beautiful spot to rest upon, do you not think it is Annetta?" said Ella, after the two had remained seated for a few moments in silence.

"I certainly do think so, dear Ella," replied Annette, "for hear we have an excellent view of the broad bay, and the fair Islands which rest upon the now tranquil bosom, and—"

"A picturesque view of several Indian wigwams," laughingly interrupted Ella, "whose very interesting occupants, the squaws and the papooses, you can observe, are now busily engaged in sunning themselves in the glade below."

"O, Ella," answered Annette, sadly, "how you do delight to turn every thing into ridicule."

"That's just what my father tells me," replied Ella, "so I suppose it is so—but there, I declare, I cannot help it, although as I grow older I shall grow wiser, and leave off my wild talk, at the same time that I drop my wild actions."

"I hope, sincerely then, that the time will soon come," replied Annette, who was more staid, more serious, and also somewhat older than her companion.

"Perhaps it may come sooner than you expect it, dear Annette," responded Ella, as a slight shade of sadness momentarily covered her fair brow, "as next week I sail for England, there to be—"

"What?" interrupted Annette, eagerly.

"Married!" answered Ella.

"Ha—you going to be married," repeated Annette, with unfeigned astonishment—"but no—you must certainly be joking now."

"On the contrary, I never was more serious in my life."

"But did you not tell me, Ella, no longer ago than yesterday," said Annette, earnestly, "that you had plighted your troth to Kamara, the young chief of the Narragansetts, who has lately come hear to learn something of the manners and customs of the English."

"Certainly, Annette," replied Ella, "I did tell you that I had engaged myself to Kamara, and that is the truth, but then it was all in fun, you know?"

"What was all in fun, maiden?" exclaimed a strange voice, which proceeded from the lips of a tall, but handsome young Indian, who had approached the two girls unperceived, from the opposite side of the hill.

"For goodness sake, Kamara, where have you come from," asked Ella, somewhat startled at the chieftain's sudden approach before her.

"From below," answered Kamara, with a bitter sneer, "where the squaws and papooses are busily engaged in the interesting occupation of sunning themselves."

"Ha?" exclaimed Ella, "so you have been listening to our conversation. That was manly business, certainly."

"Manly or not, I did listen to your conversation—and now, if you will deign to listen, I will tell you how I came to do so."

"O, I'll listen fast enough, if that's all you want," answered Ella, as her voice rang out in a clear loud laugh at the young chieftain's solemn earnestness.

Folding his arms, and regarding her with a look in which revenge, contempt and love seemed to be strangely blended, Kamara addressed Ella thus:

"But a little while ago, Kamara left his native tribe, and came here to Naumkeag, to learn the language of the pale faces, their manners and customs. Here he had not been long, before he saw the pale face maiden, who now sits before him, and loved her. Ay, Kamara loved the pale faced maiden, because her feet were as swift as those of the mountain deer, her voice was as soft as that of the summer nightingale's, and because her features were as beautiful as those of an angel, whom he had dreampt of as dwelling in the spirit land. Kamara told this maiden of the love he bore towards her, told her that he, for her sake, would throw off his Indian habits, and try to become in language and manners even as the white man, and she, what answer did she return to all this?"

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Ella, "I suppose that means me. Well, good Kamara, go on, and tell the answer I did return to your long love story."

"Did you not tell me," bitterly replied Kamara, "that if I waited patiently the laps of three years that you would then become my wife?"

"Yes," answered Ella, "and I have told perhaps a half dozen others the same story, but what of that? It was all said in fun."

"In fun! and pray what may that mean?" asked the Indian scornfully.

"Why, it means," answered Ella, carelessly, "that I did not mean what I said, that's all."

"That is all, is it?" said Kamara, bitterly, "'tis as I suspected. You have said enough. Ella Corwin, now listen to the Chieftain's Oath. By yonder sun that is about to set, over the graves of my fathers—by the wild forest which the white man has ruthlessly stolen from the red Indian—by the green grass which nature has spread profusely under my feet—by the red blood which courses freely through the veins of my tribe, I swear on this spot, and in your presence, that the life of either your future husband, or your first born child, shall be the forfeit of your broken faith. Now will Kamara go and join his tribe, cursing, scorning, hating the white men and his fatherless brood. Remember, Ella Corwin, the Chieftain's Oath. Kamara is gone."

So saying the young chieftain quickly disappeared from the maiden's sight, and as he did so, Ella turning to her companion said:

"Don't you think Kamara talked very strangely, Annette?"

"If what he says is true, I think you must at least have acted strangely towards him."

"O, dear," replied Ella, "what makes you think so, Annette? because I saw fit to tease him a little?"

"You may possibly have teased him too much, Ella," answered Annette.

"O, I'll risk it," said Ella, peevishly. "I'll warrant he will forget it in less than a week."

"An Indian never forgets," replied Annette, earnestly.

"Well, I shall forget it, if he don't answered Ella, "so let us go home now, Annette, and say no more about it."

Having thus spoken, Ella took her companion's arm, and then the two maidens proceeded to their respective homes.

* * * * * * *

Five years passed away like a midnight dream, and in the interim, Ella Corwin had become a wife and a mother. She had left her home for England, a short time after the occurrence of the events before narrated, where she was married to a young physician, to whom, through the agency of her parents, she had been previously betrothed.

As we have before said, five years passed away, and then Ella Corwin, or rather Ella Mason, accompanied by her husband and infant boy, returned to Naumkeag, and became located in a small cottage near the Point, before mentioned, which had been built for them on their arrival.

It was a bright moonlight night, in the month of August, 1676, when, as the old clock told the hour of eleven, Dr. Mason was called from the side of his much loved wife and child, to attend upon his dying patient. The case was imperative, and would admit of no delay; so, after imprinting a burning kiss upon the fair cheek of his sleeping wife, he quickly responded to the call which had been made upon his professional services.

No sooner had he got well clear of the house, than the tall form of an Indian warrior emerged from the concealment which had been afforded by the dark shadow upon the grass, into the moonlight, and stealthily approached the outside door of the cottage. He tried the latch, and found, to his great joy, that the door had been left unfastened. Smiling triumphantly, the Indian, with light and wary footsteps entered the house. The next moment he stood by the bedside of her whom he had once known as Ella Corwin. Her first born nestled by her side. They both slept soundly, quietly, and sweetly, Kamara stooped over them. Gently, very Gently, did he lift the infant in his arms, the next moment he was gone. Still the mother slept on, as did the child, in Kamara's arms.

Two hours passed on, and then the husband and father returned to his home. Ella still slept, and as he gazed admiringly upon her beautiful features, he whispered her name.

She awoke, looked tenderly up and smiled.

"Where is our child, Ella?" asked the father, as he missed it from its accustomed place.

"The child is here, my love," answered Ella, as she confidently reached out her hand to clasp it to her bosom.

"My God, Herbert!" she exclaimed, after a moment's terrible silence, "our child is gone!"

"Where?"

"I know not!" exclaimed the frantic mother, as she jumped from the bed, and eagerly tore off its covering. "'Tis not here, 'tis not here. O God, my child! my boy! where is he? come to me, my Herbert; let your mother hear you, and—ah, a light flashes upon my brow, a recollection—a horrid remembrance—the Indians, Herbert Mason, the Indians have got our child!"

"Let us lose no time, then, in seeking him among them," exclaimed the young physician, raising a loaded rifle, he sprang out of the house, followed by his frantic wife.

Hardly knowing whither they went, on the bereaved ran, nor did they stop, until they stood on the verge of the Point, which looked out upon the calm waters of the harbor. Here about forty rods from the land, a dark object met their distracted view from the midst of which a tall formed appeared.

The dark object was an Indian canoe. The form that rose proudly from it was that of Kamara, chieftain of the Narragansetts.

Lifting the tiny form of the infant boy high above his head, in a loud clear tone of voice, Kamara said, or rather shouted:

"Ella Corwin, this is not in fun. Remember the Chieftain's oath."

A second elapsed a light splash disturbed the calm serenity of the water as the light drapery of the infant boy sank beneath their level.

Another second, and the ball from Mason's rifle passed through Kamara's body; another and a heavier splash succeeded, and Kamara sank beneath the dark waves triumphing wildly in revenge and death.

One moment had scarcely passed, when the white drapery of the infant boy appeared upon the surface of the waters; the mother still shrieking, but the father rushed madly into the billows—succeeded in reaching his child, and bearing it to the shore.

As he held it in his arms, the mother gazed, O, how wistfully, upon its pale, wet features, but it moved not. There came a wild, unearthly shriek from the mother's lips—"my boy is dead!" But it was not so, for the babe had heard its mother's voice and as if it had been recalled from death, looked up into the face of its frantic parent, and sweetly smiled.

The moral of this legend is obvious.

BORROWING.

There is no class of people more annoying in a community than those who are eternally in the habit of borrowing—who, through extreme parsimony, neglect to provide themselves with the various articles, which are considered indispensable in a well regulated family, and subsist almost entirely at the expense of their neighbors. But it is a notorious fact, which we dare say many of our readers will bear witness to, that there are many families, who seem to make it the chief business of their lives to borrow.

"My dear," said Mrs. Green to her husband one morning, "the meal which we borrowed from Mr. Black a few days ago is almost out, and we must bake to-morrow."

"Well," said her husband, "send and borrow half a bushel of Mr. White's, he sent to mill yesterday."

"And when it comes, shall we return the peck we borrowed, more than a month ago, from the widow Gray?"

"No," said the husband gruffly, "she can send for it when she wants it. John, do you go down to Mr. Brown's, and ask him to lend me his axe to chop some wood this afternoon; ours is quite dull, and I saw him grinding his last night. And James, do you go to Mr. Clark's, and ask him to lend me a hammer—and do you hear? you may as well borrow a few nails, while you are about it."

A little boy now enters and says: "Father sent me to ask you if you had done with his hoe, which you borrowed a few weeks ago last Wednesday, he wants to use it."

"Want's his hoe, child? What can he want with it? I have not half done with it yet—but if he wants it, I suppose he must have it. Tell him to send it back, though, as soon as he can spare it!"

They sat down to breakfast. "O la!" exclaims Mrs. Green, "there is not a particle of butter in the house—James, run over to Mrs. Notable's, she always has excellent butter in her diary, and ask her to lend me a plateful."

After a few minutes James returns: "Mrs. Notable says she has sent you the butter, but begs you to remember that she has already lent you *nineteen* platefuls, which are scored on the diary door."

"Nineteen platefuls!" exclaimed the astonished Mrs. Green, holding both her hands: "its no such thing—I never had *half* the quantity, and if I had, what is a little plateful of butter! I never should think of keeping an account of such a trifling an affair—I declare, I have a great mind never to borrow any thing of that mean creature again as long as I live."

After breakfast, Mr. Green must shave. His razor is out of order—"John, where's Mr. Smith's hone and strap?"

"He sent for it the other day, sir, and said he should like to have the privilege of using it himself *sometimes*."

"Sent for it! Impertinent. He might at least have waited till I was done with it. Well, go down to 'Squire Stearn's, and ask him to lend me his best razor, tell him mine is so dull I can do nothing with it. I know he has an excellent one—for I saw him buy it last week at Mr. Grant's store. Be sure and get the new one."

A little girl enters: "Mother sent me to see if you had done with *the second volume of Milman's History of the Jews*, which you *borrowed* of her several months ago. She says she would like to read it."

"My dear child, why did not your mother send for it before? I declare I don't know where it is now. I lent it to somebody—I forget who. I'll make inquiry, and if I can find it, I will send it to her in the course of a few weeks."

In the afternoon it rains—"Wife, where is my great coat?"

"My dear, your great coat has two great holes under the arm-pits, besides, it is so shabby I am ashamed to see you wear it. Can't we borrow one somewhere? Here James go to Deacon Davis' and ask him if he will lend your father his new surtout, as it rains and his is not fit to wear. He will take good care of it, and return it when he is done with it."—And so on to the end of the chapter.

A friend once informed us, that about ten o'clock, one cold stormy evening in the month of February, when his family was about retiring for the night to their respective apartments, a loud rap was heard at the door, which on being opened, there entered a little urchin who said his mamm, who lived but a few paces distant, had sent her respects, and wished to *borrow a warming pan* to warm her bed, as the night was cold and they had none in the house. The warming pan was forthwith brought from the kitchen and handed over to the little fellow, but he was not yet satisfied—"Mother says if you lend us the warming pan perhaps you would lend us some *coals* too, to put into it, as our fire is almost gone out."

The mendicant who humbly solicits alms at your gate, tells you that he is the child of poverty—and his squaid features and filthy rags confirm the tale. You cheerfully render him all the assistance in your power, conscious that virtue sometimes dwells beneath a tattered garb. The highwayman, who knocks you down, and then summons you to stand, gives you a convincing, though rather unwelcome proof, that however degraded the wretch may be from the presence of virtue, yet courage still ennobles his heart. But the *newspaper* borrowers does not possess one redeeming—— *But we will command our temper.*

VANDALISM.

"Visitors are requested not to stand upon the seats." is the notice we find at the bottom of the bills of one of our principal places of amusement. We expect to see a notice running "Visitors are requested to abstain from standing on their heads during the performances!" This would be consistent. No decent person would for a moment entertain an idea of standing "on the seats," and indecent *i. e.* a vulgar individual, would pay but little attention to a piece of advice gratis of that kind. "Gentlemen are respectfully requested *not* to spit in each other's *hats*," is a notice painted in *large characters*, on the walls of a large hat-room belonging to a fashionable ball room of the city. "Gentlemen are respectfully requested to abstain from whittling the chairs, tables and mantel cornices," looks down upon the traveller from the sitting room of a first class hotel in the city of Hartford. All these things are ridiculously conceived.—It would be as well to placard the request "Persons are respectfully requested to be honest among thieves." If people intended to do right they will do so without notice or request. If they don't they won't, all the requests to the contrary notwithstanding. But it is a sorrowful reflection that Vandalism prevails among our own people to such an extent—that they will stand "upon the seats" in theatres; will "spit in each other's hats;" (practical joking, undoubtedly) will carve their names in the tables, and chairs, and cornices of hotels; will steal where they can; (some of them;) will perpetrate numerous fannyisms which have to be remonstrated against in the public prints and on the dead walls and alley entrances. Oh! ah, What a world this is!—*Noah's Weekly Messenger.*

DEATH OF BARON DE KALB.

Immediately on receiving orders of departure, we waited on the good old De Kalb to take our leave, and to express our deep regret at parting with him. 'It is with great regret, my dear sir, that I part with you,' said he, 'because I feel a presentiment that we part to meet no more.' We told him we hoped better things.

'Oh no,' he replied 'it is impossible. War is a kind of game that has its fixed rules, whereby, when we are well acquainted with them, we can pretty correctly tell how the trial will go. To-morrow, it seems, that the die is to be cast, and in my judgement, without the least chance on our side. The militia I suppose will, as usual, play the *back-game*, that is, get out of the battle as fast as their legs will carry them. But that you know, won't do for me. I am an *old soldier*, and cannot run; and I believe I have some brave fellows who will stand by me to the last. So when you hear of our battle you will probably hear that your old friend De Kalk is at rest.'

I never was more affected in my life, and I perceived tears in the eyes of Gen. Marion. De Kalb saw them too, and taking us by the hand, he said, with a firm and animated look—'No, no, gentlemen, no emotion for me, but those of congratulation. I am happy. To die is the irreversible decree of Him who made us. Then what joys to be able to meet death without dismay? Thank God, this is my case. The happiness of man is my wish, that happiness I deem inconsistent with slavery. And to avert so great an evil from an innocent people, I will gladly meet the British on to-morrow, at any odds whatever.'

As he spoke this a fire flashed from his eyes, which seemed to me to demonstrate the divinity of virtue, and the immortality of the soul. We left him with feelings which I shall never forget, while memory retains her seat in my brain.

It was the morning of August 16th, 1780, that we left the army in a good position near Rugeley's Mills, twelve miles from Camden, where the enemy lay.—At ten that night orders were given to march and surprise the enemy, who had at the same time commenced a march to surprise the Americans. To their mutual astonishment the advance of the two armies met at two o'clock, and began firing at each other. It was soon discontinued by both parties, who appeared willing to leave the matter to be decided by day light. A council of war was called, in which De Kalb advised that the army should fall back to Rugeley's Mills, and wait to be attacked. Gen. Gates not only rejected this excellent council, but threw out an insinuation that it originated in fear. Upon this the brave old man leaped from his horse and placed himself at the head of his command on foot, saying with considerable warmth, "Well, sir, perhaps a few hours will show who are the brave."

As daylight increased the frightened militia began to discover the woods reddened all over with the scarlet uniforms of the British army, which soon, with rattling drums and thundering cannon, came rushing on to the charge, and they scarcely waited to give them a distant fire before they broke and fled in every direction. General Gates clapped spurs to his horse, as he said, "to bring the rascals back." However he did not bring himself back, nor did he stop till he reached Charlotte, eighty miles from the field of battle. Two-thirds of the army having thus shamefully taken themselves off, the brave old De Kalb and his handful of continentals were left to try the fortunes of the day. More determined valor was never displayed; for though outnumbered more than two to one, they sustained the attack of the whole British force for more than an hour. Glorying in the bravery of his continentals, De Kalb towered before them like a pillar of fire. But alas! what can valor do against equal valor aided by such fearful odds? While bending forward to animate his troops, the veteran received eleven wounds. Fainting from the loss of blood, he fell to the ground, while Britons and Americans were killed over him as they strove to destroy or to defend,—In the midst of clashing bayonets, his only surviving aid, Col. De Burryson, stretched his arms over the fallen hero and called out "save the Baron De Kalb." The British officers then interposed, and prevented his immediate destruction.

De Kalb died as he had lived, the unconquered friend of liberty. When the English officer condoled with him for his misfortune, he replied, "I thank you for your generous sympathy; but I die the death I always prayed for, the death of a soldier fighting for the rights of man." He survived but a few hours, and was buried in the plains of Camden, near where his last battle was fought.

Many years after, when Washington visited Camden, he eagerly enquired for the grave of De Kalb. It was shown to him. Gazing upon it thoughtfully, he exclaimed, with a deep sigh, "So here lies the brave De Kalb, the generous stranger who came from a distant land to fight our battles, and to water with his blood the tree of our liberty. Would to God he had lived to share its fruits."

Temperance.

ADDRESS

Of the Rev. JAMES LILLIE, in reply to the Rev. Mr. CHAMBERS.

[Being the substance of a Discourse delivered in the 2d Presbyterian Church, of Carlisle, on Tuesday, the 15th of Febuary.]

It is proper at the outset of this reply, distinctly to state the real points in debate. I have no dispute with Mr. Chambers whether temperance be a good thing, nor whether, in the day in which we live, total abstinence may not be an eligible method of advancing the practice of temperance. The points discussed are these two: first, whether total abstinence can be maintained on the ground that the *use* of intoxicating drinks as a beverage is condemned by the word of God; and second, whether the Order of the Sons of Temperance is an association, such as a christian can consistently support. I maintain the negative on both these issues. Mr. C. is loud for the affirmative. He tells us that in his former address he *assumed* as the basis of his remarks, that intoxicating liquor, used as a beverage, is a poison "and a curse." Precisely Mr. Chambers *assumed*—he did not prove. It is his infirmity to mistake assumption for argument. He declares that he investigated the claims of the different temperance organizations, and found the Order of the Sons the best of all. Unfortunately however, Mr. C. does not tell us the steps of this investigation. He merely gives us his word; and those who are in the habit of looking to God's word, are not satisfied; they ask Mr. C. why do you think so? And these doubts which his first speech did not touch, are just as perplexing as ever in spite of the three hours talking and reading, which Mr. Chambers came all the way from Philadelphia to inflict upon us.

In reply to these assumptions I brought forward, in my published discourse, ten passages from the Bible to demonstrate that the moderate use of wine is not condemned, but allowed; besides three reasons why I could not join the Order of the Sons. Instead of taking these texts separately and showing that my explanation of each was false, Mr. C. brings forward 17 places which he asserts, as usual, condemn the use of wine. I might go through the whole of his list, and show one by one how absurdly they are perverted. But as Mr. C. has not said one word to prove the applicability of one of them, I am not bound to say anything to disprove it. My word is as good as his, and when he merely asserts, I am entitled simply to deny. Not however, to insist too rigidly on this, I will take the very first passage as a sample of all the rest, and show how easily it may be turned against him. Lev. x. 8, 9. "Do not drink wine nor strong drink; thou nor thy sons with thee, when ye go into the tabernacle of the congregation." Mr. C. quotes this to prove that wine used as a beverage is a poison and a curse, and regards it as an absolute prohibition to the priests at all times. Still, though it were so, we might demur and say that the prohibition to the priest implied the *permission* to the people, and as we are not Jewish priests, the passage proves nothing in regard to us any more than to the Jewish in general. But the prohibition was not absolute and perpetual, even to Aaron. It is expressly limited to the time when he went into the tabernacle, plainly implying that at other times he was at liberty to drink wine. And it is on such passages that this minister relies to prove his doctrine as to justify his denouncing me in my own parish as a heretic!

The ground which Mr. Chambers most confidently occupies, was the distinction of the wines of the Bible into good and bad. But here, as usual, he proved nothing. He did indeed read at great length, or try to read Dr. Nott's Lectures which insist on this distinction. I say *try to read* for I saw at once his utter incompetency to speak on this subject, when he did not know a nominative from a dative, and fancied himself speaking Latin, when he was actually favoring us with Italian. I do not say this because I take any pleasure in plucking a brother so bare, but because fidelity to Bible truth demands it. This gentleman has set his authority against what I hold to be the plain word of God, and I am determined to prove his authority worthless. Let God be true, whoever should turn out a liar.

This distinction about good wine and bad; intoxicating and unintoxicating; a curse and a blessing, did not originate with Dr. Nott any more than Mr. C.—Rev. John Marsh, Secretary of the American Temperance Union, tells us in his introduction to Anti Bachus. P. 20, that the Rev. George Duffield, in 1835, gave this view to the world in the pages of the New York Evangelist. "Mr. Duffield's suggestions were highly valued by some of the distinguished friends of temperance. Professor Stuart acknowledged his indebtedness to them, and said 'I feel that there is some advance made by his labors, that we have now a broader basis on which to build.'" But what do we behold now? Prof. Stuart in his letter to Lucius M. Sargent, (see Am. Tem. Jour. for 1847, P. 78,) declares "the cause cannot be supported on any distinction between wines." And Dr. Robinson, the distinguished Professor of Union Theo. Seminary, New York, calls the distinction fanciful. (see P. 39.)

But what, though these respectable and erudite professors were to agree with Dr. Nott, I should not be moved a hairs breadth from *the ground* I occupy. I should still appeal to acknowledged and undeniable authorities. Dr. N. prints, and Mr. Chambers transcribes and reads "Yayin means either fermented or unfermented juice of the grape." This I distinctly deny, and I maintain the proper and only use of the word is the fermented juice of the grape. Gesenius interprets it "wine so called from its fermenting effervescing." The second meaning is "drunkenness, intoxication." Let me see the critic that will call this statement in question. That Dr. Nott denies it is nothing. He is a venerable man and an admirable President of a College—admirable especially for the spirit and eloquence exhibited in extreme old age in these same lectures. Still I maintain he is no authority in Hebrew, and if ever the matter were doubtful the lectures have settled it.

There is undoubtedly a difference between Tirosh and Yayin—a difference that misled Mr. Duffield, and for a time some others. Gesenius defines it must new wine. It is once applied to the juice of the clustre; still it would be absurd to limit it to this meaning, or even to represent that as the usual sense. Gesenius says the word comes from a root signifying to get possession of, because Tirosh gets possession of the brain or inebriates. Hosea, iv. 11, of itself shows undeniably that any such distinction in favor of Tirosh is absurd. "Whoredom wine (yayin) and new wine (Tirosh) take away the heart."

Mr. C. is very sure that Pharaoh drank fresh juice, not only because Dr. Nott says so, but because it is a standard topic with most temperance lecturers.—It is however a mere assertion—a mistaking of a dream for an argument. It would just be as logical to infer that the lean kine of Egypt were wont to devour their plump neighbors, for certainly the one was dreamed as well as the other. Though this is enough for Pharaoh, still amid such profusion of argument as my cause furnishes, I can afford to be liberal—even to lavishness. I therefore add that we have every reason that the case admits of, to believe that unfermented grape juice was not the beverage of the court of Egypt. I take it for granted, that if the prime minister gave his guests intoxicating drink, and of course drink it himself, that the sovereign did not content himself with grape juice. Now how do we know that Joseph used intoxicating liquor? Because we read in the end of the 43d chapter that his brethren drank and were merry with him. Mr. C. indeed told us that they might drink and be merry on coffee or milk; and no doubt a mere english reader might think the remark very plausible. Unfortunately however for Mr. C. and for those who trust in him, the word rendered to be merry is never once used for drinking any thing but wine or strong drink,—it being the very root from which the word for strong drink is derived. I chal'enge contradiction.

The distinction between Bible wines, then, turns out to be a mere delusion. The different ways in which it was employed. It might either be used or abused, and consequently, prove either a blessing or a curse. The Bible does not pronounce a woe on those that drink wine, (Is. v. 2) but on those are mighty to drink it. If wine is called a mocker (Prov. xx. 1) it is in reference to the unwise ones who are deceived by it. If the wise man hold up for warning those who have red eyes and causeless wounds, it is not those who have used wine moderately, but such as have *tarried long at it*. If kings were not to drink wine nor princess strong drink, it was excessive drinking that was meant, for it is immediately added, (Prov. xxxi, 5) "Lest they drink and forget the law, and pervert the judgment of any of the afflicted"—such drinking as stupified the understanding and seared the conscience.

Still it may be thought Mr. C. has some ground to stand on in the Jewish passover. He said a great deal about this, but, as usual, nothing to the purpose. He maintained that the Jews always use what Dr. Nott calls unfermented wine at the passover. He referred for proof to M. M. Noah of N. Y. Now, I might take Noah's testimony and show that he does not understand his own statement; but, for brevity's sake I will bring the matter to a quick issue. The Rev. Eli Smith, in a letter to Dr. McLean, (Del. Enq. No. 1, P. 30) states that the chief Rabbi at Hebron treated him with fermented wine during the feast of unleaven bread. "I knew," says Mr. S. "it was fermented, not merely from its taste, but because I had a discussion with him on the inconsistency of having it in his house at a time when he had professedly banished every thing that was leavened."—Of course the inconsistency was in the imperfect knowledge which Mr. S. had taken with him from home.

Isaac Leeser, the Rabbi of Philadelphia, in a letter to Mr. Delavan (Enq. No. 1, page 29,) says: "I regret I cannot answer your query as the tenor thereof indicates, for we use intoxicating and unintoxicating wines without discrimination, in the celebration of our passover." And he adds towards the close, "the Scriptures inveigh against drunkenness, or excessive drinking; and do not prohibit the partaking of wine though its abuse might lead to deplorable consequences."

The Rev. Mr. Schauffler, for many years missionary to the Jews of Constantinople, declares: (See Princ. Rep. for Oct. 1841) "But what makes an end to all strife on the subject, is the invariable practice of the synagogue in the celebration of the passover. * When wine can be had every Jew, even the poorest, must have four cups of wine, and if he cannot get sufficient alms together for the purpose, he must sell whatever he has, and buy the requisite proportion of fermented wine." Where does Mr. C. stand now? Let us see, I had argued from the mode of living pursued by Christ, from the institution of the Supper, from the Miracle of Cana, from the church of Corinth and from the injunctions of Paul, that wine—intoxicating liquor—was not prohibited as a beverage. And how does Mr. C. meet all this? You shall hear—I will quote one passage in full:

"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 porridge, my hope of Heaven."

And this is the reply to an elaborate Scriptural argument! If metaphor run mad can overturn plain Scripture texts, those who follow this gentleman's lead have some chance of escaping pity. 'Let me ask the gentleman,' cries Mr. C. but not till he had done all he could to stifle my reply—till he had bargained with the trustees of the 1st Church that there should be no answering on the spot. He boasts that if he ran away the first time, it was to come back and fight last night. But surely never was poor Hudibras so inaptly quoted. Come back to fight Mr. C? Oh, no! Two at least are required for a fight. But you took good care not to come within reach till my hands were tied. But to the question: Which of these two kinds of wine would our Saviour have recommended? I have proved the doctrine of the two kinds of wine to be an absurdity, and therefore the very ground of the question is removed. *Besides* Mr. C. is far too ready in dogmatizing about what Christ would do, instead of simply going to his Bible and finding out, by actual examination, what He has done. He is like many who first make up their minds what is right and proper, and then take up the Bible to wrest it into support of their proud ignorant prejudices. If we can without the Bible's help find out what is right and good, what need is there of a Bible at all? It is thus that Mr. C.'s WOULD, simple as it seems, *implies* infidelity. Mark, I do not call him infidel any more than I do the great majority of those who belong to his Order. I am pleased to believe that *most of them are* christian men drawn into a false position by their hatred of drunkenness, and their benevolence towards drunkards. Still their good intentions will not prevent the mischief of their inconsistency. *Would* Christ make an intoxicating drink, they ask; and when they are very sure *they would* not do it, they think the inference still surer, Christ *would* not, inasmuch as he is purer than they. But the way of talking is foolish and infidel in its tendency. We are not fit judges of what Christ *will do*. He has done things already which *would* never have entered into the wisest man's heart to conceive; and, no doubt, he will do so again. The Universalists asks, with as much confidence as Mr. C. *would* the kind, the merciful, the compassionate, the meek and lowly Jesus, burn poor sinners in eternal fires?—Shocking! Horrible blasphemy! Rather than believe this I would give up my Bible altogether; or, as Mr. C. says "barter, for a mess of porridge, my hope of Heaven?" The avowed infidel goes a step farther. He takes Christ at his word—says, because he teaches such horrible doctrine, I abhor him. The universalists contradicts Christ's *work*—the infidel rejects Christ *for that work*. There is no essential difference between them. Of the two universalist is the more dangerous, because he is an infidel in a mask.

Now, I charge this minister of Christ with the denial of his Master's work. The Gospel declares Christ made wine; yes, says Mr. C. but not *intoxicating drink*. This merely proves that he does not know the meaning of the Greek word *onios*. I turn to Lidel & Scott's Abridgement of Passow's Greek Lexicon, and find the meaning to be, "wine, the fermented juice of the grape." There is not one syllable in the whole article to show that an unfermented drink is ever called *onios*—wine. And, if this gentleman betray ignorance of the meaning of the Greek word, he is equally unconscious of the real import of the English word *wine*. Turn to Noah Webster and you find the leading meaning the fermented juice of the grape, and though he gives three meanings more, not one of them will bear the construction that fermentation and wine can be separated. Turn to Walker's, Johnson's, you will find the same; take the commonest school Dictionary and I challenge you to find the slightest countenance to the rediculous assertion that wine means any thing but fermeted of intoxicating drink.

But I said in my published discourse that my plain English reader could be at no loss what kind of drink was meant in the account of the miracle at Cana.— The good wine was brought out first, and when men had "well drunk," (that is, when the good wine had blunted their perceptions,) then the inferior was produced. That the phraze "well drunk," refers to the influence of an intoxicating liquor, I challenge any scholar to deny. The good and wise Mathew Henry, speaking on this passage says, "this wine had a stronger body and better flavor than ordinary." And he expounds the phraze *when they have well drunk* thus, "when their heads are confused." I have never examined Scott on this point, but I borrowed this volume, and turn to it now for the first time, so sure do I feel of my ground. He says: "The original word which is rendered 'have well drunk' is often used for men's drinking to intoxication; yet, learned men have shown it does not necessarily imply that idea, but merely a moderate exhilration consistent with temperance." Ah, poor Thomas Scott, what a pity you did not enjoy the light of the middle of the 19th century, and find out what was done at Cana, before you died. And Mr. C. really imagines that all Hebrew, Greek and English Lexicons, and all Commentators worth mentioning, are to be overturned by some impertinent rant about "envenomed adders, flowers and sparkling bowls!" No doubt, he that desires to be a Reformer, desires an honorable office. But, after all, some knowledge is required to begin with. Without it, we may thrust ourselves into notoriety, but it will not be an enviable one.

Leaving other matters to a more convenient opportunity, I come now to repeat my published question: IS THE BIBLE THEN AGAINST TOTAL ABSTINENCE? And I answer it as I did before, NO! I THINK NOT. The Apostle Paul, by the authority of *his* master and *mine*, declares "it is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor any thing whereby thy brother stumbleth or is offended, or is made weak." If a christian cannot drink wine without tempting his neighbor to drink too much, or to commit sin in any other way, the Apostle says it is good in that case not to drink. I have offered again and again in public, in this town of Carlisle, to abstain totally if my professing brethren would honor Christ by recognizing this passage as the *only* ground of total abstinence, but I have only got abuse and misrepresentation for my pains. It is not fair to infer from this that the leaders in this movement have something else in view than total abstinence. They allow the force of the Apostles principles, then why not act on it. I maintain there is no other ground for total abstinence but this, in either Testament, if there is let Mr. C. show it. Can the cause of total abstinence be really promoted by abandoning the christian ground and going down to that where none but an Infidel can feel intelligently at home? I am denounced as an enemy of temperance in Carlisle, as I was in Chambersburg in the Synod of Philadelphia. But those who brought the charge there were glad to retract it before the day was done, and I have no fear before this cause is finished, that my maligners here will wish they had held their tongues. Instead of cowering before their wicked lies I look their authors down this day, while I denounce them, with all the authority of a true minister of Christ, as *unintentional* enemies of temperance and the cross of Christ.—What is it that has brought the cause of temperance to the miserable plight in which we now behold it? if it be not that its very life blood has been almost withdrawn in consequence of the poisonous principles that have been stealthily brought into it. We have John Marsh's testimony that the N. Y. State Temperance Society began to pine when Washingtonianism came forth from its kennel in Baltimore, to sweep the land. And secret associations finished the work; as I find, an effort has just been made at Syracuse to resuscitate it once more. But, though no prophet, I predict it will fail, if the *Order thrive*. It is an excrescence—a vile tumour hanging and feeding on the body of the temperance cause, having no independent life, and which, if not cut off by a bold and skilful hand, will inevitably kill it. The N. Y. city T. S. has also been brought to the gates of death, if not within them. Otherwise, why should the best friends of the cause in that city have organized a new society on christian principles. They are right in my judgment, when they declare that the cause wants a fresh infusion of christian principle. But I should stifle my conviction if I did not add, that I am persuaded they committed a great mistake when they allowed a Son of Temperance to be their leading speaker, even though that leader was also a son of Dr. Beecher. The New Christian Society will yet find out, if they do not know, that *secret* societies and *temperance* societies are incompatible. The attempt to unite them must fail, and do we not behold it failing before our eyes? The Conshohocken Division of Montgomery county, Pa., was broken up by the Grand Patriarch, in the person of the Grand Picklands, because they would not tolerate the drinking of beer, stronger than Porter or Ale. Thus it is that the good angel of temperence, after scattering his blessings round the globe, and pining for some years under the hands of the Washingtonian fanatics, is threatened with final annihilation in the den of a secret association.

But I denounce *these principles* as hostile, not *merely to the cause of total abstinence*, but what is *infinitely more important*, and what mainly compels me to pursue the course I do, *as enemies of the cross of Christ*. They assail the immaculate glory that shone forth with convincing splendour at Cana.— They endorse the blasphemy that the Holy One and the Just was a wine bibber—an intemperate man himself, and (may God forgive those who do it ignorantly!) a minister to the intemperance of others. If he who hung on Calvary was not perfection itself, then you and I are ruined men, this temple is an imposition, this pulpit an absurdity, and this Bible an essential lie. But if the vile principles I oppose are true, then by undeniable consequence, these results cannot consistently be gainsaid.

One word and I have done. I am told that the doctrine I hold has been perverted by some intemperate men into an encouragement in their excesses. I will now cut off occasion from those who thus seek it, by declaring my determination to abstain from everything intoxicating for the space of one year from this day. I am also strengthened in this resolution by christian regard to Mr. Chambers. My tasting wine once in 12 months at a marriage party, stumbled him so much that he actually held me up to odium, in a neighboring pulpit, as an enemy of Temperance. I am pleased to save *my brother* from such temptations for one year *at least*.

Although I was not allowed *last night* to reply to Mr. C. on the spot, I should be sorry to retaliate.—This, at least, is a *free Presbyterian* Church. If Mr. C. will take *his place beside me*, he shall be allowed full *freedom of reply*.

N. B. Mr. Chambers declined the offer.