

**TEMPERANCE ADDRESS.**  
Delivered before the Clearfield Washingtonian Society, by T. H. Fulton, Monday evening Feb. 21st, 1853.  
On motion it was resolved by the Washingtonian Temperance Society, that Thos. Fulton be requested to furnish this Society with a copy of his able and interesting address for publication which motion was passed.  
G. REAMS, Jr., Secretary.  
Clearfield, Feb. 21, 1853.  
MR. PRESIDENT—Ladies and Gentlemen:—By the request of many of my Temperance friends, I appear before you to night, to address you on this occasion. You doubtless are all aware that I am not much accustomed to speaking in public, seldom, if ever, occupying the stand, and never before the Temperance stand. Hence it is, you must not expect of me an eloquent and interesting address, such as the occasion and the cause naturally requires.  
I could gladly have listened to one more capable by age, by experience and exalted literary attainments, of imparting to you that entertainment and instruction which you seek from the exercises of the evening. Still, notwithstanding ailing, I feel it my duty under present circumstances, to contribute my mite to further and promote that glorious cause, which I have ever esteemed so high, and cherished so dear—the cause of temperance throughout the length and breadth of our highly favored land. The extent to which temperance has spread throughout our country, has engrossed the minds and employed the pens of our most eminent Patriots, statesmen and Philanthropists, to devise means and plans to arrest it in its onward career of destruction and ruin, withering and blasting every thing before it as it rolls along like the deadly blast from the upas tree or the dread sirocco. But all of their efforts, to a great extent have proved vain. The first temperance societies that were formed, done some good, it is true; but they were short lived, and soon went down, yet in their very ruins and ashes sprung up Washingtonianism, Phoenix like. It burst forth upon us in a flood of light and glory. It wrought miracles in the way of reforming hundreds and thousands of inebriates, and restraining others from falling into the fascinating and delusive paths of intemperance. It has done truly a good work. When it had passed its meridian, its noon-tide of glory and splendor—the order of the sons of temperance was ushered in, to sustain and add permanency to the cause. For a time it performed its allotted work. Soon it ran its course and gave visible symptoms of decline. Then burst into light and being the last grand connecting link of temperance associations, the Templars of Honor. It too was doomed, and like its predecessors in that good and heavenly cause, to be crushed beneath the iron wheels of that monster, Intemperance.  
I remember of attending a temperance meeting here, within these spacious walls; the meeting was addressed, by a worthy minister of the Gospel. It was in the palmiest days of Washingtonianism. He said it was unnecessary for him to make much of a speech. He had been in the habit of always attending and addressing temperance meetings; but now, since the people had taken it in hand, since the masses were rolling on the temperance ball, he thought it prudent to stand back, and take a position in the rear; and if ever there was any indication of a retrograde movement here, and the rest of his brethren in the ministry, would stand up as props and scorches to intercept it and impede it, in its retrograde movement, and thought they would be able to hold it where the people might leave it. But it is an astonishing fact, that intemperance is rapidly and fearfully on the increase among us. With all the ministers of the gospel, and well wishers of society, standing along as scorches and breakmen on that great inclined plane of public sentiment, and the public opinion, still it heads them not. It rolls on, and sweeps down that plane, like an avalanche, bearing every thing before it. And on it will roll, until it is met square up by Legislative action, until our statute laws are changed, that legalize the vending, sale, and traffic in Ardent Spirits, intemperance must, beyond all doubt, reign triumphant. Nothing but a prohibitory law—the entire repeal of the license system—will ever prove a check, or banish intemperance from our time honored Commonwealth. It is the only reasonable and natural remedy we can look to. It is the only platform of temperance principles that I have ever thought really worth contending for.  
I have ever had my doubts about the efficiency of moral suasion reforming, and restraining the masses to become temperate, so long as our laws remain as they are. So long as our courts license men to seduce and corrupt the community, and make inebriates by a legal calling in life, just so long will our land be filled with drunkards, pauperism and crime, moral suasion to the contrary notwithstanding. I do not wish to be understood as taking ground opposed to moral suasion—the noblest of all possible. Even with a prohibitory law, we must look to moral suasion and rely upon it to a great extent, to carry into effect such a law. It is through moral suasion that all the laws in our land are observed and executed. The laws and moral suasion are twin sisters. They are inseparably connected together; and wherever you find them torn asunder and acting in a separate capacity, you find them weak and powerless, and wholly unable to accomplish any thing.  
Under our license system and present rules of etiquette which govern society in general, it is very hard for young men to escape becoming tipplers. The fascinating bowl meets them at every lane, turn and corner through life. The consequence is, many of them indulge in it, and the sad and awful effects of the system is seen every day around us. But just remove the temptation and society is relieved of the evil forever. Whilst the system exists, those who remain temperance men, and wish to live as such, will be annoyed and vexed in every day intercourse with the common business affairs through life, more or less.  
There is a small portion of the community—temperance men among them too—who, I am led to believe, are under the delusive and misguided impression that every thing is done that can be done to banish intemperance from our land; that the present basis upon which our temperance societies are organized, are sufficient to arrest the evil in its onward course—covers all the ground, and goes as far as we dare go in this land of freedom and equality. A more erroneous and fatal doctrine for the welfare of society, was never before promulgated by mortal man.  
The truth can no longer be disguised that, under the present "drinking usages of society," hundreds and thousands of the most promising young men of this Republic, are daily and nightly taking the initiatory steps to become inebriates, and fill a drunkard's grave. The woes and lamentations caused by intemperance are heard still louder, more piercing and heart rending from all parts of the land. Who dare deny that moral suasion has not proved a failure; has not proved unequal to remedy the evil under the existing laws? With moral suasion we have failed in all our attempts to stop the progress of intemperance. "We have failed in all societies, by all appeals, by all arguments, by all methods of influencing the public mind, by all preaching and lecturing, by all parental counsel, and by all the portraying of the wide spread evils of intemperance. In all these we have failed, and we ever will fail, so long as it is held up by the strong arm of the law—supported, legalized and authorized by the statutes of the land.  
The question naturally suggests itself: What source or means of protection will society fly to? None other but a law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors, as a beverage, among us. It is the only remedy, the only available means we can look to for safety and protection from the dread scourges of intemperance.  
All history proves the fact that vice and immorality can never be abolished among a people, except by the passage of laws forbidding them entirely, with severe penalties for their violation, and not the enactment of laws to regulate it. Where would we be to-night in the scale of civilized and intellectual beings, if all the laws that have been passed in our state to prohibit vice and licentiousness had been merely acts to regulate them? It would be very hard to conjecture indeed!  
The Idea of legislating, to regulate vice and immorality, and not prohibit them, does not belong to the present generation—it does not belong to the nineteenth century. It is borrowed—borrowed from where, or whom? From the dark ages of the world, and ought to have been returned long ere this. The political men, politicians and statesmen of the age, talk and preach a great deal to us about the wrongs and dangers of monopolies. They are constantly warning the people of every attempt to legislate to build up monopolies. Now, there is not to be found on the statute books, a grander, or more magnificent monopoly than the license system—a system that grants certain privileges to a few, and denies it to others. Is that in accordance with the spirit of the age in which we live? Does it harmonize with the principles of Progressive Democracy? Certainly not. There is not a citizen in this wide Republic to-night, dare say it does. Why not wipe it out? Why not erase it from our statute books? We are told by some, that the passage of such a law would infringe upon the natural rights and liberties of man. To such we would answer, that every law that stands recorded upon our statutes, is an act direct curtailing the rights and liberties of man as he exists in a primitive or savage state. Ever exists in a primitive or savage state. Every act and step that is taken by legislation to extend the blessings of civilization to the savages who inhabit our own territories, and bring them within the pale of civil society, are just so many acts, steps taken to deprive them of their natural rights and liberties, which they have inherited from time immemorial; and will any one pretend to argue that man is not infinitely happier in a highly enlightened

# Clearfield Republican.

A WEEKLY PAPER: DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, MORALITY, AND FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Clearfield, Pa., March 4, 1853. Number 10.

**Prices of Advertising.**  
A liberal reduction will be made to Merchants and others who advertise by the year.  
Our paper is published in every neighborhood, and is read by every family in the county. It therefore affords a convenient and cheap means for the business man of advertising—the merchant, mechanic, and all classes of tradesmen—the knowledge of their location and business. We should like to insert "A Card" for every Merchant, Mechanic, and Professional man in the county. We have plenty of room in a judicious advertiser will be by advertising extensively. For a general rule, the more extensively a man advertises the greater will be his profits.  
**Books, Jobs and Blanks.**  
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, PRINTED ON THE VERY BEST STYLE, AND ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE AT THE OFFICE OF THE "CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN."

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Now, how many men in the community around you, would want to return to the old system of licensing vice and immorality? Let our present legislature attempt to pass a general law opening lottery houses, authorizing gambling, horse racing, duelling, &c., under certain legal restrictions, to raise a revenue for the State. Would not the whole, entire population of this great Commonwealth, unite in raising one loud and indignant voice against such a monstrous proceeding, and hurl their high seats and places of power? Not a single man of them could ever reach their high places of honor again, by the votes of their fellow-citizens; but they would go down to their graves in obscurity and everlasting disgrace. And you must bear in mind, when the effort was making to remove those crimes by legislation, it met with a strong opposition for years. Just so with intemperance. But the axe is laid at the root of the tree; it must, and will be hewn down. The license system must be blotted out, and numbered with the things that have been. It is doomed to melt and dwindle away before the intelligence, the light, the glory and splendor that is thrown around the rising generation, as a mountain of snow before the scorching rays of a tropical sun. Let the law be passed, let the system be repealed, and in a few years a man would be considered insane to talk about restoring the license system. Yes, he would be taken up and lodged in some insane Asylum, no doubt. As well might a man undertake to open a communication with the inhabitants of the moon, as to get up a feeling to restore the license system, after it has been successfully abolished for years, and the people begin to reap the benefits brought forward as the fruits of its annihilation—when peace and happiness would once more re-vist those families and hearths which had been rendered miserable and desolate under the present license system. No it would be morally impossible.  
It is the duty of every good citizen to be actively engaged in getting signatures to petitions and forward them on to the present Legislature, praying for them to take immediate action for the repeal of the license system. If the Legislature refuse to listen to their petitioners, they will be assuming responsibilities, and evading a serious and meritorious question—one too, that they will find extremely difficult to go home and answer satisfactorily to their constituents.  
We are told that the people do not demand the passage of such a law. That is a disputed subject. It is not absolutely certain what would be the effect of a popular vote on that subject to-morrow, if the question was submitted to the people. Besides it is the doctrine in this country, that the people can be prevailed upon to demand the passage of any good, just and reasonable law. We have met hundreds of men within the last year, who will vote for a prohibitory law, who are not professing temperance men—who never signed a temperance pledge, and who never will; but who would at the same time be glad to see the evil removed from our land. It is the opinion of all men who have been paying any attention to it, that scores of temperate men would vote for such a law. It is my candid impression, that if the subject was up before the people to vote for, that hundreds and thousands of inebriates would avail themselves of the opportunity of such a law—men who see the evil of their course and desire to reform and become sober citizens, but who have not the strength and nerve to break asunder the chains of habit that binds them as slaves, nor resist the temptation that, daily and hourly meets them in following their regular avocations through life; but who would feel that the brighter days of their early years would re-vist them again, and all the glowing, fancied, and imaginary schemes of youth be fully realized, if the temptation would be removed forever from their reach.  
Yes, there are hundreds and thousands of such men, to-night—if it was up before the people to vote, who would rise and leave their restless couches, and cast their votes for a prohibitory law, even if they were sure it would be the last grand act they would be capable of performing this side of eternity.  
A few words to the young men of this Republic.—With many of you, that point that seemed so distant at the start, is now reached; and the quiet walks, many little scenes and incidents of your youthful days, with all the hallowed associations that cluster around them, are now to give place to other relations, to other duties, and to other scenes in life. Sooner or later, many of you will be called upon to bid farewell to your parental homes, with armor bright and burnished and ready for the conflict, you must enter that wild tumultuous arena where you must save yourselves by earnest, manly action, or sink to the last or perish. It is all important then, that you should hold on to the temperance faith; stand by your temperance principles which, perhaps has been part of your early education, which was bestowed upon you by a kind father, a

we are to judge from the number of intoxicated people you would meet with in that township with other places, you would say it was by no means an isolated case.  
Now for argument sake, we will admit that the rest of the State, in proportion to its population, does not consume over half as much as said township, which I think no one will deny, by calculation we find that the amount in one year would reach the astonishing sum of eighteen millions four hundred and twenty-six thousand one hundred and sixty-four dollars. A sum large enough to pay off our forty million dollars of State debt in two and one-fourth years—a debt which is a reproach and a stigma to the citizens of this Commonwealth at home and abroad—a debt so great that many of our citizens at one time despaired of ever paying, and looked to reputation as the only means to relieve ourselves from it. Yes, the money expended in liquor, in ten years time, would build a rail road through every county in the State, would build school houses enough and pay for the schooling of every orphan in the land, would pay for the erection of an Asylum for the deaf, dumb, blind and insane in every county within the boundaries of our Commonwealth, and still there would be surplus enough left to build churches sufficient for each and every citizen in our wide domain to worship in. Is not this a strong reason why the law should be passed and the system repealed. In travelling through Pennsylvania, in scaling her lofty and romantic mountains, in passing through her verdant vales, and over fruitful valleys: in viewing her beautiful landscapes and picturesque scenery, that is constantly presented to the eye in gliding along her great, and gigantic rail roads, I am more and more impressed with her greatness and grandeur, and feel proud and happy to claim her as my native State; but regret from my inmost soul that the curse and blight of intemperance rests upon so highly a favored land. We should blush with shame to own that such is the case. The sun, as it rolls on and courses its way of glory and splendor through the heavens, never shone upon such a people as we are—never shone upon a country where the blessings of a kind Providence are strewn around in such wild profusion. Succeeding generations will look back upon us, and regard us as unworthy and ungrateful inheritors of such glorious blessings and privileges, if we continue to cherish and encourage intemperance in our land. May heaven grant, that the day is not far distant, when the license system will be disowned and blotted out. Yes, let the system be abolished forever.  
We stand as it were, on the verge of an eventful period. It is the opinion of our learned statesmen and Rev. Divines, that we are in all probability approaching a new epoch in the annals of our race. It is a well established fact that fourth coming events oft times cast their shadows before them. No serious mind at present can contemplate the signs of the times and not be satisfied that Providence is working out some of His grandest problems, and that the unwritten history of the world is pregnant with events as interesting and thrilling as any that have ever been recorded by the pen of the historian. Yes, we are doubly admonished by every transpiring event around us, that the day is near and the hour draws nigh, when we should rise up and cast those heathen notions, those heathen customs, and those heathen institutions of a dark and benighted age to the moles and the bats. Then, with a repeal of the license system and a prohibitory law, our country and its glorious institutions will flourish and prosper in perpetual bloom. Then she will have nothing to fear from convulsions within nor dangers without. No, she will stand secure and firm, solid and erect for ages to come.  
"Like some cliff that rears its awful form,  
Swells from the vale, and midway cleaves the storm;  
Though round its base the rolling clouds are spread,  
Eternal sunlight settles on his head."

**THE SPIRIT OF FORGIVENESS.**—There is something touchingly beautiful in words, when rightly put together. They leave an impression which is seldom or never effaced. We have read again and again, until it is as familiar as the face of an old friend, the following splendid thought—and every time we see it 'tis fresh and beautiful. The author we know not, but he deserves to be immortalized:  
"How beautifully falls from human lips  
That blessed word, forgive!—  
Forgiveness! 'tis the attribute of God—  
The wound which opens the Heaven.  
Renews again to earth lost Eden's faded bloom.  
And flings hope's banner before the waste of life.  
Thrice happy he whose heart has been so schooled  
In the meek lessons of humility,  
That he can give it utterance.  
It imparts celestial grandeur to the soul.  
And makes man an angel."

Reese E. Price, a resident of Cincinnati, who is possessed of considerable of this world's goods, has made a proposition to the Legislature of Ohio, for a dissolution of his partnership with the State. He considers the notions of the commonwealth antagonistic to those entertained by himself, and does not desire fellowship with it. He proposes to pay his portion of the State debt, which he estimated at \$500, and be absolved from all allegiance.