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TEMPERANCE ADDRESS.

Delivered before the Clearfield Washingtonian Society on Monday the 2nd inst. by George Sackett.

MR. PRESIDENT:—*Ladies and Gentlemen:*—I appear before you to night, in a capacity in which I have never appeared before. You are all well aware, that I am no public speaker. I have been called upon to address this society; and in endeavoring to discharge my duty in obeying that call, I will offer a few disconnected remarks, hastily thrown together, for your consideration. The evils which surround us daily, caused by the traffic in ardent spirits; the scenes of misery and crime, which are continually being enacted throughout the country, caused by intemperance; have aroused the friends of temperance, and all lover of good order, and good morals in society, to a sense of their duty, in endeavoring to devise some means to check its progress. Now the question arises how will it be done?

Some people tell us, that the only true principle to reform man, is moral suasion. They tell us that we may persuade men—but we cannot force them into any measure.

It is true that some can be reformed by moral suasion; but there are others who have become so habituated to strong drink that they will turn a deaf ear to all the warnings and entreaties of their friends. Moral suasion has been tried for many years, and our country is still filled with drunkards; we see them daily in our streets; we hear them carousing nightly. If these men can be reformed by some other mode why not adopt it?

We believe that there are, in the commonwealth, a large majority who are in favor of a prohibitory liquor law, if the question could be divested of every other party consideration. There are hundreds of men, who drink, and who will drink, as long as they can get it, and who would not sign a temperance pledge; who would be in favor of, and vote for a prohibitory law. They would do it in order to put out of their reach a temptation that meets them at every turn and corner, wherever they go—which they have not the nerve to withstand.

We are told again, that we are not ready yet, that we cannot get such a law passed; and that it is useless to make an effort.—But we are just as near ready now as ever we will be, and it is just as easy to make an effort now as will be in ten years hence: and there is at this time considerable excitement on the subject, hence we should "strike while the iron is hot."—Every man who has the good of his fellow man at heart—every man who has a feeling of benevolence in his breast, and every man who loves his country, and desire to see it prosper—should make an effort.—Who can tell the fearful effect that drunkenness may yet have on our nation; it may yet be the means of destroying this great republic. It has been in a great measure, the means of overthrowing other nations, and it may have the same effect on this.

History furnishes us abundant proof, that intemperance has been one of the principal causes of every national calamity. Go back, if you please, to the Assyrian Empire, and trace its history, you will find that in its rise and progress, it was strictly temperate and so long as it remained so, it grew and spread until it exercised its sovereignty over the whole known earth; when this was accomplished the Assyrians thought that they had nothing else to do. They began to say to themselves, like the rich man—thou hast goods laid up in store for many years—eat, drink and be merry. The kings and the people became drunkards; they lost their accustomed vigilance; and were too deeply engaged in the wine cup to attend to the affairs of the nation, when amid the revelings of a drunken feast, the fingers of a man's hand was seen writing their fate upon the wall, and in the same hour Cyrus entered Babylon, slew their king, and took the Empire.

The history of the Medes, Persian Empire, presents the same facts. The laws of Persia put great restrictions on the use of wine; and its use was entirely prohibited, except on festival occasions. But the conquest of Babylon wrought a pernicious change in the habits of this brave people; and two hundred years after that event, they were the most drunken, and corrupt nation on the face of the earth. Intemperance stirred up internal disorders, disqualified the people for soldiers, caused their kings to undertake unwise enterprises, and finally was the cause of their becoming an easy prey to Alexander the great.

When Greece was ascending in the scale of nations, she had strict prohibitory laws on the use of wine. They did not even tolerate such a thing as a grog shop among them. They used to make their helots drunk, in order to exhibit to their children its debasing effects, and to warn them against its degrading influence. Alexander the great, was strictly temperate until he had conquered the world. But the manners and customs of the east subdued the conqueror, who had overthrown her armies, and Alexander survived in history, a monument of the evils which intemperance never fails to produce.—Greece became intemperate, and with it her glory began to decline, till finally she fell a pray to the Romans.

Roman history presents nearly the same facts. It is useless to go into detail. We might cite instances enough to fill a volume. From the greatest empire, down to the smallest Indian village of America—every page of their history is filled with facts of this kind.

In another point of view the prosperity of the nation is seriously affected by the traffic in liquors. Mr. Everett late Secretary of State, generally known as a man of extensive information—from a computation of his, it appears that the use of alcoholic beverages costs the United States directly in ten years 120,000,000 dollars; has burnt or otherwise destroyed 5,000,000 dollars worth of property; has destroyed 300,000 lives; sent 250,000 to prison, and 100,000 children to the poor-house—caused 1,500 murders and 5,000 suicides and has bequeathed to the country 1,000,000 orphan children.

Again, many of our public men are more or less, under the influence of liquor—many have been seen drunk in the halls of legislation. If our law-givers are drunkards what kind of laws can we expect at their hands. Thomas Jefferson, has said: "the habit of using ardent spirits by men in office has occasioned more injury to the public service, and more trouble to me than any other circumstance which has occured to me during my administration."

It must not be forgotton that in this country every drunkard has equal power in the elective franchise with the most virtuous citizen. Nor must it be forgotton that should the reform now cease, and intemperance again increase for the fifty years to come, in only the same ratio that it did for twenty years previous to the commencement of general reform—about one-third of our voters would be drunkards. But should intemperance increase in that ratio for eighty years, a large majority of our voters would be drunkards, and our population amount to several hundred millions. Who then could turn back the burning tide; or who could govern the maddning multitudes. Even now the brandy bottle is a strong instrument in the hands of politicians. Men, even now, can be induced to sell their votes for a few drinks of liquor.

We are told again that the passage of such a law would be infringing on the liberties of the people. In answer to this, we believe that it would put down a monster that holds its victims in the most abject slavery:—they are slaves to a depraved appetite, the cravings of which they cannot conquer. Is a man free, when in spite of every effort he cannot walk straight? Is a man free when he does not know where his home is—and if he does he has not the power to go there? Is he free when he will talk to a swine, mistaking it for a friend? Is he free when he is powerless in the gutter unable to rise? If this be freedom, what is slavery? But it is interfering with the rights of men who have made it their business to manufacture, and sell liquor; men who have invested their capital in the traffic; and they should be protected by law. Now if one man has a right to sell liquors, all have a right to do the same. But the licence system grants this privilege to some, and denies it to others: therefore it is wrong. The government has no right to licence an evil, or to take under its protection a business, the certain effect of which is misery, murder, and crime of every kind. The government has no right to protect men in a business, the certain result of which is, the degredation and ruin of both body and soul of thousands. It has no right to send forth a host of licensed butcherers; to rob men of their money, to degrade them in the eyes of the world, to destroy their character, to rob their families of sustenance, and finally to lay them in a drunkards untimely grave.

This legalized sale of intoxicating drinks opens up every avenue to vice, misery, and crime. It stirs up every evil passion that abides within the breast of man. It prompts him to lie; to steal, to rob, and to murder;—to slander his neighbor, and to blaspheme the name of the God who created him. Pass by the rum shop, you will see him carousing there; his coat in tatters, his hat without a crown; his hair disheveled, his face bloated—bearing thereon the mark of the beast, written in characters so legible that it is impossible to read them wrong. His bloodshot eyes, his fœtid breath, his blunted preceptions, his stale jokes and unmeaning tales, his driveling mirth and bacchanalian song—all standing forth as sign boards on the way that leads to hell. Then he will stagger home to his miserable hovel, and beat and curse the wife whom he has sworn to love, cherish, and protect. And his children shrink from his presence as from a demon. He still goes on from bad to worse, till finally amid the ravings of "*delerium tremens*," he is grasped by the cold icy hand of death, and his mortal account is closed with dark forbodings of a judgment to come. Does not a large amount of the responsibility of all this rest upon the liquor vender? Is he not to blame for "holding the bowl to his neighbors lips." With an insinuating grace they will set out their bottle, and invite men to drink, and by littel and little, they twine the corroding cords of the rum fiends, fast round the hearts of their unsuspecting victims; and they are fast in the fetters that bind them in the iron bonds of intemperance.

Where all who have in the compass of a year, been found drunk in the land, assembled in one place, they would make a greater army than ever Bonaparte commanded. And yet unless patriot hearts and hands interpose, myriads more from generation, to generation coming on, in the same track, will go down like those to the drunkards grave. Where the thousands of distilleries and breweries still at work day and night in the land, placed in one city or county, they would blacken all the surrounding heavens with their smoke. And could all the oaths, obscenities, and blasphemies they occasion every hour, be uttered in one voice, it would be more terrific than "seven thunders."

In conclusion. Let every man who sets his face and influence, against the passage of a prohibitory liquor law, consider that he is fighting against every thing that is good; that he is fighting against every feeling of sympathy and benevolence—every feeling of love and affection; that he is fighting against the best interests of the nation; that he is fighting against the sighs and tears of widows and orphans;—that he is fighting against the prayers of distressed and impoverished families; that he is fighting against the christian religion, and certainly against the dictates of his own conscience.

And what is he fighting for?

He is fighting for the continuance of a system that may yet be the ruin of himself or friends: and he is fighting to entail a withering curse on posterity. Let him rally then if he can, in the ranks of the staggering crowd—let him list if he dare under the blood stained banner of king Alcohol; let him fight in the drunken host against justice and humanity, and posterity will brand him with eternal disgrace, and cast out his name as infamous.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY.

The Cattaraugus *Whig* publishes a statement of a daring highway robbery, committed Sunday night, 25th ult., four miles from Springville, on the main traveled road from that place to Ashford. The subject Mr. George Bostwick, of Ashford, a drover, started in the evening to walk from Springville to Ashford, and after proceeding about four miles on his way, was overtaken by two men with a horse and buggy. One of them, after some little conversation, got out of the buggy, remarking that he was chilly, and would walk with him. He almost immediately seized Bostwick, and threw him upon the ground, and by the help of his companion, who came to his assistance, gagged him by stuffing his mouth full of paper, bound him hand and foot, tied him to a tree by the roadside, and robbed him of all the money he had about him, amounting to something over $330, in Bank bills and silver. This done, the robbers decamped, leaving him bound hand and foot, and unable to make any noise whatever. By wetting and compressing the paper in his mouth, he succeeded in making noise sufficient to arrest the attention of one of his neighbors, who was passing about two hours afterwards, by whom he was released from his unpleasant situation. Suspicion fell upon two men named Shultze and Barnett, of Springville, as the probable perpetrators, who, singularly enough, hearing that they were suspected caused Bostwick to be arrested, and made oath that he hired them to rob him. So improbable a statement confirms suspicion against them. The matter was to be brought before the Grand Jury at Ellicottville.

THE EFFECT OF RAILROADS IN KENTUCKY.—This State begins to feel the vivifying effect of Railroads upon its growth, and business. Of Louisville the *Journal* says, in 1848 she had not a single railroad running into her. Since then she has raised $800,000 for the building of the Louisville and Frankfort railroad, has subscribed $200,000 to the Jefferson and Columbus company, $100,000 to the Louisville and Nashville company, and has proposed to subscribe $1,000,000 to the Louisville and Frankfort company to enable them to build a branch road to Knoxville. The value of the property in Louisville in 1848, when she entered upon the grand scheme of railroad building, was a little over $14,000,000; now after five years only, it is a little less than $30,000,000, and the city was never increasing more rapidly in population and never exhibited more evidences of general prosperity.

☞ Judge B——, in reprimanding a criminal, among other names, called him a scoundrel. The prisoner replied—"Sir, I am not so big a scoundrel as yer honor," here the culprit stopped, but finally added—"take me to be." "Put your words closer together," said the Judge, reddening.

ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT.

T. S. ARTHUR tells a good story about a loving couple in New Jersey, who belonged to the Methodist Church. A new presiding elder, Mr. N., was expected in the district; and the ministers all stopped with brother W., and his wife; every preparation was made to give him a cordial reception. The honest couple thought that religion, in part, consisted in making some parade, and therefore the parlor was put in order, and a nice fire was made and the kitchen replenished with cakes, chickens, and every delicacy, preparatory to cooking.

While Mr. W. was out at the woodpile, a plain looking, coarsely dressed, but quiet-like pedestrain came along and enquired the distance to the next town. He was told it was three miles. Being very cold he asked permission to enter and warm himself. Assent was given very grudgingly, and both went into the kitchen. The wife looked daggers at his untimely intrusion, for the stranger had on cowhide boots, an old hat, and a threadbare but neatly patched coat. At length she gave him a chair beside the Dutch oven, in which was baking nice cakes for the presiding elder, who was momentarily expected, as he was to preach the next day at the church a mile or two beyond.

The stranger, after warming himself prepared to leave, but the weather became more inclement and, as his appetite was roused by the viands about the fire, he asked for some little refreshments before he sat out on a cold walk to the town beyond. Mrs. W. was displeased, but on consultation with her husband some cold bacon and bread were set upon the table, and he was then somewhat gruffly told to eat. It was growing dark, and hints were thrown out that the stranger had better depart, as it was three long miles to town.—The wife grew petulent, as the new preacher did not arrive, and her husband sat whistling the air of "Auld Lang Syne," while he thought of the words of the hymn—"When I can read my title clear," and felt as if he could order the stranger off without any further ado.

The homely meal was at last concluded—the man thanked them kindly for the hospitality he had received, and opened the door to go. But it was quite dark, and the clouds denoting a storm filled the heavens.

"You say that it is full three miles to D——"

"I do," said W. coldly; I said so when you first stopped, and you ought to have pushed on like a prudent man. You could have reached there before it was quite dark."

"But I was cold and hungry, and might have fainted by the way."

The manner of saying this touched the farmer's feelings a little.

"You have warmed me, and fed me, for which I am thankful. Will you now bestow another act of kindness upon one in a strange place, and, if he goes out in the darkness, may loose himself and perish in the cold,"

The peculiar form in which the request was made, and the tone in which it was uttered, put it out of the power of the farmer to say no.

"Go in there and sit down," he answered, pointing to the kitchen, "and I will see what she says."

And Mr. W. went into the parlor where the supper table stood, covered with a snow-white cloth, and displayed his wife's set of blue sprigged china, that was only brought out on special occassions.

The tall mould candles were burning thereon, and on the hearth blazed a cheerful fire.

"Hasn't that old fellow gone yet?" asked Mrs. W. She heard his voice as he returned from the door.

"No, and what do you suppose? He wants us to let him stay all night."

"Indeed!—We can't have the like of him in the house now. Where could he sleep?"

"Not in the best room, even if Mr. N. should not come."

"No, indeed!"

"But, really, I don't see Jane, how we can turn him out of doors. He doesn't look like a strong man, and it's dark and cold, and full three miles to D——."

"It's too much. He ought to have gone while he had daylight, and not lingered here as he did till it got dark."

"We can't turn him out of doors, Jane, and it's no use to think of it. He'll have to stay somehow."

"But what can we do with him?"

"He seems like a decent man, at least, and does not look as if he had anything bad about him. We might make him a bed on the floor somewhere in the house."

"I wish he had been in Guinea before he came here," said Mrs. W. fretfully.

The disappointment arising from the conviction that Mr. N. would not arrive, occasioned her to feel, and the intrusion of so unwelcome a visiter, completely unhinged her mind.

"Oh, well," replied her husband, in a soothing voice, "never mind. We must make the best of it. He came to us tired and hungry, and we warmed and fed him. He now asks shelter for the night, and we must not refuse, nor grant his request in a complaining or reluctant spirit. You know what the Bible says about entertaining angels unawares."

"Angels! did you ever see an angel look like him?"

"Having never seen an angel," said the farmer smiling, "I am unable to speak as to their appearance."

This had the effect to bring an answering smile to the face of Mrs. W., and a better feeling to her heart. It was finally agreed between them that the man, as he seemed like a decent kind of a person, should be permitted to occupy the minister's room if that individula did not arrive, an event to which they both looked with small expectancy. But If he did come, why the man would have to put up with poorer accommodations.

When Mr. W. returned to the kitchen, where the stranger had seated himself before the fire, he informed him that they had decided to let him stay all night. The man expressed in a few words a grateful sense of their kindness, and then became silent and thoughtful.

Soon after, the farmer's wife, giving up all hope of Mr. N.'s arrival, had supper taken up, which consisted of coffee, warm short cake and broiled chicken.—After all was on the table, a short conference was held to whether it would do to invite the stranger to take supper. It was true they had given him as much bread and bacon as he could eat, but then, as he was going to stay all night, it looked too inhospitable to sit down at the table and not to ask him to join them. So making a virtue of necessity, he was kindly asked to come to supper—an invitation he did not decline. Grace was said over the meal by Mr. W., the coffee poured out, the bread helped, and the meal served.

There was a fine little boy, six years old, at the table, who had been brightened up, and dressed in his best in order to grace the minister's reception. Charles was full of talk, and the parents felt a mutual pride in showing him off, even before their humble guest, who noticed him particularly, though he had not much to say.

"Come Charley," said Mr. W., after the meal was over and he sat leaning back in his chair, "can't you repeat that pritty hymn mamma learned you last Sunday."

Charley started off without further invitation, and repeated very accurately two or three verses of a new camp-meeting hymn, that was just then very popular.

"Now let us hear you say the commandments," spoke up the mother, well pleased at the child's performance.

And Charley repeated them with the aid of a little prompting.

"How many commandments are there?" asked the father.

The child hesitated, and then looking up at the stranger, near whom he sat, said innocently—

"How many are there?"

The man thought for some moments, and said as if in doubt—

"Eleven, are there not?"

"Eleven!" ejaculated Mrs. W., in unfeigned surprise.

"Eleven!" said the husband, with more rebuke than astonishment in his voice.—"Is it possible that you do not know how many commandments there are? How many are there, Charley? Come, tell me you know how many there are of course."

"Ten," replied the child.

"Right my son," returned Mr. W., looking at him with a smile of approval.—"Right. There isn't a child of his age within ten miles who cannot tell how many commandments there are. Did you ever read the bible, sir?"

"When I was little, I used to read it sometimes. But I thought there were eleven commandments. Are you not mistaken about there being only ten?

Sister W. lifted up her hands in unfeigned astonishment, and exclaimed—

"Could any one believe it? Such ignorance of the Bible!"

Mr. W. did not reply, but rose, and going in one corner of the room, where the good book lay upon a small stand, he put it on the table before him, and opened it at the portion in which the commandments are recorded.

"There," he said, placing his finger upon the proof of the stranger's error, "There, look for yourself."

The stranger came round from the side of the table and looked over Mr. W.'s shoulder.

"There, d'ye see!"

"Yes, it does say ten;" replied the man "and yet it seems to me there are eleven, I'm sure I always thought so."

"Doesn't it say ten?" inquired Mr. W., with marked impatience in his voice.

"It does certainly."

"Well, what more do you want! Can't you believe the Bible!"

"O, yes, I believe the Bible; and yet, it strikes me somehow, that there must be eleven commandments. Hasn't one been added somewhere else?"

Now this was too much for brother and sister W. to bear. Such ignorance of sacred matters they felt to be unpardonable. A long lecture followed, in which the man was scolded, admonished, and threatened with divine indignation. At its close he modestly asked if he might not have the Bible to read for an hour or two before retiring for the night. This request was granted with more pleasure than any of the preceding ones.

Shortly after supper the man was conducted to the little square room accompanied by the Bible. Before leaving him alone Mr. W. felt it to be his duty to exhort him to spiritual things, and he did so most earnestly for a considerable length of time.—But he could not see that his words made much impression, and he finally left his guest lamenting his obduracy and ignorance.

In the morning he came down, and meeting Mr. W., asked him if he would be so kind as to lend him a razor, that he might remove his beard, which did not give his face a very attractive aspect. His request was granted.

"We will have breakfast in about ten minutes." said Mr. W., as he handed him the razor and shaving box.

He appeared and behaved with due propriety at family worship. After breakfast he thanked the farmer and his wife for their hospitality, and departed, went on his journey.

Ten o'clock came, But Mr. N. had not arrived. So Mr. and Mrs. W. started for the meeting house not doubting that they would find him there. But they were disappointed. A goodly number of people were inside, and a goodly number outside, but the minister had not arrived.

"Where is Mr——?" inquired a dozen voices, as a little crowd gathered around the farmer.

"He hasn't come yet. Something has detained him. But I will look for him—indeed I expected to find him here."

The day was cold, and Mr. W., after becoming thoroughly chilled, concluded to go in and keep a lookout for the minister from the window near which he usually sat. Others from the same cause, followed his example, and the little meeting house was soon filled, as one after another came dropping in. The farmer, who turned towards the door each time it was opened, was a little surprised to see his guest of the previous night enter, and come slowly down the aisle, looking from side to side, as if searching for a vacant seat very few of which were now left. Still advancing he finally got within the little enclosed alter, and ascending to the pulpit, took off his old gray coat and sat down.

By this time Mr. W. was at his side and had his hand upon his arm.

"You musn't sit here. Come down and I will show you a seat," said he, in a much excited tone.

"Thank you," replied the man in a composed voice. "It is very comfortable here." And the man remained immoveable.

Mr. W. embarrassed, went down intending to get a brother "official" to assist him in making a forcible ejection of the man from the place he was desecrating. Immediately upon his doing so, however the man rose, and standing up at the desk, opened the hymn book. His voice thrilled to the finger ends of brother W. as in a distinct and audible voice he gave out the hymn.

The congregation arose after the stranger had read the entire hymn, and had repeated the first two lines for them to sing. Brother W. usually started the tunes. He tried this time, but went off on a long metre tune. Discovering his mistake at the second word, he balked and tried it again, but now he stumbled on a short metre.—A musical brother here come to his aid, and led off with the tune that suited the measure in which the hymn was written.

After singing, the congregation kneeled and the minister for no one doubted his real character—addressed the throne of Grace with much fervor and eloquence.—The reading of a chapter in the Bible succeeded. Then there was a deep pause throughout the room, in anticipation of the text, which the preacher prepared to announce.

Brother W., looked pale, and his hands and knees trembled. Sister W's face was like crimson, and her heart was beating so loud that she wondered whether the sound was not heard by her sister who sat next to her. There was a breathless silence. The dropping of a pin might almost have been heard. Then the fine emphatic tones of the preacher filled the crowded room.

"And a new commandment I give unto you that you love one another."

Brother W. had leaned forward to listen but now he sunk back in his seat. This was the Eleventh Commandment.

The sermon was deep, searching, yet affecting and impressive. The preacher uttered nothing that could in the least wound the brother and the sister of whose hospitalities he had partaken, but said much that smote their hearts and made them conscious that they had not shown as much kindness to the stranger as he had been entitled to receive on the broad principle of humanity. But they suffered most from mortification of feeling, to think that they should have treated the presiding Elder of the district after such a fashion, was deeply humiliating; and the idea of the whole affair getting abroad interfered sadly with