THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER.

"THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITIMATE SOURCE, AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE PEOPLE THE TRUE END OF GOVERNMENT."

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"Poet's Corner."

Spring Cleaning.

The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the yeas,
Of cleaning paint, and scrubbing floors, and scouring far and near;
Heaped in the corners of the room the ancient dust lay quiet,
Nor rose up at the father's tread, nor to the children's riot:
But now the carpets all are up, and from the staircase top,
The mistress calls to man and maid to wield the broom and mop.

Where are those rooms, those quiet rooms, the house but now presented,
Wherein we dwelt, nor dreamed of dirt, so cosy and contented!
Alas! they've turned all upside down, that quiet suite of rooms,
With slops and suds, and soap and sand, and tubs and pails and brooms,
Chairs, tables, stands, are standing round, at sixes and at sevens,
While wife and housemaids fly about like meteors through the heavens.

The parlor and the chamber floor were cleaned a week ago;
The carpets shook and windows washed, as all the neighbors know;
But still the sanctum had escaped—the table piled with books,
Pens, ink and paper all about, peace in its very looks—
Till fell the woman on them all, as falls the plague on men,
And then they vanished all away, books, paper, ink and pen.

And now when comes the master home, as come he must o'nights,
To find all things are "set to rights," that they have "set to rights,"
When the sound of driving tacks is heard, though the house is far from still,
And the carpet woman's on the stairs, that harbinger of ill,
He looks for papers, books or bills, that all were there before,
And sighs to find them on the desk or in the drawer no more.

And then he grimly thinks of her who set this fuss afloat,
And wishes she were out at sea, in a very leaky boat.
He meets her at the parlor door, with hair and cap awry,
With sleeves tucked up and broom in hand, defiance in her eye;
He feels quite small, and knows full well, there's nothing to be said,
So holds his tongue and drinks his tea and sneaks away to bed.

Boston Transcript.

Selected Miscellany.

Mrs. Caudle and the Bloomers.

"Now, Caudle just keep awake. I want to tell you about wearing the Bloomer costume."

"Sick of hearing about it—sick of seeing great green girls galloping round the streets with ancles like an elephant, toes turned in, and great soup plates turned over their ugly faces!"

"What has that to do with me, hey, Caudle! Don't pretend you are asleep, now—because I know you ain't, and what's more I don't intend you shall be. Now you see, Caudle dear, it takes a pretty woman to wear that beautiful dress.—Think it will suit me then? of course it will. What are you laughing at? Let me see; it will take twelve yards of silk for the dress, and five for the trousers."

"Don't think it would be anything new for me to wear them? I don't know what you mean by that insinuation, and if I did, I despise you for it."

"Wish I would not keep digging my elbows into your sides? well keep awake then; take care of your end of the schooner, and I will take care of mine."

"As I was saying, it will take just twelve yards for the dress and five for the breeches? Laugh away! Laugh away, Caudle, I don't care what you call 'em, if you put 'em on."

"If I do wear 'em you'll put on petticoats will you? All I have to say to that is that you will then appear in your true colors and not be such a walking lie as you are now. But there is no help for it, I know—but that's neither here nor there. Shall I—I—have the Bloomer or no, Mr. Caudle?"

Hereupon Mr. Caudle groans out a faint "yes" muttering as he turns over—"I wish I had never been born, I do;" which his wife devoutly responds—"Amen."

A Fable.

The Bull and the Ass were once candidates for Congress. The animals of the constituency being all assembled on election day the Bull mounted the stump, and thus addressed them:

"Horned cattle, hogs, sheep geese, turkeys and ducks, I ask your suffrages because I believe I can serve the public better than any of the rest of you. Congress as you all know has become a mighty and cangregation. Colonel Wolf and Judge Fox, Captain Panther, and old Governor Grizzly, are elected members of the next House, and unless you elect some body that can't be bullied down, your interest will suffer. Friend Horse here is a good sensible beast, but he has no talent for public bodies. He declines a nomination in my favor. As for the rest of you there, there is not one who is fit for the post. You sheep are cowards; you hogs are stupid and pig headed; you turkeys, geese, and ducks, are but little better than idiots, and would die outright if Commodore Hawk should whistle at you when you took the floor. My worthy antagonist here you know as well as I do. Those old Federalists would fool him out of his ears. I say nothing about myself. If you think I can be bullied down by the whole menagerie, don't vote for me; if otherwise, otherwise."

The ass then began in the most magnificent periods: "My fello-o-o-ow citizens! When the Roman Empire was at the summit of its corruption, I do not think such insolence was ever heard.—What! my courageous and heroic friends the sheep, are stigmatized as 'cowards;' these intelligent and candid swine are styled 'stupid and pig-headed;' and these geese and turkeys, whose gigantic intellects are the admiration of the known world, are covered with a flood of obloquy and vituperation, worthy of the most cor-rupt period of the Roman Empire." We cannot report the remainder of this grand harangue. Suffice it to say that the Ass obtained the entire sheep vote, pig vote and goose vote, and was elected.

MORAL.—This fable teaches that candidates for office should not call pigs *pigs*. —*Knickerbocker.*

The Olive Tree.

"I was miserably disappointed with the olive. It is one of the romantic trees full of association. It is a biblical tree, and one of the most favored of the old eastern emblems. But what claim has it to beauty? The trunk, a weazened, sapless looking piece of timber, the branches spreading out from it like the top of a mushroom, and the color, when you can see it for dust, a cold, sombre, greyish green. One olive is as like another as one mopstick is like another. The tree has no picturesqueness—no variety. It is not high enough to be grand, and not irregular enough to be graceful. Put it beside the birch, the beech, the elm, or the oak, and you will see the poetry of the forest and its poorest and most meagre prose. So also, to a great extent, of the mulberry. I had a vague sort of respect for the latter tree, because one of the Champions of Christendom, St, James of Spain, I think, delivered out of the trunk of a mulberry an enchented princess; but the enforced lodgings of the captive form just as shabby and priggish looking a tree as the olive. The general shape—that of a mop—is the same and a mutual want of variety and picturesqueness, afflict, with the curse of hopeless ugliness, both silk and oil-trees. The fig, in another way, is just as bad. It is a sneaking tree, which appears as if it were growing on the sly, while its soft buttery-looking branches—bending and twisting, swollen and unwholesome looking—put you somehow in mind of diseased limbs, which the quack doctors call 'bad legs.' In fact it seems as if the climate and soil of Provence and Languedoc were utterly unfavorable to the production of forest scenery. One of our noble clumps of oak, beech birch, and elm at home is worth, for splendid picturesqueness and rich luxuriance of greenery, every fig tree which ever grew since fig-leaves were in vogue; and every olive that ever grew since the dove from the ark plucked off a branch; and every mulberry which ever grew since St. James of Spain cut out the imprisoned princess. The menestrals of Languedoc no doubt gave our early bards many a poetic lesson; but I can imagine the hopeless stare of the Southern when the Northern rhymer in return would chant him a jolly friar of Copmanhurst sort of stave about the 'merry greenwood,' and joys of the 'greenwood tree.'" —*Angus B. Reach.*

ANECDOTE OF BURNS.—Andrew Horner and Burns were pitted against each other to write poetry. An epigram was the subject chosen because as Andrew internally argued, "It is the shortest of all poems." In compliment to him the company resolved that his own merits should supply the theme. He commenced—

"In seventeen hundred thretty-nine"—

and he paused. He then said "Ye see I was born in 1739, [the real date was some years earlier,] so that I mak the commencement." He then took pen in hand, folded his paper with a conscious air of authorship, squared himself to the table like one who considered it no trifle even to write a letter, and slowly put down in good round hand as if he had been making out a bill of parcels the line—

"In seventeen hundred thretty nine"

but beyond this, after repeated attempts he was unable to advance. The second line was the Rubicon he could not pass. At last, when Andrew Horner reluctantly admitted that he was not quite in the vein, the pen, ink, and paper were handed to his antagonist. By him they were rejected, for he instantly gave the following, *viva voce:*

"In seventeen hundred thretty nine,
The deil gat stuff to make a swine,
And put it in a corner:
But shortly after changed his plan,
Made it to something like a man,
And called it Andrew Horner!"

"Why? asks the *Lantern*, "is the rudder of a steamboat like a public hangman" and answers the question thus, "because it has a *stern* duty to perform." The same paper talks about Colt's revolvers "going round on a bust," and suggests for a usurer's motto, "Let us prey." The *Lantern* aims at "advertisement" at an abuse, at which heavier weapons ought long since to have been hurled. It is as follows:—Wanted, by the proprietor of a well established Sunday paper, a libidinous correspondent. No decent person need apply. A good price paid for a very bad article. Any person of a profane turn of mind will find this a most eligible opportunity. Not particular as to truth.

COUNTRY SCHOOLS.—'First class in philosophy, step out—close your books. John Jones, how many kingdoms are there in nature?'

'Four—the animal, vegetable, mineral and kingdom come.'

'Good—go up head.'

'Hobbs, what is meant by the animal kingdom?'

'Lions, tigers, elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses, alligators, monkeys, jackasses, hack-drivers and schoolmasters.'

'Very well—but you'll take a lickin for your last remark.'

'Giles, what's the mineral kingdom?'

'The hull of Californy.'

'Walk straight up head.'

'Johnson, what is the vegetable kingdom?'

'Garden scarce, potatoes, carrots, ingyons and all kind of greens that's for cooking.'

'And what are pines, and hemlocks, and elms—aint they vegetables?'

'No, sir-e-e! you can't cook em—them's saw logs and framin' timber.'

'Boys, give me a piece of apple, and you can have an hour's intermission—except Hobbs.'

A GENIUS.—There once lived in the land of Indian Corn and pumpkins, an illiterate, but very sagacious old man who had certain theories of his own, which he took great pleasure in presenting for the consideration of others, whenever and wherever he could find a willing audience. One of his most favorite topics was the derivation of the word ingenuity. This he would elucidate with infinite gratification, in this wise:—

"The injuns you know was always a cute race; remarkable 'ingenious,' as we term it with or without tools, any way; and mighty great at imitation and invention. Well you see, this word 'ingenuity' is a nat'ral and convenient corruption of the double word '*Ingun-newity*'—nothing else.

This old man unlike most of his contemporaries, had no particular respect for the reverend clergy. Going his accustomed rounds one day, he met one of those, who after a few casual remarks on worldly topics, thus accosted him:

"Mr. B. you have lived long. Very few attain to your age. Would it not be the part of wisdom to attend to your souls concern at once? Really, if would greatly rejoice my soul to see you at the eleventh hour, become a praying christian."

"Well, now parson H., you see my Bible tells me to pray in secret."

Ah! well—yes—but, *do* you pray in secret?"

"Why, now, parson H., you know, if I should tell you, 'twoulda't be any secret, any how!"

The godly man left the hoary sinner, without farther attempt to pry into his "secret." —*Plymouth Memorial.*

COMFORT FOR A QUAKER.—Not many months ago, a Philadelphia friend, who rejoiced in the name of Comfort, paid his devours to a young and attractive Quaker widow named Rachel H——, residing on Long Island. Either her griefs were too new or her lover too old; or from some other cause his offer was declined. Whereupon a Quaker friend remarked, that it was the first modern instance he had known where "Rachel refused to be COMFORTED." This anecdote is only remarkable as being the first Quaker pun on record; "Friends" generally lightly regarding such distortions of "plain language."

A DOCTOR AS IS A DOCTOR.—A country physician was called to visit a young man afflicted with appoplexy. M. D. Bolus gazed long and hard, felt his pulso and pocket, looked at his tongue and his wife, and finally gave vent to the following sublime opinion:

"I think he's a gone fellow."

"No, no!" exclaimed the sorrowing wife, "do not say that."

"Yes," returned Bolus, lifting up his hat and eyes heavenward at the same time "Yes, I do say so: there arn't no hope, not the leastest mite; he's got an attack of nihil fit in his lost frontis—"

"Where?" cried his startled wife.

"In his lost frontis, and he carn't be cured without some trouble and a great deal of pains. Yov see his whole planetary system is deranged, fustly his vox populi is pressin' on his advalorum: secondly, his cutacarp'al cutaneous has swelled considerably if not more: thirdly and lastly his solar ribs, are in a concused state, and he ain't got any money, consequently he's bound to die."

A GENTLE HINT.—"Your hand annoys me exceedingly," said the Prince of La Rochesuryon, to a talkative person who was sitting near him at dinner, and who was constantly suiting the action to the word.

"Indeed, my lord," replied the gabbler, "we are so crowded at the table, that I do not know where to put my hand."

"Put it in your mouth said the Prince.

A Good 'Un is told of an old gentleman in this city, whose eight or ten clerks bored him to death with conundrums.—Going home one evening he was stopped in front of a closed store by a countryman who asked—

"Can you tell me, my friend, why this store is closed?"

"Go to blazes!" cried he, "with your conundrums! I've been bored to death with 'em these three weeks."

HOUSEHOLD MEASURES.—As all families are not provided with scales and freights referring to ingredients in general use by every housewife, the following may be used.

Wheat flour, one pound is one quart.

Indian meal, one pound two ounces is one quart.

Loaf sugar, broken, one pound one ounce is one quart.

Best brown sugar, one pound two ounces is one quart.

Eggs, average size, ten eggs are one pound.

Sixteen large table spoonfuls are half a pint, eight are one gill, four half a gill.

Bishop Potter on Drinking Usages.

[The following excellent Temperance Address was lately delivered at Pittsburg, in compliance with a request of many prominent citizens of that city. It was listened to with the deepest interest by a very large assemblage of ladies and gentlemen. We ask the attention of our readers to the the truths that the learned bishop has therein so lucidly and eloquently set forth.]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—It will not be in my power, I fear, to fulfil the engagement which my friend Col. McCandless has just made in my behalf. Most of the hours of this day I have passed in bed, and I cannot but feel that the bed rather than the platform, is the appropriate place for me now.—Paralyzed both in mind and body through temporary indisposition, and through the labors of the past week, I am in no condition to do justice to an occasion like the present. Yet the subject to be discussed is one of such pressing interest and importance, that I cannot consent to dismiss an audience such as the one before me, without some attempt to give utterance to my feelings and convictions.

We have assembled, ladies and gentlemen, to contribute our aid in arresting a great and crying evil. We do not aim to promote directly that temperance, which forms one of the noblest and most comprehensive of the Christian virtues. Our simple object is to prevent drunkenness, with its legion of ills, by drying up the principal sources from which it flows. To one of these sources—and that the most active and powerful, I propose to ask your attention this evening. The occasion I need not say, is a worthy one—one that merits the warmest sympathy and support of every patriot and philanthropist—of every follower of Jesus Christ.

For what is intemperance, and what the extent and magnitude of its evils? Of these, we all know something; we all know how it diseases the body; how it disturbs the equilibrium of the intellect; how it poisons the springs of generous affection in the heart, and lays a ruthless hand upon the whole moral and spiritual nature. What drunkenness does to its poor victim and to those who are bound to him by the closest ties, you all know. All know, did I say? let us thank God that few of you can know, or are likely to know the inexpressible horrors which fill the soul of the inebriate or the gloom and anguish of heart which are the portion of his family. You know enough, however, to feel that where this sin enters, there a blight falls on happiness, virtue, and even hope. Look at the palpable shame and misery and guilt which collect within and about one drunkard's home; and then multiply that dread sum by the whole number of such homes which, at this moment, can be found in this Christian city, and you will have an accumulation of sin and sorrow—even at your own doors—which no mortal arithmetic can gauge, but which is sufficient to appal the stoutest heart, and move to sympathy the coldest charity.

But whence does this vast hideous evil come? To you as a jury of inquest standing over the victims it strikes down, I appeal for a verdict according to truth and evidence. Can it be said, that they who are now cold in death, with a drunkard's shame branded on their memory,—"died by visitation of God!" God sends no such curse even upon the guiltiest of this creatures. He may send pestilence and earthquake—he may send blasting and mildew, but he commissions no moral plague, like drunkenness, to carry desolation to the souls as well as the bodies of men. This evil, alas! is self-invoked and self-inflicted.

And how! Do men rush deliberately, and with full purpose of heart, into such an abyss? Is there any one so lost to self respect, to all prudence and duty—so devoid of every finer instinct or sentiment of our nature, that he can willingly sink down to the ignominy and the woe that are the drunkards portion? I tell you nay. Every human being recoils with involuntary horror and disgust from the contemplation of such a fate. He shrinks from it, as he would from the foul embraces of a serpent, and feels that he would much sooner sacrifice everything than take his place beside the bloated and degraded beings, who seem dead to all that is noble in our nature or hopeful in our lot. These are victims that have gone blindfold to their fate. Gentle is the declivity, smooth and noiseless the descent which conducts them step by step, along the treacherous way, till suddenly their feet slide, and they find themselves plunging over the awful precipice.

And what is that deceitful road? Or which the perfidious guide who stands ever ready to turn aside the feet of the unwary traveller? Here, ladies and gentlemen, is the great question. To arrest an evil effectually we must know its nature and cause. It is idle to lop off branches while the trunk stands firm and full of life. It is idle to destroy noxious leaves or flowers while the plant still pours forth its malignant humors at the root. If we would go to the bottom of this evil—if we would lay the axe to the very root of the baleful tree, we must see how and whence it is that unsuspecting multitudes are thus ensnared, never scenting danger till they begin to taste death.

It will be admitted, I presume by all who hear me, if there were no temperate drinking, there would be none that is intemperate. Men do not begin by what is called immoderate indulgence, but by that which they regard as moderate. Gradually and insensibly their draughts are increased until the functions of life are permanently disturbed, the system becomes inflamed, and there is that morbid appetite which will hardly brook restraint, and the indulgence of which is sottish intemperance. Let it be remembered, then, that what is usually styled *temperate* drinking, stands as the condition precedent of that which is *intemperate*. Discontinue one and the other becomes impossible.

But what is the cause of moderate or temperate drinking? Is it the force of natural appetite?—Rarely. Nine tenths, if not ninety-nine hundredths of those who use alcohol stimulants, do it in the first instance and often for a long time, *not from appetite, but from deference to custom or fashion.*—Usage has associated intoxicating drinks with good fellowship; with offices of hospitality and friendship. However false and dangerous such an association may be, it is not surprising that when once established it continually gathers strength, with some, through appetite—with others through interest. It is in this way that what we term *Drinking Usages* have become incorporated with every pursuit in life, with the tastes and habits of every grade and class of society. In the drawing-room and dining-room of the affluent, in the public room of the hotel, in every place of refreshment, in the social gatherings of the poor, in the harvest field and the work shop, alcoholic liquor was at one time deemed essential. Too often it is deemed so still. Many a host and employer—many a young companion shrinks even now from the idea of exchanging the kind offices of life without the aid of intoxicating liquors, as he would shrink from some offence against taste and propriety. Not to put the cup to your neighbor's lip, in one word is to sin against that most absolute of earthly sovereigns—fashion.

Here then lies the gist of the whole difficulty.—Fashion propogates itself downwards. Established and upheld by the more refined and opulent, it is soon caught up by those in less conspicuous walks. It thus spreads itself over the whole face of society, and becoming allied with other principles is planted deep in the habits and associations of a people. It is pre-eminently so with *drinking usages*. Immemorial custom—the example of those whose education or position give them a commanding sway over the opinions and practice of others—appetite, with them who have drunk till what was once but compliance with usage, is now an imperious craving—the interest of many who thrive by the traffic in intoxicating drinks or by the follies into which they betray men—here are causes which so fortify and strengthen these usages, that they seem to defy all change. But let us not despair. We address those who are willing to think, and who are accustemed to bring every question to the stern test of utility and duty. To these, then we appeal.

Drinking usages are the chief cause of intemperance, and these usages derive their force and authority, in the first instance, wholly from those who give law to fashion. Let this be considered. Do you ask for the treacherous guide who with winning smiles and hoised accents, lead men forward from one degreee of indulgence to another till they are besotted and lost! Seek him not in the purlieus of the low grog-shop—seek him not in any scenes of low and vulgar revelry. He is to be found where they meet who are the observed of all observers. There in the abodes of the rich and admired—there amidst all the enchantments of luxury and elegance, where friend pledges friend; where wine is invoked to lend new animation to gaiety and impart new brilliancy to wit—in the sparkling glass, which is raised even by the hand of beautiful and lovely woman—there is the most dangerous decoy. Can that be insafe which is thus associated with all that is fair and graceful in woman—with all that is brilliant and attractive in man! Must not that be proper, and even obligatory, which has the deliberate and time honored sanction of those who stand before the world as the "rose of the fair state."

Thus reason the great proportion of men. They are looking continually to those who, in their estimation, are more favored of fortune or more accomplished in mind and manners. We do not regulate our watches more carefully or more universally by the town-clock, than do nine-tenths of mankind take their tone from the residue, who occupy places towards which all are struggling.

Let the responsibility of these drinking usages be put, then, where it justly belongs. When you visit, on some errand of mercy, the abodes of the poor and afflicted—when you look on some home which has been made dark by drunkenness,—where hearts are desolate and hearths are cold—where want is breaking in as an armed man—where the wife is heart broken or debased, and children are fast demoralizing—where little can be heard but ribaldry, blasphemy and obscenity—friends! would you connect effect with cause, and trace this hideous monster back to its true parent—let your thoughts fly away to some abode of wealth and refinement where conviviality reigns—where amidst friendly protestations and merry shouts, the flowing bowl goes round—and there you will see that which is sure to make drinking every where attractive, and which, in doing so, never fails, and cannot fail to make drunkenness common.

Would we settle our account, then, with the drinking usages of the refined and respectable we must hold them answerable for maintaining corresponding usages in other classes of society, and we must hold them answerable, further, for the frightful amount of intemperance which results from those usages. We must hold them accountable for all the sin, and all the unhappiness, and all the nefarious crimes to which intemperance gives rise. So long as these usages maintain their place among the respectable, so long will drinking and drunkenness abound through all grades and conditions of life. Neither the power of law aimed at the traffic in liquors, nor the force of argument addressed to the understandings and consciences of the many, will ever prevail to cast out the fiend drunkenness, so long as they who are esteemed the favored few uphold with unyielding hand the practice of drinking.

Hence the question, whether this monster evil shall be abated, resolves itself always into another question, and that is, will the educated, the wealthy, the respectable, persist in sustaining the usages which produce it? Let them resolve that these usages shall no longer have their countenance, and their insiduous power is broken. Let them resolve that wherever they go the empty wine glass shall proclaim their silent protest; and fashion which now commands us to drink shall soon command us with all potential voice, to abstain.

Now what is there in these usages to entitle them to the patronage of the wise and good? Are they necessary, are they safe or useful?

We are now to ask whether these usages are *necessary* or *useful?* Unless they can show some offset to the vast amount of evil which they occasion, they ought, surely, to be ruled out of court. But is any one prepared to maintain that they are *necessary*—that it is necessary or even *useful*, that men should use intoxicating liquors as a beverage? Do they add vigor to muscle, or strength to intellect, or warmth to the heart, or rectitude to the conscience? The experience of thousands, and even millions, has answered this question. In almost every age and quarter of the world, but especially within the last twenty-five years, and in our own land, many have made trial of entire abstinence from all that can intoxicate. How few of them will confess that they have suffered from it, either in health of body, or elasticity of spirits, or energy and activity of mind! How many will testify, that in each of these respects, they were sensible gainers from the time they renounced the use of all alcoholic stimulants.

But if neither useful nor necessary, can it be contended that these drinking customs are harmless! Are they not *expensive?* Many a moderate drinker, did he reckon up accurately the cost of this indulgence, would discover that it forms one of his heaviest burdens. No taxes, says Franklin, are so oppressive as those which men levy on themselves. Appetite and fashion—vanity and ostentation—constitute our most rapacious tax gatherers. It is computed by Mr. Porter, an English statistician of distinguished ability, but of no special interest in the subject which we are now discussing, that the *laboring people* of Great Britain, exclusive of the middle and higher classes, expend no less £53,000,000 ($250,000,000) every year on alcoholic liquor and tobacco!! There is little doubt that the amount, directly or indirectly, consumed in Pennsylvania† annually, for the same indulgence, equals $10,000,000—a sum which, could it be saved for four successive years, would pay the debt which now hangs, like an incubus, on the energies of the Commonwealth. In wasting $250,000,000 every year, the laboring population of Britain put it beyond the power of any government to avert, from multitudes of them, the miseries of want. Were but a tithe of that sum wrenched from the hands of ill-worn labor, and buried in the Thames or the ocean, we should all regard it as an act of stupendous folly and guilt. Yet it were infinitely better that such a sum should be cast into the depths of the sea, than that it should be expended in a way which most debauch the morals, and destroy the health, and lay waste the personal and domestic happiness of thousands. If the question be narrowed down to one of mere *material wealth*, no policy can be more suicidal than that which upholds usages, the inevitable effect of which is to paralyze the *productive* powers of a people, and to derange the proper and natural *distribution* of property. Remember, then, he who sustains these usages, sustains the most prolific source of improvidence and want. He makes, at the same time, an inroad upon his own personal income, which is but a loan from God, entrusted to him for his own and others' good.

But these drinking usages are not only expensive, *they are unreasonable.* What is their practical effect? It is that others shall decide for us, a question which ought, most clearly, to be referred only to our own taste and sense of duty. We are to drink whether it be agreeable to us or not; whether we think it right or not; whether we think it safe or not. Moreover—and this is sufficiently humiliating—we are to drink precisely *when* and precisely *where*, others prescribe. It has been said that, in some parts of our country, one must either drink with a man who invites him, or fight. It is not long since, in every part of it, one must either drink, when invited, or incur the frowns and jeers of those who claimed to be arbiters of propriety. And even now, he or she who will not drink at all, or will drink only when their own reason and inclination bid, must not be surprised if they provoke invective or ridicule.—And is a bondage like this to be upheld? Does it become free-born Americans, who boast so much of liberty, to bow down their necks to a servitude so unrelenting, and yet so absurd!

A German nobleman once paid a visit to Great Britain, when the practiceh of toasting and drinking healths was at its height. Wherever he went, during a six months' tour, he found himself obliged to drink, though never so loath. He must pledge his host and hostess. He must drink with every one who would be civil to him, and with every one, too, who wished a convenient pretext for taking another glass. He must drink a bumper in honor of the King and Queen—in honor of the church and state—in honor of the church and state—in honor of the army and navy. How often did he find himself retiring, with throbbing temples and burning cheek, from these scenes of intrusive hospitality! At length his visit drew to a close, and to requite, in some measure, the attentions which had been lavished upon him, he made a grand entertainment. Assembling those who had done him honor, he gathered them round a most sumptuous banquet, and feasted them to their utmost content. The tables were then cleared. Servants entered with two enormous hams; one was placed at each end; slices were cut and passed round to each guest—when the host rose, and with all gravity said: "Gentlemen, I give you the King! please eat to his honor!". His guests protested they had dined—they were Jews—they were already surcharged through his too generous cheer. But he was inflexible. "Gentlemen," said he "for six months you have compelled me to *drink* at your bidding. Is it too much that you should now *eat* at mine? I have been submissive, why should you not follow my example? You will please do honor to your King! You shall then be served with another slice in honor of the Queen—another to the prosperity of the Royal Family, and so on to the end of the chapter!"

But waiving the *absurdity* and *costliness* of these usages, let me ask if they are *safe?* No one who drinks can be perfectly certain that he may not die a drunkard. Numbers, which defy all computation, have gone this road, who were once as self-confident as any of us can be. No one, again, who drinks, can be certain that he may not, in some unguarded hour, fall into a debauch, in which he shall commit some error or perpetrate some crime, that will follow him with shame and sorrow all his days. How many a young man, by one such indiscretion, has cast a cloud over all his prospects for life! You have read Shakspeare's Othello—the most finished and perfect, perhaps, of all his tragedies. What is it but a solemn Temperance Lecture! Whence come all the horrors that cluster round the closing scenes of that awful and magnificent drama? Is it not from the wine with which Iago plied Cassio! What is Iago himself, but a human embodiment of the Great Master of Evil! and as that Master goes abroad over the earth, seeking whom he may destroy, where does he find a more potent instrument, than that treacherous wine cup! This dark tragedy, with its crimes and sorrows, is but an epitome, a faint transcript of ten thousand tragedies which are all the time enacting on this theatre of our daily life. How many are there, at this moment, who, from the depths of agonized and remorseful hearts, can echo the words of Othello's sobered, but almost phrenzied lieutenant—"O, thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!"—"That men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!—That we should with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!" "O! I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial—my reputation, Iago, my reputation!"—"To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O! strange!—Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil!" In this land, and in our day, there are few cups, which, for the young and excitable, are not "inordinate."—Wines that are charged high with brandy, or brewed in the distillery of some remorseless fabricator, are never safe. Among wine proverbs, there are two which are now more than ever significant of truth: "The most voluptuous of assassins is the bottle!" "Bacchus has drowned more than Neptune!"

It is not the opinion of "Temperance fanatics" merely, that adjudges drinking to be hazardous. It is so in their estimation who are, close practical observers and actors in life. Mr. Jefferson is said to have expressed his conviction—the result of long and various experience—that no man should be entrusted with office who drank. I have now before me evidence, still more definite, in the twofold system of rates proposed to be applied, in one of our largest cities, by the same Life Insurance Company. The one set of rates is adapted to those who use intoxicating liquors, the other, to those who do not use them at all. Suppose that you wish your life to be assured to the extent of $1000, and that you are twenty years of age. If you practice total abstinence, the rate will be $11 60 per annum; if you use intoxicating drinks, it will be $14 70. At twenty-five years of age, the rates will be as $13 30 to $17 00; at thirty years of age as $15 40 to $19 60. I have also before me the returns of two Beneficial Societies, in one of which the principle of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors was observed, while in the other it was not. The result has been that, with the same number of members in each, the deaths in one, during a given period, was but *seventy-seven*, whereas in the other it was *one hundred and ten!* Making the chances of life as ten to seven in their favor who practice *total abstinence.* This result need not so much astonish us, when we are told on the authority of persons who are said to have made careful and conscientious inquiry, that of all males who use intoxicating liquors, one in thirteen becomes intemperate.

Here, then, are results reached by men of business, when engaged in a mere calculation of probabilities. Drinking, according to their estimates, is hazardous—hazardous to life and property—hazardous to reputation and virtue. Is it not wise, then, to shun that hazard? Is it not our duty? Is not this a case in which the Saviour's injunction implies—*if thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee: if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off and cast it from thee, for it is better for thee that one of thy members should perish, than that thy whole body should be cast into hell-fire.* We all consider it madness not to protect our children and ourselves against small-pox, by vaccination—and this, though the chance of dying by the disease may be but one in a thousand, or one in ten thousand. Drunkenness is a disease more loathsome and deadly even than small-pox. Its approaches are still more stealthy, and the specific against it—total abstinence—has never failed—and cannot fail.

But let us admit—for one moment, and for the sake of argument—(to admit it on the other ground would be culpable)—let us admit that *you can drink with safety to yourself! Can you drink with safety to your neighbor?* Are you charged with no responsibility in respect to him? You drink, as you think, within the limits of safety. He in imitation of your example, drinks also—but passes that unseen, unknown line, within which, for him safety lies. Is not your indulgence, then, a stumbling block—nay, perchance a fatal stumbling block in his way? Is it not, in principle, the very case contemplated by St. Paul, when he said, *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!* Yonder are the young and inexperienced, without habits or self-control, and with fiery appetites. Would you have them do as you do? Yonder is one who is just on the verge of the precipice that will plunge him into shame and woe unutterable! Are you willing that he should find in your daily potations a specious apology for his own? Or yonder is already a bondman to this fearful vice, but who feels his debasement, and would gladly be once more free. Will you do that, in his presence, which will discourage him from striking boldly for emancipation? Nay, it may be that he is struggling bravely to be free. He has dashed away the cup of sorcery, and is practising that which to him is the only alternative to ruin. Is it well, Christian,—follower of Him who sought not His own and went about doing good:—is it well that from *you* should proceed an influence to press him back to his cups? That *you*, by your example, should proclaim that not to drink is to be over-scrupulous and mean-spirited—that at *your* table, in *your* drawing-room, he should encounter the fascination which he finds it so hard to withstand, so fatal to yield to?

Nineteen years ago, I knew an Instructor who stood in relations most intimate to three hundred students of a College. The disorders which occasionally invade such institutions, and the disgrace and ruin which are incurred by so many promising young men, result almost exclusively, from the use of intoxicating liquors. This fact had so imprinted itself on this Instructor's mind, that he made a strenuous effort to induce the whole of this noble band to declare for that which was then considered the true principle—total abstinence from *distilled* spirits. Fermented stimulants were not included, but it was pointedly intimated, that the intoxication on wine or beer would be virtual violation of the engagement. The whole number, with perhaps two or three exceptions, acquiesced, and for a few months the effect was most marked in the increased order of the institution, and the improved bearing of its inmates. Soon, however, there were aberrations. Young men would resort occasionally to hotels, and drink champagne; or they would indulge in beer at eating houses. The evil which, at one time, seemed dammed out, was about to force itself back, and the question arose—what could be done? Then that Professor came

***My companion at the press," says Franklin, speaking of his life as a journeyman printer in London, "drank every day a pint before breakfast, a pint at breakfast, with his bread and cheese, a pint between breakfast and dinner, a pint at dinner, a pint in the afternoon about six o'clock, and another when he had done his day's work. I thought it a detestable custom; but it was necessary, he supposed, to drink *strong* beer, that he might be *strong* to labor. I endeavored to convince him that the bodily strength afforded by beer could only be in proportion to the grain or flour of the barley dissolved in the water of which it was made; that there was more flour in a penny worth of bread, and, therefore, if he could eat that with a pint of water, it would give him more strength than a quart of beer. He drank on however, and had four or five shillings to pay out of his wages every Saturday night for that vile liquor; an expense which I was free from, and *thus these poor devils keep themselves always poor.*"—See Dr. Franklin's Life, written by himself.

† In western Pennsylvania, one of the most valuable products is bituminous coal. Great quantities are sent down the Ohio, and are paid for in whiskey. I was informed by a distinguished citizen of that part of the State, that every year shows a balance against the producers of coal, and in favor of the distillers.