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POETRY.

The Last Good Bye.

Farewell! Farewell! is often heard,
From the lips of those who part;
'Tis a whispered tone, 'tis a gentle word,
But it springs not from the heart.
It may serve for the lover's lay,
To be sung 'neath a summer's sky;
But give me the lips that say,
'The honest words, "Good Bye!"

Adieu! Adieu! may greet the ear,
In the guise of courtly speech;
But when we leave the kind and dear,
'Tis not what the soul would teach.
When'er we grasp the hand of those,
We would have forever night,
The flame of friendship burns and glows
In the warm, frank words, "Good Bye!"

The mother, sending forth her child
To meet with cares and strife,
Breathes through her tears, her doubts and fears
For the loved one's future life.
No cold "Adieu," no "Farewell" lives
Within her choking sigh,
But the deepest sob of anguish gives,
'"God bless thee boy—Good Bye!"

Go, watch the pale and dying one,
When the chance has lost his beam;
When the brow is cold as the marble stone,
And the world a passing dream;
And the latest pressure of the hand,
The look of the closing eye,
Yield what the heart must understand—
A long, a last "Good Bye!"

The Deathless Smile.

I saw one in her maidenhood
From whom the life had fled,
And yet so lovely was her face
It seemed she was not dead!

Her eye-lids as in sleep were closed,
Her brow was white like snow;
A smile still lingered on her cheeks,
As if 'twere loveliness to go!

And it may be a smile so sweet,
So quiet and serene,
Was never on the healthy brow
Of living maiden seen.

Purchase the world's vain bliss which burst
Upon her raptured mind!
When first she woke in glory's courts,
Now left its trace behind.

Her end was peace. I thought that they
Who loved her should not grieve,
For these last words they heard her say,
'"My spirit, Lord, receive!"

And when they laid her in the earth
Her smile still held the bloom;
That smile so sweet the gentle maid
Bore with her to the tomb!

Would it be strange if brighter tints
Upon the blossoms crept,
Which grew above the sacred spot
Where that meek maiden slept!

Getsemane.

BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

'Tis Midnight—and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone;
'Tis Midnight—in the garden now,
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

'Tis Midnight—and from all removed,
Immanuel wrestles, lone with fear;
E'en the disciple that he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

'Tis Midnight—and for others' guilt
The man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet He, that hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by his God.

'Tis Midnight—from the heavenly plains,
Is borne the mortal that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

The Golden Edged Cloud.

BY JOSEPH J. GURNEY.

A dark cloud was skirting the breadth of the sea,
A frown on the brow of the West;
And nature was shrouded with sadness to me,
As it sank in the Ocean to rest.

But the Sun that was wrapped in a mantle of woe,
Its radiance begins to unfold;
And the veil that was dark'ning the billow below,
Is fringed and embroidered with gold.

This scene is the token of mental relief,
While it charms and refreshes the sight,
It bids me believe that the cloud of my grief,
Will soon wear a border of light.

The gliding of hope, and the beaming of love,
Victorious o'er sorrows and fears;
Are heralds of mercy from Heaven above,
To illumine this Valley of Tears.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A REVOLUTIONARY RELIC.

The following eloquent revolutionary sermon, preached on the 10th Sept. 1777, the eve of the battle of Brandywine, by the Rev. Jacob Prout, to a large portion of the American soldiers, in the presence of General Washington, and General Wayne, and others of the continental army, was recently discovered among some old papers of Major John Jacob Schoefmeyer, an officer of the Revolution. It should be perused by every lover of patriotism.

REVOLUTIONARY SERMON.

"They that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

Soldiers and Countrymen: We have met this evening perhaps for the last time. We have shared the toil of the march, the peril of the fight, the dismay of the retreat—alike we have endured cold and hunger, the contumely of the internal foe, and outrage of the foreign oppressor. We have sat, night after night, beside the same camp fire, shared the same rough soldiers' fare, we have together heard the roll of the reveille, which called us to duty, or the beat of the tattoo, which gave the signal for the hardy sleep of the soldier, with the earth for his bed, the knapsack for his pillow.

And now, soldiers and brethren, we have met in the peaceful valley, on the eve of battle, while the sunlight is dying away behind yonder heights, the sunlight that to-morrow morn, will glimmer on scenes of blood. We have met, amid the whitening tents of our encampment; in times of terror and gloom, have we gathered together—God grant it may not be for the last time.

It is a solemn moment. Brethren, does not the solemn voice of nature seem to echo the sympathies of the hour? The flag of our country droops heavily from yonder staff, the breeze has died away along the green plain of Chadd's Ford—the plain that spreads before us, glistening in sun light—the heights of the Brandywine arise gloomy and grand beyond the waters of yonder stream, and all nature hold a pause of solemn silence, on the eve of the uproar, of the bloodshed and strife of to-morrow.

"They that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

And have they not taken the sword? Let the desolate plain, the blood-sodden valley, the burned farm house, blackening in the sun the sacked villages and the ravaged town, answer—let the whitening bones of the butchered farmer, strewn along the fields of his homestead, answer—let the starving mother, with the babe clinging to the withered breast, that can afford no sustenance, let her answer, with the death-rattle mingling with the murmuring tones, that mark the last struggle for life—let the dying mother and her babe answer!

It was but a day past, and our land slept in the light of peace. War was not here—wrong was not here. Fraud, and wo, and misery, and want, dwelt not among us. From the eternal solitude of the green woods, arose the blue smoke of the settler's cabin, and golden fields of corn looked forth from amid the waste of the wilderness, and the glad music of human voices awoke the silence of the forest.

Now! God of mercy, behold the change!—Under the shadow of a pretext, under the sanctity of the name of God, invoking the Redeemer to their aid, do these foreign hirelings slay our people! They throng our towns, they darken our plains, and now they encompass our posts on the lonely plain of Chadd's Ford.

"They that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

Brethren, think me not unworthy of belief, when I tell you that the doom of the British is near—Think me not vain, when I tell you that beyond the cloud that now enshrouds us, I see gathering thick and fast the darker cloud and blacker storm of a Divine Retribution.

They may conquer us to-morrow! Might and wrong may prevail, and we may be driven from this field—but the hour of God's own vengeance will come!

Aye, in the vast solitude of eternal space, if in the heart of the boundless universe, there throbs the being of an awful God, quick to avenge, and sure to punish guilt, then will the man, George of Brunswick, called King, feel in his brain and in his heart, the vengeance of the Eternal Jehovah! A blight will be upon his life—a withered brain, an accursed intellect; a blight will be upon his children, and on his people. Great God! how dread the punishment!

A crowded populace, peopling the dense towns where the man of money thrives, while the laborer starves; want striding among the people in all the forms of terror; an ignorant and God-defying priesthood clucking over the miseries of millions; a proud and merciless nobility adding wrong to wrong, and heaping insult upon robbery and fraud; royalty corrupt to the very heart; aristocracy rotten to the core; crime and want linked hand in hand, and tempting men to deeds of wo and death—these are a part of the doom and the retribution that shall come upon the English throne and the English people!

Soldiers—look around upon your familiar faces with a strange interest! To-morrow morning we will all go forth to battle—for need I tell you that your unworthy minister will march with you, invoking God's aid in the fight!—we will march forth to battle! Need I exhort you to fight the good fight, to fight for your homesteads, and for your wives and children!

My friends, I might urge you to fight by the gal-

ling memories of British wrong! Walton—I might tell you of your father butchered in the silence of midnight on the plains of Trenton; I might picture his gray hairs dabbled in blood; I might ring his death-shriek in your ears, Shelnire I might tell you of a mother butchered, and a sister outraged—the lonely farm-house, the night assault, the roof in flames, the shouts of the troopers, as they despatched their victim, the cries for mercy, the pleading of innocence for pity. I might paint this all again, in the terrible colors of the vivid reality, if I thought your courage needed such wild excitement.

But I know you are strong in the might of the Lord. You will go forth to battle on the morrow with light hearts and determined spirits, though the solemn duty—the duty of avenging the dead—may rest heavy on your souls.

And in the hour of battle, when all around is darkness, lit by the lurid cannon glare, and the piercing musket flash, when the wounded strew the ground and the dead litter your path, then remember soldiers, that God is with you. The eternal God fights for you—he rides on the battle cloud, he sweeps onward with the march of the hurricane charge—God, the Awful and Infinite, fights for you, and you will triumph.

"They that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

You have taken the sword, but not in the spirit of wrong and revenge. You have taken the sword for your homes, for your wives, for your little ones. You have taken the sword for truth, for justice and right, and to you the promise is, Be of good cheer, for your foes have taken the sword in defiance of all that man holds dear, in blasphemy of God—they shall perish by the sword.

And now, brethren and soldiers, I bid you all farewell. Many of us may fall in the fight of to-morrow—God rest the souls of the fallen—many of us may live to tell the story of the fight of to-morrow, and in the memory of all will ever rest and linger the quiet scene of this autumnal night.

Solemn twilight advances over the valley; the woods on the opposite heights fling their long shadows over the green of the meadow—around us are the tents of the continental host, the suppressed bustle of the camp, the hurried tramp of the soldiers to and fro among the tents, the stillness and silence that marks the eve of battle.

When we meet again, may the long shadows of twilight be flung over a peaceful land.

God in Heaven great it.
Let us pray.

PRAYER OF THE REVOLUTION.
Great Father, we bow before thee. We invoke thy blessing, we deprecate thy wrath; we return thee thanks for the past, we ask thy aid for the future. For we are in times of trouble, oh! Lord, and sore beset by foes, merciless and unyielding; the sword gleams over our land, and the dust of the soil is dampened with the blood of our neighbors and friends.

Oh! God of mercy, we pray thy blessing on the American arms. Make the man of our hearts strong in thy wisdom; bless, we beseech with renewed life and strength, our hope, and Thy instrument, even GEORGE WASHINGTON—shower Thy counsels on the Honorable, the Continental Congress; visit the tents of our host, comfort the soldier in his wounds and afflictions, nerve him for the fight, prepare him for the hour of death.

And in the hour of defeat, oh! God of Hosts, do thou be our stay, and in the hour of triumph be thou our guide.

Teach us to be merciful. Though the memory of galling wrongs be at our hearts, knocking for admittance, that they may fill us with desires of revenge, yet let us, oh! Lord spare the vanquished though they never spared us, in their hour of butchery and bloodshed. And, in the hour of death, do thou guide us into the abode prepared for the best; so shall we return thanks unto thee, through Christ our Redeemer.—GOD PROSPER THE CAUSE.—Amen

FLOWERS AND SERBES.—Why does not every lady who can afford it, have a geranium or some other flower in her window? It is very cheap—its cheapness is next to nothing, if you raise it from seed; or from a slip; and it is a beauty and a companion. It gives an air of cheerfulness and quiet loveliness to all around, and is ever an evidence of a refined taste and pure heart. It was the remark of Leigh Hunt, that it sweetens the air, rejoices the eye, links you with nature, and is something to love. And if it cannot love you in return, it cannot utter a hateful thing, even if you neglect it; for, though it is all beauty, it has no vanity; and such being the case, and living as it does, purely to do good and afford you pleasure, how will you be able to neglect it? We receive in imagination the scent of these good-natured leaves, which allowed you to carry off their perfume on your fingers; for good-natured they are, in that respect,—above all other plants, and fitted for the hospitality of our room. The very feet of the leaf has a household warmth in it—something analogous to clothing and comfort.

A MILITARY BALL.—Do you ever go to military balls? Inquired a young Miss of an aged veteran. "No, my darling," was the reply, "I do not like them; I lost my leg by one once!" At the word "leg" the lady fainted.

The happiness or unhappiness of life depends more on little circumstances or interests of the heart, than on one event, apparently of the greatest importance.

Dow J's, Patent Sermon—see fourth page.

The following Lecture is given to the public in compliance with the wish expressed in the annexed note:

Huntingdon, April 13, 1844.
GEORGE TAYLOR, Esq.,
Sir—

Having listened with much pleasure and interest to the Lecture you delivered some time since upon the "Responsibility of the Liquor Seller,"—and feeling assured that great good can but result from its publication, together with an ardent interest in that cause, which we think your Lecture is so highly calculated to promote, we respectfully ask you to favor us with a copy for publication. Knowing the deep and abiding interest you not only manifest but feel in this cause, we trust you will comply with our request.

A. K. CORNYN, JAMES STEEL,
W. P. ORBISON, W. MURBISON,
E. V. EVERHART, D. MURTHRE,
A. W. BENEDICT, S. MILES GREEN,

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE LIQUOR SELLER.

If any one here possessed all the wealth of this town—the town and all its wealth—and were doomed to a solitary occupation of the possession, no other human being within, or permitted to come within, one thousand miles of it, it is not easy to conceive how he could be enveloped in circumstances of more utter poverty and destitution. Nay, if this continent, with all its almost infinite resources,—all the improvements with which industry and science, ministering to the requirements of social life, have enriched and adorned it, and all the millions of treasure it contains, were his, and, standing "solitary and alone" in the centre of his vast possessions, he could boast,

"I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute!"

though thus surrounded with abundance to make a great nation rich, he might envy the lot of Lazarus begging crumbs. The poverty that begs from door to door, would be gladly received for his millions—the meanest hut ever tenanted, even among a race of semi-savage men, for his ten thousand empty edifices, in all their stately splendour—the cell of a prison, where he could only see the hand that fed him in the day, and the rays falling upon him through a sky-light only catch the distant dim of civilized life through the unrelenting range of the continent—the most abject and degrading vassalage to Jew or Turk, for the sceptre of his wide dominion. Every man, in other language, is immediately and entirely dependent upon those around him. No one is independent, in the wise arrangement of Providence, *no man lives for himself*; no one can live, or enjoy the comfort and advantages of civilized life, without the aid and assistance of others. From this mutual dependence of one upon another, of each upon all, results necessarily a responsibility of every man to his neighbor, of each of its members to the entire community, for the contribution of his agency in that general assistance and protection, without which no community could possibly exist, or any one enjoy its benefits. Without supposing the existence of an implied contract entered into upon this reasonable consideration, at the formation of society—independent of the ties of sympathy and brotherhood, resulting from our relation as children of common parents, and members of one great family,—and of the plain teachings of Divine revelation,—*man's duty to his neighbor* is written in legible characters upon every phase of human social life—left in every contract with it. It is proclaimed with the utmost distinctness by the voice of reason; urged by every impulse of humanity; enforced by necessity. Look around you a moment, and tell me what calling, what regular pursuit of man, as a community, could spare. Which of what are called "the learned professions"—the what one of the professional man, the farmer, the planter, the merchant, the weaver, tanner, hatter, cooper, shoemaker, and on to the last on the long list, and before you would be able to say, "I AM INDEPENDENT, I LIVE UPON MY OWN RESOURCES, AND OWE NO DUTY OR RESPONSIBILITY TO OTHERS," you would find yourself inhabiting a wigwam, or roving the wilderness in moccasins, and feeding upon dried fish and jerked venison! Every blessing we have, from that peaceful security which encircles us when we lie down and when we rise up—may, from the means of developing and improving the mind, and storing it with useful knowledge, and of opening to the vision of the immortal soul its eternal destiny, down to the mere convenience of a road to mill, is conferred upon us through the instrumentality of social aid. Every one receives benefits from society: every one owes it duties: no one fills his place and discharges the responsibility incident to his social relation, who does not contribute something, in return, to the general welfare. *No one is justifiable in pursuing a business which does not, in some degree, subserve the public good.* How few are there of such pursuits! When we look abroad upon the farms and work-shops, the store-houses and manufactories, upon every scene of active industry, and examine carefully the employments of the community, we find them all moving and working together, like accurately adjusted parts of a piece of intricate machinery, for the prosperity and well-being of the whole,—with one prominent and almost solitary exception—THE BUSINESS OF THE LIQUOR SELLER! Every other regular calling, with, perhaps, this one exception, does its part. The hangman, even, performs a necessary office. But who can point out one benefit which the business of the liquor-seller, as such, confers upon the community, in return for the benefits and blessing it confers upon him? Who can point out the good it does? Who is there to stand up and say it does any? The business of the liquor-seller, to say the very least of it, affords no real benefits to any. Viewing it in the utmost charity, and in the most favorable light, and keeping in the background, out of sight, all the inexpressible evil it works, it alone, of all other callings followed amongst us, cheats society entirely of its dues—fills, utterly and always, to "render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's." Society protects him: but he aids not, by his business, in extending protection to his fellow-men; or, if he does, it is the protection the wolf gives the lamb! It feeds him—and it bites his hand! The usual callings of his fellow-men provide him and his family with every necessary, every delicacy and convenience; and he gives them,—what! rogues? He makes no return. He is a delinquent in every duty. He is a cypher in society—a mere pauper upon its bounty. If the community were to withdraw from him, and leave him alone, he would starve; while his removal from their midst, would be but the removal of a public charge, and would be hailed by thousands, with heart-felt sincerity, and in the purest benevolence, as a public blessing.

I here commences the liquor-seller's responsibility. It has a deeper foundation than the abuse of an honest traffic by exorbitant exaction, without rendering any reasonable equivalent in "value." His trade, separated from all its consequences, is, IN ITSELF, a contravention of the fundamental laws of society; a practical "reputation" of the first obligation of man to his fellow-man,—of the citizen to the community,—of the patriot to his country. It is NO REAL BENEFIT TO ANY.

If it were all, society might cancel his obligations, and release him from his responsibility. If he would exact nothing else, it might bid him reach out a more grasping hand, and take a yet larger share, a Benjamin's portion, from that common stock to which his business contributes nothing. But this is not all. Oh, that it were! It is but the beginning of his responsibility—but a feather to the ponderous load with which he burdens the community, in supporting the idlers and paupers his business makes.

It is not only fails to add to the common stock himself but subtracts largely from it. He not only does nothing for the public good, but prevents others from doing any thing—and robs the country of their services, and burdens it with their support, also. His own business is not merely *useless*; it drags others into dissolute idleness, and seduces them from employments which are *useful*; which, unlike his own, the community cannot dispense with. IT CRASHES, in truth, to be a BUSINESS, when it ceases to tempt men from their lawful business to his bar—from their offices and shops in his bar-room; to make them idle, and drunken, and worthless—loungers and drunks, if not paupers and vagabonds. It ceases to yield him profit, the very moment it ceases to impoverish others, and rob the community;—to clothe the children in silks and broadcloth, when it ceases to clothe the children of others in rags;—to support his family, when it ceases to beggar the families of others! Nothing could be more evident. Every man has the witness of his reason, the testimony of his senses, that this is true. Every one knows that the business of the liquor-seller thus degrades multitudes from their appropriate posts of usefulness in the community—dissipates the skill, energy, capacity and industry, which they are under obligations to employ for the public good, into dissolute idleness, and renders them yet more worthless than himself. All know this; for every neighborhood has its examples—its scores of them. Each can form some estimate of their immense aggregate multitude, from the number he can count within a five-circle around himself; and every one, capable of thinking, can form some faint idea of the immense injury thus done to the community—the extent to which it is thus robbed and plundered of what is more essential to its well-being than gold and silver,—by endeavouring to answer to himself the question, "what would this community be,—what benefits and blessings would it confer,—what sympathy,

shelter, and protection would it afford to any who might seek an asylum, and a refuge in its bosom, if ALL its members were as entirely useless, as recreant and faithless to the obligations they owe to others, as THE LIQUOR SELLER, and this multitude of his ill ruined victims?" And, descending one step lower in search of the inflictions of his useless business upon the social body, we see rags, and ignorance, and poverty, and squalidness, marking his track, and scattered broadcast over the land. They rise up into view wherever we turn our eyes.—They accompany liquor-selling as a part of its horrid retinue—of its trophies. Where it works, they are produced. They are its legitimate offspring—its certain and spontaneous fruits. Oh, let each picture to himself the deplorable condition of the community, if they were the furniture of every house, the inheritance of every family, and prepare himself to sit in judgment between the liquor-seller and his country!

But to all these, he adds a heavy burden of *actual pauperism*. Not content in withholding from society its just claim upon himself,—with inducing multitudes of others to repudiate its fundamental laws, and default of its just dues—with covering yet others of its members with poverty and rags—he settles this more nearly finished specimen of his sinewy trade, his *actual pauperism*, upon "every ward, borough, and township!" It is a truth, well known, that an amount equal to $\frac{1}{3}$, if not a greater proportion, of the pauperism which continually taxes the country, is produced by liquor-selling. Let any one examine the private history of those for whose support he is taxed, and he will find that at least that proportion of them, have been reduced to that situation, by the direct or indirect agency of the liquor-seller; and that, but for him and his business, they would in all probability be useful members of society, supporting themselves, and aiding in the support of the very few whom misfortune might else have made the proper objects of public bounty.

And now, the community, aroused by injuries and burdens increased beyond the power of further endurance, from the lethargy in which it has been bound, fixes its eye steadily and sternly upon the liquor-seller, and calls him to accountability. And what can he answer? He cannot deny the charge; for he knows that it is true. He knows in his heart that his business is of *no benefit to any*. He knows that if liquor-selling had never cursed the land, the evils enumerated would not make it groan. He knows this. All know it. To deny it would be to deny what every one knows, and, if denied, must acknowledge to be true. He cannot deny the charge. He would not dare to address, in this scrutiny, his certificate of "true and reputable citizen," though judicially endorsed, that what he has done was for "the accommodation of the public!" What excuse then, what justification does he plead? With what argument will he justify his conduct to his own conscience, and before his accusers!—Will he deny his obligations to his fellow-men, and to his country? Will he pretend that he has a moral right, while he enjoys the public assistance and protection, to pursue a business which contributes nothing, in return, to the public welfare, even if that business did not return evil for good? And, if he has not, has he a right to absolve others from that obligation; and make others idle and worthless? Will he pretend that he has a right to make paupers, and tax the useful industry of the country with their support? Will he claim the right to live upon the labour, to rise upon the ruin of others? Or, will he say, in disregard of every obligation of duty, every impulse of gratitude, patriotism, and humanity,—*thus I make a livelihood*: it is my way of supporting my family; I cannot be accountable for the consequences of my business." This, indeed, is all he can say; but let him reflect, before he ventures to mouth a plea so palpably plunk. Let him take care! If the lawfulness or propriety of any business be judged of only by the profit it yields to those who pursue it, there is no system of robbery and extortion which this plea would not justify. It would justify, equally with himself, the slave-speculator—the usurer—the cheat—the gambler—the utterer of spurious money—the highway-man. He can neither deny, nor escape from the consequences of his business. And, let him know that the community, awake and determined, will hold him before the bar of public opinion where he is already arraigned, to a strict and severe accountability! Its object is not vengeance, but self-defence—self-preservation. It calls not for restitution; for that it knows he cannot make. It stands ready, on the contrary, to confer free forgiveness, unconditional pardon for the past, if he would only desist from further injury in the future. And, if he rejects terms so reasonable, so gracious, let him prepare to bear, unrepited, its righteous condemnation!

But he must answer to more serious charges. Those already considered, heavy as they are, divide into insignificance, in comparison with others to which he is equally obnoxious. Although no one has a right to disregard the obligations which he owes to the social body, without whose aid he could not live, and still less to make a trade of robbing the public of the time and toil of others, fitted by capacity, education, and habit, for usefulness, the active energies of the nation would still, perhaps, be able to carry it forward, in its onward march of prosperity, with the whole army of liquor-sellers, and the loungers, and paupers, and vagabonds they make, hanging to its skirts, and pressing it down. Poverty and beggary, in themselves considered, are not the worst of evils. The despoiled and afflicted beggar, spurned from the rich man's gate, to a participation with dogs in the crumbs that fall from his table, may be soon borne by angels, high above earth's keenest sorrows, to Abraham's bosom!—Honest poverty,—poverty unobstained by guilt,—may live a life of harmless resignation, if not of usefulness, and die with "hope of bliss beyond the grave."

If the liquor-trade spread abroad only such poverty, it, too, could be borne.

III. The liquor-seller is arraigned on the higher charge of flooding the land with crime, breathing upon it a moral pestilence, blighting the enjoyment of its prosperity, and destroying its peace. Most of the feuds which rend it—of the crimes which agitate and distract it, and fill it with fear, and cover it with disgrace—are traced to a common source in the grog-shop, where the liquor seller is stationed, holding the sluices open wide, and the fiery torrent, like the lava from the crater of a volcano, bursts rapidly and wildly, consuming what it touches, and withering and blighting far beyond the touch of its waves. While his business is brisk, the sluices open wide, and the area of the moral waste so proportionally circumscribed. Crime and its consequences ebb and flow, rise and fall with the fluctuations in his trade. When he is most busy dealing out the madding and demoralizing liquid, the courts are most busy trying violators of the law and disturbers of the peace. When the bar rooms are constantly crowded with customers, the prisons are filled with convicts. When the liquor-seller's business is everywhere patronized and profitable, his country mourns, and weeps, and bleeds. When prosperity in his trade brings joy to his home, and gladness to his heart, it fills many a home with anguish, and leaves in many a heart "an aching void that the world can never fill." What a trade! Yet such, in truth, it is!—In the years 1834–5, when the number of taverns in this country averaged 74, the criminal prosecutions averaged 76 in each year—76 bills of indictment or sureties of the peace, brought into this room; in the years 1841–2–3, the taverns averaged 42, and the public prosecutions 46; and then and now, here and elsewhere, at least $\frac{1}{3}$ of the criminal prosecutions had and have their origin in the establishments for "the accommodation of the public!" Examine the records of this court, and of every other court, and you will find something approaching this nice proportion between registered grog-shops and recorded crime. I have examined here—go you and look, and see whether I speak the truth. And, having done so, ask the judges—ask the participants in its business,—and they will all bear united testimony, that $\frac{1}{3}$ of the crimes and misdemeanors which have thus been the subjects of investigation in court, and which have rent, and agitated, and taxed, and disgraced the county, and filled it with "lamentation and mourning,"—of all that make up the black catalogue from the most trivial misdemeanor to murder,—have resulted, directly or indirectly, from the cursed traffic in intoxicating liquors. Oh, it is true, that crime keeps even pace with the liquor-seller's business!—true, true; and every man knows it! Let our "landlords" come here and read this history of their doings in the docket of the court of Quarter Sessions! Let them compare the list of taverns with the list of indictments! Let them examine, too, the record obituaries in the inquests of the coroner; and ask, as they read of one after another whose disfigured corpse had been picked up from the earth, and rescued from the birds and wild beasts,—*what work was that?* And oh, if such evidence carries no conviction to their minds, let us disquietude to their breasts, let it at least remind them of that record with which they may not sport! But why go to records for evidence? Why seek higher testimony than that of their senses? Every eye has seen,—every ear heard,—every member of the body politic felt, the awful truth. All know from personal observation that almost every affray, riot, assault and battery, or mob, that is ever breaking the public peace, and spreading alarm, and terror, and insecurity, and devastation, and bloodshed, through the community, is but the spirit of the grog-shop acted out in its reckless fury. These crimes are seldom witnessed when the liquor-seller is not abroad. They are the first fruits of inebriation, the commodity of his traffic. The extreme poverty, idleness, ignorance, and depravity, which give birth to almost every other species of public crime which is continually mingling bitterness and sorrow in the cup of public happiness, poisoning the enjoyments of the community, and stinging its vitals, leap out upon it from the same Pandora's box. Let liquor-selling prosper and diffuse itself universally as to throw its virus, and the whole land would be converted into a Pandemonium! Let liquor-selling waste and waste until its blighting influence be no longer known, and who need be told that the whole land, relieved from this plague and parent of plagues, would rise and glow in the beauty, revel in the peace, and joy in the innocence, of a comparative Eden!

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)