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## ADDRESS,

### Delivered before the Montrose & Bridgewater Temperance Society, Feb. 22, 1848.

BY REV. A. MILLER.

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When an army would take a city, it surveys carefully the obstacles to be encountered. In this line of approach is to be passed a difficult stream. On that eminence are intrenchments of fearful strength, commanding all access from that quarter. On the border of yonder Lake stand redoubts, from whose embrasures will issue a fiery storm which is sure to sweep down the bravest legions that shall dare to pass within their range. Which of these it is necessary to take, and to occupy or demolish, is early decided. They are viewed and assailed. When one assault is not successful, another is made. If one day's toil does not carry them, another is added. If one line of approach is found impracticable, another is tried, till these outposts no longer furnish shelter to an opposing army, or impede the conquest.

So it is in the honorable and patriotic enterprise in which we are enlisted. The enemy has held possession of the citadel of our strength and honor. His revels have been in the halls of our rich men; his carousals in the dwellings of the poor. The fair city of our pride and strength—our happy and glorious inheritance—has lain under a hateful usurper's sway. The long possession of years had almost buried, awhile since, all question of the validity of the title by which dominion was held. Around him were thrown walls, to which passing years added height and strength. On every avenue of approach, and on many a commanding eminence, stood his entrenchments and fortresses. And when a small band came, and encamped before his defenses; when they demanded the tyrant's expulsion from usurped dominion—the liberation of his captives—their restoration to an inheritance of which he had plundered them; when he saw them marshalling for an assault, it seemed in him, but the becoming work of infallible security, to hold their daring in derision.

You understand the reference to the Temperance enterprise; an enterprise which seeks to drive Intemperance from his strong holds and usurped dominions; to restore to men who have been dishonored, and robbed, and made poor and cheerless, the last boon. This is attempted, not under the flag stained with blood amidst the murders of the battle-field, but beneath a banner, whose ground-work is white as the falling snow, and whose motto, written as with golden sunbeams, speaks of truth, and justice, and love. Every avenue of approach had been intersected, and flanked with formidable defenses, which had grown up under the toil of many hands, through many years.

At more than one point, were encountered strong works reared by the *habits and drinking usages* of the country. At these were stationed many thousands, small and great; an immense company, from childhood trained to their employment till it was deemed essential to health, vigor, life, and even respectability. He was reputed stupid, devoid of honor, refinement, and patriotism, who would not serve there, at the usurpers bidding, without question of right or wrong. *Ignorance* had his fortresses. They looked so close, and heavy, and black, that one would wonder how the rays of heaven could penetrate the dark enclosures. Within, had been made vaults and covered passages, where missiles of night never fall. And when some spake their surmises of the number of the foe entrenched—the strength of his positions—his munitions of war—his resources—his exactions—the cruelties practiced on the immense multitude of his captives, men were more amazed than convinced. *Wealth* had reared his fortifications. Distillers, Brewers, Importers, Merchants, Grocers, Inkeepers, and Dramsellers, urged by one common motive, had enlisted. Their regiments were many, but were well filled, and well equipped, and one heart beat in all. The fortresses constructed by these were many, and of every form which skill or taste would devise—some showy and massive; others, low and foul. *Appetite* had summoned to the work 300,000 whom he had made his slaves. They had been driven to the toil every day, for long years. Early did they go forth, and late were they called in.—Many were the victims which fell, every day, in the ditches. A million of moderate drinkers cheered them in their labors; filled up ranks where exhausted soldiers fell; and gave aid at every point of weakness. *Fashion and Beauty*, amidst the elegance of the drawing-room, wrought and decorated uniforms, in which the husband, the brother, the noble-hearted son, the affianced lover, was doomed to fall, under the hardships and deaths of the field, dishonored among the ignoble. *Ministers of the Gospel*, not a few, nor untitled, took in their hands the Word of God, appealed to its pages in proof that the usurper held sway by "divine right:" they said prayers, and sprinkled holy water amid the abominations and butcheries of the camp.

But I must not dwell on this general survey. Nor will I speak of the various outposts which have been assailed, or occupied; nor of the wisdom, patriotism, philanthropy, and indomitable courage, displayed in the success. I will not attempt to point out all that must yet be mastered, before a complete triumph shall be achieved. Nor will I attempt to delineate in what specific forms truth, and light, and love, should arrange their tactics, that they may soonest and best secure a victory, at all the remaining points of a wide field. Occurrences of a recent date are calculated to direct the eye of every soldier interested in a good cause, to one prominent quarter of the field before us:—not to that exclusively, but solicitously.—And we make the inquiry; What should be attempted then? It is a height on which stand some of the enemy's most imposing and formidable works. They have an extensive and disastrous command over the way to success. It is the Chapultepec of Intemperance. I speak of the existing *System of License Laws*. Against that height *the people* were marshalled awhile since; and on it would have been planted, before long, the standard of a righteous cause, had not the sworn guardians of the rights and interests of the people, betrayed them to the foe.

Here let me drop the figurative representation, which has been pursued beyond my original intention. On our statute Books are laws, under which, the sale of intoxicating liquors is licensed, and otherwise regulated. To certain persons, our Courts are directed to grant the right to sell liquors;—for the right a fee is paid into the public treasury. All other persons are prohibited from selling, under certain penalties. In the progress of the Temperance reformation we have encountered, with cheering success, one obstacle after another. We now stand at a crisis of this work, when is forced on our attention the question; *What should be done in reference to the existence of the present License Laws?*

This is emphatically *the great question* of the present crisis. Nor is it easily answered. We would act wisely. We aim at that which shall most effectually advance the Temperance cause; at that which speedily brings about results the most auspicious and permanent. We are yet, in some respects, inquirers after the way. No advantage is lost, while we take time enough to reflect. When we have reflected, and have reasoned together, we shall be fitted to act wisely. And upon wise and persevering efforts, we may look for God's blessing. Permit me to throw out some suggestions.

1. *The sale of intoxicating liquors can not, among us, be arrested by a direct vote of the people.*

In some other States it may be thus reached. We hear of results, which are full of encouragement. A right to vote on this subject, was granted by our Legislature, to the people in this County, and in about twenty others.—Once—once only, opportunity offered for the exercise of that right. In the vote of the people was found some cheering promise of good in reserve. I count it an honor to be a citizen of a township, where the voice of the people was right, right emphatically. Such honor is yours also, in this borough, and township.—The record of those votes is written, and none shall obliterate it. It has branded the traffic as odious to the people. That brand is indelible. And since we cannot be permitted to vote again, it will be our exultation that such an one is written. Honor we give to those, in other places, who, in the midst of numbers and influences inevitably wrong, came up to this work, to do what in them lay.

The Supreme Court of our Commonwealth has pronounced unconstitutional the Law of our Legislature, which submitted the question of sale, to the decision of the people of each township and borough. *Unconstitutional—why?* That Law, though not perfect, presented some features of excellence, above those of some sister States. To submit to the people, a question of great interest, on which they might be supposed to have diverse views; to consult the voice of those directly and most deeply affected, seemed an ordinance generous, kind, wise, and in admirable accordance with the spirit of our Democratic institution. The constitutionality of similar laws had been referred to some of the ablest Jurists of our day. It had been submitted to a Court of eminent reputation in Connecticut; to the Supreme Court of New Hampshire; to the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, a tribunal distinguished for the ability and learning of its Judges; to the Supreme Court of the United States.—In every instance such a law was sustained, for whatever reason it had been called in question.

And now, what defect in our Law was discovered by the keen vision of a bare majority of our Judges? Did it involve some important principle not touched by others? Was there in it, some invasion of human or constitutional right, in which our legislature stood alone in ignorance, or temerity? Or is Pennsylvania favored above sister States, in having sentinels of her constitutional fabric, more sleepless in vigilance, more profound in knowledge?

The tenor of the argument of the Court is this: By "compact, the people of Pennsylvania have delegated all legislative power, to a General Assembly;—divesting themselves at the same time, solemnly and emphatically, of all right to make or declare the law, or to interfere with ordinary legislation," &c; "that the legislative power,—vested in the General Assembly, can not be relinquished to a portion of the people,"—"not even to the whole people." That the Assembly's act of April 7th 1846, devolves this power on the people, in as much as the "Act depends for its validity and binding efficacy upon the popular vote of designated districts."

Then we ask; what *legislative power* do the people exercise, in voting on the question of sale? Has not the Legislature made the Law,—every part of it? Has not the Legislature defined the duties of the Court before which an application for license comes? Did it not determine in what circumstances a license should be granted, or refused. It is not true, that the "Act depends for its validity and binding efficacy, on the popular vote. The Act was valid when it had passed both houses of the General Assembly, and had received the Governor's signature. The vote of the people in designated districts, presented features in the state of things, within them, which the law directed the Courts to regard;—one of the conditions on which licenses should be granted or refused. The argument of the Court is based on a fallacy; it confounds the contingencies on which the operation of a law is made to depend, with the Law-making power: things entirely distinct. The Legislature might authorize the construction of a railroad through one of your valleys, on condition that by a specified time, half a million of dollars should be raised by the citizens of the county. When the people comply with this condition, their act is not a *Legislative* one; they make no law. Yet whether that valley shall have a railroad or not, depends on this contingency. Under the law which has long regulated the sale of liquors, the County Court has authority to order license to an application endorsed by twelve men. However essential the concurrence of these twelve men might be;—though the decision of the Court must be determined by it;—who would affirm that the Legislature had delegated, in the act, Legislative power to these twelve,—or to any others concerned.—The contingent events, which thus affect the operation of a law, do not create the law; they have in them no attribute of Legislative power. The sophism, which converts a contingency into a Legislator, lies at the foundation of the Supreme Court's argument. It is as sheer a fallacy, as has ever gone forth to obstruct the public good, under judicial sanction.

That the authorized guardians and executors of a law, shall have regard to circumstances which the future is to determine, is by no means a novel feature in the Legislation of a free people. Instances lie scattered over the whole field covered by our statutes. In kind they are multifarious. Sometimes, you meet with the very one now under consideration; I mean a reference to the voice of the people: and that, in laws, the constitutionality of which has never been questioned. The designation of a County-town is often submitted to the people. Whether a village shall receive a city charter, is, in many cases, not determined by the Legislature unconditionally, but is made dependant on the vote of the people. Whether Iowa or Wisconsin is to be placed under a State Constitution is determined, not by unconditional Legislation, but is referred to a vote of the people. When our Legislature had formed our common School-law, its "binding efficacy was made dependant on the vote of the people in designated districts." Why was not that law brought by its opponent, before our Supreme Court, and its unconstitutionality argued on grounds like that in the case of our license law? We might give your answer.

If the Legislature, in by-gone years, was right in directing that the course of the Court, in regard to licenses, should be determined by the voice of twelve voters, then, it had right to fix the number at nine, instead of twelve,—or at nineteen, or at one tenth in a given district,—or at one half of them. The principle involved is the same. If the late law was unconstitutional, because it required as a condition to the issuing of a license, the expressed sanction of one half of the voters of a district, then the old law, now in operation, was also unconstitutional in requiring that of twelve.—In both, there is a reference to the people.—Even between the numbers demanded in the two cases there may be no difference: one half of the voters a of district may be one hundred, or it may be fifty, or ten.

We bow before the official authority of the decision of the Court. At the same time we deliberately declare, that otherwise, it commands not our respect. It exhibits none of the wisdom of a profound Jurist; none of the enlarged views of a Statesman; none of the benevolence of the patriot or philanthropist.—It is based on reasons inapplicable and trifling. It adds no lustre to the highest Judicial Tribunal of the Keystone State. The decision is an invasion of the rights of the people. Judges imbued with constitutional antipathies to laws which authorize people to act in matters affecting their own interests, should erect their tribunal in the Kremlin of Nicholas, or by the throne of Mahmond.

Now then, we are thrown back under the old license system, which has had charge of the sale of liquors in years past. What shall we do? Shall we sit down, content with this old order of things? Is it true, that those laws "are good enough?" Shall we stand by them?—see them enforced?—and endeavor to make the utmost we can out of the restrictions which they place around the traffic? Here I remark,

2nd. *That the unconditional repeal of all the existing laws which regulate the sale of liquors, could not be a greater evil, than their continued operation.*

It is argued, that under the existing laws, the public treasury derives some revenue from the traffic; which would be lost if all laws were repealed, and the business thrown open to all who might choose to embark in it. I reply, that the sum deposited in the treasury, by venders, is a mere pittance, towards remuneration for the burden which the traffic imposes; as could readily be shown. Moreover, it is an unsound and corrupt tenet of political economy, which proposes to raise a revenue, by legalizing crime, or by tolerating, for a price, the producing causes of crime. So that, were the income from license-fees a thousand-fold greater, it would argue nothing in favor of the system. No State is right, or wise, when it raises money by making merchandize of crime, or of the miseries of men. Grant that it would be a shameful dereliction of duty, for a State to leave such a business free, unmolested; the folly and guilt will be greater, if it shall enter into league with it, and prosper, for money, to connive at its undisturbed prosecution.

It is said, that the license law, as we have it, is designed to put restraints on the traffic, and that it limits the evils which would result from it. Limits the evils! How? It is replied; "by confining the business to men of suitable qualifications, and by limiting the number of the places where liquor may be sold." The applicant for license is required to bring into Court the certificate of twelve men, that he has proper qualifications for the business;—among other things,—that he is of "good repute for temperance." But who knows not, that men notoriously intemperate, come up with character thus endorsed, as the law directs, and then have a right to demand a license.—Besides, who knows not that the Inns of some sober keepers are as extensive a curse as the filthy grog tavern of the drunkard.

What potent efficacy is there in having the number of taverns limited? If they were limited to zero, we could appreciate the force of the plea. But when they are to be limited to a point not fixed; a point vaguely conceived; and differently conceived by different men, we must say, that it is not easy to appreciate its conservative charms. How many grog-shops will be needed in an ordinary village or township, to supply fully all the intoxicating liquor for which intemperate men and sober men shall call?—enough to tempt the unwary, and thus create, and keep alive a succession of drunkards? Will it need more than two?—one of each order of politics. And whenever there are customers who cannot be "accommodated" at these, will not the law feel itself under obligation to permit the existence of another? When and where has the law been so frugal of its licenses, that apetite must go thirsty, and sorrow and crime were stinted in growth?

The truth is, that the license system, as now embodied in law, authorizes the existence of as many places for vending liquors, as will supply all who wish to drink; enough to keep unbroken the succession of drunkards. There have always been enough,—there will always be enough to accomplish this. If the license law were abolished, the difference would be this,—the infamous business would be open to competition. While the law exists, it is in the hands of a monopoly. On a few in each place, is conferred exclusively the right to administer the poison to the intemperate—to seduce the thoughtless, and to pocket the gain.

Here, we have touched another unjust and odious feature of the license system. It is the very feature to which we are sometimes pointed as its chief excellence; this: that it *restricts* the traffic. Restricts! how? Not in the number of gallons which may be sold; not in the number to whom sold; not in the mischiefs done—but only in the number *by whom* it may be done. It consigns all to the hands of a monopoly. Is this just? Every kind of honorable and useful business,—every kind of business tolerated, should be open to all persons of suitable qualifications. Every one who has a spare bed, and a nook to set it in, should have the right to hang out his board to indicate that he keeps an "Inn," and has "entertainment." If the sale of liquor is essential to his profession, let him have the right as others have it. Why should the source of profit be restricted to two or three of a village? On the stream which pours down your hills, may go up a mill or manufactory of any kind which enterprize or folly may devise: and every fifty yards of the descent, another. Why may not one man build a grog-shop when and where he pleases, if another may? If twenty grog-shops would endanger the morals and welfare of a village, will not ten, or five, or one? In the name of justice and equal rights, I ask, why will you confer on one, or two, the extensive privilege of accomplishing all the harm, and and reaping all the income? The license law establishes an odious monopoly: one which controls in our country more money, corrupts more morals, ruins more fortunes, yea, buys and sells more offices of power and trust, than any other monster monopoly which has ever loomed on the vision of affrighted men. Let it perish.

The license laws, then, furnish no restraints for which they are entitled to preservation.—We need not maintain that grog-shops would not increase in number, if the laws were abolished: nor that an increase of them would have no influence to increase temptations.—Suppose it were thus: there is another consideration not to be passed over. If the abrogation of the license system would increase temptations in *number*, the existence of that system invests those which are, with peculiar *power*; and creates some temptations which would not exist without it. With multitudes, law makes right. The inquiry with them seldom is whether the law is right or wrong.—They will do and uphold whatever the law sanctions. If with the vender we argue that his business is injurious, an immorality—that it is a violation of his duty to God and man; what cares he for argument? *He has a license* to show. Men enough will always be found ready enough to do whatever the law authorizes, though it be piracy on the best intercats of the human family. Few causes have operated more effectually to limit and counteract the influence of the moral means employed for twenty years, than the license law. The business to which appetite and cupidity urge, will most assuredly be pursued, no matter what light may be thrown on it, if the law will only protect men in it. Light enough has been thrown on this subject; moral suasion has urged every motive of power; but here is an influence by which, to many, all this has been completely neutralized. At every step of our progress, we have encountered this influence. It is my decided opinion, that the temperance reformation would to-day be in advance of its present standing, if twenty years ago, every line of our license laws had been repealed without condition.

Whenever you license vice, you cover its hateful form, and clothe it in the attire of virtue; you give it respectability. When grave legislators—the honored guardians of our interests, take pains to define when, and where, and how, vice may live and act, they sanction its existence, and declare that sometimes the public good requires its existence. It assumes the false principle, that the effectual method to restrain an evil, especially if of great magnitude, and difficult of extermination, is to place it under guardianship of law; law—not prohibitory—but defining the modes and places of its authorized existence, and granting them the advantage of a plenary indulgence. It is a preposterous plea of reform, which would plant a gambling house, a swindling exchange, and a brothel in every town and village.

But we have access to facts and experience. By them you may test the license laws, and ascertain the worth of their restraining influence. What restraints have they imposed? In every city and village, along every important road, the law has reared its monopolies, with their labratories of disease, and crime, and ruin. That array of 300,000 drunkards; those 30,000 forming an advance detachment of the host,—forlorn, bloated, fevered, maddened under mortal wounds, and sure to die in a year; that vast body in reserve—numbering, who can tell how many—enlisted and enlisting, and destined, before long, to fill ranks thinned by the destroyer; what voice comes up from all these?

The reply declares the system worthless in giving protection to the community. It is more than worthless. Its influence is to perpetuate the curse of drunkenness. It has multiplied facilities, increased allurements, and furnished them the broad seal of the law. It has reared drunkards; it has cut off their honor, their usefulness, their happiness, their days. It has corrupted the old and the young. It has destroyed domestic peace, and natural affection. It has crowded almshouses, and prisons. It has engendered quarrels and bloodshed. It has taxed the community with enormous burdens. It has peopled many a wide Potter's field, and hurried the guilty, in vast throngs, before God's tribunal. The system has been tried—tried fairly—tried half a century. Its results have been seen and felt everywhere. They are evil, evil only. We have had enough of it. Worse it could hardly have been. And now we ask,—let it be done away.

Years ago, Judge Platt, of New York, remarked: "The law which licenses the sale of ardent spirits, is an impediment to the Temperance Reformation. Whenever public opinion, and the moral sense of our community shall be so far corrected and matured as to regard them in their true light, and when the public safety shall be thought to require it, dram-shops will be indictable, at common law, *as public nuisances*."

3d. I now advance another position: *The Legislature is under obligation to give us adequate protection from the evils which result from the sale of intoxicating liquors.*

When the boiler on a steamboat explodes, and a score of lives are lost, ten thousand over the country speak of it with amazement. The Legislature perhaps appoints a committee to investigate the cause by which property has been sunk and lives lost. Perhaps inspectors are appointed to examine the machinery of other boats, and certify their safety before they may be used. Careless managers of the vessel are arraigned before some tribunal, and are well nigh indicted for murder: and one common feeling pervades the community, calling for some stringent enactments to protect human life from a similar fate. Every one feels that there is a right to demand it. In the traffic of which we speak is driven a terrific enginery.—Its wrecks are scattered over every water, and are piled on every shore. Fortunes, comforts, honors, usefulness, hope have perished. Year after year, 30,000 lives have been sacrificed. Our own kindred have suffered; our own are in peril. It is not from some unusual, disordered working of the machinery of the traffic, that these disasters result; but from its natural, and complete adaptedness to a work of fearful ruin. We ask protection from the cupidity and recklessness which drives it. We ask it for ourselves, and for our fellow men. Protection is our right.

When we invoke of the constitutional powers, such protection, it is mawkish cant, and not sensible advice to refer us to *moral suasion*, and discourse to us of its charms, its power its adaptedness to our enterprize. The law licenses men to sell; and some one, in silly sympathy, sends us to the men thus licensed, to persuade them not to do, what they are licensed to do. Such counsel is brainless and heartless. And what if, by moral suasion, one of them be induced to abandon the traffic? are there not ready to enter on the work, seven others, worse than the first? If you find one who has a sensibility of conscience, which can be influenced by moral suasion, perhaps half a score may be found who are moved by no suasion but that of appetite, or cupidity.

When swindlers and counterfeiters assail your property; when thieves and robbers come from their dens, and drive away your cattle or plunder your houses, do you go forth to plead with such criminals, not to repeat the wrong? No, verily. You give them a home in the penitentiary. And here is an evil, more extensive, more pernicious than counterfeiting, or swindleing, or robbery. Protection is your right. The community has a right to demand it.

We do not speak heedlessly, when we place the evils of the traffic by the side of those of which we have just spoken. If we must acknowledge a difference it is in this, that it outstrips them in magnitude. The evils coming from the traffic are so numerous, multiform, and so aggravated, that they have no parallel in this world. Look now, into yonder city, around which is intrenched the beleaguering foe. In that mansion is a mother, in the mid-day of her womanly strength. The husband has gone forth to meet the invading foe. Amid the terrors of a bombardment which is throwing its iron fiery showers on the devoted city, that mother retires to an inner chamber, with sinking heart. In yonder corner of that chamber, she has laid on his cot, her little boy; terror-stricken he has wept for hours; exhausted he has fallen asleep. At her feet sits her daughter, a child pale with fear. On her bosom she cradles her babe, awhile since starting and shrieking, now asleep. From the black mouth of that mortar in the line of the enemy, as it booms harshly, issues the lighted engine of death. Its arch across the heavens is quickly made. It falls on the roof of that mother's mansion; crashes the timbers; at her feet it explodes into fragments. The form of the child at her feet is quivering in death; her little boy is buried in the smoking wreck; of the infant which lay on her bosom she holds only the spatterings of its blood and brain.—Mutilated herself, and buried in the wreck, death will soon close her interest in the heart-sickening scene. My own sister or daughter I would give to such a doom sooner than see her wedded to a drunkard, and doomed to endure what mothers often suffer, from the traffic of those whom the law licenses to work of crime and woe.

For what purpose have we chosen our rulers, and delegated to them power over our interests? Is it not that they may be guardians of those interests and see them safe from harm? For our security, our happiness, our property, our minds, our morals, they are to care. For this purpose does Grace sanction their commission, and commit to them the sword. They who forget this; they who refuse to do it, are traitors to their trust. Within the whole sphere over which legislative authority extends, there is not another evil, from which so many, such aggravated, such intolerable sufferings originate. If protection may not be demanded here, where may we ask it?

The people should arise as one man, and carry to the doors of our legislature their petition. Let them give us *protection, adequate* protection and I am not over-anxious in reference to the specific mode of legislation. I know what *ought* to be done; the traffic in intoxicating drinks *ought to be prohibited*, absolutely and entirely, under suitable penalties. Such a plan is simple and just, and is based on sound principles. The traffic is not only liable to be *perverted* to abuses, but is, in every form and stage of it, an evil business. You can not make it good, nor safe. The most consistent plan is to treat it like other pernicious business. Prohibit it, as you do slander, theft and arson. The law will punish him who "slanderously calls you a fool;" shall the man escape who "*makes* you a fool?" If the law should take hard hold of him who burns a barn," shall it give no righteous retribution to him "who burns a body and soul?"

It has been proposed, as a plan more expedient than this, to enact statutes by which those who engage in the traffic shall be made responsible for the evils which result from it. Such a plan would aim to make individual venders in certain cases, personally liable to appropriate penalties, as for injuries or misdemeanors. At the same time, it would hold "the trade," the whole number engaged in the traffic, responsible for the general damages and burdens resulting from the business. Legislative wisdom, it is thought, might devise some system of laws calculated to relieve to some extent at least, the public of burdens now borne, and in many cases, to bring the guilty to justice.

Fellow-laborers in the Temperance Reformation! We have enough to urge us to be wise diligent, persevering, and united in our work. We grapple with evils of appalling magnitude. If you should collect all the materials which in years past have been used in this business in our land, it would, (to use a borrowed metaphor) build you a city. And I may add, if I may in my own way elaborate the metaphor, it would be a city such as the founders of Rome or Nineveh never dreamed of.—Philadelphia and its environs would hardly furnish space for its construction. From the Delaware to the Schuylkill would run streets, on which should rise, side by side, in huge black masses, Distilleries and Breweries; the 40,000 which were once scattered over our land. Their fires should be kindled, their liquors proved, and barreled, and branded, amid the grinnings of groups of demons. On other streets parrallel, and north and south of these, would stand the stores of merchantry, whose trade it is to sell in cargoes, or loads, or barrels, or gallons: their cellars should be chilly and damp as with the atmosphere of the tomb! and every loft would be impregnated with an odor, such as would make one think of the pit. On other streets should be erected "Hotels," and "Inns," and "Taverns," and "Houses;" from the splendid structure lifting itself like a palace, where men of wealth and pride may drink wine and brandy, and be drunken amid elegance and magnificence, to the narrowest and filthiest shanty, which has hung out its sign, to invite man or brute to "entertainment," and these should be scattered promiscously along the lengthened streets; for what justice but that of Omniscience could assign rank, or declare in which is done the most honorable work, or the meanest. Next, in long continuous lines, along streets now wide then narrow, here well paved and swept, and there full of mire and filth, should be gathered from all regions, their grogshops of every size and name. Outside of these, should run streets multitudinous, lined by the habitations of 300,000 drunkards, and of the families of which they come.

At one point, you should look on the marble palace, within which the aristocratic blooded man of wealth retches and spues; or where the wife or mother weeps over sorrows for which riches and splendor have no balm. At another point you come upon the miserable hovel, through whose broken windows is driven the snow of winter; where the heart-sick mother gazes with tearful eye on her famishing infant, and where ragged children sit around the embers of a dying fire. The Navy of the city should be laden deep with the waters of death, destined to curse other shores. Our storehouses should be filled with millions of bushels of grain, which might be the bread of life to a hungry nation, but destined to be converted into a destroying drink. In the place of churches and school houses, should be theatres, gaming houses, and brothels, by hundreds on her streets, and on her dark and narrow lanes. For mechanic's shops, should be the dens of counterfeiters and Burglars. Her magistrates should be mighty to drink strong drink. Her Courts should be scenes of riot; and there should be seated Judges who reel on the bench, and are in league with crime. Her Watchmen should be felons. The lamps of her streets be lighted with a flame burning as if from some infernal laboratory.

By day those streets would be full of staggering men; by night they would echo with the shout of senseless merriment, with the tumult of revelry, and fightings, and riot, with blasphemy and curses, and with the shrieks of distress. The exhalations from her places of traffic, and dens of drunkenness, would settle around every habitation, thick and foul as the breath of pestilence. The smoke of her distilleries would go up by day, like the smoke of the bottomless pit. By night, their fires would