

FROM
HELL TO
HEAVEN
AND
HOW I GOT THERE.

BEING THE LIFE HISTORY OF A SAVED BAR KEEPER, WITH
STIRRING ADDRESSES ON THE TEMPERANCE
QUESTION.

—BY—
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Price, 50 Cents. In Cloth, \$1.00.

LINCOLN :
THE HUNTER PRINTING HOUSE.
1891

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REV. A. FOLTZ,

FROM HELL TO HEAVEN.

The title of this truthful story may seem to some, to start out with a flat contradiction of the truth. No one ever went from Hell to Heaven, but truth is often stranger than fiction, and to those who have been delivered from the galling bondage of sin by the love of God through the Saviour of mankind there will be no trouble in understanding this apparently strange language, they know the new song:

Ask but His Grace, and lo it is given,
Ask and He turns your Hell to Heaven.

Surely if any one knows by experience the meaning of the sacred words: "Who hath delivered us out of the power of darkness and hath translated us into the kingdom of His dear Son," Col. 1:13, it is the poor slave and sufferer from the dread evils of intoxicating liquor. And it is with the hope that with God's blessing on our feeble effort, this little book may be used to cause many slaves in our land to cry to God (who alone can deliver from this evil) for his help. Also to be a warning to the young, and an encouragement to others, to trust in that God who did so much for the subject of this sketch.

We have personally been acquainted with Mr. Foltz for nearly six years, and look back to the time when we first took him by the hand, and as we look at him now in his work of doing good, much that cultivated minds may see, that should be otherwise, we cannot but exclaim, what hath God wrought—and can anything be too hard for the Lord. We are encouraged to press on till every slave of drink shall be delivered and the demon of drink shall be driven from our shores.

We have fought in the past
And the foe came on fast,
To crush us in bitter defeat,
But the Lord from on high
Made our enemies fly,
Or fall to be saved at his feet.
In his name we will go,
Seeking nothing else below,
But to rescue the victims of sin;
For the great God promises still,
That the soldiers of Jesus shall win.

Yours in the King's Service,

THOMAS E. MOORE.

TO THE YOUTH OF AMERICA—The United States, the hope of fathers and the pride of fond mothers, the future citizens of our beloved republic, to whom must be committed the future destiny of our government, and upon whom must dependence be placed for the welfare of society, the extension of general culture, the elevation of moral integrity and continuance of humanitarian progress; that the three cardinal virtues of temperance, total abstinence and prohibition may be fully engrafted into their moral and intellectual being, and in hopes that the cause of temperance may receive another impetus, this unpretending compilation is respectfully dedicated by

THE COMPILER.

INTRODUCTION.

IT is very essential that people should alone encourage those habits and virtues which promote sobriety, industry and happiness; for society is most safe when all are honest, sober and industrious. Men ought not to do what will result in harm to themselves or others; yet we see habits and vices constantly tending to cause unhappiness, idleness, disease and crime and virtually destroying society. It is certainly then the interest and duty of every good citizen to preserve his own honor and integrity and help to establish virtue and good conduct in others: Is it not nobler to prevent the occurrence of vice, than to mete out punishment for crime? It is easier to instill into the minds of our children temperance thoughts and principles than it is to correct vicious habits and pernicious practices after they have been formed. A father who drinks alcoholic liquors to excess is responsible for the drunkenness of his child. A government or municipality that will license the sale of liquor is responsible for every crime that follows the result of its use. For the purpose of aiding in the prevention of drunkenness by placing in the hands of the youth another volume of temperance, we have written, and asked a few friends to contribute, these thoughts on temperance. May God in mercy accept the offering and cause it to be the means of preventing the loss of many souls.

A. FOLTZ.

Pawnee City, Neb., Aug. 1, 1891.

FROM HELL TO HEAVEN

LIFE AND EXPERIENCE OF MAJ. A. FOLTZ,

AS TOLD BY HIMSELF.

CHAPTER I.

SWIM IN THE DARK—DRINK WITH A RELISH—FIEND OF
HUMANITY—CONFINES OF HELL—MY RESTLESS MIND
—KINDRED SPIRITS—DEAD DRUNK AND SENSELESS—
THE WHOLE VILLAGE TURNED OUT—THE BOTTOMLESS
ABYSS—TERRIBLE SCENES—STONE THE TRAIN.

I WAS born in Weaverstown, Pennsylvania, in the year 1870. The story of my life is not a pleasing one and it will not excite either admiration or a wish to imitate in the reader. My career, is common with that of thousands. Many would shrink from making public such a miserable confession and seek rather to bury the facts so deep that none but God could unearth them, fearing to be accused of glorying in their shame or parading pride in aped humility, but as a witness against sin and drink and in favor of Him who has done so much for me, I willingly brave it all in the hope that some poor slave shall be brought to the Redeemer.

I make no pretensions of talent, but if a true story

of suffering may interest and alarm, I promise the reader matter enough.

I will make no attempt at embellishment for all my sketches are true to life and the incidents are here related as they recur to my recollection, heedless of order or style.

From the very day of accountability coming to me my life has been one of misery. In early childhood I struck off to swim in a dark sea of sorrow whose sad waves ever beat over me. Mine was not the hearing of trouble at a distance, it was ever present with me. During the years of childhood, when others were thoughtless and sported in childish play, these sunny rays were beclouded from me. What could anyone expect as the outcome of such surroundings?

Impressions made in childhood are not easily erased and though God has blotted out my iniquity, as a thick cloud many of these impressions will bear their fruit in my life down to the grave, for you must know that persons will remember at fifty things that happened when they were three years old, while they cannot grasp with memory things that happened one year ago.

I have oft times been asked how old I was when I took my first drink, but that goes away back of my memory. Raised in Pennsylvania, among those who used intoxicants as a table beverage, especially beer, I remember, it seems to me, my father giving me liquor when I could only just walk, and laughing to see me drink it with a relish, and it took next to no time to acquire both habit and appetite, and who can paint the cursed fiend of humanity, the craving appetite for rum. I wish it was in my power to do it in a manner that would warn other poor mortals who are daily draw-



“Not seven years old and suffering from delirium tremens.”—page 11.



How it paints Hell in the mind.—page 11.

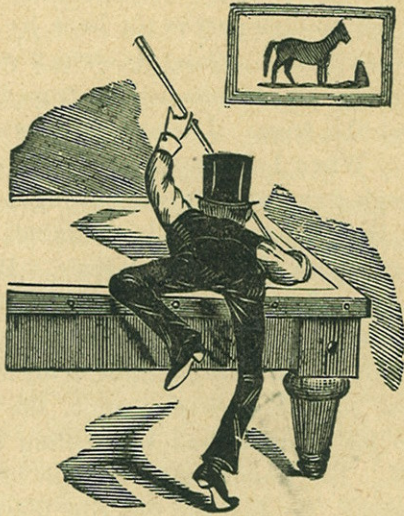
ing near the confines of Hell. Often have I tried to down the appetite, but I could more easily have swallowed if it would satisfy the horrible thirst. I was sent to school as early as five years old and went regularly for awhile, but my restless disposition soon asserted itself, and I became tired of school life, ever grasping after something new at the very threshold of boyhood. I was naturally dissipated, dissatisfied with my surroundings, longing and looking for an indefinable something to satisfy my restless mind.

My life has always been an active one, my natural uneasiness produced this. I must be doing something, going somewhere, anywhere but to school, and this I planned to avoid from my fifth year till I was fourteen. My carelessness of course caused me to fall back in my class, and when I ought to have been at the head it found me at the other extremity. This disgusted and discouraged me, for I naturally wanted to be top of the heap always, so with a few other kindred spirits who were in the same state of mind, we determined we would not go to school any longer. This took place in the depth of winter and our first move was to go down the railroad to a coal pit. I stole a large jug of the strongest brandy and we collected wood and coal and started a fire which we sat around telling yarns and drinking brandy. We were soon under its awful influence, dead drunk, senseless, we lay beside the fire all night. Finding we did not come home at night our mothers were out searching for us. Mother inquired of the school boys, who told her I had not been to school. She became more alarmed and went to the teacher only to find out that I had not been at school for nearly one month. Far into the night she searched

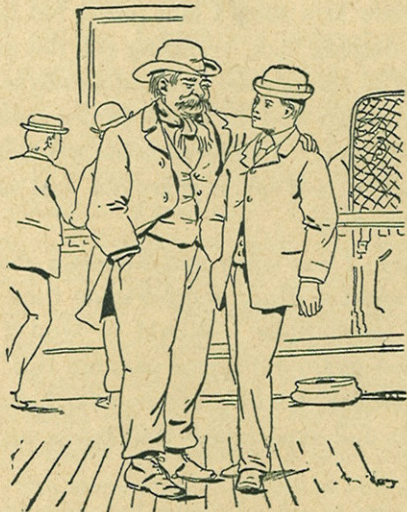
with anxious heart for me. At dark the whole village was called out to take part in the hunt by the ringing of the church bells. About 1 o'clock in the morning we were discovered unconscious from the affects of alcohol and the frost. I cannot remember how we got home. When I came to myself the next day I felt as though a sharp knife was cutting my quivering flesh off. How it paints hell in the mind, tortures the soul, and strangles all hope in despair. Blood rushed to my head, my brain was on fire, the liquid hell I had drunk of so copiously began to burn my stomach, like hot lava in my blood, burning right to my tongue's end; a wild glow shot through my veins, the demon was aroused in his strength, and this feeling crept to my finger ends. No wonder men commit murder under such influence. No pen can describe these horrors. I laid my fevered forehead against the cold window glass, I don't know how long I laid there, but as night came on I was deathly sick, vomiting till the next morning. It seemed as though the bottomless abyss was opening beneath my feet and its cruel flames scorched, drying up my moisture. I suffered some weeks from this terrible attack. Not seven years old and suffering from delirium tremens.

Of course I was sorry and honestly determined not to drink another drop, and for some time I was able to keep my resolutions. Would to God I could write here, never again did liquor pass my lips. Do not tire with me reader, I will hurry on over hundreds of terrible scenes and experiences that space will not allow of relating.

I was sent to school again but I could not learn—I merely skimmed over my studies. We started again



My school.



My teacher.

for the coal pits; we got about half way. We were well charged with whiskey which I had again stolen from my father's saloon. We had got to feel that we were not only men, but giants and no one could stop us. Presently the whistle of an approaching train blew. We at once decided to stone the train and quickly got a pile of rocks in readiness. The train came and we did effective work. Crash, crash, went the windows and we ran. The train stopped and they gave chase but we had too much the start of them and escaped, but we had hereafter to seek another rendezvous as the detectives were watching along the road for the stone throwers.

FROM HELL.

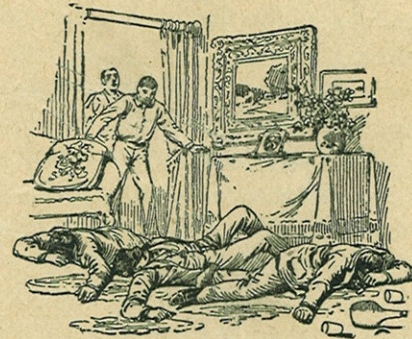
CHAPTER II.

GAY BOYS—NO FUN WITHOUT WHISKEY—EVERYONE DRUNK
 —FISHING TURNED TO FIGHTING—FEARFULLY BRUISED
 —BATHED IN LIQUID FIRE—READY TO SWALLOW THE
 WHOLE DOG—FINED \$5.00—WENT ON A DRUNK—
 TOOK THE TREMENS—DASHED HIS BRAINS OUT—PISTOL
 SHOTS FIRED—CRY FROM DYING LIPS—THE GRIEF OF
 THAT MOTHER—SCENES OF REVELRY—CRUELTY AND
 INJUSTICE.

I SHALL never forget when on one occasion, when only eight years old, with a gang of boys I went fishing. We got together the necessary things and of course whiskey was one of the most important. Mother knew I was going and cautioned me not to take any whiskey with me, but without whiskey there was no fun for us, so I agreed to furnish the whiskey and beer for the trip. By six o'clock A. M. all were ready. I got to the cellar and filled the Jack, put it through a hole in the wall while my companions stood ready to take it away. We started off feeling we were kings, driving a distance of ten miles, and long before we got there everyone was drunk. We reached the place and the boys who could navigate best tied the horse. Our fishing turned to fighting. I do not re-



Gay Boys.



Everyone drunk.

member to this day what did take place, but I found my nose broken, my face fearfully bruised. Imagine my feelings when I awoke from that awful slumber which seemed to be as deep as death, a drunken sleep from which the drunkard wakes to suffer the tortures of Hell. Surely the sorrows of the grave are lighter than the awful feeling that possessed me then, my head throbbing, aching, burning as if bathed in liquid fire.

I got up and made ready to go home. The beer was not all gone so we took a few drinks to sober up on. I took a hair from the dog that bit me; in a few moments I was ready to swallow the whole dog.

We went to school again, and became more daring than ever; I took whiskey and we drank it there in such quantities as to get drunk in the school room; then we would quarrel and fight. We were warned not to fight again and if found doing so were to be severely punished. This did not deter us, as we went right out and fought, returning to the school room with torn garments and bleeding faces. We were ordered in line, six of us, and the teacher began to make good use of the whip. After being struck three or four times I ran to the coal box and commenced to fire coal and the others followed suit. We were expelled from the school for three months and fined \$5.00 each. My father paid the fine, commending me for what I had done. From this I went on worse than ever. My father took me in the saloon altogether then, but being too small to serve liquors over the bar counter a platform was built for me to stand on. I staid there my three months, then went to school again, but I soon returned to my first works; I fought one day and for it got ex-

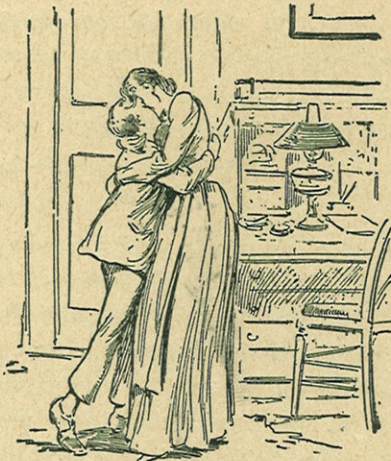
pelled from the school. This suited me. At the end of that year I was sent to Myerstown to school. They had a fine college and strict teachers there. I started well but soon got tired and returned to my old ways, skating, playing ball, anything but school. Father was sent for. He threatened me. I continued one week after this, then broke over and went on a drunk, and got about half of the boys full, and we raised mischief in the school. I was expelled from this school also.

Then they sent me to my grandmother, as she had more influence over me than anyone else, and with her I remained sober a whole three months; then with several others we formed a hunting expedition, taking plenty of whiskey with us. By the time we reached the second town we were wild with whiskey, yelling and hooting. The second day out one boy took the tremens. He got so bad that he foamed at the mouth. Poor, poor boy, he struggled for about one hour, then ran down the road as only a crazy person could run till he ran against a rock hitching post head first and dashed his brains out. That night we were too full to see to him, but the people picked up his body and by the next morning, being somewhat sobered, we took the body home in the wagon, drinking again on the way. We drove into town on the gallop, yelling and hooting with the corpse of our companion in sin. Drunk as I was I shall ever remember the look of that mother as she caught sight of her boy, his head covered with blood and his clothes with dirt. She touched him and exclaiming "Oh! my God!" fainted. We left her and started for our homes, telling the people as we passed along that only one was killed. Such sights to me

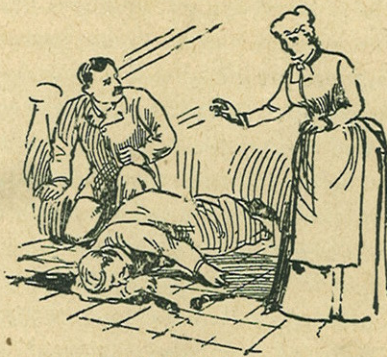
were not rare. I have seen a number fall in the bar room; heard the pistol shots fired more than once; and heard the cry from dying lips, "my God! I am shot." Oh! the cruelty of the liquor traffic.

The funeral of that boy took place the following day. Only a few of us attended. I remember how the minister tried to give a good record of the life lost, but seemed to be able to find nothing to say in his favor. How could he? As I saw the grief of that mother as she took the last look at his smashed head, I said in my heart, "I will never take a drop of whiskey in my lips from this hour." God knows I meant all I said, but my home was in the bar room, and amidst the scenes of revelry that sad scene soon vanished. My heart got more calloused than ever; so many fearful scenes continually occurring my heart became as stone. Oh! how depraved I was, and very soon I gloried in being on the hellish road. My school days were now all over. I had sunk so low no school would receive me. My character was well known to all the teachers, and young as I was men were afraid of me lest I would do something dreadful.

My mother wept night after night. I have often heard her cry a prayer to God for my deliverance. Once I was so convicted that I cried to God that I might die and so end my miserable existence. But again that fiendish appetite would have me under its power. Ah! you who would regulate the liquor traffic, can you regulate the appetite in a being who has once contracted it? Never. Easier far would it be for you to stop the current of Niagara Falls and cause the waters to run up, than you can control the appetite formed by whiskey. Don't you remember the Baxter Law, framed



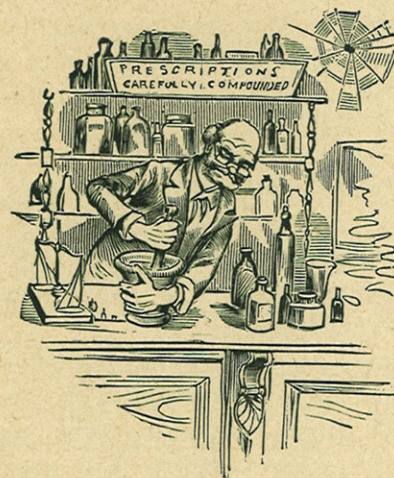
Promising reform.



Dashed his brains out.—page 17.

to regulate the appetite? Look at its stringent measures. If a man was found drunk the law arrested him, fined him \$5.00 and he was forced to tell who sold him the liquor. If he failed to do this he was committed to prison to work out his fine. Even this had no effect on the drunkard, only to make him worse. You who talk about controlling an appetite formed by whiskey, plainly say you know nothing about the matter. It controls and subordinates every other faculty. In vain you try to eradicate it or restrain it by legislation. When a man's appetite is stronger than he, it will lead him whither he would not go. And what do you do? The drunkard is a poor man, cannot pay his fine, he has a wife and children depending on him, but you say put him to jail till his fine is paid. See the cruelty and injustice you do. That wife loves her husband, unfortunate drunkard though he be, and she will toil and suffer—the law makes her do that—and takes the blood money from that wife and mother's fingers to pay that fine. God have mercy on our law makers. But you say the man had no business to get drunk. But you have created in him by your licensed whiskey traffic that Vesuvius of thirst that no man can control. That man must have help; no Baxter law can help him. You cannot frame a law that will stop men from drinking while the whiskey is here to drink.

While liquor is to be had there is only one power that can help the drunkard, and that is the power of God. Oh! for one great effort that would annihilate the whiskey traffic and wipe it forever out of existence.



Two ways of forming an appetite.

CHAPTER III.

We must return to our history.

Returned to the bar room under contract with my father, to attend the pool room, who was to give me so much salary. And here it was I finished my education, and what an accomplished scholar he turned out! Here I learned to cheat and lie till it became perfectly natural for me to do so.

A man would put \$5.00 in my hand: I knew what he wanted—the balls were numbered and so many numbers made the game, so I would change the balls giving the man the largest numbers. This went on for several months, till one night the pool room was full, liquor flowed freely, the cheat was discovered and a general fight commenced. Fights were frequent, but this was a terrible one; it was the end of the presidential campaign; every one was full. In a moment pistols were gleaming in the light, those who had no pistols fired pool balls, others used the cues, all doors were closed and made fast to avoid arrest. I was unable to get out. I sought for a place of safety from the shots, but all in vain; a pool ball struck me with such force on the head that it was half buried in my skull; I fell as dead and was unconscious for twenty-four hours. The doctors pronounced my wound fatal and I was given up as lost; it pleased God to spare me. Mother watched over me night and day, her love for her boy never faded, not the least, but remained till she crossed the river, which took place as follows, and right following the fishing expedition spoken of in our last chapter and which any

one but those who had the terrible experience would say was enough to cure any one. But after this appetite is once formed, taste once, and you are powerless to resist. But I got away from my fishing expedition. It was several days before we reached home and all this time the poor horse was tied to a tree without food; liquor is cruel to man and beast. Returning home I met my brother who was coming after me; he told me mother was very sick and this aroused me to my senses. I hastened to her room never looking at myself; I shall never forget the look she gave me and then turned her face away and wept; I thought my heart would break. I went to her bed side and she raised her hand and put it on my head and tried to talk but could not say one word. What an object I must have looked, how I wished God would come and take me. Yes, I loved my mother and I knew my ways were killing her. I wept and promised never to drink again. For several days I remained in my mother's room and it was my only safe place. Many persons called to see mother; some were my companions, and one came and whispered in my ear to come out. I went and soon got drinking again. Mother prayed for me. It was too much, I wanted to get away again. But winter came on and there were lots of sleighing parties and they stopped at the hotel and we had dancing and yelling far into the morning. I wanted to join them, but dissipation had told on me; my health broke down and I was compelled to go away where no liquor could be obtained. I stayed a week and returned home to the saloon to drink harder than ever. Delirium took hold of me again. Think of it, not twelve years old. Oh, you fathers that set your boys the example to drink



Finishing an education.—page 22.



After the fight.

think you never that when in Hell with the boys you have led there, that they will taunt you with bringing them to that place of torment. I promised the doctor I would do better if I only got well again. It was then the news was brought me that mother was dying. I went home at once. I got fixed up the best I could. I went into her room and in an instant her eyes were fixed on me; I took her hand and she drew me close to her and kissed my sin-bleared cheek, saying: "My boy, I have to leave you." Oh, such a pain passed through my soul, and I broke out into tears. She said, "Albert, before I leave I want you to promise me to leave forever your father and seek another home; if you stay you will grow up a worthless man." She gripped my hand more closely and as I looked into her face I saw the cold sweats had gathered in great drops. She said again: "Will you be a better boy and met me in Heaven?" You have never witnessed such a scene. I cannot make you understand how awfully solemn were such moments; a soul, a mother on the brink of eternity speaking her last words to her wandering boy. I lingered, but as I saw Death in her face, the rattles came in her throat, I said yes, yes, mother. She raised once more and with superhuman effort tried to kiss me, saying "fare"—she wanted to say farewell but could only say "fare—" and sank back on her pillow.

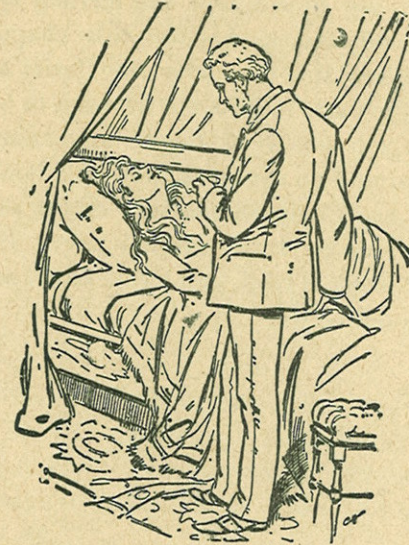
Mother was gone, her loving spirit had departed to Him whose name is love. My whole life came before me like a flash; no mortal could suffer more than I did at that moment. Only ten years old, the scenes of that death-bed made impressions on me that can never be taken away; but oh, how helpless is the strongest. I

soon forgot my promise ; no not forgot, but was without strength to fulfill. After years of sin I thought of her dying words and drink would not drown them, haunting me they came back with a new force ; such words cannot be buried any more than Eugene Aram could bury the body of his victim with the weeds of the morass. Woe is to him who seeks comfort in the intoxicating cup ; the most wretched and hopeless slave is he who is bound by the fetters of alcohol.

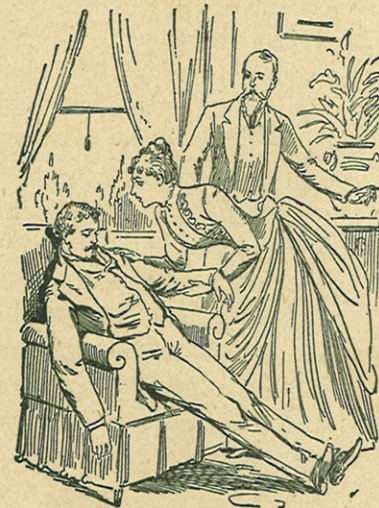
There is only one safe place, that is to point them to the lamb of God that takes away the sin of the world. He will give strength and power. But I am getting away from my subject. Many times when lying on my bed, when sleep forsook me, I could see my mother's dying face before me and feel the pressure of her hand when she said, "promise to meet me in Heaven."

After mother's death we moved to Myerstown, Pa., where father started in the same cursed business and things went on the same as ever ; oh, no! worse and worse. There is no standing still ; left then to myself, no mother to advise or plead with me, I became more wild than ever till one day the Christian Crusaders came. That was a God blessed day for me ; I can never thank them enough.

My reader, I have tried to give you some idea of the pain, sorrow, remorse and shame a lad of twelve passed through, and all on account of the demon alcohol. I have nothing to thank liquor for beyond a few fleeting hours of false delight which has brought in its train woe and loss to me, and when I look back and see what I might have been and look upon the thousand of wrecked hopes and promises, I see as no



Mother's death.



Remorse forgotten.

one else can see how odious and terribly cruel is the monster alcohol, and as I close this chapter, on my knees I implore the God who for Christ's sake has blotted out the past, to give me strength to be faithful, and will not you who read this volume assist me with your prayers, and on the mission of this book that the hope of my heart may be realized in the salvation of many young boys from eternal ruin. Surely the thralldom of drink is Hell, and thank God I am through Jesus' love, out of it.

TO HEAVEN,

AND HOW I GOT THERE.

CHAPTER IV.

DAYS OF DARKNESS—HOW THE CRUSADERS CAME—YOU MUST BE A LOVER OF THE LORD—PRAYING IN THE SNOW—FIFTY CONVERTED ONE NIGHT—TURNED OUT OF HOME—STABBED THREE TIMES—GEN. MOORE RECEIVES ME.

THROUGH many years of horror, darkness, and suffering, the light of holy living dawns (one night) ah, it had been all night till then. The sound of tambourines were heard on the street. I ran to the door to see what was going on. (That's the reason the saloonist don't like the crusaders with their tambourines, it makes all who are inside run out, and they often never enter again.) Then I remembered the announcement the day before, that they were coming. I did not know what their business was, but had the impression they were a squad of real soldiers, but as they drew near I heard clearly on the evening air a song as they turned the corner. It came with full blast on my ear, "Oh! you must be a lover of the Lord, or you can't go to Heaven when you die." It seemed all strange to me, as apart from my mother's



Feeling bad.



Much worse.

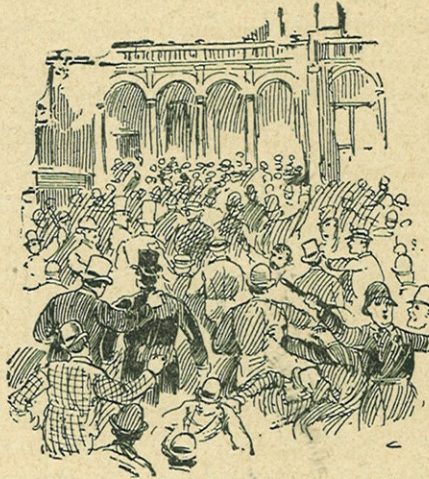
prayers and talk I had never heard anything about God, but I remembered I had promised mother to meet her in Heaven. But who was this Lord I must love to get there? On they came, only three in number, and ladies at that, until they got opposite our hotel. There they stopped, knelt down and prayed. How strange. I was bewildered. Kneeling there in the cold snow they prayed loud and plainly that God would convict and save the sinners inside that house. Then they got up and told us plainly what they were after. Told how God had saved them; then they sang again. It was so cold we could not stand outside and so withdrew inside, still they continued; then they walked away to a hall to hold a meeting, and as many of us were in for fun, we fell in line and marched with them. Encouraged by others as wicked as myself, every now and then I fired dirt or stones at the ladies until someone stopped us. We could not understand this and did not know what we were about. Presently we got to the hall and were going to have lots of fun, but strange to say all fun left us and we found ourselves listening to all they had to say. They spoke of the goodness of God, and the meetings were very attractive.

I never cared to go to church, but here was something that drew me in spite of myself. They came to me personally every night, and one night one of the ladies said, "My boy, if you don't change your ways of life, you will surely go to Hell." I got offended at this, but could not stay away. I was there every night and they seemed to have me spotted out, for no matter where I took my seat they came to me, but they told me they knew the influence of my father's business and especially desired to see me saved. The words they

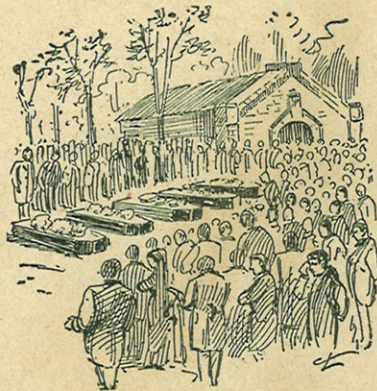
spoke seemed to cause me real pain. I tried not to show it, but "you will go to hell," kept ringing in my soul. If I awoke in the night that would be my first thought. I dreamed about it one night, dreamed I was in Hell, and such an awful feeling I had when I awoke. Then I promised God (yes, I began to believe in God) that I would do better. So I got under conviction and felt bad on account of my sins, and thought I would make a start. Coming home one night, I looked as I felt, so solemn and sad that my folks at once mistrusted something was wrong. So my father said, "If you go up there and make a fool of yourself, you can make up your mind to leave here." I tried to laugh and said there was nothing in it, but I knew he meant what he said and this brought trouble to my mind. I knew not what to do, so I consulted with some people who said they were Christians, asking them what I ought to do under the circumstances. They said "the good book says, obey your parents." I knew what father wanted me to do and I knew what mother asked me to do. Poor advice, and worse than poor encouragement, some Christians give young converts. If the blind lead the blind, both will fall in the ditch. I continued to go to the meetings, and got so convicted that at last I could hold out no longer, so with forty-nine others I came to the mourners' bench, cried to God to save me and He did. Oh! what comfort and peace took possession of my soul—it seemed I lived in a new world. On my way home I made up my mind I would not tell anything about it. It was Saturday night, and instead of coming home drunk and quarreling as usual, I was sober, but I was not in the house five minutes before they asked me what was the matter with me, "you are so

different." Then I saw I must speak out. I said a great change had come over me, I had been to the meetings and got converted. Then they began to talk to me and said I was excited. I told them I knew better. My father ordered me at once to leave the house and home, My poor old grandfather was there and interfered for me, saying, "Give the boy a week to look for a home," thinking I was only excited and it would die down with proper treatment in a week. They did so—the week passed like a day. I was at the meeting every night and I thought nothing about a home. Saturday night came, I went into the bar room and all began to talk to me, saying I was excited. I told them I had salvation and meant to keep it. When I uttered these words my father ran to the table close by, took up a large knife and stabbed me in the wrist, side, and temple. With three bleeding wounds, my heart sank within me. Driven from home, wounded by him who should have protected and cheered me on, but turned to a demon who would destroy me for trying to do right.

Whiskey had robbed me of my health, my mother and father, and now of my home. I left forever my father's roof, and as I came outside I felt faint and alone in the world. I dropped on my knees outside the door and prayed God to help me, for truly all earthly friends had gone back on me, but the Lord had promised to take me up and would never leave me; he has led me all the way along life's journey. On the street people gathered around me, seeing the blood coming from my wounds. I seemed to have forgotten my position, but when I told them what had happened they took me to the doctor and my wounds were dressed.



The People Gathered Round Me.—page 33.



The Victims—page 33.

I was weak and was taken to bed. When I recovered my uncle offered me a home with him, and I went, but in a few days he found out my whole mind was on the meeting, and he too, a Godless man, told me I could not stay with him any longer.

Now surely the Lord fulfilled his word: “The Lord will take thee up.” I went to live with the captain of the Crusaders. I am sometimes asked, “Did not dreary hours come to you?” Oh yes, dreary and full of gloom. Yes, yes, I see victims of the liquor traffic. Many are the men I have sent out of the saloon door who met a drunkard’s death before they could reach their home. These often come up before me. I hear the bell toll for the funerals of the victims of rum. My days of sin have made my days of future terrible, but through God the ways of sin are gone. Do you blame me for feeling that every hour given to me from this day should be devoted to the cause of temperance? It will take more than my life to balance the account against me.

Before I close this chapter I want to give due credit to the Christian Crusaders. They spoke to me the words of truth and kindness, and which proved the words of life to me. I attended the meeting every night, (how glad I am they had meeting every night, no ordinary ten days revival would have held me) and the captain in charge encouraged me. I did all I could which was very little, as I could not talk much English at that time, but God blessed me very much.

In a short time it was announced that Gen. Moore was to come to that town. It was generally understood that when he visited a place he removed the leaders, sending others in their places, and I began to fear

what would become of me. Would the next captain give me a home? But when the General came the captain asked him to let me accompany her to her next place. At first he said I was too young and then I was as yet a terrible looking object, most people thought my days were few; this might have been the thought of the captain's heart when she asked for me to go with her. In the meeting I gave my experience. He looked at me, my arm was yet in a sling, and after the meeting the General said: "Captain, you can take that boy." God would go back on me if ever I fail to be grateful to General Moore. He has been more than a friend, he has been a father to me. I pray God I may never cause him one hour's pain or sorrow for what he has done.



TO HEAVEN,

AND HOW I GOT THERE.

CHAPTER V.

A CADET IN THE WORK—FALL RIVER—CROWDED HALLS—
FACTORY GIRLS STEALING BOOKS—WATCH AND PRAY
—PULLED WHISKEY BOTTLES OUT OF THEIR POCKETS
—THE CONFERENCE—SICK WITH FEVER—KINDNESS
OF MRS. MOORE—ARE YOU PREPARED TO DIE—TIME
ABOUT UP—THE SOUTHERN CAMPAIGN—MARCH ON
NEBRASKA—HUNDREDS SAVED.

AFTER it was decided that I be accepted as a cadet in the work, the general had a long talk with me, telling me of the great responsibility and how much harm was done the work of the Kingdom by unfaithful workers. I promised him before God I would be true to God and the work. My first appointment was Fall River, Massachusetts, some three hundred miles away. The night came when I was to say farewell to my native place. The hall was crowded. I gave my experience and told the people my life was given to God's work. Many shook their heads—they could not forget my life of sin. Many who shook

hands with me said, "Well if you hold out it is a good thing," but they looked at me and not at the God I was trusting; but again what encouragement to give a young lad just fighting temptation on every side. Oh! if you ever meet a poor drunkard who has got out of the gutter, give him a lift, and don't push him down with your "ifs."

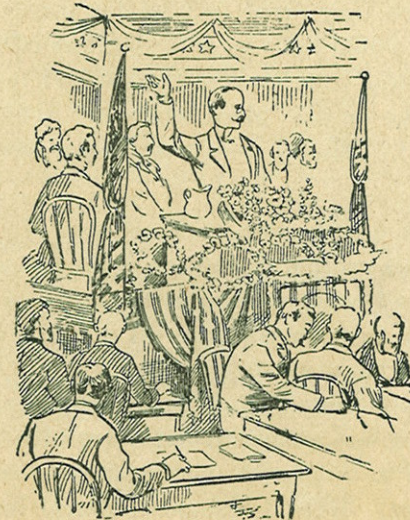
I said farewell to my friends—they were few in number. Stopping on the way at Headquarters in Brooklyn City, the officers there were more than a little surprised to see such a small boy, looking so tough, going out to work as a missionary, to bring others to Christ. They did not express this in words but their looks showed it.

The next day we were on the steamer on our way to Fall River. I was warmly received there, though I could talk very few words in English, yet I was called upon to speak to a large audience. When I stood up on that platform it seemed still as death, all eyes seemed fixed on me; I suppose I was such a tough looking case. I told the people what God had done for me, and God blessed me wonderfully, and my heart was greatly encouraged to go on. Many shook my hand saying: "Stand firm, boy, stand firm." I went out visiting, talking to the drunkards, there were lots of them there; my heart was drawn out to them and I took every opportunity to try and bring them to Christ, and God was pleased to bless my labors in this place. Some of the worst drunkards were converted and brought to Christ.

My stay in this place was about two months, then I went to a town near by, where we had some of the worst people to deal with I ever saw. It was a manu-



The Meetings.



Addressing the Multitude.

facturing town with about 3,000 mill girls. Mill boys are generally bad enough, but these poor girls were worse than any boys we ever met. When kneeling down to pray they would take the opportunity to steal our books, so I had orders to keep my eyes open and watch, as well as pray. This was something new to me and such meanness I had never thought possible. Often in the middle of my prayer I have had to stop and tell them not to steal our books, and then go on again, and this meanness, too, found in our boastful New England states. But they soon discovered we were in earnest about their salvation and they became interested and many got converted. What a mighty time of rejoicing there was—surely many brought from the jaws of Hell to the glory of Heaven. How my heart bubbled over as I saw those souls come out to the altar, and after praying awhile pull out a bottle of whiskey from their pockets—then the tobacco would follow; then they cried to God for mercy, and how their faces would light up with the glory of God, surely to them it was from Hell to Heaven. I remained for four months in this place where we held a meeting every night. Then I went to several places giving my experience.

My next orders were to Wolfboro, N. H., where large crowds greeted us and God gave us success. Several hundred souls were converted. I can see now why I took such special interest in the lowest of the low; I felt that after such a life I was not fit to speak to respectable sinners. True, I was invited out to some of the best families, but always felt I could do more good with the poor and despised—I could talk to them better. Here I remained several months, then

visited from place to place for awhile on Cape Cod, holding meetings every night.

From here my orders were New York, to attend a conference, where I was taken very sick. My constitution was a complete wreck, working so hard, and suddenly stopping drinking stimulants told on me. The doctor pronounced my case as very bad fever. I was at the home of General Moore, where I had the best of care. They could not do enough for me, so very kind; Mrs. Moore attended to my every want and was indeed a mother to me. May God bless her. But I was reckless and wanted to get out before I ought to, and actually went to meeting when my head throbbed with pain and kept it up till I failed completely and had to be placed in a very dark room. I lost consciousness; for a while it seemed my mother came and talked with me, I imagined I could hear her whisper in my ear. I had terrible dreams; I was confined to my bed, not expected to live. The general came to me one morning, and taking my hand said, "How is it, are you ready? Is all well? I am afraid your time is almost over." Thank God it was well, but I recovered from that day very rapidly. As soon as I could walk I went out to tell people of the wonderful Christ I had found. After a while I was sent back to Massachusetts where I labored for two years, till the next conference, held at Weirs, N. H. There I got acquainted with the Rev. Geo. Price and was attached to his section. I was then promoted to lead a few other workers, and was sent to open Wolfboro, where we held meetings in a hall, where many were converted to God; some said the biggest revival ever in that place. I say this to show with what poor material God can do great works, if the material be only honestly given him.

By this time newspapers began to talk about the saved drunkard boy, saying I was good for just such rough work. I don't know what they would have said had they seen me when I first started, but God raised me up many friends wherever I went. I staid several months in this place, holding meetings nightly with crowded houses; the altar crowded with seekers.

After this a new line of work was given me—to search out halls and arrange for the opening of new places. In this capacity I had good success, but of this I will not speak myself but let the following letter from my commander, the Rev. Geo. Price, to our general, speak for me.

“DIVISIONAL HEADQUARTERS, }
MANCHESTER, N. H. }

DEAR GENERAL:—Your letter has reached me. It gives me very great pleasure to answer it. In reference to my A. D. C., Captain A. Foltz, I have only the best of reports to make. His success at Wolfboro was simply grand. Many of the worst sinners were found at the mourners' bench. In his new line of work already he has done grand service and I am looking forward to the near future, that he will with God's help, be a mighty lever for good. The work in this section is truly encouraging, and we may confidently look forward to great advances in the next few months.

Asking for us all your prayers, I am

Yours in Christ,
GEO. PRICE.”

The sad day came that I received orders to leave my commander, Price. It seemed like parting with my best friend; he was so kind and patient with me. I never knew him to give me a discouraging word.

At this juncture the general formed the Second Crusade Brass Band, and led by him I was chosen a member of it and traveled from place to place for over one year. We fought many hard battles and obtained many glorious victories.

About this time my health again failed me, and the general's dwelling again became my home and hospital. Over a month I lay there. As soon, as I recovered I was sent to New Jersey where I met with some success, but in company with the Rev. Wm. Moore, we held a regular temperance mission. After this I was summoned to New York again and made several trips with the general. Returning to Col. Price again, I remained and worked with him a whole year, when I went to my home on a visit, for the first time since I left it. It was a sad time for me. Most of my old associates were still living in sin and drunkenness, others had crossed the cold river; they died as they lived. I will not dwell on my visit, it was too sad and the world knows enough of sadness. However, I did not see my father, he had left the place, also my only brother. Six years have now rolled away. I have not seen them yet and do not know where they are. Returning to New York my orders were to prepare to go south. The general was to lead a band of Crusaders there. We were blessed with much success; hundreds of souls were brought to Christ. Here I was set with a temptation that had such a reasonable look about it I almost fell. Good men asked me to go to school and prepare myself for the regular ministry; I was, and am ignorant; I wanted education, but God showed me the dying millions and my heart warmed within me; as I knew in my ignorance God had used me in the past to

bring more souls to Him than any twenty educated men, I saw plainly that a holy ghost washerwoman could do more in God's kingdom than a double fledged bishop without in, and souls were all that was worth living for, since Jesus thought them worth dying for. These temptations shall try my heart, but who that loves souls can afford to spend three or four years in school studying the attributes of divinity and run the risk of coming out an infidel, when we know men and women are going to Hell all around us, and so few willing to work. God increase my strength, I will do all I can.

Time came again for me to say farewell to my good friend Col. Price, God bless him. I shall never forget that parting; we knelt together in an open field near an old shed, and cried to God for strength to battle on. This happened in Frankfort, Ky. My orders had come to go to Nebraska and take the oversight of the work there and in Kansas. I worked in this field nearly one year and held many meetings in which some two hundred souls were converted to God. At the close of the year I was called back to the east to attend the annual Conference held in Worcester, Mass. The General came out to relieve me, for which I was thankful; being only twenty-one years old the cares and responsibilities were too much.

Now I was free to lead a band, which I did, commencing at Belvidere, Neb., where some two hundred and thirteen professed salvation, and surely Hell turned into Heaven there. Our next point was Bruning, where we did a good work and many were saved. Our next point was Blue Springs, where over forty were converted. Pawnee City was our next engagement



Where it Leads to.

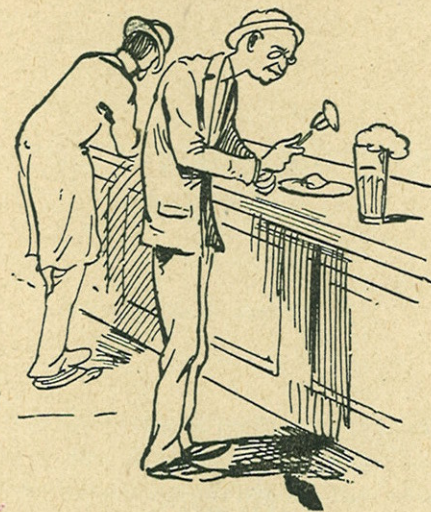


The Final Ending.

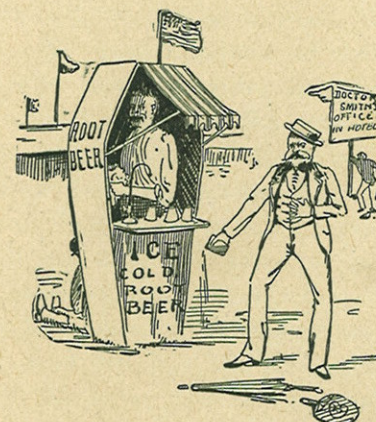
and we had grand meetings. Great crowds of people came in the night and called us up to pray with them. Among them was a doctor who had a great struggle, but at last surrendered and God saved him. He was a slave to strong drink, but since then he has been a noble worker in the cause of temperance. Our next point was Table Rock, where our tent was packed from the very first. Many of the worst sinners were converted. We are at present at Alexandria, where God is blessing our laborers.

Now, as I stop to look back over my life for the purpose of giving to the public this testimony to God's goodness and to the evils of rum, I say, yes Lord, thou has translated me from the kingdom of Satan to the kingdom of thy Son, or in the words of our title I have travelled from Hell to Heaven, and this is how I got there.

A. FOLTZ.



A Promising Start on the Road.



The Temptations That Are Met.

THE SALOON ON TRIAL--GUILTY OR NOT
GUILTY?

BY GEN. T. E. MOORE.



IT is our privilege to speak on the two greatest issues ever before the American people and as that is the way we have come to behold this matter you will not be surprised if we speak as one having authority, and not like a scribe. God Almighty never could make an enthusiast of a man who was a scribe, for the simple reason he is an hireling and will only care for that which he claims as his own—the pay he gets out of it. We have hundreds of thousands of scribe citizens who cast their vote, not because they care for our country, but like the socalina of the sea they stick to us for what they can get out. Doubtless some of you will not agree with me, you don't see with my eyes, smell with my nose or think with my brains, so I will not find fault with you on that account. Some patriotic soul will say that the liquor traffic is not to be compared in importance with the question of independence, but are you quite right in your reckoning? There are tens of thousands of men in the world who are adepts at earning, or shall I say making, money (for we need not travel far to learn that for every one who honestly earns money, there

are fifty on the make), and it is generally those on the make that live in brown-stone mansions here in this world of unrighteousness; but one day will change all this and the poor righteous man shall inherit the mansions of glory while the money-maker, whoever he or she be, shall haunt the caverns of the damned forever. Let us keep down from the hill of glory and deal with facts in the valley of death. We said many could earn money, few knew how to use it safely and keep it for proper use when it was obtained. So with our glorious independence for which our fathers fought, bled and died, but they were enthusiasts. Now, inasmuch, as we shall prove to you that no greater foe in the world can be found to American independence than this liquor traffic, it will not be difficult for you to see that not those who gave us independence but those who fight to maintain it are the greatest, and let it be known that every man voter who shouts hurrah for the stars and stripes and votes for the saloon belies with his deeds his profession of love for American independence. Never, therefore, was there a graver question to adjudicate upon than the question we now raise, entitled:

“THE PEOPLE VERSUS THE SALOON.”

The people have arraigned the American saloon on trial; the charges are grave enough to rouse the blood of all true manhood.

First—The existence of the saloon is charged as a high crime against society and treason upon the government, and these charges are preferred by the best and purest minds in our fair land.

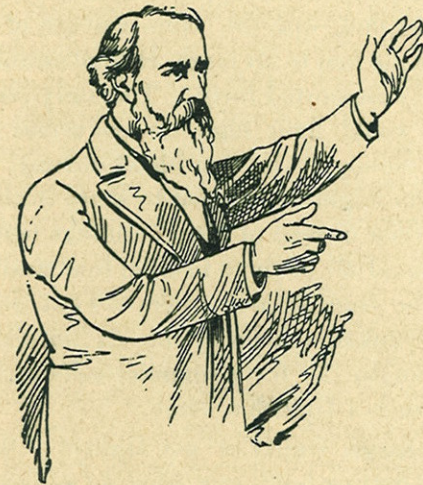
The only course open for the defendants is to disprove these charges that the traffic (not the men) is not

guilty—we are not charging the saloon-keeper but his calling. Guilty, or not guilty? is the call from hundreds and thousands of hearts to this indictment by the American people. It must be answered; the case disproved or the saloon must die the death it ought to have died long ago. The defense is ready; we will hear them. Their very first witness shows conclusively they know they have no right here; they are intruders, and like pettifogging lawyers if they cannot dispute the testimony given against them, their first move is to slander the witnesses; is this fair? But did any one ever see a fair whiskey man any how?

The next witness says, that the respectable whiskey men desire to suppress drunkenness—give them high license. This reminds one of the thief who being hard pressed cried loudly, “stop thief,” to turn away the attention of the people from the real thief; this has been played too often, it won’t work any more.

Again we thunder, *Guilty or not Guilty!* We stand on our feet till this matter is settled. Sir, you cannot laugh us down; neither can you sneer us down; neither do we care for all your bulldozing; and as to bribery, let Heaven and earth hear and send forth a deep, deep echo that there is not enough gold in the blood stained hands and coffers of all the drunkard makers (the American government included) to prevent the people of America from reaching a verdict on this matter; as Heaven is above us and Hell beneath, so sure will that verdict be given, and ere long to. It may have to be gotten by the annihilation of every political party in existence. We have made our charges again; we ask, guilty or not guilty? Will the saloon answer squarely and upon its own merits, nay, nay? Their attempted

answers reminds one of a young colored boy when working in Kentucky and Virginia. He was arrested charged with horse stealing; the plain pleading was demanded of him, guilty or not guilty. He replied, there always had been stealing and he did not see why they should be so hard on him for doing what always had been done. This is the strongest plea the saloon has to make—man always did drink intoxicating drinks. Lot drank and committed abomination; Noah drank and exposed his loathsomeness, and in spite of these plain facts that wholesale ruin and degradation have always followed the use of intoxicants, the saloon has the impudence to make this a plea for their continuance. Here is what a German witness has to say for the saloon: "Vell, vell, Mr. Foltz, vat chew don here for, eh?" I said I had been lecturing. "Vot kine lecturing; bersuading der beobles do bass dot prohibition amendment? What you dink was mit him he bass!" No, I don't think so. "Vot you means?" I know it will pass. "Vell, vell, you are pooty schmart vellow 'bout some dings, but you one big vool 'bout dis." After he had laughed out at his own wit, I said, look here, Hans, I am your friend; I will give you some advice. Get all your money out of this liquor trough; put it where it will be safe, for in less than nine years liquor will be abolished from every state in the union. "Vell, vell, you cannot bass dot amendment. We have got 250,000 thaler to put in dis fight." I said bless the Lord. What you mean now? You dinks we vools; der beobles of dis state no vools, the ministers and vimin uphold us. In Nebraska de beobles are starving; ve have dis money, we divide mit them, you dink they talk gainst such



The General Visits the Station—page 36.

arrangement; no, they no vools.”

The second plea for high license has been tried and found to be a sham; a cheat of the worst kind. Five minutes common sense thought will show that the liquor trade is advantaged and the town the loser by high license. Take a town with 30,000 inhabitants; say it has forty saloons each paying \$100 license; suppose you make the license \$500 and issue only four or six licenses, the liquor makers pay only \$2,000 to \$3,000 instead of \$4,000, with the same amount of drinkers to patronize the four to six large, elegant establishments that formerly supported forty. The only reason that liquor men would fight high license would be to do away with monopoly in that blood money, and that more of them might be allowed to share in the ill-gotten spoils; then instead of forty buildings being rented the trade would all be done in from four to six and the city would be from \$2,000 to \$8,000 out every year, and more drunkards made by the six burnished dens of death than by the forty common saloons. For ever away with such a Hellish scheme.

To the charge, Guilty or not Guilty? Oh, the saloonists are getting bold; now what do we hear, a challenge to the American people? You, they say, can't prevent it; there is no law against it, and if you make one you can't enforce it. How long will this mighty nation suffer such taunts? Not much longer. The God who sits upon the circles of the earth and sees this greatest of all slavery and listens to the dropping blood from broken hearted mothers whose pitying eyes behold the suffering in the asylums, will raise up a daring prohibition Washington, who with a backing of all the noble men and women of our land, will sign a declara-

tion of independence against a government as foreign as ever was King George's to the desires and tastes of real American people.

Shall it be said, and shall the baser element of our land dictate to us such monstrous nonsense that seeing the laws of the land do not stop wrong doing we shall therefore license people to commit wrong, and thus make it lawful? Shall that plea hold before the common sense of the American people? Because men will drink, because moonshiners will make whiskey, shall we, therefore, bring home these vagabonds and license them to do the very thing that causes them to dread the sight of a policeman's badge? If so, then let us license horse stealing; let us license burglary, and even outrage and murder on the same plea. This must be done; because the law does not stop the thief, the villian, the murderer, let us license them. Ah! you fathers cry halt here. But you mothers, whose finer and more correct affection for your girls and boys would sooner think of throwing them into the depth of the sea. I am about half ashamed of my sex that they do not cry with a war cry of annihilation to all such law makers—license evil, never! And that man or nation that does it lies under the just damnation of a righteous God.

Ask that farmer there if through drinking whiskey he has been enabled to fill his barn with new machinery, put new carpets on his floor, put a piano in his home, and in a general way improve the surrounding of his family? Is there a man on earth or in Hell (leave Heaven out of the question—whiskey men never get there) who will answer in the affirmative. Yea, go farther; can the defendants, the saloonists, point to

such a one? What! Not one? Is it possible so many millions a year spent in whiskey and not one consumer benefitted in any way? Hell answers, none! The graves groan out, none! The prisons say, none! The asylums reply, not one! All honest living men say, none! The God of Heaven thunders from his holy throne, woe to him that giveth his neighbor drink, for no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God.

I will relate one incident and then call witnesses for the prosecution: A minister came to this country from a land where even the ministry lived in barbaric darkness on the gospel temperance question. The first election came and he had a vote, and cast it for whiskey. He did not think it was right to interfere with another man's business, and it took the following to open his blind eyes: He went to live in a house, and the next one to it was occupied by a drunkard and his family. Rows, riots, screams and weeping were the continual music of that miniature Hell. Called home one day, he could stand the disturbance no longer, but rushed in to see what was wrong; there stood the father inflamed with liquor; he had a crutch in his hand used by a pale, sickly little girl who had been lamed by his former cruelties, and he was striking the poor child with this. The minister stopped him, and his heart was moved. He asked the little girl to go with him and show him where her father got his whiskey. He led her by the hand into the bar-room, exhibited her to the saloon keeper, thinking to work on his sympathy, (but a man who sells whiskey has generally lost all sympathy,) *like a hangman it's his duty*. He got mad, and took down a framed paper—his license to sell to all comers. The minister said,

“that's so, God forgive me, and by his help I will never vote whiskey again.”

We will only call up a few witnesses for the prosecution and leave our case in the hands of the American people, and the God of Heaven.

Witness No. 1 said: Look for evidence at this army marching down the street, five abreast, 577 miles long; it is an army of 5,000,000 men and women who daily go to the saloons for drink. If they march twenty miles a day it will take them twenty-eight days to pass this given point. Look at them; think of them; it is a sad sight. No, no, turn not away; look at them; your church helps to make them—look at your wares.



The Minister Dries Her Tears—page 56.

No. 2 said: But here comes another army; 100,000 criminals [illustration page 45] from our prisons; their hands smeared with human blood; they have

ropes around their necks and they are on the march to the gallows. Hear them, one and all, curse the intoxicating cup.

No. 3: Listen to those unearthly yells; what are these bound in chains and guarded by strong men? They are raving maniacs, made such by drink—they are gone—you can breathe now.

No. 4: What is this black cloud; this awful gloom? It is a funeral procession of over 100,000 who have died from strong drink. Drunkards have no mourners. Thirty of these funerals are in the space of one mile; yet it is 3,333 miles long, and will take a great part of a year to pass by. Funeral processions move slow, but we will rest our case.

Look on this picture, then on that; and we can hear coming up from ever honest soul a deep, loud and decided—Guilty! Guilty! The saloon must die; yes, and your united vote at the next election shall make the sharpest, quickest mode of execution ever invented.



This Same Demon Has Bitten All Races.

A BURNING QUESTION.

BY MAJOR A. FOLTZ, CHRISTIAN CRUSADERS.

DIG YOUR OWN CLAMS—CONSENTING TO GILDED DENS OF
INFAMY—THE GOSPEL OF TEMPERANCE—TATTERED
SAILS AND DILAPIDATED HULL—INFERNAL INGENUITY
—CAN A CHRISTIAN COMPROMISE WITH THE DEVIL?—
BOODLE ALDERMEN—MISERY AND DEATH—WHOLE-
SALE MURDER—SCRIBES AND DOCTORS OF THE LAW
—A DEVIL'S HELL.

THE burning question which is now absorbing public attention is the indictment of the drink traffic. In looking for an intelligent and practical solution of this question we must not only investigate its morals, but also its political attitude towards all parties in the government. So I am going to speak of the politics of this traffic, though in doing so I may rub hard against some one present, but if they need rubbing down I am willing to rub them.

No doubt there are some good Christian people present who will hold up their hands in holy horror and say, "Are you going to talk politics in the pulpit?" Yes, I am, though if my politics were like yours it would be better to leave them in saloons and rum-

holes. You would not bring your politics into the pulpit for you know that they are only fit for saloons and brothels where indeed your various parties hold their caucuses and primaries.

I speak to you as an advocate of the highest interests of humanity, in behalf of all that is pure and true and good for you, your homes and your children. In the progress of our civilization we have run against the saloon and we cannot advance unless we get the monster out of our way for it bestrides our path, antagonizing every noble aspiration of the human heart.

You say that being a Christian you are willing to trust the destruction of the monster to God. Well, that reminds me of the story of the man who professed religion so that he would not have to work. He had an idea that if he had religion the Lord would provide him a living, for he was a very lazy fellow. One day he took a bucket and went to the shore to get clams; he put the bucket near the water and began to pray to God to fill the bucket with clams. A neighbor happening along told the clam-hunter that God would not answer such a prayer, for God gave the clams and men must dig them. So in the case of the saloon or any other evil—God gives us knowledge and we must apply it if we would banish evil or get rid of the saloon. God will do for no man anything that man can do for himself.

My brother, we know that the saloon robs society of hundreds of its best and most respected members. The empty pews in our various churches warn us that the seductive influences of the wine-cup are hindering the salvation of hundreds of men; that the saloon

catches the young men instead of the churches, and that Zion is being robbed of her children.

Why, my brethren, do we bemoan the languishing state of Zion and cry "How long, O Lord, how long?" while we, ourselves, are consenting to the existence of those gilded dens of vice which are robbing us of the souls of men?

Some people say that a Christian man ought not to meddle with politics—if not, why not? Let him who can, give a reason whilst I pause. Nobody ventures a reason, simply because there is no reason why a Christian man should not engage in politics. On the other hand, there are many reasons why he should. He should in word and deed be a living example of morality; his help is needed to elect good men to office if we would have good laws made and faithfully enforced, and inasmuch as every Christian is by his profession of faith in Christ pledged against evil in any and every form, such men ought not to need further persuasion to enter the lists against the saloon.

Will not you, therefore, my brethren, come to the rescue of fallen humanity and by voting as heartily as you pray help us to crush this cruel monster? Shall not the Church carry out the mandate of its Lord and preach the gospel of temperance to every creature? Come, my brethren, let us combine and rally our forces against this great evil, taking as our motto, "The saloon must go," and go it will. But it is only by honest, prompt and rigid combination of our forces that we may hope for its overthrow.

All who are engaged in the traffic are combined to protect themselves against the advocates of religion and morality, and it is the plain duty of every man

who loves God and humanity to combine against the united hosts of evil.

Admit that one of the old political parties could overthrow this accursed traffic and we are forced to ask why they do not do it. Only one answer can be given and that is that all political parties have been afraid of the power of the rum-seller. Yes, there are exceptions to this in local matters, but I refer to the national attitude of the parties.

My brethren, there is a demand for a party whose platform shall contain a prohibition plank of intensest strength and all the rest of the platform must be akin to that plank. To its support must rally all good men of every former political faith and make prohibition a national issue, make it a glorious success. I am aware that there is such a party in existence struggling to lead the people up to victory, but I am also aware that it has not had, so far, the encouragement it deserves.

The maintenance of good order, the continuance of happiness in our homes, and the prosperity of our business interests all demand that good men help to make prohibition a success in state and nation. In looking over the broad ocean of politics you may see the form of the old ship Expectancy as the old parties try to steer her into a port she cannot make. Her sails are tattered, her hull dilapidated, great ragged holes are in her sides and to conceal her dangerous condition immense pennants are floating from masts and rigging bearing the delusive but defiant words, *PERSONAL LIBERTY*. There are some on board who are trying hard to reconstruct the life-boat of law and much interest is manifested in the impending storms; the dark, dismal clouds are massing themselves, the hund-

reds of public opinions are concentrating themselves and will soon be forcing their angry way in the form and fury of vast financial interests. I know we must go against the tide—demons of the saloons will use their most infernal ingenuity to impede the progress of reform and to put difficulties in the way; vile cormorants may launch forth a sea of abuse to weaken our faith and try to smother our cause with fear and odium, but we fear not for we wear on our crests the sign by which we'll conquer—Down with the Saloon, and up with the Home.

Home, sweet home; home is the sweetest place under Heaven, but *the saloon is its enemy* and every man who fights for the saloon is fighting against the home. On which side are you, my brother?

Hark! I hear some old folks say, "Let's compromise." Compromise? Why under the heavens does any one want to compromise when he is right—to compromise with an acknowledged evil? Can a Christian compromise with the Devil? This brings to mind a story of a darkey who went into a shoe shop and found himself alone. He saw a nice pair of shoes which he thought would just about fit his feet. "Well," said he, "dems de purtiest shoes dat eber I seed, guess I'll took 'em; de Lawd ses 'dont take 'em,' but the Debbil ses, 'yes, take 'em, nobody nebber no it;' but yonder is a pair not quite as nice as dis pair an' I'll jest compromise between the Lawd and de Debbil, *I'll take the poorest pair.*" It always seems to me that any compromise between right and wrong is at the best a concession to the Devil.

No wonder that we have boodle aldermen, nor that crime is rampant in the land when we tolerate the sa-

loon, and protecting it by law submit its influence and power into the hands of the most vicious and lawless element in the land.

They talk of compromise; let us uncover it a little lower. How can politics fail to be degraded when the country is full of men with a criminal subservency to the owners of the vile traffic in rum and ruin lending their moral sanction to the destruction of the souls of their neighbors? What can be said of those Christians (?) who talk compromise and protest that we shall not bring temperance into the Churches?

In whatever way we view this question of tax or license it will be found to be only the liquor dealers' dynamite and a delusion in political morals white-washed to humbug the people into sanctioning the continued existence of a consuming curse which cheats and robs men of all that is pure and true and beautiful. License dignifies crime with the sanction of law, it authorizes the sale and distribution to the people of that vile stuff that steals their senses, robs their purse and corrupts their morals; it gives the rich a monopoly to allure the poor to their ruin; it destroys all respect for law by justifying and protecting both the crime and the criminal; it makes the government and all the people responsible for all the crime, misery and death which the traffic produces; it justifies wholesale murder by direct complicity through sanction of law; it justifies nearly all the evils that curse the world; it robs people by appeals to passion and appetite; its delusions are diabolical; its pretenses are false for it justifies crime with a delusive grant of respectability.

Shall we, Christian citizens of America, continue to foster and justify this horrible, death-dealing, home-

destroying, crime-producing, pauper-making liquor traffic, hoping to ease our consciences by the poor apology that the best we could do was to compromise? No! my brethren, a thousand times no! It were far better for us as pilgrims to a better land to prove our faith by our works and die for the sake of humanity than to make any concession to evil by compromising with the rum-power. Brethren, there must be no compromise, no unholy alliance with this evil which makes the law so.

Sentence must be had against it and the penalty of the law must be enforced imperatively or we fail to carry out the obligations under which we rest to each other and to God our maker. To suffer evil-doers to compromise their penalty by payment of a money consideration is to justify the evil-doer and to encourage the commission of crime. Worse still if we consent to legally sanction so criminal a thing as the saloon, we, by that action, obliterate all the sanctions to virtue and morality and remove all the barriers from before the flood of social evil. Let us remember that God holds us responsible for all this and may eternally condemn you for your ballot which helped to tear down the high standard of prohibition, erecting in its stead the hateful one of license. Your ballot counts one either for or against prohibition, and more than that you are letting your light shine as an example for or against men's highest, greatest good. Where do you stand, my brother? Do you not know God's opinion? You want to wait for the settlement of the question before you take sides? Is that it? The question is settled; you get your Bible and after you have wiped the dust off of it read Habakkuk 2:9-16 and Cor. 6:9-10, where

you will easily learn how God regards the traffic and those who engage in it either as buyer or seller. The question is settled and you know it. Your only reason for standing with saloon men is that you are like Pilate, a moral coward.

Brethren, I confess that I can not understand the nature of that Christian's conscience who sets down to the table of his crucified Lord and there pledges himself to perfect fidelity to that Lord and to him only, but at next election casts a ballot for one whom he knows will grant a license to a man to poison and damn those for whom his Lord was crucified. God's word which makes a man his brother's keeper, which denounces the "ingenuity framed by law," which allows no modifying of the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," is against such conscience; all consideration of common morality is against it, all philanthropy, all equity, all love and pity is against it. Such a course is manifestly wrong, it is inhuman, and is inconsistent with a Christian profession.

It is high time for Christian men and women to awake to their responsibility and wheel into line for the discharge of duty. There are some propositions involved in this matter that demand attention; and first, there is a factor in the problem known as the Christian voter; secondly, every such voter counts one; and thirdly, the saloon was voted in and hence can be voted out, if we Christian voters say so. The Christian voter is a citizen—king, as he stands with a ballot in his hand, he has the power to represent the will of God who has the welfare of all men at heart; he owes nothing to majorities if they are wrong, he owes nothing to public opinion if public opinion is corrupt;

he owes nothing to party, for being of human origin his party may be but a graceful Pharisee; he owes nothing to scribes and doctors of the law, who sit in Moses' seat, for they may be plotting with the state for the murder of the Just One who called them to stand for the right.

If only every Christian would vote as he prays we would ere long see "a school house on every hill top and no saloon in the valley." Oh, my brethren, do stop and think how little agreement in your prayers and your political actions.

You earnestly pray, "Thy will be done," but you vote that it shall not be done; (if God would answer your prayers you would be surprised for the saloon would go); "Give us this day, our daily bread," then vote to license a man to steal the bread from starving wives and helpless children; "Lead us not into temptation," then vote to place the flowery allurements and gilded temptations of the saloon in the path of the young, and this, too, for a *money* consideration like Judas sold his master. "Deliver us from evil" and then by your vote to license the sale of alcoholic liquors you turn all manner of evil loose upon the community.

Some one has said that "he who prays and means nothing, and him who swears and means nothing, are alike guilty of taking God's name in vain." If you pray for prohibition you ought to vote for prohibition; if you vote for license, high or low, you ought also to pray for license. Do you see?

Be persuaded, my brethren, to break off your allegiance with this God-hating, man-destroying traffic, and come over and help us save the remnant of our race from premature graves and a devil's hell.

HIGH LICENSE A FRAUD.

THE fallacy of sanctioning a crime by legalizing it is self evident. I often wonder why we need to bring any argument to prove this, when the results are so direct and harmful as those produced by the liquor traffic. The high license movement is a monopoly of abomination—a business that has made a limitless cavern beneath every populous country on the globe, which is in reality catacombs of drunkard suicides. If whiskey selling is right, then let all sell it. Why do you levy a license fee of \$1,000? Why do you not license a butcher or a baker? Oh! you say, "that is different." Why is it different? You say, "the sale of bread is not injurious, while the sale of liquor is." Oh! Brother, you have surrendered the whole subject, begged the entire question. If rum-selling is right, let all exercise the privilege, but if it is wrong, then the license fee of \$1,000 is simply a bribe to the government for permission by a privileged few to engage in an unlawful traffic.

The principal argument in favor of high license and against prohibition is the stereotyped phrase, "You cannot enforce the law—a prohibitory law; again, if

you enact a law to prevent men from drinking, they will drink all the more, simply because you interfere with their personal liberty. This plea of interference with personal liberty is a delusion and a snare and has damned more men than all other sophistries combined. As an expose of this *personal liberty fiasco*, with permission, we quote from an article contributed to the press by Rev. John M. White of Pawnee City, Neb.

“The drunkard is a Upas tree, and engenders a moral blight in everything upon which his baneful shadow falls. If he be a son, he rends his father’s heart with disappointment and grief; he sends his mother to a premature grave. If he be a husband, he is as the vampire of the east to his wife, the victim, and the more confirmed a drunkard he, the more mental anguish must she undergo, the more vital energy lose. If he be a father, (as unfortunately too many drunkards are) the woes of his children beggar description.

Committed, by birth, to an inheritance of vice, their drunken progenitor, while he lives, only lives to secure them that misery to which they were born heirs. And now a word to Mr. Personal Liberty. Sir, you are a humbug and your plea is a delusion and a snare; do you hear? Come now, if you are in earnest will you kindly reconcile your views with the conduct of your man, your drunken friend? He is free but he has a woman in abject slavery to his every whim, who must gratify his every wish or hear his fiendish abuse; where is her liberty? His children, who were brought into existence only for the gratification of his lust, are now cowering slaves to his inhuman will. His only notice of them is in words I dare not repeat; his caresses are cruel blows. Born under the most adverse circum-

stances, with an awful embargo of vicious taint derived from him, destitute of decent example and moral training, they are doomed to felon’s cells or drunkard’s graves. Where is their personal liberty? I ask you again, where! Tell me this or hush your puny twaddle about liberty and go and vote for the prohibitory amendment and against the amendment proposing to regulate this hateful traffic.” Again, the assertion is made and the argumentative text generally made use of, “prohibition does not prohibit.” It is claimed, and we make no denial, in Maine, Kansas and Iowa, with a prohibitory liquor law on the statute books, liquor is sold and drank to excess. The same might be alleged concerning every statutory law which aims to suppress and prohibit crime.

The law preventing and abolishing homicide is prohibitory in the fullest sense, and yet men do commit murder. Moral and statute law prohibits theft, but stealing is continuously engaged in. All laws for the suppression of vice and prevention of crime are, and of necessity must be, prohibitory in their character, and the intention of the framers of every such law is the radical enforcement of the same.

Laws are constantly violated and each day a new horde of criminals appear. Because law is violated is no reason why we should expunge all legislative enactments from our statute books or cease trying to enforce law and order. Neither should we license murder and only permit a few privileged persons to commit homicide because the law preventing murder is violated. Should we give a few men the privilege of stealing \$50,000 from a New York bank, or of watering the stock of a railroad system simply because they pay a

high license? I will admit prohibitory laws are violated but not to the extent that the opponents of prohibition would have us believe. Shall we repeal the laws against bribery, against adulteration of food and drink, against the observance of Sunday, against adultery, or against the publication of obscene publications because they are at times violated? All success is partial failure, all knowledge is partial ignorance, and all civilization partial barbarism. When all is said relative to the inoperative working of a prohibitory law it must be admitted that nothing else so effectually suppresses drunkenness and crimes of which it is the source. And, as we advance in knowledge and virtue, the efficiency of such legislation will become greater. We are slow to believe that what has not been done, can be done. When our federal constitution was adopted, there was not a statesman in Europe, and but few in America, who believed such a government would endure, resting upon such a basis. All history was an argument against its permanency. Let us not be too confident that what the old world has not accomplished cannot be accomplished in the new. All admit intemperance to be wrong. They say, "permit wrong that good may result." Sanction a crime by regulating it. Permit a wrong to exist that the blood money obtained therefrom shall replenish the treasury. Anything and everything, but doing right. It is a mean, cowardly assertion to say we cannot enforce the law. To admit this, is to acknowledge that the great majority of our people are outlaws, anarchists and criminals. If this be true we are truly in a pitiable condition. If we are not able to enforce laws made by the majority of our people, then the good work of

a republican form of government is at once undermined and we are forced to admit the disloyal and pusillanimous assertion that the degraded and villainous element must rule the intelligent and moral element. Shall we justify and sanction crime by a legal endorsement? License takes a blessing and gives a curse. It is a delusion wet with tears and blood. An evil that needs regulating is too dangerous an evil to exist at all.

If the individuals who drink alone were injured, it would not be so terrible. But the home is destroyed, society degraded and innocent children led like lambs to the slaughter. Prohibition strikes at the root of the evil; it proposes to destroy the power that forces our loved ones in the great river of death. High license is the highway to Hell. It is a delusion and a snare, and a compromise with the Devil to fill his granary to completion. High license is not a success. In 1863 the average consumption of ardent spirits per capita was 2 gallons in the United States; in 1873, 8 gallons, and in 1884, 11 7-10 gallons per capita, and now it is more than 12 gallons. Is this a successful regulation of liquor consumption? In twenty-eight years the consumption of liquor has increased 600 per cent for every man, woman and child. Regulation *is a failure*. Shall we then have free whiskey? A man has a barrel filled with venomous reptiles. If he lets them all out, he is a free whiskey man. If he lets out fifty he is a regulator or high license man. But if he closes the barrel tightly and keeps all inside until all are starved, he is a prohibitionist. And starvation is the best means to be utilized to secure the death of the venomous foe of mankind.

WHY I OPPOSE THE RUM TRAFFIC.

THE arguments usually employed in favor of the sale and use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage may all be reduced, I think, to these three:

First. The financial benefit which the traffic confers upon the country at large.

Second. The benefit of alcoholic drinks to the consumer when used in moderation, and;

Third. The right of man to do as he pleases.

My first proposition in answer to this defense is: That the country gains nothing in a financial point of view by the traffic in strong drink. In order to prove that any business is a financial benefit to the country we should be prepared to show that it increases the amount of active capital or else that it develops some branch of national industry. That a large amount of capital is invested in the business is undeniable; but a little consideration will convince any unprejudiced mind that the same amount of money directed in other channels would be of far greater good to the country. The large income derived by the government is admitted, but it should also be remembered that there is a heavy account on the other side. There is a debit as well as a credit side. On the credit side you may put the amounts received for license and import duties;

then on the debit side put the salaries paid for collecting those duties; the sums paid for the suppression of crime caused by the use of strong drink; the amounts paid by public and private charity for the support of paupers made so by the same means; the value of the property which strong drink annually destroys, and you have an army of figures considerably greater than those on the credit side. And this is not all, for we have yet to estimate the loss which the industry of the country sustains through the drinking customs of the day. Let it be remembered that every day spent in idleness by a working man—say a mechanic—is not only so much lost to himself and his family, but it is so much taken from the aggregate wealth of the country at large. If any one doubts this let him calculate what would be the result financially if all the laborers, farmers and mechanics were to suspend labor entirely for one year. Why, the result would be national bankruptcy and universal famine. Every day, therefore, which is lost to productive labor tends so much to impoverish the country. But the objector will say, suppose that the traffic were abolished, would not the large amount of capital now invested in it be lost to the country? Not at all, I answer. It would simply be turned into other channels, which if remunerative to the investor would be much more beneficial to the country. I think that every unprejudiced man will admit that the gain to the nation would be inconceivably great if the capital now employed in the liquor business were used to develop the mineral or other resources of the land.

My second proposition is that the use of intoxicating liquors, as a beverage, is never beneficial to the individual.

First. He is not benefitted financially—no one can suppose for a moment even that indulgence in strong drink helps a man's finances. This seems to me to be so self evident that it needs no argument. Every year hundreds of men are reduced to poverty by drunkenness; but who ever heard of such a habit helping its victim to fortune?

Second. He is not benefitted physically. It has always been a strong point with our opponents that by the moderate use of alcoholic liquors a man is made stronger and better fitted to endure fatigue, and that the habit conduces to health and long life. Now, in order to see how little there is in this argument it will be necessary to ascertain: 1st. Of what these pernicious beverages are composed? and; 2nd. What is their effect upon the human system? As to the first, most of them are composed chiefly of two substances, water and alcohol. Now from which of these is the benefit derived. Is it the water? Truly water is a most useful and important element in the economy of nature; it dissolves the food in the stomach; holds it in solution and carries it to the various parts of the system to repair the waste of tissue that is continually going on. But let it be carefully noted that just as soon as water is mixed with alcohol its solvent power is neutralized and the process of digestion is at once impeded. Alcohol interferes with digestion in two ways, by impairing the action of the gastric juice, and by injuring the coats of the stomach. Now, that which impedes the progress of digestion must take from, instead of adding to, the vital powers of the system. I have said that alcoholic liquors are composed of two substances, water and al-

cohol. But what is alcohol? It is a substance never compounded in nature's laboratory, but is produced by a process of fermentation that is by decay. Suppose we put the question to an intelligent chemist, "what is alcohol, is it an article of food?" He will reply, certainly not; it is not food and you cannot convert it into food. Take any quantity you please into the system and it goes through no process of digestion; it repairs no waste, nor can you by any possible method convert it into nourishment. I further ask, "what then is alcohol?" and he will promptly answer, it is a powerful narcotic poison—just as really a poison as prussic acid is. Poison is its true name and poison is its nature, and you cannot make anything else of it. Now what is the effect of this alcohol when taken into the human system? Let me quote the words of Dr. J. B. Rathburn of Windsor, Illinois: On every organ they touch, ardent spirits operate as a poison; nowhere in the human body are they allowed a lodgment until the vital powers are so far prostrated that they cannot be removed. They are hurried on from one organ to another, marking their course with irregularity of action and disturbance of functions until at last they are taken up by the emunctories, the scavengers of the system, and unceremoniously excluded. When through decay of organic vigor, this process ceases, the work of destruction is drawing to a close and the last glimmerings of life are soon extinguished.

To a man in health there is no such thing as a temperate use of spirits; in any quantity they are an enemy to the human constitution; their influence upon the physical organs is unfavorable to health; they produce weakness, not strength; sickness, not health; death not

life. But while alcohol produces derangement and disease of the digestive organs, the principal effect is upon the great nervous centers, especially the brain. At first the result is very pleasing, but as the quantity is increased and the habit grows the effect becomes frightful. That which at first gave rise to a pleasing exuberance of fancy, now rouses up a whirlwind of baleful passions; reason loses its controlling power, and the shattered bark drifts hopelessly onward until it strikes upon the rocks of crime and then goes down forever.

Third. Neither is it better in a moral or social point of view, for strong drink so blunts all of his moral perceptions that the most solemn appeals are thrown away, and it so destroys all of those finer feelings and sympathies of his nature so that the once loved husband and affectionate father becomes a mere brute—"nay, worse, a fiend." Now, friends, all these are some of the effects produced by strong drinks. Who will dare to say that a man is made better physically, morally or socially by the use of them.



INTEMPERANCE THE MISSIONARY OF CRIME.

“Thou sparkling bowl! Thou sparkling bowl!!
 Though lips of bards thy brim may press,
 And eyes of beauty o'er thee roll,
 And song and dance thy power confess,
 I will not touch thee; for there clings
 A scorpion to thy side, that stings.”

THE manufacture, sale and intemperate use of intoxicating liquors constitute the most villainous system that the worst enemy of man could devise for the degradation and ruin of the human race.

Its use as a beverage is not only injurious to the physical health of the body, but disastrous to the moral and intellectual faculties of those who use it; and even as a medicine it is denied that it is in any case beneficial. Alcohol cannot be shown to have definite food value by any method of chemical analysis or physiological investigation. Its only use is as a cardiac stimulant, which in every case admits of substitution, and even now this position is assailed, and recently scientists have conclusively demonstrated former opinions as erroneous, and, declare that alcohol is not even a stimulant or tonic. If then, alcohol has

no food value, and is positively detrimental to physical health when taken into the system, and possesses no quality which can render it beneficial, these considerations alone, in view of the enormous tax it imposes upon the victims of a debasing appetite for intoxicants, affixes the stamp of crime upon the manufacturer and the seller of this source of degradation, knowing that it shall be used as a beverage and with full knowledge of the evils which will surely follow such use. The cost of liquors from 1800 to 1879 was over \$17,000,000,000, or more than the assessed value of all real estate and personal property in 1880 within the United States. Our people in three years spent for drink more than the value of the natural products of all our farms, and in eight years more than the value of all our mechanical and manufacturing industries. If a fire were to be kindled on the 1st of January every eleventh year, and during the year every article of manufacture and all farm products were thrown into this fire and burned it would not inflict as much pecuniary loss to our people as is produced every eleven years by the sale of intoxicating drinks.

The average annual cost of liquor is \$300,000,000, average cost for each man, woman and child \$16, and for each family \$90. No people however favored can continue to prosper who waste so large a proportion of the value of labor for drink. Money panics, hard times and stagnation of business must inevitably follow such extravagance and waste; and people who violate every law of political economy must sooner or later become ruined and bankrupt. There can exist no doubt, if the money spent for alcoholic drinks in America since the declaration of independence, had been devot-

ed to the purchase of the necessaries of life, our real and personal property would be double its present value; our people would be more prosperous and happy, more intelligent, moral and religious, and the laboring classes today would be free from taxation which is now levied for public charities and houses of correction.

The following specifications are charged against the liquor traffic, viz:

1. It occasions a waste and loss in the United States of over \$1,800,000 annually.
2. It works the destruction of the home.
3. It is the parent of pauperism and attendant suffering.
4. It injures the public health, vitiates human stock and destroys 60,000 lives annually.
5. It is the chief cause of crime.
6. It is the universal ally of crime, and the universal antagonist of good.

In our saloons we find the haunts of the poor; theft is taught as the morality of property, falsehood as speech, and burglaries, thefts, robberies and other crimes are planned. It is the cess-pool of iniquity, the cavern of remorse and the hell of despair. From it emanates that Stygian stream upon the surface of which floats many a frail bark laden with humanity, who, having lost the image of God, in hellish glee float on with the current as it meanders along the banks of profligacy, skirting the groves of illiteracy, tumbling over cascades of criminal pollution, until with a mighty plunge it empties into the vortex of the drunkard's hell of oblivion. From the depths re-echo the anguished cries of sainted mothers, sorrow of fond fathers, sacrificed love of deserted wives, and heart-touching wails

of forsaken orphans. Low sighing zephyrs waft the mournful requiem in doleful cadence, and sisters, sweethearts and friends take up the refrain and chant a final, despairing dirge in memory of lost manhood, faded opportunities, vitiated hopes and unattained aspirations. A tear, a sigh, God be merciful, we pause at the sepulcher of the drunkard—lost.

The scene changes. God in infinite mercy calls at the eleventh hour. Even upon the cross Christ communes with sinners and the thief and drunkard are permitted to enter paradise by his side. The mission of Christ is to atone for sin and redeem a world. Love and mercy are his weapons of warfare, and he teaches that they who take the sword, perish by it. He comes not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance, His entire ministry is redolent with promises to the persistent and rewards to those who forsake evil and live righteously. He extends merciful compassion to the remorseful drunkard, permits him to attain complete reformation, effects a radical cure of the dread disease, and grants him in common justice an honorable discharge. What gratitude does not the reformed, dissipated sinner feel for that Divine power that has redeemed him from his degrading vice. With new aspiration, noble resolve and purity of intention, he begins the battle of life anew, and promises appreciation, a useful life, noble acts and proper observance and exercise of the rights of good citizenship and pure manhood. All the nobler attributes of his character respond in one harmonious thrill in consonance with his marvelous change. He walks erect, confident in the realization that he has been redeemed, disenthralled, and is a *man once more*. A new sphere opens wide

and bids him enter; he is again welcomed in the old home; a forgiving father goes out to meet the returning prodigal; the sainted mother again deluges him with maternal love; the faithful wife opens wide her arms in ecstatic joy; son and daughter press close in confiding love; brother and sister smile a joyous welcome through a veil of tears; friends and all join in joyful anthems of praise, and the harmonious symphony is re-echoed through hill and vale, and the grand chorus breaks even through heaven's walls and angels proclaim the resurrection morning of the drunkard saved. The problem of the age is truly the solution of the temperance question! While it has agitated the minds of thinkers and writers for the past three hundred years, and while slow but continued progress has marked each decade of reformatory agitation, yet are we forced to confess it yet remains as the chief evil in our body politic.

The slavery question for many long years existed as a blot upon the fair escutcheon of proud, liberty-loving America, and required four years of fratricidal strife to efface, countless treasure to be exhausted, rivers of blood to flow and millions of sacred lives to be sacrificed ere our flag truly floated o'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave. And it may yet require a civil war to subjugate the gigantic monster, King Alcohol, and free humanity from this enslaving demon. And if this terrible alternative is the only remedy, then let it come and may the God of battles hasten the day of purification and reform. Then will the millennium of pure manhood be attained, then will social purity exist, then will elevating culture extend, christian zeal amplify, and the glory of God be exalted. The time

has already come when every man and woman must give forth a certain sound upon this great and momentous question. Conservatism must give way to radical action, and the voice, means, influence, and example of every true man and woman must be exerted in favor of a temperance crusade that shall and must end in universal victory.

What means shall be utilized for the attainment of this end? We answer any and all means that will accomplish the result. Tax the vampire until he writhes in the death throes of an impecunious death; curtail his liberty by the most stringent of legal enactments; educate the masses; create and foster public sentiment in the direction of temperance thought, action and example. Permit the physiological effects of intoxicating liquors to be taught in our public schools, and let every father and mother believe it to be an imperative duty to instill into the minds of their children an utter abhorrence of everything pertaining to this terrible vice and sin. Already has the degrading habit of dram-taking been placed under the ban of obloquy, and the common drunkard can no longer mingle in the society of the refined or cultured. He who habitually drinks is fast learning that he is a social outcast. The force of public opinion is rapidly reforming that class of drinking men who are the most refined, cultured and intelligent. But this negative warfare, while it reclaims a certain class, which is in the great minority, does not extend far enough—does not go to the root of the dread disease. Prevention and abolition are the truest and best weapons of warfare, and these alone will radically extirpate the roots of the morbid poly-poid growth, and the recently reformed drunkard can

make of himself a potent factor for good and accomplish much in the reformation of his fellow-men. The reformed man, from his sad experience, his bitter realization and terrible remorse, and emerging from the refining fires of the crucible of suffering and atonement, can best tell the story of a drunkard's reformation and can the best beckon his old comrades to the brighter day, the purer life and the grander way.

The man who does not possess the nervous temperament, has never acquired the debasing appetite, and has never been tempted or ever yielded to the fascinating influence of this wily enemy deserves no praise for having lived a temperate life. He should alone be thankful to God that his environments have been congenial and that the cup has never been placed before him. Upon the other hand, the individual who is endowed with a different nature—whose faculties, nerves, passions and desires are always at the utmost stretch, and when the tension reaches its limit and breaks with a snap and he is hurled to the bottom of inebriety—and then by the grace of God and the heroism of his own will-power reforms himself, is the noblest Roman of them all, and demonstrates the maxim, "The greatest conqueror, is he who conquers self."

Home influence; life associations; social custom; poverty and idleness constitute the quintette of forces to which dissipated man can always trace his fall and enslavement. In the home the laxity, or perchance the severity of parental discipline, either fixes in the mind, disposition and nature of the child a want of respect, looseness of morals, and flippancy of character, or obduracy of heart, revengeful passion and debased and groveling taste. Either and all of these baneful di-

vergencies from true character; tend to destroy the symmetry of perfect growth and development and cause the seed of discontent to become implanted, and the child seeks pastime and freedom away from the parental roof, and soon becomes ensnared in sin, frivolity, sports and wicked games, and a few steps further on he enters the gilded saloon and with a sip of wine he joins his comrades in a game of dominoes and cards, and in his juvenile days the siren tempts him and he is lost. Our boys soon bid adieu to parental home and influence and launch themselves into the busy vortex of man's estate, and becoming imbued with the spirit of the age soon associate themselves with the speculative class and in money getting, and too soon learn to drown the busy cares of day in the wine parties of the night. Soon—very soon—they learn to quaff the flowing bowl and the social custom of treating and being treated develops into a fixed habit of taking the morning dram and indulging the regular debauch. Loss of fortune, or inability to acquire one, debars one from entrance into the better classes, or drives him from his former position, and in reckless despair he drowns disappointment and misfortune in the wine cup.

As idleness is the parent of crime, the idler soon shifts into the dissipated vagabond, and poor whiskey soon engulfs him in the depths of drunken pauperism. Thus, in brief, we have glanced at the social phase of the Temperance problem, but the moral considerations attached to this great question outweighs all others. Sin, evil propensity and a wicked heart stand in a causative relation to drunkenness in all its forms. Cleanse the heart, purify the soul and become enshrouded with

the love of God and constantly permit His protecting arm to be thrown about us, and strong drink can never enter. And to the poor inebriate, with shattered nerves, weakened will power, and uncontrollable appetite, nothing will or can offer full release and escape, except the loving mercy and power of God. Human power, social ties, association, influence, family, friends, all are powerless to accomplish reclamation, and it is only by the miraculous intervention of a Divine agency that the worst type of depraved drunkenness is reformed and saved.

The physiological and medicinal effects of alcohol are of paramount interest to all. For by far the most disastrous and frequent form of poisoning in all our countries is that arising from the use (or abuse) of alcohol. The toxical condition, called alcoholism, enters directly into the constitution of many affections, such as cirrhosis of the liver, fatty liver, epilepsy, muscular tremors, gastritis, pyrosis and various dyspeptic disorders. Indirectly, alcoholism favors the production of nearly all diseases by lessening the power of resisting their causes, and it contributes to their fatality by impairing the ability to tolerate or overcome them. An article deliberately used by millions, deserves to have its properties, its effects, and the propriety of its use carefully examined.

An intoxicating quantity of alcohol at first increases the blood flow through the brain, and causes certain movements there to become more active. The thoughts flow more rapidly, the halting speech loosens into eloquence; coldness of feeling gives way to affection, passion or sentiment; despair becomes blended with hope, courage is reanimated—difficulties melt

away and the impracticable is almost realized. These are the sensations which have impelled men in every clime to desire some means of exalting the nervous life—and a fearful price is paid for it. Soon the ready speech grows muffled; the thought is confused; the impressions blurred; the higher feelings become submerged under the rising animal impulses; hope becomes disfiguring conceit; courage merges into recklessness and boasting; exhilaration into boisterousness, and sentiment into maudlin. At last the human frame lies unconscious—powerless. All is oblivion—the awakening is, however, a grave reality. This picture presents the phenomena in every stage,—the failure of power. The balance wheel of feeling and expression is upset; the regulating pendulum is removed and the machinery of thought and action flies on, not from an increase of force applied, but from a diminution of regulating power—and then all force is so much diminished that the body and mind lie powerless, not from a stimulating but a depressing agent.

The persistent effects of the long continued use of alcohol produces both functional and organic changes in the physical, mental and moral nature. Moral sentiment is perverted; there is a recklessness of the danger from drink, and a general recklessness of conduct:—improvidence, sensuality, malfeasance in office, unfaithfulness to trusts, indifference to the feeling and claims of parents, wife and children, and disregard of the advice of friends. There are disturbances of motor functions, unsteadiness of muscular action, tremors of the hands or lower extremities, want of refreshing sleep and depression of spirits. Feebleness of mind, cowardice and untruthfulness are common

characteristics. The drunkard becomes suicidal or homicidal and becomes impaired mentally and morally. Paralysis, apoplexy, convulsions, epilepsy and various derangements of the nervous centers succeed each other and a sad death follows, while painful memories are left as an evil legacy to friends, and a fearful warning to all.

This vicious habit when once firmly established is very difficult to break up. This dread disease when once fully developed may be relieved many times by moral and social influences, but radical cures seldom occur. Prevention is the only positive, sure remedy. The occasional causes which increase the temptation to drink are associations, the influence of example, opportunity, or uncomfortable surroundings, and morbid sensations, (mental and physical), which are relieved by the narcotic action of alcohol; while other causes are more constant and deep-seated in the constitution—often hereditary—a congenital and generally inherited peculiarity of the nervous system of drinking parents. Most men in their earlier indulgence think themselves capable of self control, and indulge without apprehension of danger. And when that danger is apparent to others it may not be to them, until the desire and the habit are too strong, the will too weak, or the indifference to consequences too great for any effectual efforts to change their course. The longer the indulgence the stronger the habit, the feebler the resistance, and the greater the indifference, until the victim is swallowed up in his self-invited destruction. From this view of the facts, it becomes too obvious to need repeating that the remedy for drunkenness as a vice, and inebriety as a disease, is total abstinence from alcoholic drinks.

How desirable that this problem be solved. And what noble efforts have been exerted toward this end. The Washingtonian Movement, Sons of Temperance, Good Templars, Womans' Christian Crusade, Blue Ribbon, Red Ribbon, White Ribbon movements and W. C. T. U. have all accomplished good and won crowns of glory and palms of victory for their grand achievements, noble sacrifices and sublime heroism which have entranced the world and invoked homage, respect and worship from every true humanitarian.

And may we not expect a continuance of this grand and glorious work? Is not temperance reform in consonance with the spirit of the age in which we live? The present age is the grand fruition of all the centuries past. Illusions have been dispelled, errors have been corrected, superstitions abandoned, and bigotries exposed. Today verified truths alone are accepted, demonstrated laws of practicability govern; and existent forces of nature are recognized and utilized. This is the century of progressiveness, invention, culture, growth and development of moral philosophy, ethical manners and humanitarian studies. Then, is the time not opportune for the inauguration of a temperance crusade that shall sweep this broad land of ours like an avalanche? Thousands of poor, needy and irresolute inebriates stand ready to have the shackles of slavery broken and removed. Breathing a prayer, they dare not give utterance to, they cry for release and deliverance. They ask release that they may become good citizens of our great country; that they may assist in the promotion of its general welfare, their own good and the support and happiness of those dependent upon them. They ask release that they may

demonstrate to society at large that Temperance reform means what is claimed for it. They ask release that they may, both by precept and example, assist in educating the masses in believing in the sublime truism, that all good is never eliminated from man. They ask release that they may in their several spheres aid in the suppression of the liquor traffic, prevention of vice and the protection of society.

Is it too much to ask of Americans and America? A country grand in its vast resources; boundless in its wealth (developed and undeveloped); advanced in its culture and progress; noble in its patriotism; excelling in philanthropy, and glorifying in humanitarian achievement?

We believe the people will act well their part touching their duty in raising fallen humanity. For when the people forget the righteous appeal of unfortunate humanity, forget the demands of justice, and forget the pleadings of mercy, civilization will have reached its ebb and perhaps its final ebb.



THE POWER OF APPETITE.

WHILE sitting here tonight drinking in the sweet strains of music, the words carried on those strains reached my heart, and soon had me living in the realm of thought, producing such feelings that my heart went out unbidden to the poor drunkard, the poor, poor victim of intemperance.

There is not a man or woman here tonight, who has never had that terrible experience, who can for one moment imagine what it is to have that awful, strange, and irresistible feeling stealing over you, when every fiber in your being not only craves but seems to actually force you to reach out after stimulants. To help you to form some idea, I will relate an instance which may go to show you the manner in which this appetite works to claim its victim, holding him in its coils and pressing out every power of resistance until it is impossible to break its terrible hold.

A young man who was an habitual drunkard, once sent for a doctor, who, when he came, found him in a dying condition with delirium tremens. Taking his seat by the side of the young sufferer, he said: "Charlie, my boy, you know me, and know I am your friend; I must tell you, my dear fellow, you have a terrible time before you; you will suffer intensely for several days

yet; but I want you to be of good courage; I think I see my way clear to help you through and save your life; but should I be fortunate enough to do so, and you ever touch liquor again, you need not send for me."

The young man looked the doctor in the face saying, "Doctor, you say I have to suffer; what do you know about it? It is coming on me—I can feel it coming—what do you know about it? You describe it, I suppose, like you relate all about the amputation of a limb to your class of students; but how could you describe the patient's feelings when the saw touched the marrow of the bone? Can you! Can you! Doctor, if you can prove to me there is no physical suffering in hell, I will cut my throat at once, for there is no mental anguish to compare with that suffering I know I have got to go through. I have had great spiders throw their soft nets over my face and in my mouth, the green flies buzzing in my ears and crawling up my nostrils, creeping across my eye lashes. Oh, keep them off, Doctor, see all those snakes coming—they will coil themselves around me in a few minutes." (Now it took two strong men to hold that poor boy.) Such a struggle! Such fighting with demons! Talk about the curse of war! The groans of the dying on the battle field are merciful compared with what this poor boy suffered. And when he again got on his feet, his frame showed plainly what he had gone through, weak, worn and wasted, a stick in each hand to keep himself from falling. Surely he will never drink again. It is not three days since he was able to stand on his feet, and there he is—poor, poor boy, at the saloon bar imploring, "give me just a little brandy, only just a

table spoonful and don't tell the boys. It will do me good." The saloon keeper, whose love for money blinds him to all else beside, gave it to him. "And now," says his father, "my boy is dying—must die." Can you imagine any infernal machine ever invented to take human life as cruel as an appetite like this?

God help the poor slave who is fighting against such chains. It is almost impossible for human power to conquer such an appetite. Then you say, "What can be done?" Something shall and must be done. It requires but the united "shall" of the temperance people of this country, and that something will be done.

The question is the cause of and the remedy for the evils of intemperance. Let it be remembered that if the whole brood of drunkard makers could be drowned in the Atlantic tomorrow, another brood would spring up in three months equally as bad as the one destroyed unless we could destroy the accursed system that produced them and sear the neck of the license hydra with public opinion in the hands of prohibition executors.

But I can imagine some of you saying, "I never will become a drunkard." Do you suppose for one moment there is the man in hell tonight who supposed he would end his life in falling into a drunkard's grave? No, no, they all start with bright prospects in life. Here, take that easy going fellow; he may be a good, kind husband and father, a dutiful, loving son, an excellent neighbor, ah, and once a good christian for aught I know. Give that fellow one glass of intoxicating drink and he only feels comfortable; give him another and he feels more comfortably; give him a third and he will snore and sleep as comfortable as a hog in mire. The influence of alcohol on such a man may be very

injurious to his vital organs and produce disease; but when such a temperament as this is under the influence of drink, he does not stand with one foot on a chair and the other on a table with glass in hand and eyes flashing fire, calling up the boys to give three cheers. He never hurrahs; he drinks comfortably.

Take this fellow here with his hair standing up in natural pompadour. He has a nervous temperament; the skin over his skull is as tight as a drum head standing before a base burner; fond of society, must have it; fond of music; brain active. Give that fellow a spoonful of alcoholic drink, and it is coursing through his brain in no time. The effect upon his brain is instantaneous, and in a moment his every nerve is affected. It warps his judgment and stimulates, perception while it destroys its accuracy. The man is not what he was before; he is somebody else. There are men who are so seriously ceptible to stimulants that only one little drink is to them not moderation, but excess.

Say to that firm young man, "go into the drink house." He will respond "no." Never coax, argue or drive him; he will still refuse. "No! by the love I bear my mother, my sister's kiss upon my cheek! Go across that threshold? Never! Never! I stand here firm as a rock!" And he feels what he says. But give him one glass of whiskey or brandy and within ten minutes say to him, "Come with me now." "Yes, go with you anywhere." He will go and take a hold on hell when you could not have forced or ridiculed him into it without the influence of drink upon his brain. There are many such men as that.

But men will say, "When I find out this thing is injuring me, I will give it up." No, you won't.

There are young men in this city whom it would be libelous to call drunkards, and yet they are drunk enough to injure themselves.

It is natural for a young man to love his mother, is it not? Whenever I hear a young man speak in a contemptuous way of his mother, I make up my mind to one of two things—either he is a bad fellow or his mother was a very bad woman. The love of a mother is one of the last that will die out of a man's heart. How many young men there are in this city who, if I should say a word that would hurt the feelings of their mother, would beat me like a dog? And yet these very same young men are deliberately, willfully breaking their mothers' hearts, and they know it. There is one young man who pressed his mother's lips, then left for town. Mother said, "Don't be late, my boy." He comes home late. That mother is sitting up for him; no use to lie down, no sleep can come to her till her boy returns. When he returns she kisses him and smells liquor on his breath, but she says not a word; she goes to bed to weep 'til morning; her pillow is wet with tears. Do you mean to tell me that young man don't know that every step he takes he is putting a thorn in her pillow? And yet when we say quit drinking, the reply we receive is, "We are not drinking enough to hurt us."

"Then why don't you talk to those old drunkards." Will you get me an audience of such men? Let me tell you that if you did I would have the most hopeless assemblage under heaven, as things are now. It is all but impossible to save a confirmed drunkard. You have your inebriate asylums supported by the state, good places for men to board and be kept clear of drink

for awhile but not three per cent of the inmates are cured. People are beginning to call these places bumper's retreats—good and proper name, because they come and go, the same men three to six times in twelve months, cured every time. Look up the records if you don't believe me. I say it is almost impossible to save a drunkard after the appetite has affixed itself upon him, and the conclusion I have come to after many years of dealings with drunkards, when such a one comes to me I tell him plainly that nothing but the power of Almighty God can help him and I try to lead him to the One who alone is able to save him to the uttermost. If I can get him there, I have hope of his deliverance, for I know that God will give His strength to all who cast themselves upon him.



THE LIQUOR INTERESTS AND ITS RESULTS.

THERE are many glorious and noble illustrations in Holy Writ of individual heroism, but none to compare with the beautiful character of good Queen Esther. If you have never read of her, read the 4th chapter of the book bearing her name. Her surroundings make her character shine out with a brightness that thousands of years have been powerless to dim. Herself raised to the highest possible position in the nation—crowned Queen. A position that would have made any one having a tinge of selfishness in them settle down in their own lap of luxury, and forget the needs and suffering of all around her. But her own people—poor captives at that—were in danger; the government had issued license to destroy them to satisfy the lust of those who wanted the monopoly of affairs and offices in the kingdom. In other words a decree had gone forth that they must die. They had become victims of the politicians of that day—a very cruel foe in any day; not less now than ever. No hand was there who could or had power to turn aside the murderous design. No half way measures would do—the whole decree must be prohibited. Now

let us notice the position of this noble Queen. She must not plead for her people in the presence of her husband, the King, for the decree had gone forth from which even herself was not exempt—that whoever went into his august presence unbidden, must die; but death to such character was preferable a thousand times to the destruction of all her people, and it did not take her long to form a resolution; and while her people prayed for help from Him who always has stood by the right, she went forth to the battle alone (no, not alone for the God of battles led her on), and her war-cry has rang all down the ages making the cowardly and selfish to crawl into their holes and hide away from that time till now, while it has given inspiration and strength to the brave, yet ready to halt heroes down to our present day. Here it is: So will I go, and if *I perish, I perish.*

We refer to this incident of Holy Writ for more than one reason. First and greatest is this: in this we find the true spirit with which we must be imbued as we enter upon this awful fight, and if we have that spirit and motive we are sure of success. Many of us hold similar positions in a spiritual sense to Queen Esther. The King has picked us up, washed us, anointed us with the incense of His love, delighted in us, and espoused us to Himself as His bride. Don't let us be guilty of self-satisfaction that will close our eyes to the plotting of the enemies of our dear ones, because we are saved and blessed with all spiritual blessing in our own King, for unlike her King and husband, there are no laws forbidding our approach and beseeching His help, which he will freely give; but let us, having made up our minds that deliverance shall come, go

boldly to a throne of grace and we shall find the needed help to conquer at this time. I think Lord Brougham once said: "No man would be a success in any enterprise till he became an enthusiast in that enterprise." And we will not succeed until we come to hold that cause dearer to us than our own life. When we are willing, if necessary, to become martyrs for a righteous cause, then, indeed, may we write upon our banners, "Victory is Certain." This was the sentiment that inspired Queen Esther when she resolved either to die or save her people. It was this sentiment that inspired the early apostles, when they took their life in their hands and went forth on the mission to which the Lord had called them. It was this sentiment that inspired Luther, and Knox, and Calvin, when they undertook the work of Reformation. It was this sentiment that inspired Carey, and Wade, and Judson, when they went forth to plant the standard of the cross on heathen shores. This sentiment inspired Wilberforce and Howard, when they resolved to grapple, the former with British slavery, and the latter with the cruelty to British prisoners. It was this sentiment that inspired old John Brown and Owen Lovejoy, and Abraham Lincoln to grapple with that institution of darkness, American Slavery, and it was the same sentiment that inspired George C. Haddock, and made him a willing martyr to the cause of Prohibition in Iowa. And when we, in Nebraska, become actuated by this same sentiment, and are willing to suffer martyrdom, if need be, for this righteous cause, then, as "Justice and judgment are the habitation of God's throne," by all the promises He has given us, we may inscribe upon our banners, "Victory

is Certain," whether we live to chant its pæons or not.

Permit me to say before proceeding further with this address, that I am not here to make a political speech, nor to inaugurate a bitter personal fight against the men who are engaged in the traffic in intoxicating drinks. To pursue such a course would be as unjust to them as it would be useless to our cause. So long as the law declares their business to be legal and respectable—so long as a christian community upholds it, and by their votes and their legislation support it—so long as the government, which is declared to be "a government of the people, and by the people, and for the people," continues to be a partner in the business, the controversy must, of right, lie between us and the people who continue it, and not against the individual saloon keeper. Let us turn all our artillery, double-shotted, if need be, against the traffic itself, and, by every argument we can command, seek to convince the people of their wrongs; but, until we have placed the ban of outlawry upon the soul-destroying business, personal abuse of the saloon keeper will not only be of no avail, but is as inconsistent as it is useless.

In preparing this address, I have sought to follow that line of argument that appeared to promise the most in the way of convincing your judgment and enlisting your sympathies and co-operation in our efforts to suppress this great overshadowing evil—this giant crime of the Nineteenth century. And yet, I confess to you, that it is with unfeigned sorrow and regret that I am compelled to find that argument in the financial aspect of this question; that the Christian people of this land, recognizing, as they confess they do, that

the liquor traffic is a moral wrong, will nevertheless rise in their might and annihilate this wrong if we can convince them that it is to their FINANCIAL INTEREST to do so, than they will if convinced that it is a crime against God and against humanity. Oh, dear friends, if this was only different! If we could but rise to that supreme standard of acting from principle, leaving results with God, uninfluenced by mercenary or political motives, this God dishonoring and humanity destroying business would not exist a week.

And yet I rejoice that on this question we hesitate not to meet our enemies on their own chosen ground, and with facts and figures as our arguments, challenge them to the conflict.

I propose, therefore, in this address, to argue this question, more especially from the standpoint of dollars and cents; and I do sincerely believe that if you will give me your careful attention, I shall be able to convince you that so far from this business being necessary to our financial welfare, its entire extinction tomorrow would not cause a ripple on the sea of our national prosperity.

The whole argument in favor of the liquor traffic resolves itself into the necessity for continuing it because of its financial benefit to the country. Not one of its best friends contends that it is not a great overshadowing evil. They admit that it is the giant evil of the century; but they contend that it cannot be destroyed without financial loss greater than the country can bear. Whether from the revenue the government derives from its manufacture, or the money paid the producers for the grain from which it is manufactured, or the license paid by the saloon-keeper into the local

treasury, the whole argument is summed up in the following statement: "It is true the liquor traffic is a great evil. True, it is filling our prisons with criminals; our asylums with lunatics, our poor houses with paupers; the cemeteries with our dead, and the whole land with desolation and woe; but its financial benefit is sufficient to counterbalance all the crime and poverty and wretchedness it causes, and its existence is therefore justified if not demanded." What a fallacy! It seems to me, that the argument only needs to be stated, to make its fallacy apparent to the dullest comprehension. As though all the wealth of the world could convert that what is a moral wrong into a right.

True, men sometimes forgetting the plain distinction between liberty and lawlessness; the privilege of doing right, and the privilege of doing wrong, declaim very loudly against the invasion of their glorious rights and liberties; but it is a sufficient answer to all such, that, admitting the liquor traffic to be wrong—the right of any man to do wrong is an impossibility. There can possibly be no such right.

With reference to the financial argument, on this question, I have tried to make, and I believe I have made, a thorough investigation of the whole question, and I must confess my astonishment, that so many honest, intelligent people should have been so influenced by such a miserable bugbear. Nor am I less astonished at myself. All these years I have taken for granted that the claims which its defenders have put forth were true, and while I have admitted their truth, I have sought to lead the people up to the high moral plane, where, amid the purer atmosphere, they could behold the right, and be induced to follow it, even

though it involved financial loss. The wonder is that I have allowed myself to be so long deceived. Nor is it any less a matter of astonishment that the friends of the traffic, should make such mighty pretensions on so little basis. Speak of touching this business, and, holding up their hands, in holy horror, they will exclaim: "This is the foundation of all national prosperity. Touch this craft, and the whole Yankee nation will, at once, go to everlasting smash." Let us test this claim by the logic of facts, and see whether it will stand the test.

There are only three ways in which an industry can benefit the people. These are: First—By furnishing employment to the laboring classes. Second—By furnishing the producer a market for his raw material; and, Third—By producing such articles as are of benefit to the community. I ask your careful attention while I test the liquor interest on these three points. In doing so let us select seven of the leading industries of the country, and averaging them on the amount of capital invested, the number of men they employ, the amount they annually pay in wages, the amount they expend each year for raw material, and the value of the products annually turned out. For this purpose let us select the iron and steel interest, the lumber interest, the cotton and woolen goods interest, the boot and shoe interest, the clothing industry, flouring mills and foundries and machine shops. It is not necessary for me to give you the figures in each of the above industries separately. We will give you the average on each point named. The comparison stands as follows: In capital invested, the average of the seven is 172 and five-sevenths millions. The liquor interest 115 mil-

lions; or 57 millions less. In men employed, the average of the seven is 149,292, while the liquor interest employes but 34,712, or less than one-quarter. The average amount of wages paid annually by the others is 56 and one-seventh millions. The liquor industry pays only 14 and one-half millions; or about one-quarter. The average amount paid annually for raw material, by the seven, is 180 and five-sevenths millions, while the liquor interest only pays 84 millions, or less than half. The annual value of the products turned out by the other industries average 217 and four-sevenths millions, while the liquor interest only turns out 142 millions, even supposing their products were of any value to the people after they are manufactured.

Here is another interesting comparison in these figures, but of an opposite character. Notice that the 84 millions paid by the liquor interest, for raw material, has increased to 142 millions, or an increase of about seventy per cent, while the 180 millions paid by legitimate industry, has increased to 217 millions, an increase of only a little over twenty per cent. Truly what a philanthropic set of people those whiskey makers are, ain't they? Legitimate enterprise is content with twenty per cent increase; while these charitable upholders of their country's interests must have seventy per cent.

Let me detain you a moment longer on this point. I told you that the value of an industry, to the country, is to be judged, in part, by the usefulness of its products; and I denied that usefulness to the products of the liquor making establishments. Let us test this statement before passing. Suppose then, that any one

of these seven industries I have named should by some means go out of existence, what would be the result? Let this befall either one of them and ruin and despair would follow—the wheels of commerce would stand still. The products of every one of these industries are so necessary to both our domestic and national life that to stop either one of them would cause financial disaster from which it would be impossible to rally. But let the liquor traffic go out of existence tomorrow—not a railroad would stop running, not a plow would be idle. The whole business is useless and could be annihilated in an instant and the country be better off for its loss. But you say its value shows here, it affords a market for the farmers' grain. The liquor men are very fond of posing as the friends of the farmer. Let us see how far the facts justify them in setting up such a claim. The three kinds of grain used in making distilled and fermented liquors are corn, rye and barley. Let us first take corn. The average yearly product of corn in this country is 1754 millions of bushels. Of this amount 13 millions, or less than one per cent, is used in making whiskey. In other words, if the distilleries were to close, the farmer, who now sells one thousand bushels of corn, would have to be content with selling nine hundred and ninety. But stay? Perhaps we can find a place for that other ten bushels. Of course, if the distilleries were to be closed, the ruinous competition arising from their cheap slop-fatted beef and pork would cease, and this demand would have to be met, and the supply furnished by the farmers. More than this. A bushel of corn yields about seventeen quarts of whiskey. Suppose, on an average, a man who drinks, takes four glasses a day. This is

twenty cents a day, or about seventy dollars a year. Four drinks a day is 1460 drinks a year,—which, allowing fifty drinks to the gallon, the general average is twenty-nine and a half gallons; to make this amount of whiskey we require seven bushels of corn, this to the butcher would mean seventy dollars, and to the farmer who supplies the beef about fifty dollars.

So if the distilleries all were closed the money now paid for whiskey would be paid for beef; for every bushel of corn now sold to distillers the farmer would have a good market for, saying nothing of doing away with the ruinous competition above referred to. It is astonishing that intelligent people can be hoodwinked in this matter. Surely with facts and figures before them it will be no longer necessary to ask if we have Prohibition, what will farmers do with their corn? Then as to rye, the same argument can apply. The amount used in making whiskey is less than the crop of Wisconsin alone. There are scores of farmers who never have a bit of rye on their farm. Are they any poorer than their neighbors, thereby? Certainly not.

The same may be said of barley. About two-thirds of the barley crop of the country is made into beer. Now, let each farmer ask himself this honest question: "How much poorer will I be, if instead of raising ten or twenty acres of barley, each year, and sell to the brewers, I feed it to stock, or seed down the land and raise a few more steers to feed the hungry multitude?"

The truth is, this whole argument, that they have pressed so long and so hard, when sifted, not only proves nothing in its favor, but furnishes one of the strongest reasons for its entire annihilation. As one writer has well said: "So far as its financial benefit is

concerned, it is of no use whatever; but, as to its power for evil, only God and the holy angels know how terrible it can prove itself to be."

There is another fact, most startling in its nature, that demands our attention here. I have stated that the value of the annual output of the breweries and distilleries is 142 millions of dollars. Bear in mind that this does not, by any means, cover the cost of liquors to the people. The annual liquor bill of the country is 900 millions of dollars. Of this amount, 871 millions is for domestic liquors, and the balance for imported liquors. Now, we give the traffic the benefit of doubt, and admit that this 900 millions covers the entire retail cost of the liquors consumed by the people in a year—though I believe it falls far short of it—and that 871 millions represents the cost of the domestic liquors. Here then we have 142 millions worth, expanding into 871 millions worth, by the time it reaches the retail purchaser. The difference, 729 millions, indicates the enormous profits and the adulterations it receives after it leaves the manufacturing establishments—the Lord only knows how much it undergoes before. It is an open secret, that by the use of aloes, strychnine, belladonna, cochineal and other poison drugs, hundreds and thousands of barrels of liquor are made, and sent out, that never saw the inside of either distillery or government warehouse.

Now, let us dwell a moment longer on this annual liquor bill of the country. I have told you that it is 900 millions of dollars. In order that you may comprehend the greatness of this sum, let us compare it with other sums, the value of which we know better. For instance, the whole amount of bread-stuffs sent

out yearly is only 505 millions, or less than two-thirds the amount annually paid for liquor; while the combined output of our iron and steel, and boot and shoe interests, together with our sugar, tea, coffee, public schools, ministers' salaries, home and foreign missions all put together, amounts to less than is paid for strong drink. Surely, there is no wonder that the people complain of hard times.

Now, what have we to show for all this vast annual expenditure of 900 millions? ABSOLUTELY NOTHING. Nothing, did I say? Alas! Let me recall that answer. I will tell you ere long what we have to show for it. For the present let us look at the negative side. There are three purposes for which money may be expended, and value received therefor. First—For the purpose of increasing material values. Second—For education, or increasing intellectual power; and Third—For comfort, or increasing the happiness of home. Said a man to me, as we stood looking over his beautiful farm: "I have ten thousand dollars invested here, and I think I have made a good investment. I can take fifteen thousand for it." As I looked at his fine and comfortable residence, his large and convenient barn, his cultivated fields, and fine graded stock, I could appreciate his satisfaction, and commend his sagacity. Said another: "I have expended three thousand dollars in educating my children, and I do not begrudge a dollar of it." And as I looked upon those noble young men and women, standing there in the full glory and consciousness of intellectual power, I could appreciate the father's pride, and advise others to go and do likewise. Said a third: "I paid six hundred dollars for a piano, and I consider it money

well spent." And as I looked upon the happy group gathered around it, while their happy voices kept time to its musical melody, I was convinced that he had made a wise investment, and had received full value for the money he had expended. In these incidents we have illustrations of the three ways in which value may be received for money invested. Now, let any friend of the traffic, if he can, furnish a single case where money invested for strong drink has either increased material values, intellectual power or home happiness. For such an instance you will search the records of the traffic in vain. On the contrary, its history is a history of crime, and its record a record of sorrow, poverty and woe. You have seen the rich man robbed of his wealth, the poor man of his home. You have seen the man of giant intellect brought down to the level of the fool. You have seen the sad-eyed victims of this accursed traffic walk our streets, while it has grown upon misery, and laughed at the desolation it has caused.

Now, let us look at the positive side of this question, and see if we HAVE any results from this expenditure of 900 millions. Ah, yes my countrymen, we have! A thousand per cent in its own kind, has this liquor business paid us. Come, let us examine some of the returns we have received from our investments. Let us make up the balance sheet for a single year. First, we will open the gates and enter the cemeteries of our dead. Here are seventy thousand graves all made in the last year. Here they lie; the victims of the rum traffic of Christian America. Oh! what a history of woe, of broken hearts, and blighted hopes, are hidden away in these graves. Could those dumb lips speak, what

sad stories of wrong would they utter? Count those graves. Seventy thousand of them. Place them in line, end to end, and lo, we have a line of graves a hundred miles long. Wander amongst them. Here lies the statesman, the rich man, the poor man, and the minister of God, all slain by a monster that we have nourished. There sleeps the man of once giant intellect, who, only for this legalized drink curse, would have been the pride and glory of his country. Here lies the aged man, whose gray hairs, only for this, would have been a crown of glory upon his brow. There, in that grave, over which the grass is not yet grown, sleeps a young man, who was once the idol of his home. With noble, manly aspirations, and in full consciousness of his own intellectual power, he entered the arena of human strife. As he stood in the bright bloom of his early manhood, his mother's eye kindled with gladness, and her heart overflowed with joy. But, alas! for all his noble aspirations. Alas! for all the mother's fond hopes. The drink curse came between them. It robbed his manhood of its nobility, quenched the flashing fire of his genius, burned up the last remnant of love that was in his soul; and then left the hand of charity to hide away the wreck in a pauper's grave. Then it grasped the loosening cords that yet bound that mother to life and hope, and rudely tore them asunder, and with her broken heart, left her to perish with the rest of its victims. Oh, we cannot longer endure to linger here. Let the horrible scenes be shut out from our appalled vision! Let us turn away from this city of death. Let us close the gates of the cemetery. Close them, did I say? Ah! would that they could be closed. But no. Throw them

wide open. Bring the sexton and let new graves be made, for here comes a sad procession of ghastly corpses. Count them. Two hundred and fifty of them. They are the victims that have been murdered through the influence of this traffic in the year eighteen hundred and eighty-five. See their ghastly faces upturned to the light. Mark the opened wounds from which the warm life current is yet flowing. Now, stand aside and let the sad procession move by. Let the head be bowed, alike in sorrow and shame, as they pass to where the grave shall hide their dead forms and cover up the blood.

But, see! They are followed by another procession equally sad, and marching to a sadder fate. It is the two hundred and fifty murderers, who have been made such by a traffic sustained and protected by law. Once they were pure and innocent as the babe, which the mother folds to her breast. Once they stood on the threshold of their manhood, and, with kindling eye, surveyed the prospect before them. How came that look of Cain upon their faces? How came that stain of blood upon their hands? Why are they joining in that sad death march to the grave by the way of the gallows?

Alas! They have been overtaken by the rum curse of a country, claiming to be christian. By means of that curse, they have been robbed of their reason, their passions have been fired, and they sent forth to deeds of violence and blood. Let them pass on to the gallows. Steel the heart, but pity takes possession, and we weep for their sad fate. Place the rope around their necks. They are only drunken murderers, made such by a traffic sustained and made respectable by

law. Draw the bolt and let them drop into eternity, or close the prison doors upon them, and leave them to curse the day they were born.

Now, they are gone, and surely we may close the gates of the cemeteries, and shut out the sight so horrible. No, not yet. We promised to exhibit to you what we have to show for this annual expenditure of eighteen hundred millions of dollars, and we are not nearly done yet. Give away for another procession, marching, with sorrow and tears, to the city of the dead. Double the number of murdered victims, who passed in to the cemetery before them. These are the five hundred suicides caused by the traffic in 1885. Let the procession move slowly, that we may mark it well. See, there are the old and young. Both sexes are represented there. A christian country has maintained a traffic that has made their life a burden, too heavy to be borne; and so by the swift-speeding bullet, the glittering dagger, the deadly drug, or the dark, cold waters, they have ended it. Let us uncover our heads as they are borne past. Utter no censure for their act, remembering they are but a part of the sacrifice which a christian nation is annually offering upon the unhallowed altar of rum.

But, stay! Do not shrink from what we have yet to reveal to you. Stand firm while the next procession passes by. These are not dead that you see coming now. Ah! far better if they were dead. Listen to their wild screams, and songs and curses. See the wild, haggard look in their eyes. They are the five hundred maniacs which this traffic has made in the last year. Do not fear them, however. They cannot harm you. They may terrify you with their ravings, but this

is all. A wise, christian government, has very humanely provided for their safety, so that when this traffic makes the light of reason fade, they may be hidden away, where their wild ravings will not grate too harshly on the sensitive ear of a christian community, for whose benefit they have been sacrificed.

Close behind them, behold another procession, a hundred thousand strong. Who are they? Not the Sunday school children, with faces wreathed in smiles, marching to the music of joyful songs, that swell up from their glad young hearts. Ah, no! There are no smiles on the faces of these children. No glad songs fall upon our ear, as the procession moves by. They march to the music of their sighs, and their step keeps time with their groans. Their faces are pale and pinched with poverty, and their eyes are dimmed with tears. With bare, cold feet, and rags that scarce hide their nakedness from the gaze of vulgar eyes, they pass on to a deeper degradation and sorrow beyond. They are the hundred thousand orphan children which are the annual product of this unholy traffic. Oh! this is the saddest procession of them all. We mourn for the dead who are laid away to rest; we weep for those from whom the light of reason has fled; and we pray for those whose hand, when reason was dethroned by a curse made lawful, struck down his brother man. But, oh! for those orphan children, whose fathers and mothers have been slain by the drink curse; let the whole nation weep. Weep for the cause that has made them orphans. Weep for the cruel fate that is before them—Yea, weep for the nation's crime, of which all that we have seen are but its legitimate results.

But one procession more remains to pass; five times the number of the last. Oh! what a sad procession it is. Poverty, rags, squallor, wretchedness, bloated faces, from which every indication of manhood has departed, make it up. It is the five hundred thousand criminals which this traffic has made in the last year. They are now on their way to the prisons and the jails. Let them pass on, to be followed by an equal number every year.

Thus, dear friends, have I kept my promise, and exhibited what we have to show for this annual expenditure of nine hundred millions of direct, and nine hundred millions indirect cost of our annual liquor bill. The results are now before you. Seventy thousand new made graves every year, each one containing a victim of the rum traffic. Two hundred and fifty of them sleeping in the graves of our murdered dead. Two hundred and fifty murderers, to be hung or imprisoned for life, or left to roam the earth with the mark of Cain upon their brows. Five hundred suicides every year, sending themselves unbidden into the presence of Him whose only right it is to require human life. Five hundred maniacs added every year to our already overcrowded asylums. A hundred thousand orphan children annually turned out upon the world, to starve or beg or become criminals and prey upon society.

You ask me now, what is the remedy for all this? I answer, PROHIBITION BY CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT, BACKED UP BY A PARTY PLEDGED TO ENFORCE THE LAW. On this hill-top, covering the entire field of battle, we should plant our heaviest artillery. Here, we should rally the hosts. Let every man, who is willing to take

stand with us on this ground, be welcomed. They are coming, more and more, every year. A few have fallen by the enemies bullets, but a thousand are stepping forth to take their places. Let the clarion notes of battle sound—the command, forward march! be given, for victory waits to rest on our banners.

Here, then, permit me to say in closing, you have at once, the reason for our labor, and the assurance of our final success. We know we will succeed, for our cause is the cause of humanity and of God. Our warfare is for the weak against the strong, for the oppressed against the oppressor. And in the assurance of this ultimate success, we are resolved to continue until the rum power is broken and its victims free. We have reached the point in this conflict of right with wrong, over the bodies and souls of our fellow-men, where we could not recede if we would, and we would not if we could. A point where persecution is honor, and where martyrdom is glory. We have planted our colors upon the enemy's battlements, and there they will remain or we perish by our flag. And if God wills to permit it, that we suffer persecution as others have suffered, to be burned in effigy as others have been burned, or what is greater honor still, to follow in the footsteps of the immortal Haddock, then, God giving us grace, we say we are ready for the sacrifice. The reward of Heaven and glory will all the sooner be ours and our dying prayer shall be, that from the ashes of our graves, prohibition may arise with an immortality that can never, never die.



TWIN BROTHERS.

Father Abraham could not say respecting the saloon and anarchist, as he did of Dives and Lazarus—that between them there was a great gulf fixed—for they are brothers inseparable.

Take away the saloon and anarchy will be short lived.

All dutiful sons will rally to defend home when it is in peril. Nail this to the mast-head—Home against the saloon.

A man may become a drunkard, but that does not follow that he has no love for his children.

The whiskey organs dread the word "home" worse than all the big names you can hurl at them—they see nasty visions.

Fools pay cash for beer and take credit for beef.

The saloon will bring a man to biting liver instead of steak. This is not far fetched; its quite common in Nebraska.

Look straight ahead and fight whiskey with all your might.

Every one who takes active service against whiskey will have their names slandered by the filthy whiskey ring.

What ever your enemies don't want—feed them on that particular diet.

Selling liquor is either right or wrong.

“Nebraska has become a slop bucket into which is dumped a refuse of prohibition states.”

We have seen scores of these fellows, but no state ever makes a gain by having them for residents.

Oh, thou great Jehovah, shed thy beams on these afflicted children.

In six weeks seven men have been murdered through rum in the state of Nebraska.

You may search the history of saloons from their beginning and there is not one redeeming trait in all the business.

Drunkenness is God's worst enemy, and the greatest foe to the church. He who upholds it is an enemy of God and the church—swallow that, you beer guzzling Christians.

The saloon and the house of prostitution go hand in hand.

Drinking manufactures tramps, thieves and thugs.

Any evil that needs regulation deserves death.

The injury to church, state, morals, and even to those not addicted to drinking is incalculable.

The world never knew a worse iniquity than intemperance; neither morally, socially nor financially.

The Lord never stands by a lazy man or a coward.

Fathers spending money to clothe their souls with perdition and their children with rags—smart ain't it.

A minister was once conducting a revival. It had progressed six weeks; no one came forward—not one convert. It was the last night, and with a heavy heart the minister announced his last call. A very bad boy

came forward and thirty others followed. The meeting was continued and two hundred were added to the church. Some have become ministers, some temperance advocates and are helping along the car of progress. Hold on, be not discouraged.

Whiskey will destroy a man's self respect, and when this is done he is ready for anything.

We had human slavery not long ago. People knew that was wrong, but winked at the crime and it was tolerated for years.

The volcano of the peoples' wrath has broken loose and whiskey must no longer be winked at—it must go.

We have Prohibition against theft, murder and other crimes in the catalogue of sin. Why slay the children and spare the parent? Whiskey is father to them all.

The way to correct a boy is to appeal to his generosity and manhood; if he has neither of these traits in his composition, then appeal to his back.

Moral suasion may be good in some cases, but there is no morality in the liquor traffic. The pitchfork is the weapon—pitch it out of existence.

Bonds, money, securities, credits, can all be hid from assessors; but the land is always open to view. Don't you farmers catch on? You pay the taxes that support state asylums and penitentiaries. Don't you see?

Church members should vote as they pray; but the farmer will vote as he pays.

There will fall, of our boys, 60,000 each year; and

they with their sisters with them; as sure as fate, from the curse of liquor.

The man who employs labor knows what an awful curse strong drink is, and its demoralizing effect on his business

You touch a man's pocket-book, and his soul is touched every time.

Many a man goes to Hell in his pocket-book.

The saloon in America kills more men; works more desolation in every fifteen years than did the late civil war. You old soldiers ought to think this out.

One old gray-headed mother stood near the polls at the last election. Deep furrows of pain and anxiety were plainly traceable on her features. In breathless silence she stood with bated breath, intently listening to every vote. When Wilcox voted aye, she joined her voice in that one mad shout of joy that must have shook the gates of Heaven; and her words were: "Hallelujah to the Lord, our boys will now be safe; now will rum be doomed to death; eternal glory to God, our boys are safe."

What can make politics pure when men will barter and sell their souls to Hell for so many pieces of silver? Judas was a saint beside the modern politician.

Father, your son has a glorious future before him, or he has a life of misery and shame—he will take one of these two roads as sure as he grows up to be a man. Which way is your example directing him?

The saloon is our greatest enemy; it is the Devil's appetizer to all sin and crime, and without it many a conscience would revolt against the temptations to do wickedness,

As fathers we have right on our side when we seek to destroy that which seeks the ruin of our darling boys. Let us up to the fray.

Father, it is your own boy that the gilded sin-palace seeks to make a drunkard of, in order that they may thrive on his soul's blood. They must have patrons to live, and every patron becomes a curse to the nation. Don't let us mince in this matter.

Silvery threads will soon ripen to a frosted crown; your day and mine is fast going; we must do now what we have to do; soon comes our eternal rest.

Talk horribly, do we? Well, these are horrible pictures, but true to life, that we are sketching—no flattery at our gallery.

Did you ever hear of one bright idea or thought emanating from the saloon? Never. There is not one bright spot on that side of the sheet.

The Devil cannot make drunkards out of mean, stingy souls. It takes the great hearted, gifted, noble man to be liberal enough to become one. The other fellows would drink, but they want to be treated.

Beneath the tattered rags that cover many a drunkard beats a heart as true and faithful as any God has placed in man.

A few breweries and distilleries hold in their hands, they say, 65,000 votes. Give the people Prohibition and we will all vote as a unit and defeat the party that votes rum.

The late election in New York City put the following bright list of saloon-keepers into office: Four senators, six assemblymen and ten aldermen. The great executive office must be next door to Hell.

Whiskey may, and does, destroy nearly all the noble attributes of a man; but that love for one's own offspring is the last gleam of happiness to fade away, the last star to pale and hide from view, the last ray of comfort to the besotted father; and when that spark of love goes out, the man becomes a brute.



MEET BEYOND THE SKIES.

My life is sad and weary,
 Since mother dear is dead,
 For father he does not but drink,
 And fills my heart with dread;
 While at the bar from day to day,
 And off times drunken too,
 My heart grew hard in crime and sin,
 At what I saw, and knew.

One day in cold December,
 The snow was falling fast,
 Some music sweet fell on my ear,
 What can this mean I asked.
 Oh, we are going, I plainly heard,
 To wear a crown they said,
 Strange it may seem but yet 'tis so,
 My thoughts were of the dead,
 They marched and sang all through
 our streets
 Three ladies neatly clad,
 The tambourines rang in their hands,
 Their faces joyous glad,
 They turned and knelt down in the
 snow,
 Outside my father's door,
 And earnestly they prayed their God,
 His blessing on us pour.

I follow to the hall one night,
 Saying I'll see this show;
 God's archers were upon the stage,
 His spirit bent the bow.

Oh you have loved ones over there,
 Came piercing through my heart,
 My sinfull ways rose mountain high,
 The tears began to start,
 My conscience felt and owned my guilt,
 I bowed my knees in prayer,
 The light heaven filled my heart,
 I'll meet poor mother there.

A SAD LIFE.

My boyhood's home was a wretched one,
 Though mother dear was there;
 For father traded in the rum;
 That broke her heart with care,
 My mother's health was going fast,
 The flush was on her cheeks
 The nightly broils and bar-room fights,
 So grieved her spirit meek.

One day she called me to her side,
 The tears were in her eyes;
 She took my hand and staring said:
 Albert, I must die;
 My boy, she said, and drew me near,
 When I am dead and gone,
 Stay not with him who caused my death,
 But seek another home.

And then she spoke in earnest prayer,
 That God would shield my head,
 She closed her eyes, I thought in sleep;
 My mother dear was dead.
 I followed to that sad lone grave,
 Where mother's form now lies;
 Her dying prayer for me was heard,
 We'll meet beyond the skies.

PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT.

Hark! hark! my soul, what warlike sounds are swelling
 Through all the streets and on from door to door;
 How grand the truths those burning strains are telling
 Of that great war till drink shall be no more.
 Christian Crusaders, Army of God!
 Onward to conquer the curse with fire and blood.

Onward we go, the world shall hear our singing,
 Come, guilty souls, for Jesus bids you come;
 And through the dark its echoes loudly ringing,
 Shall lead the wretched, lost and wandering home.

Far, far away, like thunder grandly pealing,
 We'll send the call of mercy full and free;
 And burdened souls by thousands humbly kneeling
 Shall bend, dear Lord, their rebel necks to thee!

Conquers at last, though fight be long and dreary,
 Bright day shall dawn and sin's dark night be past;
 Our battles end in saving sinners weary,
 And Satan's kingdom down shall fall at last.

MARCHING ON IN THE LIGHT OF GOD.

Marching on in the light of God,
 Marching on, I'm marching on,
 Up the path that the Master trod
 Marching, marching on.

A robe of white, a crown of gold,
 A harp, a home, a mansion fair,
 A victor's palm, a joy untold,
 Are mine when I get there.
 For Jesus is my Saviour,
 He's washed my sins away,
 Paid my debt on Calvary's mountain,
 I'm happy in his dying love,

Singing, come what may,
Living yes, I'm living in the fountain.

Marching on through the hosts of sin,
Marching on, I'm marching on,
Victory's mine, while I'm Christ within,
Marching, marching on.

Marching on while the sceptic sneer,
Marching on, I'm marching on,
Perfect love casteth out all fear,
Marching, marching on.

Marching on with the flag unfurled,
Marching on, I'm marching on,
Preaching Christ to the dying world,
Marching, marching on.

SALVATION.

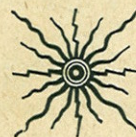
What joy in serving Jesus,
It is our heart's delight.
We praise Him for His goodness
And that with all our might,
His love it is so balmy,
His peace it is so sweet;
To Him we go in prayer,
In Him our joys complete.

Chorus.

While we're drinking at the fount of
salvation,
Where the Saviour gives to all so full
and free,
And He keeps in the hour of all temp-
tation,
Won't you come along and have a
drink with me.

In heaven we see our Jesus,
The blessed Lamb of God.
He from our sins relieves us,
He is our staff and rod.
The world with all its pleasures
Have sunk beneath our view;
We've laid up all our treasures
In the land beyond the blue.

Methinks I hear the chorus,
Every note so clear and true,
Of the mighty, countless thousands.
Oh! What a happy crew
All those who love the Saviour,
Will mingle with that throng
And praise His name forever
In everlasting song.

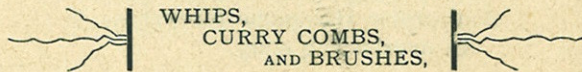


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TIN WARE,
CHURNS.



EYE GLASSES,
CUTLERY AND
SHOW CASE GOODS.

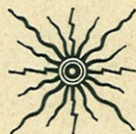
~~~~~ CORN AND OATS. ~~~~~

DeWitt, - - - Nebraska.

HOW INTOXICATING DRINKS ARE MADE.

KNOWING well the truth of the saying, "There are none so blind as those who do not wish to see," and feeling sure that this book will fall into the hands of such; also will be read by many who do not care so long as they have the present satisfaction of what they put within their stomachs, forgetting that like the kitchen to a house, it is that part of the house that supplies either nutrition or poison to the whole household. No man that wants healthy bedrooms, living-rooms or parlors will bring into his kitchen that which will poison the air circulating through his whole house. So with a man's body. No sane man will knowingly take into his stomach that which will poison the whole blood of the system; but for the benefit of the careless and those who have hitherto shut their eyes to what they are using when they take intoxicating liquors in their system, we give as an appendix to our volume the following genuine recipes as supplied by the largest firms in the world to their customers, the liquor dealers. If our earnest appeals will not satisfy you, if our honest testimony as to what liquor did

for us, is going to be passed slightly by, we entreat you to read these recipes. We vouch for their genuineness, and declare that it is from these ingredients all the liquors sold in saloons are made. And before you decide that my case was owing to my own make-up or constitution, and that with you it would be different, ask yourself, could any mortal man put these deadly ingredients inside his system and not be injured thereby? With these facts, we leave it to you to decide. Prudent people will listen to instruction; but it takes experience (suffering) to make fools wise. Turn from such a path of folly and shun all intoxicating liquors as you would a serpent.



## DISTILLATION AND ALCOHOL.

Chinese history tells us that three thousand years ago the art of distillation was discovered in China, but the effect of the distilled liquors was found to be so corrupting and demoralizing that distilling was prohibited. The man who had made the discovery was banished to a lonely isle and there compelled to spend the remainder of his life. (I am afraid that a great many tramps who walk our streets, wondering why they are not as rich as other men, would object to such a law in America.) Thus the art was lost, and was not re-discovered until the eleventh century, when it was again brought into use, this time by the Arabians. For many years the product of distillation was supposed to be a panacea for all manner of diseases, and was promiscuously used as a medicine, by the high and the low, the rich and the poor for hundreds of years. In this way the liquor traffic fastened itself upon the human race with a grasp so firm that no earthly power has ever yet been found sufficiently strong to grapple with it.

### ALCOHOL IS A DEADLY POISON,

One of the most deadly poisons known to chemistry, ranking third in the list of deadly poisons. The great affinity of alcohol for water is the cause of its poison-

ous action on the system. It destroys the vital functions of the tissues by abstracting their constitutional moisture with avidity. Even a small quantity of alcohol, when taken as a beverage, tends to produce thirst by absorbing some of the moisture of the tissue. This is the reason why persons who have been drinking any kind of alcoholic liquor crave water afterward. Alcohol is composed of oxygen, hydrogen and carbon.

BRANDY--WHISKEY—RUM—GIN—WINE—WHAT ARE THEY?

French brandy is the name given in this country to ardent spirits, distilled from wine, and possessed of a peculiar taste and flavor. The most celebrated of the French brandies is that of Cognac. The brandies of Bordeaux and Rochelle are reckoned next in quality; but a still more inferior kind is obtained from the red wines of Portugal, Spain, etc., as also from the refuse marc of the grapes left in the wine-press, the scrapings of wine-casks, vats, etc. When originally distilled brandy is clear and colorless, and if wished to remain so, is received and kept in glass vessels; but when placed in wooden casks, the spirit extracts the coloring matter of the wood, and acquires a light sherry tint; this is called pale brandy. When the coloring is deepened by coloring material, it is known as dark brandy.

Pure brandy is composed of the following ingredients, namely: Alcohol, sugar, water, volatile oil, acetic acid, acetic ether, œnanthic acid, œnanthic ether, tannic acid and aldehyde.

WHISKEY

Is an alcoholic liquor distilled from the fermented waste of malt or grain. In Great Britain whiskey is made from malt or barley; the best quality is obtained

from the former. In the United States, whiskey is generally distilled from wheat, rye or corn. The best whiskey made in this country is conceded to come from Bourbon county, Kentucky. Rye whiskey is much esteemed in the south.

RUM

Is obtained by the distillation of the fermented skimings of the sugar boilers, the drainings of the sugar pots and hogsheads, the washings of the boilers, and from molasses, sugar, and the juice of the sugar cane.

The constituents of Jamaica rum are, alcohol, volatile oil, butyric acid, sugar and water.

GIN.

This popular liquor is a grain spirit, flavored with either oil of juniper, or oil of turpentine. Gin was originally, and for some time wholly, imported from Holland, and was a soft, rich spirit, flavored chiefly with juniper berries, on which account it had obtained the name of "geneva," from *genievre*, the French for juniper. After a time the distillation of an *imitation* geneva sprang up in England, when the *genuine* spirit in this country came to be called Holland gin. The monosyllable "gin" is a corruption of geneva.

The constituents of gin are alcohol, oil of juniper, sugar, oil of turpentine, and acetic acid.

WINE.

Many of our learned men assert very boldly and defiantly that it is never proper to call grape juice wine until after it has undergone fermentation. In other words, wine is not wine until it has fermented. As well might they claim that cider is never cider so long

as it remains sweet or unfermented. In conversation with one of these very wise gentlemen quite recently, I offered him one hundred dollars if he would prove his assertion. His reply was, "It is a fact, and needs no proof." I replied, "I will prove to you in two minutes that there are two kinds of wine, and that one of them is unfermented grape juice." If you turn to any dictionary, excepting the last edition of "Webster's Unabridged Dictionary," you will find the definition of the word "Must," put down as "Wine not fermented." This word "must" is the name given to the grape juice as it flows fresh from the press, and this is the definition given to it in all the English dictionaries I have examined, excepting the one mentioned. Now, you turn to the word "Wine" in any of these dictionaries and the definition given is, "The fermented juice of grapes," or words to that effect. The only exception to this definition is the last edition of "Webster's Unabridged," which says, "Wine is the juice of grapes; *generally* fermented." Here we rest our case, feeling sure that any unbiased mind will decide the point proven.

I will close this chapter with a table showing the alcoholic strength of various wines and liquors:

|                         | Per cent. | to | Per cent. | by measure |
|-------------------------|-----------|----|-----------|------------|
| Rhine Wine, varied form | 9.5       | to | 13.0      |            |
| Sherry,                 | 15.4      | "  | 24.7      | "          |
| Madeira,                | 19.0      | "  | 19.7      | "          |
| Marsala,                | 19.0      | "  | 21.1      | "          |
| Claret,                 | 9.1       | "  | 11.1      | "          |
| Catawba,                | 9.0       | "  | 9.5       | "          |
| Burgundy,               | 10.1      | "  | 13.2      | "          |
| Port,                   | 20.7      | "  | 23.2      | "          |
| Tokay,                  | 9.5       | "  | 9.9       | "          |
| Moselle,                | 8.7       | "  | 9.4       | "          |
| Champagne,              | 14.1      | "  | 14.8      | "          |
| Brandy,                 | 50.4      | "  | 53.8      | "          |
| Rum,                    | 72.0      | "  | 77.1      | "          |
| Gin,                    | 49.4      | "  | 50.0      | "          |
| Whiskey,                | 59.3      | "  | 61.2      | "          |
| Cider,                  | 5.4       | "  | 7.5       | "          |
| Bitter Ale,             | 6.6       | "  | 12.3      | "          |
| Porter,                 | 6.5       | "  | 7.0       | "          |
| Stout,                  | 6.5       | "  | 7.9       | "          |
| Lager Beer,             | 5.0       | "  | 7.0       | "          |



## ENGLAND'S DRINKS.

In the year 1876 I went to England to tell the middle and lower classes what they were drinking. In 1878 I returned to England for the purpose of revealing to the higher classes, or nobility, what they were drinking. When first I began lecturing to them upon this subject, they said: "Oh, you need not spend your time talking about those things in this country. We do not have them here; we would put a man in prison for attempting to sell us an adulterated liquor. You are only wasting your breath; our laws are so stringent that men would not dare attempt it."

To this I replied, "That may all be true; but I think when I arrive in London I shall find both the drugs and the recipes for using them." Arriving in London, I went out shopping one day, and called upon seven druggists. In each place I inquired for the oil of cognac. Three of them said they had never heard of such a thing. Three others said, "You will find it with the wine and spirit merchants." The seventh one said he did not keep it, nor did he know anything about it. After conversing for some time, he turned to a drawer and taking from it a small bottle, said to me, "That is port wine oil. I have been analyzing it; but there is one ingredient in it that I can't make out. If I could make out that one ingredient I could realize a fortune

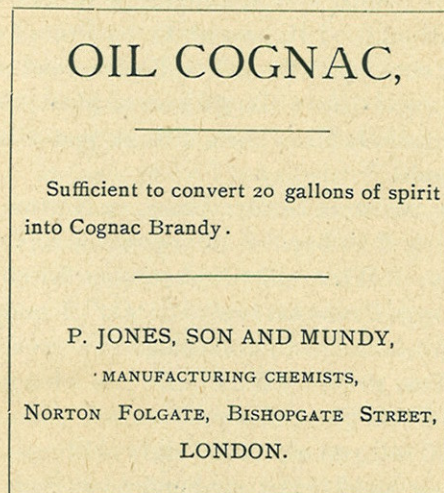
in a little while manufacturing that oil for the trade of London." After conversing quite freely upon the subject, and giving me all the information he was able to impart, he said to me, "Are you engaged in the liquor traffic?" "No," I replied, "I am engaged in the temperance cause." This closed our conversation, and I bade him good-day.

Following up my investigation, I next called upon a chemist in Finsbury Pavement, whom I knew. Having with me a bottle of the oil of cognac, I showed it to him and asked him if he could tell me where I could purchase that article. Taking the bottle in his hand, reading the label and holding it between him and the light, he said, "I have heard of that thing many times; but this is the first time I have ever seen it. Yes, I think I can tell you. There is a namesake of mine over here in Norton Folgate, engaged in the same business that I am; some time ago, one of his letters fell into my hands, and I, supposing it was designed for me, opened it. It proved to be from a publican out in the country, who said: 'Please send me liquid enough to make thirty-six gallons of gin.' Now, sir, if you will call on Mr. Jones, I think you will find the article on sale."

Entering the store of Mr. Jones, in Norton Folgate, and inquiring if he kept oil of cognac, he replied in the affirmative. "What will you charge me for an ounce?" "Six shillings," was his reply. "O," I said, "I can buy it in America for four shillings. Do you keep gin oil?" "Yes, sir." "What will you charge me for an ounce of that?" "I would not sell you an ounce; but I would sell you a pint for eight shillings, and with the pint you could make one hundred gallons of gin."

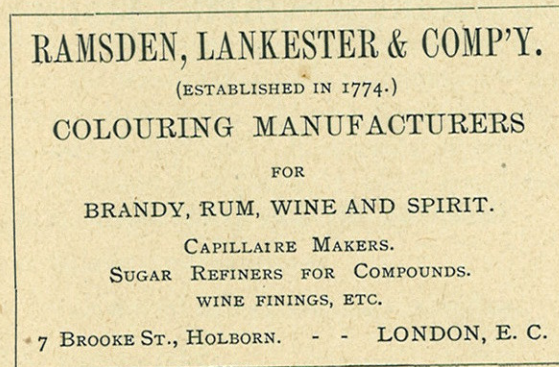
“Do you keep port wine oil?” “No, sir; but I can tell you where you can purchase all you like.” “Do you sell many of these materials for making liquors?” “O, yes,” said he. “We sell great quantities of them.” “How do you manage that? I thought your laws prohibited the use of all such things?” “O, no, sir. The law prohibits the use of anything that is injurious; but these are not injurious; they are entirely harmless.” Then, I said, “If that be the case, please let me have two bottles, and put them up good and strong, so that I can take them back to America.”

Here follows a fac-simile of the label on the ounce bottle of the oil of cognac:



For the oil of cognac I paid him six shillings; for the essence of rum, two shillings. With the former I can make twenty gallons of French brandy; with the latter I can make twenty gallons of Jamaica rum.

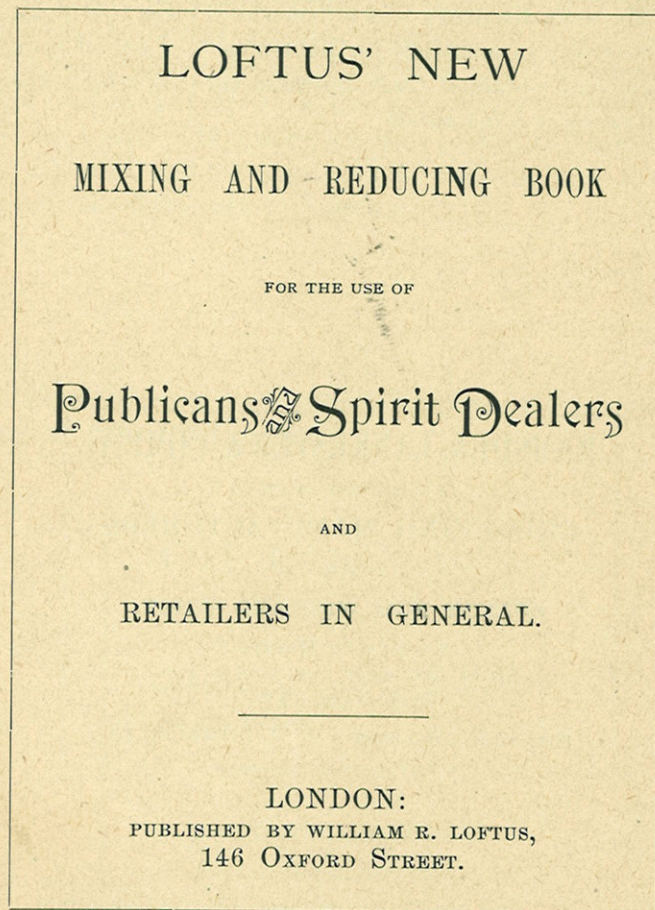
My next discovery was a firm which I was told dealt exclusively in materials for publicans.\* I called upon them and obtained their business card, of which the following is a fac-simile:



\*Saloon-Keepers.

ENGLAND'S DRINKS—CONTINUED.

My second book, purchased at 146 Oxford street, London, bears the following title page:



In the preface to this book we read: "Although coarse and injurious stuff is still consumed in many

quarters, the general quality of spirituous drinks is greatly improved. Mixing and reducing must now be conducted on rational principles, and with judicious selection and proportioning of ingredients, is success in business to be desired.

"*Compounding* is a term reserved specially for the business of the licensed rectifier, and is applied to the manufacturer of flavored spirits on a large scale."

Here follows the first recipe which appears in this wonderful book:

"RECIPE FOR CORDIAL GIN.

Put into a wine bottle

|                        |                              |
|------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1½ oz. oil of juniper, | 1 oz. essence of angelica,   |
| ½ oz. oil of carraway, | 1 oz. of oil bitter almonds, |
|                        | 1 oz. oil of coriander.      |

Nearly fill the bottle with spirits of wine, shake it up well for ten minutes or so, to incorporate the oils; then pour the whole into a cask containing 100 gallons of clean spirits of wine. After a day or two the bulk may be used as required. It consists of strong, fine gin, which should be reduced, in small quantities at a time, to the usual selling strength, with water.

Here follows another recipe:

"APPROVED RECIPE FOR GIN FLAVORING.

For 100 gallons take

80 drops essential oil of almonds, 8 drs spirit of juniper,  
2 oz. nitric acid (aquafortis.)

N. B. It is necessary to be careful not to use more than the assigned quantity of the oil of almonds, which in the least excess, is apt to produce unpleasant if not poisonous effects."

I inquired of a retired chemist in Leeds how poisonous the oil of almonds would be, and he replied: "Ten to fifteen drops would kill a man in a few minutes." I asked the same question of Mr. Jones, in Finsbury Pavement, and he said: "Four drops would stop any man's heart."

On page twenty-seven of this book we find the following:

"TO PREPARE AND SWEETEN GIN.

Procure an empty puncheon or cask of the contents about 133 gallons, and put 120 gallons of clean spirits of wine into it. Then take

Oil of vitriol,  $\frac{1}{4}$  oz. Oil of juniper, 1 oz.

Spirits of wine,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pt. Oil of almonds  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz.

Lump sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pound.

Beat or rub these ingredients in a mortar, and have ready prepared half a gallon of lime water, and one gallon of rose water; mix the whole in a pail. Then add 25 pounds of sugar, dissolved in about 9 gallons of rain water. Mix well with the materials in the 133 gallon cask. To force down the same, boil 8 ounces of alum in three quarts of water for three-quarters of an hour; take it from the fire and dissolve in it slowly, 6 or 7 ounces of salt of tartar (carbonate of potash). While yet warm, add to the gin and rouse briskly for five minutes."

"*Beading*.—Customers in general judge of the fineness and quality of a sample of gin—or indeed of other spirits—by the bead which it carries when newly poured into a glass. What is meant by the 'bead' is the appearance presented on the surface of the spirit by a number of pearly, oily-looking drops or beads hanging on the sides of the glass. The same recipe, it should

be observed, answers equally for gin, rum, brandy and whiskey."

"RECIPE FOR SPIRIT BEADING.

Oil of sweet almonds, 1 oz. Oil of vitriol, 1 oz.

Rub in a mortar, and add by degrees, about two ounces of lump sugar, rubbing well with the pestle, until it becomes a paste. Then add small quantities of spirits of wine until a thin liquid is formed."

In this "New Mixing Book," page 40, under the head of "Brandy," we read: "Of late years, since the partial failure of the vine on the continent, a great deal of so-called foreign brandy is made by flavoring ordinary corn or sugar spirit with various oils and ethers, so as to resemble as closely as possible the genuine or original article. Certain rectifiers possess the art of imitating the best French brandy much more successfully than others in the trade.

"The retailer makes it up according to his own standard, or so as to suit the taste of the locality. The more water is added, in reason, the more the article gets liked and praised for mildness and softness of flavor. Those who can afford to drink brandy as a regular thing, are people by whom delicacy of flavor and absence of all heat on the palate are much more regarded than is the fact of the spirit being rather weak.

"We would say, however, as regards foreign brandy, that it is always a great recommendation to a house to be known to sell a really pure, good article of this kind. A drop of *genuine* cognac is so much thought of for slight complaints of the stomach and bowels, and is, in truth, so comforting and efficacious, on occasions, that a high reputation generally attaches to the place where



one can confidently reckon on being able to procure such brandy, irrespective of the price that has to be paid for it. A small stock, then, should always be kept of the 'right stuff,' to meet such demands and to maintain the character of the house.

"In England the distilleries, though few in number, are on a scale of great magnitude, producing grain or sugar spirit only, the greater part of which is disposed of to rectifiers for conversion into British brandy and gin."

The third book published by Mr. Loftus is called

"THE WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANT."

This is a very valuable book. It is a history of the wine trade from the time that Noah engaged in the business up to the present day, and every library should have a copy. It is designed for all classes, while the other two books are intended only for the liquor dealers.

\* In order to show up the deception of Mr. Loftus, the only quotation I shall make from this book is found on page 288. Please remember, as you read it, that it is published by the same man who publishes "The Brewer" and "The New Mixing Book." He says:

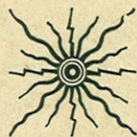
"Never be induced to employ any of the means which are sometimes recommended by dishonest persons, for giving a false appearance of strength and quality to your spirits. Such practices invariably lead to discredit and loss of custom, as, if not directly discovered, the materials used for the purpose, in however small a quantity, are of a pernicious nature and must inevitably injure the health of a regular consumer. Especially beware of the use of oil of vitrol and the oil

of bitter almonds, which are so commonly resorted to, with a view of imparting a good bead or head."

These are just the two drugs which he recommends over and over again in his "New Mixing Book." When I had paid for the three books, and had them in my hand, I said to Mr. Loftus: "Now please put up some of those essences of yours in small bottles." "Why," said he, "we never sell them!"—he advertises them for sale in his "Wine and Spirit Merchant," but under another name—"but I'll give you the address of the gentleman of whom I purchase them, and you can go there and obtain them just as cheaply as I do."—What does he buy them for, if he does not sell them?—He then wrote out the name on a piece of paper, "Bush & Co., 30 Bishopgate Street." Now I said, "Please write your name under that, and then I shall be sure of getting them." Picking up his business card, he said, "There, take that, and you will get all you want."

Going up to 30 Bishopgate street, I found a building five stories in height; but when I entered it I found myself in a little room five by ten feet square, partitioned off from the remainder of the building, with a small hole in the partition, through which I could speak to the people on the other side. I presented the card with the address, and said, "I should like a few samples of your essences for flavoring liquors, put up in ounce bottles." "Well, what will you have?"—handing me their circular, with names and prices of a large number of essences, etc. I began calling off what I wanted, and he wrote it down. When I had finished, he said, "Please take seat, sir, and we shall have them ready for you in a few minutes." After sitting

about fifteen minutes, he handed me out seven ounce bottles, each of which was sufficient to make six gallons of the liquor represented by the following labels, and for each of which I paid him one shilling. So that for seven shillings—\$1.75— I obtained the drugs for making forty-two gallons of assorted liquors.



|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>The labels here printed are exact copies of the labels, as they appear on the seven bottles. The Essence of Grapes is used for making Champagne Wine and other wines from spirits of cider. All "sham" excepting the pain, which is sure to follow.</p>                                                                                         | <p><b>Essence of Whiskey.</b><br/>[Scotch]<br/>One pound of this Essence is sufficient for 110 gallons. It simply requires mixing.<br/><br/>PREPARED BY<br/><b>W. J. BUSH &amp; CO.,</b><br/>21 &amp; 23 Artillery Lane, 30 Bishopgate St., and 1 New St.</p>                                                                                      |
| <p><b>Essence of Whiskey.</b><br/>[Irish.]<br/>One pound of this Essence is sufficient for 110 gallons. It simply requires mixing.<br/><br/>PREPARED BY<br/><b>W. J. BUSH &amp; CO.,</b><br/>21 &amp; 23 Artillery Lane, 30 Bishopgate St., and 1 New St.</p>                                                                                      | <p><b>Essence of Gin.</b><br/>From ½ lb to 1 lb of this Essence is sufficient for 100 gallons of spirit. This Essence should be mixed with 7 or 8 times its weight of spirit, 56 over proof, before adding to the bulk.<br/><br/>PREPARED BY<br/><b>W. J. BUSH &amp; CO.,</b><br/>21 &amp; 23 Artillery Lane, 30 Bishopgate St., and 1 New St.</p> |
| <p><b>Essence of Grapes.</b><br/>For improving the flavor of Wines and Brandies. From 8 oz. to 16 oz. is sufficient for 100 gallons. It simply requires mixing.<br/><br/>PREPARED BY<br/><b>W. J. BUSH &amp; CO.,</b><br/>21 &amp; 23 Artillery Lane, 30 Bishopgate St., and 1 New St.</p>                                                         | <p><b>Essence of Cognac.</b><br/>One pound of this Essence is sufficient for 100 gallons of Brandy. It simply requires mixing.<br/><br/>PREPARED BY<br/><b>W. J. BUSH &amp; CO.,</b><br/>21 &amp; 23 Artillery Lane, 30 Bishopgate St., and 1 New St.</p>                                                                                          |
| <p><b>Essence of Sherry Wine.</b><br/>One pound of this Essence is sufficient for 100 gallons of Wine. It simply requires mixing.<br/><br/>PREPARED BY<br/><b>W. J. BUSH &amp; CO.,</b><br/>21 &amp; 23 Artillery Lane, 30 Bishopgate St., and 1 New St.<br/>Should a stronger flavor be desired, a larger proportion of Essence must be used.</p> | <p><b>Essence of Port Wine.</b><br/>One pound of this Essence is sufficient for 100 gallons of Wine. It simply requires mixing.<br/><br/>PREPARED BY<br/><b>W. J. BUSH &amp; CO.,</b><br/>21 &amp; 23 Artillery Lane, 30 Bishopgate St., and 1 New St.<br/>Should a stronger flavor be desired, a larger proportion of Essence must be used.</p>   |

The reader will observe that on each label it is explicitly stated that "It simply requires mixing." This I suppose, is done in order to evade the very stringent laws of England. We shall find as we proceed with our investigations that to imitate pure liquors requires much more than "simply mixing" these essences with pure spirits.

The London *Times*, which cannot be accused of fanaticism on the subject, says: "As a rule, medical men know no more of the value of *wine as a medicinal agent than anybody else*. A glass of sherry is their universal panacea for want of tone in the system; but sherry may mean *anything but the thing it is really called*. It is a great pity the faculty do not pay as much attention to wine as a medicament as they do to water. We are told there is some spa suitable to every complaint the human frame is liable to; but port and sherry are all the wines the majority of physicians ever recommend to their patients when special restoratives are required." When physicians prescribe wine for their patients, ought they not to ascertain whether what they order is the product of the sun in the vineyard, or of applied chemistry in the laboratory?

"HIGHLY FLAVORED DOMESTIC BRANDY.

To 40 gallons French proof spirits, add:

|                                 |                          |
|---------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 2 qts. raisin tincture.         | 20 drops bitter almonds. |
| 2 qts. prune tincture.          | 1 gal. Jamaica rum.      |
| 2 qts. St. John bread tincture. | 2 pts. wine vinegar.     |
| 1 gal. best sherry wine.        | 1 lb. glycerine.         |
| 2 drs. oil of cognac."          |                          |

Thus we might go on copying brandy receipts from this book until we had copied the entire list of twenty-seven, but this is sufficient to show their character.

OIL OF COGNAC

is obtained by distillation from the marc, or lees of wine. It is also prepared by dissolving the fusil oil of marc brandy in strong rectified spirit, and then adding a sufficient quantity of concentrated sulphuric acid to form a sulphate. In either case it is a deadly poison.

It is a well known fact that with liquor dealers old barrels are considered valuable. Hence it is very important for them to know how to make an old barrel out of a new one. In this book, on page 60, we are told how the French accomplish this:

"TO GIVE THE APPEARANCE OF AGE TO BRANDY BARRELS.

Dissolve in three gallons water, three pounds sulphuric acid and one pound sulphate of iron. Wash your barrels with it on the outside."

This makes an old barrel out of a new one.

"HOW TO FIX BARRELS WHEN YOU SEND COGNAC ABROAD.

Dissolve six ounces sulphuric acid in four gallons of water. Rinse your barrel inside, first with the above mixture, and afterward with clear, cold water."

"BEADING FOR PROOF BRANDY.

The beading heretofore generally used by dealers, is made by mixing sweet oil and sulphuric acid, in the following proportions: To every forty drops of sulphuric acid add sixty drops pure sweet oil."

For giving age to brandy, Mr. Rack recommends the use of ammonia and glycerine. For adding apparent strength to liquors which are short of alcohol he gives: "Burnt sugar, Guinea and cayenne pepper, grains of paradise, pellitory, etc."

## "TO MAKE BOURBON WHISKEY.

|                                           |                           |
|-------------------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 40 gals. proof spirit.                    | 1 pt. wine vinegar.       |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ gal. peach flavoring.       | 1 pt. white glycerine.    |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ gal. hickory nut flavoring. | 12 drops oil cognac.      |
| 1 gal. highly flavored brandy.            | Color with sugar coloring |

## "TO MAKE RYE WHISKEY.

|                           |                       |
|---------------------------|-----------------------|
| 40 gals. proof spirit.    | 12 drops oil cognac.  |
| 2 gals. peach flavoring.  | 1 lb white glycerine. |
| 1 pt. white wine vinegar. |                       |

Here follows a statement which it will be well to note, and to remember that it is made by a liquor dealer:

"The wines most subject to adulteration are the various kinds of Rhenish and clarets. Many of these which are imported is made by processes similar to that disclosed in these pages. It is very seldom that one bottle of what could be honestly called *the real article* ever reaches these shores. The inferior wines that pass through our custom houses, as the trade well know, are not, in nine cases out of ten, what they are represented to be; but are adulterated and doctored before they are shipped here."

We next have, "A new process by which to make cheap wines by fermentation, as practiced in France and Germany and also adopted by the large wine manufacturers in New York, with diagrams showing how to make the necessary apparatus." Mr. Rack says:

"In presenting the following pages to the trade, the author has but one object to achieve, and that is the benefit of those who labor in the field in which he has spent the best part of his life. He has only to say that what he knows, with regard to the making of ap-

proved stimulants, he has set down in plain shape and form, so that all may read and understand. The process by which to make cheap wines, described in the pages which follow, is *his* discovery and *his* alone. It was discovered during years of occupation as a manufacturer of wines in continental Europe and this country also, and is now given for the benefit and guidance of those who have been paying others large percentages for doing what they may do themselves.

## "HOW TO MAKE WHITE AND RED WINE BY THE NEW PROCESS.

|                                       |                       |
|---------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| Take 60 gals. water.                  | 20 lbs. sugar.        |
| 20 lbs. raisins.                      | 5 lbs. tartaric acid. |
| 1 lb. linden or <i>tilia</i> flowers. | 1 gill yeast.         |
| 4 gals. spirit, 95 per cent."         |                       |

Here followed directions for mixing and fermenting, and when done, Mr. Rack says, we have 63 $\frac{1}{2}$  gallons of wine. This process, he claims to have discovered while engaged as a manufacturer of wines in Europe years ago.

The wine made by the next recipe evidently contains some good medicine:

## "TO MAKE MADEIRA WINE

To 30 gals. white wine, or wine made by our process, add:

|                          |                                        |
|--------------------------|----------------------------------------|
| 20 lbs. sugar.           | 20 oz. linden or <i>tilia</i> flowers. |
| 20 lbs. figs, mashed up. | 3 brs. Turkish rhubarb.                |
| 10 grs. Socotrine aloes. |                                        |

Boil one minute, and filter after three or four days."

The moderate drinkers and the advocates of using mild wines say that sweet wine never makes any one drunk. Here follows the recipe for making it as the

French do it. You can read it, and then judge for yourselves:

“TO MAKE SWEET WINE.

To 16 bbl. of whiskey, add:

34 bbl. of water.                    4 lbs. coriander seed.  
2,000 lbs. sugar.                    ½ gal. sulphuric acid.”

The whiskey is doubtless made from drugs. Now turn back to the recipe for making whiskey, add the drugs there to the drugs here, and tell me, if you can, what our doctors mean by prescribing these vile compounds for their patients, and making those patients believe they are taking a good medicine.

In conversation with a physician not long since, he said to me: “Quite frequently people come to me suffering with diarrhoea. Knowing that they are not able to pay me a fee, I prescribe for them French brandy.” I said, “Will you please tell me what there is in French brandy that can possibly be of any service in that disease?” He replied, “Well, I don’t know that there is anything; but it is a cheap way to satisfy them.”

On page 159, Mr. Rack says:

“*Wines are always doctored* more or less for every market, or they would otherwise be reduced to a few leading varieties, so as to interfere in a great measure with the existing profitable trade.”

Here is a receipt, after the French fashion, for making, according to Mr Rack:

“PORT WINE.

To 60 gals. wine made by our method of fermentation add:

30 lbs. sugar.                            1 qt. cinnamon water.  
3 gals. spirits 40 over proof.    1 qt. clove water.

¼ lb. powdered orris root.    1 oz. tannin powder.  
Color with mallow flowers.”

“HOW TO IMITATE CIDER.

25 gals. soft water.            25 lbs. New Orleans sugar.  
2 lbs. tartaric acid.            1 pt. yeast.

Put all the ingredients into a clean cask, and stir them up well after standing twenty-four hours with the bung out. Then bung the cask up tight, adding three gallons spirits, and let it stand forty-eight hours, after which time it is ready for use.

DRUGS IN NEW YORK AND OTHER CITIES.

The original bill, stolen from me in London, showed that the doctor who formerly owned this box purchased his drugs of Alex. Fries, 16 College Place, New York; and that said Fries kept a general assortment of drugs and materials for producing all the most important liquors known to the trade.

My next discovery was a large house on William street, New York. I went in there one day and purchased two bottles, for which I paid two dollars. The following are fac-similes of the labels as they appear upon those two bottles:

|                                                                                                                                       |                                                                                                  |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| BRANDY OIL.                                                                                                                           | Holland Gin Flavor.                                                                              |
| DIRECTIONS;                                                                                                                           | DIRECTIONS:                                                                                      |
| To twenty gallons Pure Spirits<br>add the contents of this bottle<br>and one quart of White Syrup,<br>or one pound Refined Glycerine. | To forty gallons Pure Spirits<br>add the contents of this bottle<br>and one quart of White Syrup |
| WM. RUDKINS' SONS,<br>Importers,<br>74 William Street, New York.                                                                      | WM. RUDKINS' SONS,<br>Importers,<br>74 William Street, New York.                                 |

After paying Mr. Rudkins for the bottles, he presented me a book, the title page of which is as follows:

HINTS  
TO  
**Liquor Merchants**  
BY  
**WM. RUDKINS' SONS,**  
PRACTICAL CHEMISTS,  
*74 WILLIAMS STREET,*  
NEW YORK.

In the introduction they say:

"We deal in the best articles only. Most of the

essential oils we have specially prepared for our own trade by the best makers in England, France and Germany."

Now, since almost everybody desires to have port wine, here follows the recipe as proposed by Rudkins:

"PORT.

|                                |                     |
|--------------------------------|---------------------|
| 4 oz. port wine oil.           | 1 gal. white syrup. |
| 13 gals. pure spirit, proof.   | Color.              |
| 27 gals. cider, fine quality." |                     |

"PORT—ANOTHER FORM.

|                                                             |                               |
|-------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 15 gals. pure spirits, proof.                               | 4 oz. tartaric acid.          |
| 3 gals. sugar syrup.                                        | 2 gals. German cherry juice   |
| 19 gals. water.                                             | 4 oz. Rudkins' port wine oil  |
| 1 gal. vinegar.                                             | 3 lbs. malva flowers, steeped |
| 4 oz. tincture gum kino. in 19 gallons water and strained." |                               |

This gives you forty gallons of port wine without a drop of wine in it.

Should you ever go to your drug store for a bottle of sherry wine, and the druggist informs you that he has just sold the last bottle, tell him it makes no matter; only give you a bottle of claret, muscat, madeira or malaga, and you will have the same thing precisely, excepting that there is a change in the essence and coloring material. All the other ingredients are the same.

The recipe for sherry is as follows:

"SHERRY.

|                              |                             |
|------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 4 oz. sherry oil.            | Mix and add 27 gals. cider, |
| 13 gals. pure spirit, proof. | Fine quality.               |
| 1 gal. white syrup."         |                             |

The cider used in these recipes can be made without apples.

BUFFALO BOOK.

In Buffalo I found a work published by Mr. Hounihan, who, in his circular, says he has had forty years' experience in the liquor trade. He is surely not over thirty-five years of age. Where he ever obtained the other five years' experience from, I shall not attempt to explain.

Mr. Rudkins, of New York, takes the drugs and tells how to make the liquors, while Mr. Hounihan takes liquors already made from drugs and tells how they may be adulterated.

In a circular which Mr. Hounihan has sent all over the United States and Canada he says:

"I have written a book on the process of making whiskey, brandy, gin, ale, porter, lager beer, and every thing pertaining to the business. The recipes are so simple that a boy ten years old can make in your cellar or back room twenty gallons of Bourbon whiskey inside of one hour and you may place it side by side with the genuine, and you can not tell the difference by look or taste.

"My directions for imitating Bourbon whiskey, Irish whiskey and French brandy are the best in existence. You may put my imitations and the genuine side by side, and the best judge will pronounce them the same. Besides, they can be made to present the appearance of being twenty years old.

"It is a fact known to a great many liquor dealers that half of the whiskey now sold in this country never passes through a still, for it is nearly all adulterated more or less.

"As reference, I could mention many of the first hotel bars of Maryland and Pennsylvania, now using my book as a guide; but, considering the nature of the book, I will not mention names."

In this book, I find fourteen recipes for making brandy, six for gin, four for rum, nine for whiskey, fourteen for wine, seven for champagne, two for punch, twelve for bitters, seventeen for beer, one for making cider without apples, one for making beer without malt or hops, one for making old barrels out of new ones; and then in the middle of the book he inserts a recipe for taking away the appetite from the drunkard.

I have found these books published and for sale in all sections of the United States, and I am told by gentlemen upon whose word I can rely that they are published in Australia.

There is a large, well-executed work, published in Philadelphia, for ten dollars; another in New Orleans, costing ten dollars; another in St. Louis, which I have not seen, and do not know its price. These books are all devoted to the interests of the liquor traffic, and furnish recipes similar to those already given for the manufacture of the different intoxicants known to the trade.

I have a book which was presented to me by a reformed saloon-keeper at the close of one of my meetings in the city of Cleveland. The title page of this book is as follows:

## PROCESSES

FOR THE

MANUFACTURE, IMPROVEMENT *and* IMITATION

OF

## LIQUORS.

The first recipe, which attracts our attention in this book, is one for "Beading," containing sulphuric acid and sweet oil.

In this book we find twelve recipes for making brandy without a drop of the pure article in any of them. Here follows several recipes as given in this book:

### "COGNAC BRANDY.

|                                |                                   |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 30 gals neutral spirit,        | 1 oz cassia bulbs,                |
| $\frac{3}{4}$ lb crude tartar, | 2 qts prunes,                     |
| 3 oz acetic acid,              | 1 qt infusion bitter almonds,     |
| 2 lbs raisins,                 | 2 qts honey,                      |
| 3 oz tincture kino,            | 2 qts alcoholic starch solution." |

For another—

### "BORDEAUX BRANDY.

|                                        |                                       |
|----------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 30 gals neutral spirits,               | 2 lbs. raisins,                       |
| 2 oz cream tartar,                     | 1 qt cider vinegar,                   |
| 5 lbs refined sugar,                   | 4 oz catechu, powdered,               |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ oz orris root, powdered, | 1 oz tincture kino,                   |
|                                        | 1 pt infusion bitter almonds,         |
|                                        | 2 qts alcoholic starch solution,      |
|                                        | 1 oz black tea, boiled and strained." |

### "HOLLAND GIN.

|                            |                                     |
|----------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 30 gals uncolored whiskey, | $\frac{1}{2}$ oz sweet fennel seed, |
| 3 gals water,              | 2 lbs juniper berries,              |
| 2 oz sweet spirits nitre,  | 2 lbs refined sugar,                |
| 1 oz acetic acid,          | 1 qt alcoholic starch."             |

### "JAMAICA RUM.

|                                 |                                 |
|---------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 30 gals neutral spirits,        | 1 oz allspice,                  |
| 1 pt spirits prunes,            | 5 lbs refined sugar,            |
| $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz butyric acid, | 1 pt alcoholic starch solution. |
|                                 | 3 drs tincture kino."           |

### "BOURBON WHISKEY.

|                         |                                        |
|-------------------------|----------------------------------------|
| 30 gals common whiskey, | 2 oz acetic ether,                     |
| 7 gals water,           | 15 drops oil wintergreen,              |
| 3 qts tincture pepper,  | 2 lbs refined sugar,                   |
| 4 lbs dried peaches,    | 1 pt elm bark mucilage,                |
|                         | 1 qt cider vinegar.                    |
|                         | Stand six days, shaking occasionally." |

### "OLD RYE WHISKEY.

|                         |                                           |
|-------------------------|-------------------------------------------|
| 30 gals common whiskey, | 2 oz tea in decoction,                    |
| 7 gals water,           | 1 oz nitric ether,                        |
| 3 qts tincture pepper,  | 2 oz allspice,                            |
| 1 qt honey,             | 1 qt alcoholic starch solution,           |
|                         | 1 qrt rye, burnt and ground like coffee." |



## "OLD BAKER WHISKEY.

30 gals Bourbon, as by No. 1 above,  
 1 oz orris root, 1 pt spirits prunes,  
 1 gill infusion bitter almonds."

## "MOUNTAIN DEW WHISKEY.

30 gals old rye, as by No. 2, 3 lbs refined sugar,  
 10 drops oil wintergreen, 2 oz spirits niter,  
 1 oz spirit nutmegs, 1 qt cider vinegar."

## "MONONGAHELA WHISKEY.

30 gals common whiskey, 3 oz tea in decoction,  
 7 gals water, 2 qts rye, burnt and ground,  
 3 qts tincture pepper, 4 oz allspice, ground,  
 2 oz nitric ether, 3 oz cassia, ground,  
 1 pt honey, 2 oz cloves, ground,  
 1 qt elm bark mucilage."

## "IRISH WHISKEY.

30 gals neutral spirits, 2 lbs refined sugar,  
 6 gals water, 1 gal tincture pepper,  
 1 qt alcoholic starch solution,  
 40 drops creosote, dissolved in 1 qt alcohol."

## "SCOTCH WHISKEY.

30 gals "Irish"—as above, 2 oz catechu,  
 1 oz acetic acid, 1 qt honey."

## "CHEAP LIQUORS."

Under this head the author says: "The 'tincture of pepper,' prepared as directed in the 'general directions,' is the article used to cheapen the cost of liquors. It will be perceived that this article is already introduced to some extent in a number of the regular for-

mulas. For the cheaper liquors, water, charged with this tincture, may be added in any quantity the dealer may desire, in place of an equal quantity of the neutral spirits or whiskey—say twelve to fifteen gallons (or even more) to the barrel. In all other particulars, the formulas for whiskies, brandies, gins and rums, as given for the better qualities, may be followed."

"The following formulas are for very cheap liquors. They will each generally need a bead.

## "WHISKEY.

20 gals raw whiskey, 3 qts strong tea,  
 18 gals water, 2 qts alcoholic starch solu-  
 2 gals tincture pepper, tion,  
 Color with sugar coloring."

## "BRANDY.

20 gals neutral spirits,  $\frac{1}{2}$  gal spirits prunes,  
 18 gals water, 1 lb acetic ether,  
 2 gals tincture pepper, 2 qts alcoholic starch solu-  
 Color with red saunders tion,  
 and sugar coloring."

## "GIN.

20 gals neutral spirits,  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz oil juniper,  
 16 gals water, 1 oz fine spirits turpentine,  
 2 gals tincture pepper, 2 qts alcoholic starch solu-  
 tion."

## "RUM.

20 gals neutral spirits, 7 gals Jamaica rum, as be-  
 10 gals water, fore,  
 1 gal tincture pepper, 5 lbs brown sugar."

## "IMITATION CIDER.

35 gals soft water,        2 lbs tartaric acid,  
35 lbs brown sugar,       1 qt yeast.

Stir up well, and stand twenty-four hours with the bung out. Then add three gallons neutral spirits and bung tight. Stand forty-eight hours; and it is ready for use."

"The 'imitation cider' though not so good for fine wines, will answer all general purposes. Either neutral spirit or alcohol may be added in either formula, if greater strength is desired for the wines, or tincture of pepper may be used for the purpose when economy is the object."

## "MADERIA WINE.

35 gals prepared cider,    3 lbs raisins,  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  lb tartaric acid,        1 lb sweet almonds,  
3 gals neutral spirits,    1 pt alcoholic starch solution,  
4 lbs refined sugar,

Stand ten days, shaking every day; settle and clarify."

## "SHERRY WINE.

25 gals prepared cider,     $\frac{1}{2}$  oz tincture kino,  
4 gals neutral spirits,    1 oz spirits nutmegs,  
4 lbs refined sugar,       1 pt alcoholic starch solution,  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  oz oil bitter almonds."

## "PORT WINE.

33 gals prepared cider,    1 oz tartaric acid,  
 $5\frac{1}{2}$  gals neutral spirits,    6 oz rhatany root, powdered,  
4 lbs refined sugar,       3 lbs raisins,  
2 oz tincture kino,        1 qt alcoholic starch solution."

## "LISBON WINE.

35 gals prepared cider,    1 oz tincture kino,  
4 gals neutral spirits,    1 oz tartaric acid,  
2 qts spirits prunes,      6 lbs refined sugar,  
4 oz catechu, powdered, 1 qt alcoholic starch solution."

## "MALAGA WINE.

35 gals prepared cider,    1 gal Jamaica rum— as by  
4 gals neutral spirits,      former recipe,  
2 lbs raisins,                2 lbs refined sugar,  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  lb crude tartar,          1 pt alcoholic starch solution."

## "CLARET WINE.

30 gals prepared cider,    3 lbs refined sugar,  
4 gals neutral spirits,    2 gals port wine—as by re-  
1 lb cream tartar,          cipe above,  
16 lemons sliced,          4 gals water,  
Color with juice of red beet, boiled."

## "CHAMPAGNE WINE.

35 gals prepared cider,     $\frac{1}{2}$  pt lemon juice,  
4 gals neutral spirits.    3 lbs raisins,  
2 oz tartaric acid, crys- 1 lb honey,  
talized,                         $\frac{1}{3}$  pt yeast,  
3 lbs refined sugar.

Mix well and stand ten days. Clarify with milk. If not sparkling, add more acid till it is. Then bottle, adding a piece of white sugar the size of a pea to each bottle. Cork and wire the bottle and cover with tin foil."

## "LONDON PORTER.

1 peck wheat bran,      1 lb hops,  
12 gals water.

Boil together, and while warm strain carefully. Then stir into liquid.

$\frac{1}{2}$  gal molasses,      1 gill sugar coloring,  
1 oz aloes, powdered.       $1\frac{1}{2}$  pt yeast.

Set in warm place to ferment. Skim the froth, and when it ceases to rise, bottle, adding a bit of sugar the size of a nutmeg, and a teaspoonful of yeast to each bottle before filling."

## "BROWN STOUT.

4 qts wheat bran,      4 oz Guinea pepper, bruised,  
1 oz calamus,      2 oz quassia, rasped,  
12 gals water.

Boil three-fourths of an hour. When near cold add-  
3 qts molasses,      1 qt yeast,  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  pt sugar coloring.

Ferment as above; then strain carefully, and add two quarts neutral spirits. Mix well and bottle as above."

## "SCOTCH ALE.

2 lbs wheat flour, in a paste, 10 lbs brown sugar,  
1 lb hops,      3 oz ginger, bruised,  
5 oz Guinea pepper, bruised, 2 oz quassia,  
15 gals water,      3 oz cinnamon, ground.

Boil one hour. When near cold add  $1\frac{1}{2}$  pts yeast, and ferment as above. Then strain carefully, add two gallons of neutral spirits, and bottle."

## "CREAM ALE.

4 lbs brown sugar,      1 lb hops,

2 oz quassia,      12 gals water.

Boil three-fourths hour, then add:

1 gal molasses,      1 pt yeast.

Ferment as before; then strain and add:

2 qts tincture pepper,      3 oz butyric ether.

Mix well, and bottle immediately."

Some years ago Mr. Delavan accused a brewer, in Albany, of making his malt liquors from the vilest compounds. The brewer having sued Mr. Delavan for slander, it was proven before the court that the pond from which the brewery was supplied with water received the draining from a graveyard, a cow stable, and a slaughter-house; that on its shores were deposited the dead horses, cows, dogs and cats drawn from the city. That it was the place for the congregation of geese, and that it was known as the "Goose Pond;" that in hot weather it was covered with a thick, green scum.



### DRINKS OF THE WESTERN STATES, ETC.

In Greenfield, Ohio, a friend of mine was sitting in a drug store one day, when an old farmer came in with a three gallon jug and said he wanted it filled with whiskey for harvest hands; that he would leave the jug and call for it when he had done his other shopping. As soon as the farmer's back was turned the druggist took from his shelves first one drug and then another, and putting a measured quantity of each into the jug he filled it with rain water. Some time after the farmer returned for his jug and upon inquiring how much was to pay, the druggist replied: "The price is three dollars per gallon, but since you have taken such a quantity we will make a reduction. We will charge you seven dollars for the lot." The old farmer paid the \$7.00 and went off rejoicing over the good bargain he had made, and I doubt not was drunk before night.

#### CINCINNATI'S DRUGS.

A superintendent of a Sunday school, and a prominent church member, told me that he formerly kept these drugs in regular stock, but that since Alex. Fries & Brothers, at 48 and 50 East Second street, had opened their branch house, he depended upon them for filling the orders which he received for such articles.

Of Alex. Fries & Brothers I purchased a bottle of essence, upon which is the following label:

### COGNAC BRANDY ESSENCE.

#### DIRECTIONS :

To one barrel Cologne Spirits add 3½ ounces of this flavor, one quart Syrup and 4 ounces of Coloring.

48 AND 50 EAST SECOND STREET,  
CINCINNATI.

For this I paid them fifty cents, and received from them their printed circular, in which I find recipes for making the usual drinks of the trade.

They say in this circular:

*"Parties not wishing to keep a large stock of liquors on hand, will find it to their interest to lay in an assortment of the oils and essence, which will enable them to fill large orders at the shortest notice.*

"ORDERS FROM CALIFORNIA, COLORADO, UTAH, NEW MEXICO, NEVADA, WASHINGTON, AND OREGON, must be

accompanied with the amount for the same, either direct to us, or through the express company by which they are to be sent."

## DETROIT'S DRUGS.

In the largest wholesale drug store in Detroit—which, it is also claimed, is the largest wholesale liquor house—I purchased two bottles of drugs for making liquors. Two of the proprietors of this house are elders in one of the oldest, wealthiest and most influential churches in the city. In addition to being elder one is the superintendent of the Sunday school, and the other is the treasurer of the benevolent fund of the church.

Just before I made my purchase, a young man of wealthy family died of *delirium tremens*. On his death bed he assured his friends that he purchased his liquors of that house. I wrote a letter to the pastor of that church, giving him these facts, and asking him if he did not think it was about time for him to turn over a new leaf and secure other pillars to his church.

## CHICAGO'S DRINKS.

In passing through this great city, going from one depot to another, I had only forty minutes for my investigations. During that brief time I heard of five houses engaged in this business.

From the Western News Company, of Chicago, I have the following written upon one of their postal cards.

"In reply to yours of the 24th, we quote you:

"How to Mix Drinks," 12 mo., - - \$2.50.

"Bar Tenders' Guide," 16 mo., - .50 and .75.

"Bar Tenders' Manual," 16 mo., - - .50.

Postpaid on receipt of price."

I also have a circular from J. Roemheld & Co., offering a full line of drugs, with list of prices for making all the different drinks usually kept in stock.

## IOWA'S DRUGS.

I have a bottle of essence of cognac which I purchased of Junkerman & Haas, 730 Main Street, Dubuque, Iowa, with their written assertion that it is sufficient for six gallons of brandy.

## DRUGS IN MISSOURI.

The following letter is from Woodward, Faxon & Co., Kansas City:

"E. JOHNSONS.—*Dear Sir:* Pure oil cognac we quote at \$4 per ounce. We handle no other oils that are used in making liquors."

## DRUGS IN KANSAS.

A postal card addressed to me from Leavenworth says:

"Can not furnish the desired articles. Have discontinued keeping wine and liquor oils."

This man did not discontinue them until his brother, who was also his partner in business, died of delirium tremens.

A druggist in Lawrence offered to sell me the drugs for making liquors.

## DRUGS IN NEW MEXICO.

A friend of mine, living now in Colorado, informed me that he saw a saloon-keeper, with two barrels of high wines and a lot of drugs, manufacture a complete stock of liquors for his new dram shop which he was about to open in New Mexico.

## DRUGS IN CALIFORNIA.

I am assured by those who have opportunity for knowing the facts, that in California adulteration is carried on so extensively that many of the vineyard owners have ceased to make wines, and are turning their attention to the manufacture of raisins.

Gentlemen residing in Australia, who have invited me to that far-off country for the purpose of showing up the adulteration of liquors, assure me that it is largely practiced in that country.

## DRUGS IN CANADA.

In Canada I found the drugs on sale, with the books and recipes for making the drink. I have one bottle that I purchased in Hamilton, Canada.

## DRUGS IN THE SOUTH.

Three years ago, during the time of the great *Mardi-Gras* Festival, which is only another name for a Bacchanalian feast, gotten up by the liquor-sellers and a few others for the purpose of swindling the people out of their money.

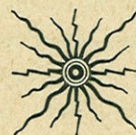
PANDEMONIUM LET LOOSE are the three words which describe the scenes of that demoralizing festival—women, dressed in men's clothes, lying in the streets drunk; men, dressed in women's clothes, lying in the streets drunk; women, dressed in newspapers from head to feet, marching through the streets; women, dressed up as men, rushing through the streets astride their horses with glasses of beer in their hands, yelling like demons; women, dressed up like monkeys, with chains around their waists, being led by men dressed as baboons—everybody doing just as he pleases.

They spent \$75,000 for the costumes and scenery in that one procession, and the people from the country footed the bills.

They had at this time 120 places where liquor was sold at wholesale, and then, they had over 500 retail dram-shops. Is it any wonder that they are cursed with yellow fever there?

In one of the largest drug stores of Memphis I purchased two bottles, the labels of which are as follows:

|                                                                                                                                                |                                                                 |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------|
| Essence Robinson Co.<br>Whiskey.                                                                                                               | Essence of Cognac<br>Brandy.                                    |
| Keep the Essence in a warm place. If a white settlement should appear in it, set the flask in warm water until the Essence is perfectly clear. | Four ounces of this Essence flavors 40 gallons Cologne Spirits. |



THE DRINK OF THE ANCIENTS. THE DISCOVERY OF THE GERMANS.

“Bacchus, the god of wine, whose birth-place is stated to have been Thebes, in Bœotia, was the son of Jupiter and Semele. Before the birth of Bacchus, Semele was consumed when in the presence of Jupiter, whom she had petitioned to visit her in all her majesty, accompanied with thunder and lightning. Bacchus, nevertheless, was saved, and afterwards carried to Nysa, in Thrace, where he was given in charge of the nymphs. It was here that he commenced teaching the art of cultivating the vine and preparing exhilarating drink from the grapes; and that mankind might have his discovery imparted to them, he, accompanied by Pan and others, wandered through many countries, extending his victories over the human race, making even some of the greatest monarchs his slaves.”

It is claimed by some mythologists that he lived contemporaneous with Noah. Perhaps it may have been he who persuaded Noah to plant the vineyard. In the Jewish talmud we are informed that it was Satan who induced Noah to cultivate a vine. The legend says that Satan, having prevailed upon Noah to plant a vineyard, they two went out together to

select a proper piece of ground for that purpose. Having agreed upon the grounds it was arranged between them that Noah should dig the holes and plant the seed, while Satan went off to procure the animals to be offered upon it. He brought a lamb, a monkey, a lion and a pig. The blood of these four animals was then poured upon the ground, and thereby became the color of the wine. The lamb was to represent the man who never drinks intoxicants, kind, loving and gentle; the monkey, the moderate drinker, full of fun and mischief. The lion, the immoderate drinker, bold and courageous. The pig, the drunken sot, lying in the gutter.

The Greeks placed Bacchus in the highest rank, and annually held Bacchanalian festivals, which about 500 years B. C., were introduced into Rome, where they were continued until licentiousness and unnatural excesses rendered the rooting out of the Bacchanalia necessary for the safety, not only of morality but society itself.

The Roman women during these Bacchanalian feasts were in the habit of drinking wine until they could hold no more, and then, taking an emetic which would empty their stomachs, they would again drink to their fill. This was the condition of things, when in the days of Romulus a law was enacted by the Romans, prohibiting their women from drinking wine.

There is every evidence that the ancient Greeks made strong, rich wine. Homer wrote in its praise 3,000 years ago; but there is an equal amount of evidence, astonishing as it may appear, that with their wine they mingled sea water, tar, pitch, gums, etc., before drinking it.

The Romans, who borrowed from the Greeks whatever was their fashion, no matter how peculiar, soon copied them in the adulterations of wine, and even went the length of exposing the stronger kinds to the action of heat and smoke in order to thicken them.

How the ancient Greeks and Romans could drink and praise such abominable compounds it would be difficult to conjecture, did we not know that in our day the wine in most repute with us is a connection with poisonous drugs.

In the *Odyssey* we are told that Helen prepared for Telemachus and his companions a beverage which was highly stupefying. This art had been taught her by the Egyptians.

Pliny, who lived and wrote in the time of Christ, gives a long list of drugs, spices and fruits from which intoxicating drinks were made.

In the fourteenth century a law was enacted in England imposing heavy penalties, on frauds in liquors. At that time the king, in a letter addressed to the Lord Mayor of London, complains of the liquor dealers, and says:

“They do mingle corrupt wines with other wines, and are not afraid to sell the wines so mixed and corrupt, at the same price as they sell the good and pure, to the corruption of the bodily health of those who buy wines by retail.”

In the days of Solomon adulterated liquors were in use, and from that time to the present men have made and bought and sold, adulterated liquors; but it remained for the Germans of the nineteenth century to discover a process by which all kinds of intoxicating

liquors could be made without one single drop of the pure article in any one of them.

When first this new process was mentioned to me, I said, “Oh, that is all right; I am glad of it. I wish they would make it so poisonous that it would kill every man who drank it, in twenty-four hours. Then perhaps we could induce men to let it alone.” But the more I looked into the matter, the more thoroughly I became satisfied that here was something by which, with the blessing of Almighty God, we could open the eyes of moderate drinkers. The more I examined the things, the more I became convinced that here was material by which, with the blessing of providence, we could open the eyes of the doctors who persist in prescribing these concoctions of drugs for their patients, and of the Christian people who insist upon having this drink of demons on the Lord’s table.

“WHAT I KNOW ABOUT THE DRINK,”

has come from many sources. In the first place, I have been a moderate drinker. I never was drunk in my life, but I have been all along the road of the moderate drinkers, and I claim the right to tell to moderate drinkers “What I know about the drink.” I have drunk ale, beer, porter, red wine and white wine, still wine, catawba wine, champagne wine, whiskey, brandy, gin, and five or six different kinds of “bitters;” all as a medicine, by order of a Christian physician, who loved me as well as ever David loved Jonathan. I was never in the habit of drinking at bars, but bought them by the quantity, and, taking them home, there drank them, conscientiously, moderately,



just as I see men doing almost every day of my life; and I drank *moderately*, until I drank myself almost to death's door. After giving them up entirely I gained fifteen pounds in thirty days.

As I go up and down the land I see men and women by hundreds who are drinking these intoxicating liquors moderately, only as a medicine, but who are surely and slowly poisoning themselves to death. They drink them as medicine because their physicians, in whom they have confidence, have prescribed them; and they go on drinking them from day to day and from week to week, without making a single inquiry as to where they came from, or who made them, or of what they are composed.

After reading this statement, I hope that none who have followed me up to this point will do as did a lady in England, who heard me lecture one night in London. The next evening, meeting her in social company, she began telling about the lecture she had heard the night before—what a fearful drunkard he had been. She had never heard anything like it in all her life—dreadful! awful! When I asked her what lecture she was speaking of, she pointed in the direction of the hall and called it by name. I replied, “I beg your pardon, my dear madam; but I lectured in that hall last night, and I was never drunk in my life.” Then, throwing up her hands in utter confusion, she said, “Oh, I beg your pardon, Mr. Johnson, I did not recognize you.”

In 1865 I went to England, by order of my physician, to drink their pure ale and beer. I could not drink their brewed liquors; but I could drink their champagne wine; and for nine months I wandered

over those European countries in company with my wife, going from one museum or picture gallery to another, and drinking champagne wine every day. Returning to America, I found that the man with whom I intrusted my business had sunk \$65,000 for me. My trip had cost me over \$10,000, and I could not afford to drink champagne wine in this country; but I could drink Hostetter's Bitters—O, what a come-down that was—and I went on drinking as a medicine the cheaper grades of liquor, until my eyes were opened.

#### THE VINTAGE AND FERMENTATION.

I was sitting in the office of a doctor quite recently, when the sexton of the church of which the doctor was not only a member, but a trustee, came in and made some inquiry about wine for the communion service, which was to take place the following day. The doctor who was not only a good Christian man, but a noted temperance man, began searching in his closets for the wine. Finally a demijohn which was only loosely corked, and not sealed at all, was brought forth, and a quantity of wine poured out for the sexton. After the sexton had departed, I said to the doctor, “I thought your church had voted to use only unfermented wine at the communion service.” “So they have,” he replied. “Well,” I said, “that wine was not sealed up, and it must therefore have fermented.” “Oh, no,” replied the doctor; “that wine is made by Mr.—, on purpose for churches. It never ferments. He puts just enough alcohol in the wine when he makes it to prevent fermentation.”

This display of ignorance on the part of a doctor

who has a large and successful practice, together with other incidents by persons of lesser note, has prompted the following article upon vintage and fermentation:

“The end of September or the beginning of October is generally, in favorable seasons, the time for commencing the vintage. Amidst the peculiar green foliage of the vine, are to be found the busy men, women and children, gathering the rich clusters of grapes, which hang in festoons around them.

“The best wines can only be made from perfectly matured grapes, and in Spain it is several weeks before the different gatherings of the fruit, as it ripens, are completed.

“The durability and quality of the wine depend so much on the dryness of the grape, that gatherings never begin until the sun has dissipated the morning dew. In some vineyards the choice, ripe bunches are first gathered, and from these every damaged or faulty grape is removed, as the choicest wine can only be made from the best fruit.

“A second gathering takes place, when equal care is taken to leave for a third and final gathering such fruit as, from not being properly matured, or from being injured by insects, can only be used for making the common sorts of wines.

“In most parts of France, the clusters are separated from the vine with scissors. In some vine countries a knife is used, and in a few remote places the grapes are still picked by the hand; but the latter mode is seldom adopted, for not only the fruit, but the vine, receives injury thereby. It is considered essential that the produce of the gathering should be pressed the same day, and in some parts of France, as soon as

the grapes are gathered they are thrown into a perforated tub placed over a larger tub, or vat, and trodden out by boys or men in their wooden shoes. In other places they are crushed in vessels by means of large pieces of wood, or between cylinders rotating in opposite directions. When the quantity thus prepared is sufficient, the whole of it—stalks, skins and juice—is conveyed in tubs to the wine-press, where the operation of disengaging the juice alone by means of pressure is performed as quickly as possible.

“The first crushing is found of great service, as it reduces the resistance of the grapes in the press. All grapes, however, are not thus served; and in making white wines it is never done, as it extracts the coloring matter of the skins. Again, for some of the choicest wines, the grapes are removed from the stems; for although the stalks are said to give the wine enduring powers, yet there is a danger of the *bouquet* being destroyed by the bitter taste they are liable to impart.

“There are so many forms of wine-presses, that it is needless to attempt to describe any of them. The bottom of the press upon which the grapes are placed is inclined, and when the pressure is applied, the juice, without any portion of the skins or stalks, runs down and passes through holes in front of the press into a vat placed beneath, from which it is conveyed to the cellar.

“After the press has been screwed for several hours, it is relaxed, and as its action has been more on the centre than on the sides, the edges are cut round, and, after being broken up, replaced. The screw is then again applied, and the wine produced, being of an

inferior quality, is termed wine of the second pressing.

“Little juice now remains, but the press is only loosened until all the murk is cut into small pieces, when it is again worked, the liquid flowing from which, being of poor quality, is only consumed by the laborers.

#### FERMENTATION.

The vats, or casks, in which fermentation is carried on are generally constructed of wood—although many stone vats are to be seen in various parts of the Continent—and it is an important duty to see that these are particularly clean and in readiness for use before the commencement of the vintage. Wooden casks, or vats, when new, are washed or steeped, not only in hot and cold water, but also salt water, decoctions of plants, etc., to prevent the wood imparting any disagreeable flavor to the wine.

The produce of the grape consists of saccharine matter, vegetable extracts, acids, essential oil and water. Each of these ingredients, in proper combination, is necessary to form good wine.

Fermentation is the change which occurs in certain vegetable matters when disunited from the living stem. Every substance which is liable to putrefy, becomes, while putrefying, a ferment, and has the power of accelerating fermentation in any other body with which it comes in contact. Vinous fermentation begins in a few hours, and is most successfully conducted at a temperature of sixty degrees, Fahrenheit.

The time necessary for complete fermentation depends on the ripeness and quality of the grapes, the soil, season, etc. In some parts of France, the must

remains from ten to forty hours only; in other parts, it remains a greater number of days; in Portugal, seventy-two hours, and in Spain double that number, is about the time allowed.

The wine is drawn off from the vats into barrels, made of oak or beech wood, and every precaution is taken to have these casks or barrels perfectly free of tartar and other matters. Fermentation again takes place on the wine being barrelled and before it is racked. When the fermentation ceases, the casks are filled up and hermetically closed to exclude atmospheric air, which invariably produces mouldiness on the surface of the wine, and unfits it for consumption.

Racking is the separation of the wine from the lees and thick wine, and in most countries is indispensably necessary. Rhine wine is not racked until the spring, and a second racking takes place a few weeks after the first. It is then again racked every autumn and spring for three or four years until it is ready for bottling.

The reader will readily see that such methods for making wine, must of necessity, be very expensive. Hence the discovery of a process by which, in a few minutes, these fine wines could be so completely imitated that even an expert would be unable to detect the fraud—and that, too, for less than one-twentieth of the original cost—has placed before the liquor dealers of the world a temptation to deceive which they, in their demoralizing occupation, have neither power nor inclination to withstand.

The names of the wines of the different countries of the world, so far as I have them, foot up eight hundred and thirty-three.

[The foregoing appendix is from the pen of an authority whose testimonials place his statements beyond dispute.]

THE

FRUITS OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC

AND

THE RESULTS OF PROHIBITION.

In estimating the results of a law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating beverages, the thought that first suggests itself to the mind is, that such a law can do no possible harm, if the traffic is an evil that ought to be suppressed. I might very justly assume it to be such an evil, and proceed at once to show the good results of prohibition wherever it has been established; but that I may be the more practical and useful in what I have to say, I must refer briefly to the thing itself which demands prohibition. I am fully aware that the evils of intemperance, and the criminality of all license laws have been set forth repeatedly by abler pens than mine;

at the same time, I am as fully convinced that an adequate exposition has never been made. The exposition I desire may be far beyond the reach and compass of human capacity. It may seem presumptuous in me to touch a subject which has proved an over-match to some of the greatest intellects of the world. Such would be the case if I were to attempt a full and satisfactory revelation of the evil. I shall make no such vain attempt. But as a prelude to what has been effected by prohibition, I wish the reader to glance at a few of the hideous fruits of license from my standpoint, after forty years' study of the subject. That it is an evil of gigantic proportions is admitted by all. The more candid and truthful of the liquor dealers, themselves, admit that the world would be better off without it. It effectually blocks the wheels of civilization; it stands square across the path of every good cause.

AN ENEMY TO EDUCATION

The most important interest and agency in our free Republic is our system of district schools. From the reports of our State Superintendents, we learn that there are very nearly if not quite two millions of our children of suitable age who do not attend school regularly. How is that to be accounted for? Is not much of it due to that negligence on the part of the parents—father especially—which drinking and drunkenness never fail to engender? Whoever knew the forlorn children of sots to attend school regularly? Our common schools are the breath of life to our free institutions; yet, sad to relate, we have more than four dram shops to one school. Will not the traffic in that, which is the peculiar antagonist of knowledge and virtue,

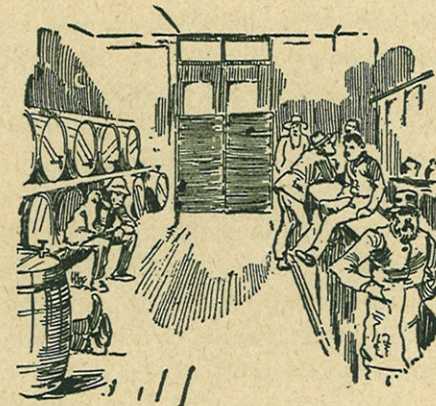
forever sap and mine and nullify the good effects of our schools? Will it not eternally ravel out the little morality that is inwoven by education? It does more. It obstructs the road to the school-house, and effectually bars its doors against the unfortunate children of the drunkard. It strips them of decent clothing, robs them of necessary text-books, and turns them famished and destitute in mind and body into the highways and by-ways of vagrancy, loaferism and vice.

The liquor traffic tempts parents to inebriety, and a useless waste of their time and means, which falls with a deadly blight upon the mind of their dependent offspring. As has been well said: "The ignorance of the drink custom is not simple ignorance; it has a density, a darkness, and a depravity peculiarly its own. It is ignorance, vice-incrusted and stereotyped." The Rev. Dr. McKerrow, in a speech at Edinburg said: "It should be borne in mind that the publican is an educator as well as the schoolmaster; that the beer-shop or the gin-shop is a place in which instruction of a certain kind is received, as well as at the grammar school. They are confessedly training, not merely teaching. The London *Morning Advertiser* affirms that "the beer-shop is the school of the poor man, and its games and frivolities form the only system of education he is likely to recognize. If the destinies of the rising generation are left to the chances of such an education what must be the result? If such are the fathers, what will be the children? Let the number of juvenile offenders answer. Ignorance, with its sightless orbs, groping through a beamless chaos, has more to dread from the licensed dram-shop than to hope for in the district school.

The thrones of European despots are flanked and guarded by cannon and bayonets—here, truth, reason and justice are the pillars of our republican system. It follows that whatever obstructs equal universal education, of the best kind possible, is an evil that threatens the very life of the nation. It matters not how many or costly the school houses we build, or how many and competent the teachers we employ—it matters not how many of the appliances we furnish or what the means used, the general education of the rising and future generations is an utter impossibility in connection with a legalized liquor traffic. All hope of that glory and blessing to our race must be abandoned, if that curse of curses is to remain. Surely our school laws and license laws do not look well on the same statute book. They do not harmonize, and one or the other should be repealed. At present we are pulling down with one hand what we are trying to build up with the other. Why should we incur the trouble and expense of educating our children if they are to be made sots of in dens authorized by government? Not less than half a million of the male pupils of our district schools will become human wrecks in the course of the next ten years, if the license laws of the several States are not abolished. The necessity of total abstinence as a rule of life should be inculcated in every school, as it is of more consequence to the future welfare of each pupil than any one or all the branches now taught. It is also the special duty of state and county superintendents, together with all the teachers, male and female, to protest earnestly against that which is constantly subverting their best endeavors.

## A FOE TO RELIGION.

It is a well-known fact that not more than one in eight (?) of our people are in the habit of attending places of religious worship. Would that be the case if the drink demon was banished? What hope have we of a change for the better while that demon impedes the way to the church? It not only keeps millions from the sound of the Gospel, but it annually drags down and bemires thousands of communicants, who, if this stumbling block was removed, would be worthy and exemplary members. The church has no enemy out of perdition itself equal to a law-protected liquor traffic. In proof of this I might quote volumes of testimony from the most eminent divines. Such a task is quite unnecessary. All must see and realize that a license law is the most efficient and formidable weapon in the hands of Satan and his followers that has ever been invented. It is, in gamblers' phrase, their trump card—their right bower. So long as this is not wrested from them, they may defy the armies of the faithful, and perpetuate their malign dominion on this planet. This truth should sink deep into the hearts of all—the blessed reign of the Saviour will not; and without such a miracle as we have no reason to expect, can not be the happy lot of mortals here until the drink demon is cast out. We may pray for the coming of His kingdom, but it is idle to expect it while we are too lazy or too selfish to prepare the way by the dethronement of King Alcohol. It will not come, nor can "His will be done on earth as it is in Heaven" until this fountain of moral pollution is dried up. There are more than twenty-five millions



The Saloon instead of the Church.

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unconverted souls in the United States, and the number of such will continue to increase until this unmountable obstruction to their salvation is removed. At righteousness which exalteth a nation will be put in everlasting abeyance unless this source of unnatural and unnecessary depravity is eradicated. Its eradication is plainly the first and paramount duty of the church, a duty that could be very speedily accomplished by united and vigorous action.

Let the great evangelical churches *adopt the Pledge as a rule of discipline*, and success would be certain. Every church member should be a total abstainer, an advocate for, and a pattern of temperance. Such I am sorry to say, is not the fact. I am but too happy to know that there are religious organizations in connection with the Presbyterian, Congregational, and Baptist denominations, that require their members to send to a pledge of total abstinence from intoxicating beverages. Could their noble example be followed by the whole Christian church, an overwhelming host would be marshaled on the side of right, having power to banish the drink fashion, together with all laws which protect it, and thus bid the human intellect to move on. Let every professing Christian become an earnest teetotaler, and, oh, what a change would burst upon our enraptured vision! The dreary night of intemperance would break into a fairer and brighter morning than ever dawned on earth's inhabitants! I would like to know that a respectable portion of the best members of our churches are also members of temperance societies; but, unfortunately, they are forced to go outside of their religious organizations to get into a strictly total abstinence association. So long

as this is the case, there is reason to fear that a license law will be more popular than a prohibitory law. Could the ten million church members of the country all become earnest and consistent friends of temperance, Christianity, intelligence, virtue, liberty and justice would make more progress in the next fifty years than has been witnessed since the downfall of the Roman Empire.

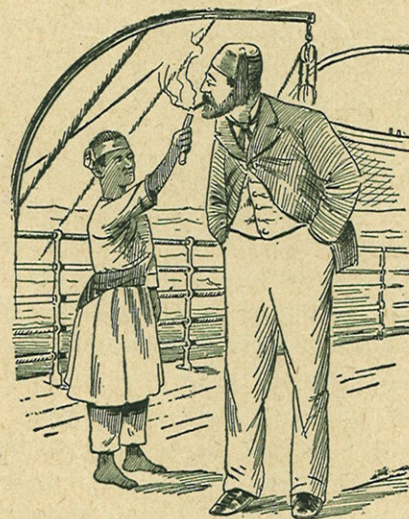
The church has now within its fold a million citizens who are annually giving their suffrages to candidates for the State legislators who are the friends and sustainers of license laws. Let these be simply withheld from all such, and the thing is done. If the Christians of the country desire a prohibitory law, they can have it. It is not necessary to enter the political arena by organizing a political temperance party; though that is purely a question of expediency, to be determined by themselves. For the present, in most of the States, they have only to stand manfully aloof, and refuse to vote for legislators who are for license and against prohibition. When the politician, come to see that there are a million voters, or even half that number, in the United States whose votes cannot be had except on condition that the voters themselves shall receive such protection as civil government is designed to afford, be assured that their just demand will be complied with. In the meantime let all resolve, that come what may to the parties with which they have been connected, they will not continue to steep their souls in guilt by voting for law makers who are not outspoken opponents of a liquor license. Let them bear in mind that the horrible evil is now, and ever has been, upheld by the votes of professed temperance

men and professed Christians, and that they have only to stand from under and let it fall. The world is in a slough of alcoholic debasement; the energies of the wise and good are paralyzed by it. The church has power to roll away the stone from our moral sepulcher and bid humanity rise and go forth with a force and grandeur unknown to the race. Will she do it? or will she fold her arms and permit the tide of iniquity to surge on?

IT BLIGHTS OUR CHILDREN.

There is an old proverb which says: "If you let rum alone it will let you alone." The mere fact that it was ever accepted as truth, and passed current as such, is a striking evidence of a general and deplorable delusion. So darkened is the human understanding in regard to the effect of the drink custom, that many are unable to discover the deep injuries it inflicts on those who scrupulously avoid the custom, and on those who are too young to indulge in it. They do not appear to see that one toper in a family is enough to destroy the peace and happiness of every member of it, and often of others in his immediate neighborhood.

What is equally strange and lamentable, is that they do not perceive the utter lack of security to the lives, property and well-being of a community so long as there is a class of crazy-headed tipplers in it. The more observant temperance men and women are awake to this truth, and they feel its terrible force constantly and intensely. Hence, their irrepressible desire for some measure of defense and protection against the ever-recurring and ever-impending danger. It is this daily affliction and continual dread of what may



It Claims its Victims on Land and Sea.



happen, that causes such a clamor for relief and which has finally resolved itself into a steady demand for a prohibitory law. In the nature of things, this demand, so obviously just, can never cease until its object is attained. It is the unoffending but deeply outraged sober class that call earnestly for it, as a means of protection from the unprovoked aggressions of toppers and sots. They feel and know that the first and principal object of government is protection—protection to the lives, the earnings, the peace, and comfort of each individual. It was for this that governments were instituted. If the safety of the sober, the industrious, the useful, and the helpless can not be secured against the assaults of the profligate and vicious, then government itself is an expensive sham and a useless burden.

Among the abused ones that appeal to our tenderest sympathies and awaken our deepest compassion are the neglected children of the drunkard. We cannot be idle spectators of their oft forsaken and pitiful condition. We have no right to permit the numerous afflictions they are compelled to endure. Our very manhood should prompt us to rush to their rescue. What we can rightfully do for their relief, we are cowardly as well as criminal for not doing. A child has no control over the conduct of its parents, yet how much of the coloring of the whole long life of that child will depend upon the sobriety or drunkenness of its father? We have laws to shield children from abuse, but a license law nullifies them all. The state should be their guardian, but it scourges them with fathers made cruel and heartless in government dram-shops—its peculiar institutions. Alcohol is the only substance in nature that can extinguish parental

affection, and this dehumanizing agent men are legalized to peddle out to such as have dependent little ones in charge! What a horrid perversion of law! What an outrage upon humanity! Oh, shameful legislators! Do you not blush for your deeds when you contemplate the result in the cold and hunger, in the filth and disease, the lingering tortures and heart piercing cries of your baby victims? Think of the millions of such festering in our cities, pining from want in our villages, and suffering everywhere by the presence of rum. Think not to escape the burning brand your atrocities merit. If the poor drunkard can not enter the abode of the pure and the just, what chance is there for drunkard makers, especially for the worst of all drunkard makers, the framers and sustainers of our license laws.



## RESULTS IN MAINE.

One of the most important and interesting records that will engage the pen of the future historian, will be the struggle in the different States for a prohibitory law. That noble veteran, the Rev. John Marsh, has commenced the work. When every State in our grand Republic shall be in the full enjoyment of its countless blessings, the history should be completed. I shall confine myself now to actual results.

After various unsuccessful attempts, during a period of ten years the real Maine Law was adopted May, 1851, and went almost immediately into effect. The first seizure of liquor was made at Bangor, on the 4th of July following. Ten casks of it were emptied on the ground in the presence of glad people. Soon after the mayor of Portland did the same with \$2,000 worth of liquor. On both occasions the people, male and female, witnessed the righteous act in respectful silence. Other like events followed without provoking serious opposition. Drunkenness and disorder quickly vanished. Poor-houses became empty; houses of correction and jails lost their inmates to such a degree that some of them were entirely closed, and peace and

plenty reigned; industry, frugality, and thrift were everywhere disclosed. Mr. Neal Dow, mayor of Portland, makes a statement, Aug. 27th, 1853, which all who rejoice over the suppression of the evil will be glad to read:

“The facts in relation to the working of the law have been published often for the last two years, and never has any attempt been made by a responsible person to disprove them. At the time of the enactment of the law, rum-selling was carried on openly in all parts of the State. In Portland there were between three and four hundred rum-shops, and immediately after the enactment of the law not one.

“The wholesale trade in liquors was at once annihilated.

“It was the unanimous declaration of all the watchmen and police that the city was like an entirely new place. Many shops, which before were rum-shops, were converted into other branches of trade; and almost every indication of intemperance was banished.

At the end of the municipal year 1861-2, an official report to the city council on the operation of the law in Portland was ordered to be printed and distributed through the city; its statements were not at the time; nor have they since been, denied. The law had worked such wonders in ten months as to cause a decrease of committals to the Alms-house, 106, to House of Correction for Intemperance, 36, making 142. At the same time the number of inmates in the Alms-House was reduced 22, while the number of out-door families requiring aid was 45 less than the ten months previous. At the term of the District Court in March 1851, there were seventeen indictments; at the term

for 1852 there was but one, and the result of a mistake." That was just what its most ardent friends predicted, and their Heaven-inspired hopes were now realized.

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Dr. Frederick Richard Lees, of England, whose profound and comprehensive words on the temperance question are unrivaled in our language, visited Maine about that time for the purpose of witnessing the effect of the law. He tells us that he sought for strong drink at several of the hotels in Portland, but could get none. Fearing that there might be places in the city where it was sold secretly, he met a mechanic on the street whom he informed that he was a foreigner, and asked if he did not know where he could get a drink? The answer was, "No; and if I did, I would not tell you." Such was the commendable spirit of the working classes.

The mayor of Bangor, in his message to the council, April 22d, 1852, says: "On the 1st of July, when I gave notice that I should enforce the law, 108 persons were selling liquors here; 20 of them have left the city. Of the remaining 88, not one sells openly. The number of inmates in our Alms-house and House of Correction have been reduced 3,104; the number of prosecutions has been reduced 43. Such facts will bear witness through all time to the efficacy of prohibition.

The marshal of Augusta reports, for 1852, as follows: "Augusta has 4 wholesale liquor stores, and 25 retail shops. Three of the wholesale dealers sent off their liquor to New York; the other firm persisted in selling until \$1000 worth was seized. Liquor may be sold at the principal hotels, but stealthily. One of

the keepers has been twice convicted. The police used to be called up one hundred nights in a year. Since the passage of the law they have not been summoned once." Oh, happy, thrice happy Augusta! Such facts tell a tale more convincing than tongue or pen.

The report of the marshal of Gardiner is still more flattering: "March 8th, 1852. At the commencement of the official term there were in the city fourteen places where liquor was sold, some of them the resort of drunken, riotous and disorderly persons. But one person has been convicted of drunkenness, for the last four months; but two sent to the workhouse for the last six months. The law has been rigidly and quietly enforced." If in a place of that size, with fourteen dens frequented by "drunken, riotous, and disorderly persons," the law was put quietly and rigidly into force, the same may be done anywhere and everywhere. Gardiner has settled that question.

The report from Waterville is of the same character. "Ten or eleven years ago the cost of pauperism rose in a manner unaccountable, but for excessive drinking, from \$700 to \$1,800 a year. This year, with twice the population, the cost of the poor will not exceed \$1,000. The amount of crime is greatly lessened. Those who still deserve the name of drunkards are mostly Irishmen and Canadians." Prohibition is the thing to cure the Irish and make them the best people in the world. Ireland has suffered more from whiskey than from British tyranny. The banishment of alcohol would secure their freedom. So long as they indulge in that they must remain in bondage, in spite of Fenianism.

The Calais council report: "Where enforced the results are good; where not enforced the old anti-Maine justices are in fault. Many of those who sold liquor have given their attention to other business and are now better off than when selling liquor." No doubt of that, as the rum-traffic destroys about three-fourths of those engaged in it.

Professor Pond, of Bangor, writes: "I have not seen a drunken man in our streets for the last six months. The House of Correction has been at times almost empty. I know not but it is so now. The expense of paupers is greatly diminished."

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