PROHIBITION A FAILURE:

OR,

THE TRUE SOLUTION OF THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

BY

DIO LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "NEW GYMNASTICS," "WEAK LUNGS," ETC., ETC.

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DEDICATION.

I DEDICATE this volume to Prohibitionists, with the hope that they may give it a thoughtful and patient reading. Among many volumes, I have published nothing that I have watched with half the interest and anxiety with which I shall follow the fortunes of this little work. Good friends, who believe in legislative cures, I implore you to read and think.

Most respectfully yours,

THE AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTION.

GLANCING over this work, and finding that the writer is opposed to Prohibition, many readers will conclude he has joined the rum party. To secure a patient hearing, I take the liberty to express my convictions upon the subject of Temperance.

Alcohol is a poison, and should not be taken into the stomach in any form, or under any circumstances. The candidate for a boat race or billiard tournament scrupulously abstains. For thirty years I have advised total abstinence for both sexes, all ages, and in all conditions of health. I have uniformly advised members of churches to shun the Lord's Supper, until unfermented wines are furnished.

In renting a hotel property in Boston, I have already sacrificed not less than twenty thousand dollars to keep out rum, and will not lease it without the condition that wines and brandies shall be excluded from the cooking. I have nothing on earth I would not cheerfully give to help the cause of temperance.

I believe the Prohibitory Law is a great obstacle in the path of the temperance movement, and that further progress is impossible until the law is abolished. While we are waiting for the constable to do the work, we cannot employ with the needed fervor those social, moral,

and religious forces which alone can triumph over human *vices.*

When the great temperance movement began, nine families in ten kept a rum bottle ready for visitors. Within twenty years eight out of those nine families banished the rum bottle. While this grandest of moral revolutions was vigorously progressing, the prohibitory law was enacted. Prayer, song, and brotherly love at once gave place to the constable. Since the inauguration of the law the cause of temperance has steadily gone backward, until the bottle has again appeared on a great many sideboards.

The Crusade, in Ohio, has renewed, to some extent, the grand passion of Washingtonianism; but, if the public interest is thoroughly aroused, I fear the constable will be pushed forward again, and the divine weapons laid aside. I am prepared to show that the Crusade has, in a few months, reduced the consumption of drinks in Boston, more than prohibition right here, in Boston, has in twenty years.

I have no words with which to express my sorrow that, in making this issue with the friends of prohibition, I may call away the attention of some from the woes of intemperance; but, with my convictions, I have no choice. I believe this dependence upon law to be an incubus which must be shaken off.

I need hardly say that "license" is a shame and infamy, which ought not to be seriously discussed by a Christian people.

PART FIRST.

THE TRUE SOLUTION

OF THE

TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

I.

RIDING in a Pullman car, on a Western road, some months ago, I found myself in a company of gentlemen engaged in discussing the temperance question.

One well-fed and well-dressed gentleman remarked, —

"It's all well enough for women to go snivelling about the streets; but, I tell you, you can never break up this infernal traffic except by the strong arm of the law."

"Well," said I, "what kind of law would you suggest?"

"I have been thinking a good deal about that lately," he replied, "and I'll tell you what seems to me the best law. Make a law that no man shall sell a glass of intoxicating drinks for less than five dollars. Don't you see that these poor devils, who make such fools of themselves, wouldn't be able to purchase it at all? That would cure nineteen twentieths of the evil."

Another gentleman, with a red face, evidently not a rich man, said, —

"You never could enforce such a law as that; it is impossible. But I'll tell you the sort of law that would fetch 'em. Pass a law that nobody shall make more than

five per cent. on his stock. For example, if a man buy one hundred dollars' worth of whiskey, he shall not sell it for more than one hundred and five dollars. Don't you see that would ruin every one of them?"

Another gentleman, tall, spare, and severe, said, —

"Gentlemen, you could never enforce such a law as that; you could not enforce either of those laws; but I'll tell you what would stop this thing. Make a law that the man who sells once shall pay a fine of twenty-five dollars. If he is caught doing it the second time, he shall pay five hundred dollars. If he is caught at it again, he shall go to prison for a year. And if he is caught the fourth time, he shall be hung. I tell you, gentlemen, when you get 'em hung, they won't sell rum much more. You'd find that would end the business; and, gentlemen, you may talk about it as much as you please, that is the only way this thing can be managed. Let 'em know that the law is as sure as fate, and that if they are caught at it the fourth time, they'll be strung up. I tell you, when you get the rum-sellers all hung up in a row by the neck, you wouldn't have much more rum — not much, not much, gentlemen."

A stylish young man, with kid gloves, sitting near, said, —

"Gentlemen, those laws are too severe; public sentiment would never enforce them. I grant you that law is a good thing, and that we must have it to cure this evil; but there is only one way in which law can be made to work, and that is, to make a law against all perpendicular drinking. This is all you can do."

One of the company asked what he meant by "perpendicular drinking."

"Why," said he, "I thought every one knew what that meant — it is standing up at a bar. Make a law that nobody shall drink standing, and you will do all that is

possible to do by law. Yes, gentlemen, if I were going to frame a law, I should make the title, '*An Act against Perpendicular Drinking.*' "

A gruff old man, who had been listening impatiently, with many signs of disapprobation, said, —

"I don't know that I have any right to stick my nose into this discussion; but it seems to me very strange that you don't all see that the only way to cure this evil is to pass a law against importation and manufacturing. You must tear this thing up by the roots. The idea of lopping off the little ends of the branches, and then fancy you are killing the tree! I tell you, you must go down to the very roots. Let Congress pass a law against all importations, and then another one against manufacturing the stuff, and don't you see that, instead of clipping off the ends of the branches, you have torn the whole tree up by the roots? I am astonished when I hear people talk about letting the poison come into ten thousand places, in our very midst, and then undertake to fight the devil at arms' length."

Another gentleman, sitting near, a member of the "yaw" persuasion, said, —

"Mein Gott in himmel! Vare you git de aulcahell for a tousand deefferent teengs, und de leekores for ein hoondered teengs? Nein, shentlemen, das ist sehr bad. I tells you, shentlemen, you mek ein law dat de leekores shall pe gone avay, and den mek shoost lager; das is goot, sehr goot."

A quiet young lady, sitting near, and who afterward told me that she was on her way to St. Louis to teach school, had been listening to all this conversation with evident interest.

Tired — not to say disgusted — with the coarse nonsense of these men, I turned to the young woman with the question, —

"What kind of law do you think is best?"

She blushed, and, after a little hesitation, replied, —

"Gentlemen, if you will excuse the remark, I believe that the law of love is the best law for the cure of intemperance."

I clapped my hands, and she went on.

"I have a brother, who, I am sorry to say, engaged in keeping a saloon. My father, who is a clergyman, talked to Henry pretty hard. He told him that he would disgrace himself and his friends, and become a drunkard, and go to hell. Henry replied, with profane words, that he would go to hell if he chose, and he would go on his own hook. My father contrived to get a lease of the building in which brother was keeping his saloon, and turned him out. Henry moved into another street, — a much worse one, — and opened his bad business again. My father sent a man to purchase a claim that a wholesale liquor dealer had against brother, and he had it sued, and then they seized Henry's things, and drove him out again. Then he went into a cellar, and kept a very low place. He didn't call upon us at all, and I don't know that we ever should have seen him again; but two young ladies, friends of mine, proposed to me, having heard of the woman's movement in Ohio, that we three should go down to Henry's place, and see what we could do. So, one afternoon we looked him up, and walked in. There were half a dozen rough men hanging about; but we went directly to the bar, and one of the young ladies said, —

"'Won't you let us see you privately?'

"Henry said, 'I have no other room, young ladies, but perhaps I can see you some other time.'

"Kate said, 'Can't you send these men out, and let us speak with you a few moments?'

"Henry turned to the men, and said, —

"'Boys, you better leave a little while. You may come back in half an hour.'

"Then Henry came out from behind his bar, and we sat down upon some rickety chairs, and began to talk. I can't tell you exactly what we said; but we talkéd, and pleaded, and begged, and, I am ashamed to say, we girls all cried. I had no idea the half hour was up; but the men came back, and knocked at the door.

"Brother cried out, 'Come again in an hour;' and they went away swearing.

"After a while, we got to talking quite tender and loving; and I told Henry, if he would give up this dreadful business, and go back to his old trade, and would take two or three rooms, I would help him fit them up, and would come every day to keep house for him, and would do everything in my power to make him happy. Well, at last he began to cry himself; and then I put my arms about him, and kissed him, and said, —

"'My dear brother, this is a dreadful business; it will ruin you. Come, go with us.'

"He sat still for a few moments, and we stopped talking because we saw he was thinking; but I sat by his side, and kept my hand in his. He got up and walked backward and forward across the room, and, at length, turned suddenly, and going behind the bar, opened a wooden faucet, and let the beer in a keg run out on the floor. Then he took the corks out of six or eight bottles, and poured the contents on the floor.

"'There! I have poured out all the miserable stuff,' said he; and, turning to me, and taking me in his arms, he continued, 'My sister, I promise you solemnly, I will never sell any more, and that I will never drink any more, as long as I live.' He remains true.

"Now, gentlemen," continued the young lady, "it may be that a constable would have accomplished the same

thing better; but in a town in Maine, where I was born, and where I have always resided, it has been said for some years that the law had broken up the liquor traffic, that there was not a place in town where intoxicating drinks could be purchased, that the constables had traced the last two bottles to a heap of dirt under a barn; but the marshal reported that he had never seen so much intemperance in our town. Evidently drinking people were finding access to it in great quantities, but the question was, where? That was what puzzled everybody. A great many young men, of a class that everybody says did not formerly drink, had organized a drinking club, where they drank a good deal. Gentlemen, I have learned to doubt whether law is, after all, so very potent in the cure of this evil. I really believe that the law of love, such as we applied to Henry, is more potent than the law of force. I suppose you will say that our management of my brother was womanish and weak, and that it would have been better to use the strong power of the government; but, in my study of German, I came across an adage, which seems to me to contain a great deal of truth. It is '*Die milde Macht ist gross*,' which means, 'the mild power is great;' and I sometimes think this adage contains a deep truth."

I said to them, "Gentlemen, if, in this war upon rum-selling, there were two movements, one led on by all of you, with your fists doubled up and your pockets full of laws, and the other movement was led by this young lady, I should follow her; believing that, with her law of love, we could do a hundred times as much as you, with your law of force. Force is a good agency in breaking rocks, and in punishing criminals; but in curing vices, in which we strive to regulate the action and reaction of the faculties and passions of the human soul, force is about as well adapted to our purpose as a sledge hammer to regulating a watch.

II.

SOME people seem to have the impression that society is restrained from vice by civil law; that our wives and daughters are virtuous because there is a law against brothels; that our exemplary citizens refrain from gambling, profanity, and drinking, because the law forbids these vices; that somehow society is kept in order by law.

Of course I need not argue, with those who have observed and thought, that vices are inevitably strengthened by legal prohibition, and virtues weakened by legal protection.

It is not the clumsy fingers of the law which restrain us from a vicious life, but reason and public sentiment.

The great Napoleon said, "I do not care for the armies of Europe, but I tremble before its public sentiment."

Even a church, which, like the Church of England, or that of France and Italy, is taken under the protection of the government, loses its moral vitality, and can never regain it till all legislative props are removed, and it learns to stand on its own legs. Let the government of the United States take the Methodist church under its special protection, and in twelve months its grand moral power would be paralyzed.

Inevitably a temperance movement is emasculated, as here in Massachusetts, when taken under the protection of the government.

There is not a church, or a society, or a virtue, which will not lose its moral vitality if taken under the wing of civil law. Nothing but the sense of responsibility gives balance and strength. A man cannot walk a tight

rope, a hundred feet from the ground, unless he first learns to depend upon himself; nor can he walk on the ground, even, without having first learned this self-dependence. You can't learn to swim without going into the water.

It is the sense of responsibility which develops every noble human quality. The same law obtains in every sphere and department of life. A girl whose virtue is guarded in a French convent has no real virtue; and when her friends watch her, and refuse to leave her alone with a man, even for a moment, they tell us, more plainly than any words could, how she has been ruined by being denied her liberty.

And no matter how richly endowed a young man may be, if he learns that his fortune is secure, that his father will leave him wealth, he will never become a force in the world.

Observe that man walking down the street. He passes a liquor store, and now he passes a street which leads to brothels. Why? Is it the fear of the law which restrains him? When you, my reader, walk through a city, and pass a thousand temptations, are you restrained by law? Is it the fear of the constable, or is it your conviction that vicious indulgences are harmful, with the consciousness that society is observing you?

Let us go to a prison. We find a convict who has resisted the most determined attempts at discipline. He has been beaten, and showered, and tortured in many other ways, but he still defies them. Suppose we could obtain permission to take him out with us a few days. We take off his prison dress, give him a good suit, and then conduct him to a social gathering of refined ladies and gentlemen. Now watch him! There are not bars, and chains, and whips enough in this world to make him as gentle as he now is in conversation with that lady.

Is not the influence of good men and women as cheap and as available as torture and prisons?

From the Massachusetts prison we have recently heard of punishments, shootings, and dungeons; but I remember to have visited that prison some years ago, when the discipline was of another sort. One day the prisoners were all let out into the yard for conversation and games. Football, loud laughing and shouting, made the wildest scene I ever witnessed. The warden's little children were caught up by the convicts, passed along from thief to thief, from murderer to murderer, kissed and fondly embraced by men who had not touched a child, it may be, for months or years. When we saw the warden's beautiful little daughter in the arms of men whose names the world speaks with a shudder, and some one cried out to the mother, "O, madam, how can you? How dare you?" the mother replied, "Daisy could not be safer anywhere in the world. They will bring her back in an hour, with five hundred loving kisses on her lips."

Last evening, in taking a walk, I passed a large number of children just dismissed from school; and I did not kill a single one of them, not even the least in size, — and I saw one little girl so small and delicate, I am confident I could have killed her very easily, — but I passed right by. I had my reasons for letting them off so easily, but I do not care to mention them. I will, however, say this much — it was not the fear of the law.

I remember sitting up once all night with a little child; it was its last night; and the poor little thing was gasping for breath. It could not raise its hand, it was so weak. Now I could have killed that child so easy, and it was so far gone that it could not have hurt a fly, and I was in robust health at the time. It would have been perfectly safe, but I didn't kill it. My reason for letting it escape, was in no degree the fear of the law.

In our cities there are women who devote themselves to the care of the sick among the abandoned, about the Five Points and other similar places. They go alone right into a den of thieves, or into a cellar or attic occupied by men who rob and kill, and these ladies do not leave their watches and purses at home. But no one ever hears of their being robbed or hurt, and they go at all hours of the night.

It certainly is not the fear of the law which restrains these hardened creatures. I think I know what it is that protects these women, and renders them a little safer than they would be in their own houses; but, my reader, I shall not tell you. You may have three chances to guess.

It will be remembered that there was established at Lexington, Mass., some years ago, a school for young ladies, which rapidly grew in popularity and patronage, until the great buildings were unfortunately destroyed by fire. The secret of the popularity of that school, and the secret of the most remarkable intellectual progress I have ever known, was the absence of what is called government. Every pupil was expected to do her best, and she did it. Neither absence from prayers or recitations, nor the character of the recitations, was made a matter of record. Everything was trusted to honor, and during the years of the history of that school there was scarcely an occasion for fault-finding. It was a marvellous success, and is referred to by the pupils as the beginning of a new life, as the place where they began to cultivate a true womanhood.

The worst class of our citizens are more worthy of trust than some managers of ladies' seminaries believe their pupils to be. The general policy is to have an almost endless series of rules, and then police the school, and watch for violations. I had rather my own daughter

would never learn to read the name of the God who made her, than to be subjected to the demoralizing influence of such a system.

The young ladies in the Lexington school were requested to retire at nine o'clock, and the reasons for it were given so fully, that it was very rare that any one violated the request. The fire watchman began his rounds at nine o'clock in the evening, and knowing that it was the general custom to retire at nine o'clock, and observing a light one night, a few minutes after nine, in one of the rooms, he went to the principal, to report the fact. He was sent to ask if any one was sick. Returning to give the answer, he was immediately followed by the young lady, who had been sitting up beyond the prescribed hour, and who came to the principal to say, —

"I hope you will excuse me, but I received a letter from my mother to-day, and knowing she would expect an immediate answer, and that I should be very busy to-morrow, I was just finishing my letter."

The principal said, "All right, Mary;" and she turned to go back; but stopping, she remarked, with some emotion, —

"I am sure if you knew how much better I do here than I have ever done at school before, you would not blame me. The year before I came here, I was at the young ladies' seminary in P. I can't tell you how many rules we had in that school, but there was a great number. They were written, and stuck up in the halls. There were all sorts of rules about everything. I remember there was a rule that when two pupils met in any passage hall, they must not speak to each other. There was another, that pupils must never call upon each other in their rooms; and another, that we must be in bed at ten o'clock, and that pupils sleeping together must not speak to each other after that hour. There was

another, that we must not correspond with any one, except through the principal.

"Every girl of spirit had one or more correspondents outside, and generally with some young man in the town. The letters were exchanged through the stone wall that surrounded the garden. Every pupil had her particular spot, where she put her letters addressed to the young man, and received his replies. The girl who hadn't one or two stone wall correspondents was regarded as slow. It was required of us to report every day all violations of the rules. So, after we retired at night, if we wanted to converse with our bed-fellows, one of us would address an imaginary person, — for example, Bridget, — and ask her to say to her mate, by whose side she was lying, so and so. Then her companion would request Bridget to reply so and so; and thus conversation was carried on indefinitely; and when, the next day, we were asked to report violations of the rules, we did not report this, because we had not spoken to each other, but only to Bridget. A score of devices, some of them very ingenious, were contrived for dodging the rule about speaking to each other when passing in the hall, and again about visiting each other in our rooms. The greatest intellectual activity in the school was in carrying forward a series of equivocations, and dodges, and concealments. Why, sir, I would no more send a sister to that school, than I would send her to any other place where she was sure to learn all sorts of dishonesty.

"I have been in your school two years, and I have never heard one of the girls suggest a violation of any of your wishes, or the wishes of the teachers. Here we know we are not watched. Everything is trusted to our honor, and I think, sir, when you trust us, a girl must be dreadfully mean not to do right; but if you watch us, then it is a fair game. I do believe, sir, if one of the

girls in this school was to propose anything that would be a violation of your wishes, the rest of us would make the place too hot for her to stay here."

And away she went to her room.

The young ladies in the school at Lexington were requested not to receive any company except with the distinct permission of their parents. One young lady from New York went out walking, one evening, with a young gentleman in the neighborhood, and when the fact became known in the school, it was quite unnecessary for the principal to reprimand her. The girls took it up, and made it very certain that no other pupil in the school would ever try that again.

And as to correspondence, I need hardly say that the outrageous indecency, not to say state prison offence, of opening a pupil's letter, was never committed by the principal of the Lexington school.

Almost the noblest and most promising young woman I have ever met, told me, some years ago, when she was about to enter a young ladies' seminary, where it was the system to correspond through the principal, that she had instructed her friends not to write her, for if the manager of the school were to open a letter of hers she would have him arrested and tried for a state prison offence.

I need hardly say to those who have studied the sources of human character, that the peculiar system of management at the Lexington school was infinitely more valuable to its pupils than the contents of all the class books.

A conscientious, exalted womanhood is worth a million times more than all libraries. I need not add that the police system of school government is opposed to the cultivation of such a womanhood.

III.

IN the early stages of human development, brute force was the only means of securing obedience. And even among our own people of to-day, thousands of parents beat their children's heads to make them obey. When people become enlightened, beating gives way to reason and persuasion.

When I was a boy, the pupil that escaped whipping for a whole term was a curiosity. In a school where I spent a year, the whip was in almost constant use. I saw a class of forty-six boys and girls stand up in a row to be whipped, and as in turn they got their beating, they took their seats. The plan of punishment differed a little with the two sexes. The teacher stood with his legs apart, and each boy got down on his hands and feet, and crawled between the teacher's legs. The idea was for the teacher to bring his legs together suddenly, and catch the urchin; then holding him fast, he would, with a big ruler, give him about ten ringing blows. If a boy, thus down on all fours, succeeded in plunging through three times without being caught by the teacher's knees, he went free; but this very rarely occurred. The girls were not put through this game of all fours, but each girl stood up like a man, and took the whip over her shoulders. In that school, which was in the fine town of Auburn, N. Y., and kept by Dr. Tucker, a famous teacher, I saw a girl, eighteen years old, whipped, in the presence of the school, till she fainted. Dr. Tucker was paid a large salary because of his ability to govern. Such brutalities excited no comment, that I can recall; certainly there was no general protest, for Dr. Tucker

remained, to the last, the most popular teacher in town. I never heard any one claim for him any excellence except his remarkable talent for governing. He did not lay down the whip from morning till night, and it was rare that an hour passed without its being used.

Only a little more than forty years have passed since those days, and now in most parts of the country we do not allow a teacher to beat his pupils at all, and I may add that for fifty parental whippings forty years ago, we have now perhaps one or two. Progress in this direction has been very rapid.

In the treatment of men, the change has likewise been very marked. Forty years ago men were not only whipped in the army and navy, but were whipped and pilloried in civil life. A man was often whipped, and then fastened in a pillory, where he was left, for a time, for the boys to throw putrid eggs at. I never saw a man in a pillory, but the scene has been described so often, that I think I understand it. His head and face are in full view, and the boys, having saved up bad eggs for the pillory days, stand off a little distance, and practise on him. There is a great roar when a bad egg hits him in the mouth, for as his hands are fastened, he cannot remove the horrible stuff from his mouth and nostrils.

If we go a little farther back, say three hundred years, we find that our English ancestors treated their poor and vicious much worse. If a poor man, not being able to get a living in one place, went to another neighborhood, they called him a tramp, and anybody might take possession of him, and keep him for his own use, and whip him at his own pleasure. The owner gave him to eat whatever he chose, the law presuming that if he was worth feeding, his owner would feed him. If he tried to run away, killing him was no crime.

Numerous cases occurred in which a nobleman killed

a man for objecting to his (the nobleman's) intimacies with the man's wife or daughter. The killing of a poor man by a nobleman was not attended by any risk of punishment.

I have mentioned these cases of brutality as samples of the spirit in which the weak and vicious have heretofore been treated.

Of course everybody knows, now, that a little kindness and trust are a hundred-fold more potent in securing right conduct. There never was a bad man or woman on this planet who could not be influenced more by an hour's reasoning, and gentle words, than by ten years of cruelty and torture; but the passion which beats children's heads, and whips men, to make them submit, refuses to consider reason and kindness. No matter whether it is drunkards, rum-sellers, or prostitutes, — few persons ask whether kindness would help; but the first and last question is, In what way can we punish them?

When the women began the Crusade in Ohio, I was deeply interested in their views of rum-sellers.

In one of the first meetings, an intelligent lady, the wife of a clergyman, exclaimed, —

"What! go right into those dreadful places, and face those horrible men! I should as soon think of entering the infernal regions. O, no; anything but that. I am willing to pray for them, but as to going into those dreadful places, among those imps of darkness, I can't think of it."

A month later I heard that same lady describe, with many tears and the tenderest emotions, her visits to some of the worst groggeries. She said, —

"Dear friends, it would soften your hearts toward these poor drinking creatures, and toward the rum-sellers, if you could only see how kindly they treat us. I can never go to those places without weeping. They are

just as gentle and kind to us as though we were their own sisters."

In all the accounts illustrating the power of moral influence over the most brutal class of our population, I know of none more interesting than the story of Captain Maconochie, and his work on Norfolk Island. The population here was made up of fourteen hundred prisoners and their jailers. These prisoners were the very scum of criminal society, the most hardened offenders, from the prisons of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land. They were treated with incredible cruelty. They were beaten, starved, and chained. Their self-respect was broken in every possible way; and, says Captain Maconochie, —

"A more demoniacal assemblage could not be imagined. The most formidable sight I ever beheld was the sea of faces upturned to me, when I first addressed them."

This good man held out a brother's hand to them. He elevated them in their own eyes, and they joined with him in practical efforts toward bettering their condition. It is a long story, and the result, as given by Captain Maconochie, is the following: —

"I found the island a brutal hell, and I left it a peaceful, well-ordered community. Officers, women and children, traversed the island everywhere, without fear; and huts, gardens, stock-yards, and growing crops were scattered in every corner, without molestation."

How great this work was, perhaps could only be rightly estimated by those who were witnesses of the wonderful changes. Said one of the prisoners, a victim of the old system of torture, "When a prisoner was sent to Norfolk Island, he lost the heart of a man, and got that of a beast instead."

As an illustration of Captain Maconochie's treatment, I select one striking case. There was a man named

Anderson, who, from the age of eighteen to twenty-four, appeared to have run the whole gamut of crime. Repeated flogging had only rendered him more violent and hardened. Finally, so desperate and dangerous a character had he become, that he was sentenced to be chained to a rock for two years. He was fastened by a chain, his bed was a hollow scooped in the rock, his food was passed to him by means of a long pole. His flesh was devoured by vermin, and he was not allowed water to bathe his sores. Yet all this never subdued his spirit.

Captain Maconochie found and freed him, and treated him like a human being. The sequel is thus told: —

"Sir George Gibbs visited the island three years after Captain Maconochie's arrival, and, while driving through its beautiful scenery, Anderson was seen tripping along in his trim sailor dress, full of importance, with his telescope under his arm. 'What little smart fellow may that be?' asked Sir George. 'Whom do you suppose? That is the man who was chained to the rock in Sydney Harbor.' Sir George was greatly surprised and affected."

We have a similar example in the case of the prisons at Munich. The prisoners were celebrated as the most brutalized among these brutal classes. They were guarded by ferocious dogs; they were heavily chained, and flogged for the slightest offence. In consequence, they were treacherous, cruel, dangerous.

At last the prisons passed into the hands of Mr. Obermair, a man who "founded his system on the conviction that the worst criminal preserves the germ of some good quality, and that discipline based rather on mercy than severity, by appealing to the nobler instead of the brutal instincts of humanity, will awaken a new feeling in the mind of the convict, — that of self-respect, — and thus develop those moral qualities which, though dormant, are never completely extinct."

As a result of his system, we find that, of two hundred and ninety-eight prisoners discharged within the two years of his administration, two hundred and forty-six afterward led honest, industrious lives; although more than half of them had been convicted for homicide, felony, or murder. As an instance of practical reform from the law of love, this is very striking.

The name of Mrs. Fry is familiar to all; yet few know of the difficulties attending the beginning of her work. Within a few months, this delicate woman, only strong in her love, accomplished what the prison authorities declared an impossible thing. She began her work at Newgate, where three hundred women, with their wretched children, were huddled together like pigs in a pen. They were the vilest of the vile; fighting, drinking, blaspheming day and night. The very jailers would not trust themselves among them unless heavily armed.

She appeared among them armed only with peace and love. She touched their rocky hearts, and the waters of repentance gushed forth. In six months' time the miracle had been wrought which love, and nothing but love, can achieve.

If one only observes and thinks, he is astonished to find how little law has to do with the general good conduct of society. Let us watch the life of a man for a day. He rises in the morning, speaks kindly to his wife and children, although there is no law requiring it; he goes down the street, speaks kindly to children and his neighbors; goes to his place of business, treats his fellow-workmen with kindness and justice, gives during the day a shilling or a dollar to a beggar, and goes home to greet his wife and children pleasantly in the evening, and retires to rest without having thought of the law during the day. He has not done one thing or omitted to do one thing because of the law.

My reader, do you remember ever to have done anything in your life, or refrained from doing anything, because of the statutes? If we could only realize how little civil law contributes to the good conduct and well-being of society, our interest in the legislature would be greatly lessened. If the legislature sticks its clumsy fingers into our affairs, so as to conflict with our notions of liberty, we sneer at it, as in the case of the prohibitory liquor law; or with our notions of honor, we treat it with silent contempt, as in the case of usury.

Of the millions upon millions of acts of kindness and justice which go to make up civilized life, I take it that nine in ten would never be performed at all if they were required by law.

During my residence in Buffalo, N. Y., we were startled one morning by the report that a canal-boat, containing two men, had floated down the river, and was hanging on some rocks just above Niagara Falls. I went down on the next train, and found that the boat was balancing on a rock in a very critical position; but the two men had left the barge in a small boat half a mile above, and escaped in safety. I found a company of men trying to save a dog which had been left on the boat.

It was momentarily expected that the old craft would escape from its moorings and go over the cataract.

A hundred men were on the shore, long after dark, devising and contriving, but at length adjourned till morning. It was agreed that they should be on the spot at daylight, and if the dog — who had been running back and forth on the deck during the day, seeming to appreciate the imminent danger — was still there, they would rescue him.

I was very curious to see whether this grand enthusiasm over the fate of a dog would last till morning. At the day dawn I was on the spot, and found more than

one hundred men already there. Two brave fellows, who had, during the night, secured a light, strong boat, proposed to go some little distance above and row across, each having a rope tied about his body, so that they might be drawn ashore should the boat fail them. When they were ready to leave on their desperate venture, there was an immense crowd gathered on the shore, swayed with intense emotion. The two brave fellows threw off all their outer clothing, took their seats in the boat, and began their desperate pull.

But, before they were half way over, it was very obvious that they must be dashed on some large rocks in the midst of the rushing waters, a little way below their track, and over which the torrent broke with terrific force.

A cry of horror went up from the crowd. The two young men threw up their hands, the signal agreed upon with their friends on shore, and leaped into the rushing waters.

In less than a minute they were in our arms; but one of them was insensible, and the other was bleeding profusely from the nose. In a minute or two the insensible man became conscious, and the two brave fellows rose, grasped each other's hands, and one said to the other,—

"Jim, we will save that dog or die."

The two young men spoke low together for a moment, when one of them said to a man standing near,—

"Bring the little, short boat."

The man, with others, ran off for the boat, and in half an hour our two heroes were ready, at a point higher up the river. Each had a rope tied about his waist, and they took an extra rope for the dog.

When they pushed out from the shore, the crowd, which had now increased to many thousands, shouted words of fear and despair, or of courage and hope. As the two young fellows, who were evidently persons of

immense strength and desperate courage, pulled through the foaming torrent, the crowd on shore cried out, "They are lost!" "No; they'll fetch it!" "My God, they are gone!" "No; there they are!" and, when at length they struck the bow of their tiny craft against the canal-boat, and swung around under it, such shouts were never before heard from five thousand throats, as went up from that crowd. And when the two heroes quietly kissed their hands to us, it was agreed that they were the coolest, bravest men that ever lived.

One of them climbed to the deck of the canal-boat, where the demonstrations of the poor dog were most touching. Soon the dog was handed down into the small boat, the extra rope was tied about him, and they were ready to attempt the return.

Now they motion to their friends on shore to go far down the bank. They have evidently resolved to attempt the return below the rocks on which their first boat went to pieces. They wait for some time to gather breath and strength, and they point out to each other the dangers and chances. And now they brace themselves, and push out into the surging waters! We send up one wild shout, and then lean forward and watch in breathless silence the heroic struggle.

Good God! they are lost! Nothing can save them! But instantly they rise from their seats, one of them throws up his hands as the signal to pull, the other lifts the dog in his arms, and they leap into the mad torrent. In two minutes men and dog are in our midst, and we are rubbing them back into life. The crowd, now ten thousand in number, lift up the heroes, and carry them with shouts of triumph to the nearest hotel, where they receive every attention.

I do not know what the statute is in regard to the saving of a spaniel dog of medium size, with his rights,

dignity, appurtenances aforesaid, &c., &c., when in peril above Niagara Falls; but I venture the assertion that, if those young men had known of the existence of such a law, Carlo would have been left to go over the cataract.

What an inconceivable stupidity to treat creatures capable of such sublime heroism, as the law treats the victims of *vice!* Man is made in the image of God. He never loses the divine spark. How stupid and brutal to beat and imprison his body for *vicious* indulgences, instead of fanning that divine spark into a flame!

But it is just, and always just, to punish *crimes* by law. On another page the distinction between a *vice* and a *crime* is given, so that no one will fail to see the justice of punishing *crimes*, and the great injustice of punishing *vices.*

IV.

THE business of the government is to protect the citizen. The governor is simply the chief of the police. Some people think that the governor is the commanding general of the state, the governor's council his staff officers, and the State House the headquarters. To the criminals of the state the governor is the commanding general; but to you, the respectable citizens, he is no more than the policeman who tramps up and down the streets all night through the storm, while you are in your comfortable beds. To the criminal the chief of police in a city is a great man; but to the respectable citizen he is only an officer with bright buttons, whose function it is to keep the sidewalk clear. To gaping ignorance the governor is a great man; but to the intelligent citizen

he is only another policeman, without bright buttons, whose duty it is to keep watch, and see that he, the sovereign citizen, is in no way disturbed as he walks about in pursuit of his profit or pleasure.

The governor is the commander-in-chief of the army of criminals, but has no more authority over other people than he has over the inhabitants of another planet. On the contrary, he is simply and only the head of that police whose duty it is to keep awake and watch while their masters sleep. I would not underrate the importance of this function. All useful labor, if faithfully performed, becomes honorable; but it is not to be denied that the sovereign citizen of the highest class steps a long way down when he enters the police force.

If you wish to see how much the governor and the legislature enter into the thought and life of the best class of citizens, spend an evening in a social gathering of our best people, and you will never hear the State House mentioned, unless in contempt for some of its impertinences. But if you go down to the North End, the governor and the chief of police fill the conversation, as the sayings and doings of the officers in an army fill the conversation of the common soldier.

It is constantly complained that the best citizens will not accept political office. It is true; and, as people become more and more enlightened, rich, and independent, it will be more and more difficult to secure first-class citizens to serve in any political office. We have not had a first-rate man as President of the United States in forty years; I mean, first-rate in culture and morals. All of which means this, and only this: that political office, as an occupation, is far below the highest level of the private citizen's life.

If the legislature met once in five or ten years, and remained together a few days, or a few weeks, to attend to

really important business, I think the character of the State House would be so improved that the best citizens would consent to serve; but as it is now, when every possible expedient is resorted to to make business, when nothing is really done till the last few days of a six months' session, except to ferret out the corruption of the members, — to find out how much the Hon. Mr. A. or the Hon. Mr. X. has stolen, — how can we blame the best citizens for not liking to be mixed up in such a business?

All this corruption grows out of the attempt on the part of the legislature to do what they have no business with. Let them confine themselves to providing methods of punishing criminals, and leave the people's business to the people themselves, and they would quickly win the confidence and respect of the public, and all this miserable lobbying, and jobbery, and corruption would cease.

V.

LAW-MAKING is our mania. We are about the first people that have had perfect liberty in the business, and we are nearly crazy over it.

It is astonishing with what rapidity the wheel turns — twenty-six hundred laws during a single session. The state printers are frequently compelled to keep their men up all night to print these laws.

But the respect of the people fails to keep pace with the magnitude of this work. At the conclusion of a session, during which laws enough have been ground out

to fill several great volumes, the newspapers, not unfrequently of both parties, denounce the legislature as utterly "imbecile and corrupt," and they rejoice that "at last our law-makers have gone home, so that their blundering and mischief have come to an end." It is constantly charged, by those who have good reason to know, that the legislature of this or that state, or the national legislature, can be bought; or that a measure, no matter how important, will inevitably fail unless there is money in it.

The conviction is well nigh universal among the people that these charges of the newspapers are well founded.

These legislatures are composed of merchants, farmers, and lawyers, who, at home, are honorable men; but when they reach the State House, it is widely believed they put themselves up to the highest bidder.

I need not add that the laws which come from such legislatures fail to command the respect of the people.

The contempt with which the people regard the law, if it happens to conflict with their notions of honor or liberty, is very emphatic. Permit me to illustrate by the law against usury.

This law was strong and explicit. If the lender took usury he forfeited his entire claim. And yet a large part of the money received usurious interest. During one of our revulsions a single bank in Boston received more than a thousand dollars a day usurious interest. During that trying season there was not, probably, a business man in Boston who did not pay usury, and there was not a day, except Sundays and holidays, when there were not thousands of our citizens paying usury. Why did they not fall back on "a wise and beneficent law," defend the dignity of the State House, and at the same time make a fortune? It was a short road to wealth, a straight and

simple one, and, what one would suppose every good citizen should prize, it was strictly legal.

I ask, why did not these victims of usury avail themselves of this open door to wealth?

Everybody is prepared to respond, —

"Because there is something in man, a something known as honor, which is a thousand fold stronger than his love for money and his reverence for law combined."

This case is one of those (and they are numerous) which clearly exhibits the weakness of a legislative enactment, when it happens to conflict with our sense of honor.

The legislature of a great state enacts that whoever takes usurious interest shall forfeit his claim. Legislature after legislature reaffirm the law. It is a fixed and settled policy, and is continued, without essential change, for generations.

Now consider the situation. It is the year 1837. Honor and confidence tremble in the balance. No man knows where he stands, or whom he can trust. Borrowers crowd every place where money is to be had. Millions upon millions are lent every day. Ruin stares thousands in the face. Every conceivable method of raising the wind is considered. Conscience retires from the struggle. In all this crowd of anxious, frightened men, running hither and thither, there is scarcely a man who might not step out of the fight and retire rich, if he would only say, —

"I refuse to pay usury; it is against the laws of my country."

That is all. It would be legal, and what is legal must be honest, especially if the law be one which has been so long and carefully considered and reconsidered as this law of usury.

Surely, in this crowd of frightened men, you need not

go far to find a man who would defy almost any law on the statutes to escape the impending ruin, but not one will plead usury to save himself, although, in paying it, he becomes an accomplice in a violation of a statute law.

I need not undertake to explain this. Instinct is quicker than words. Every man feels, "I would die rather than violate my *honor*."

I am trying to illustrate the weakness of civil law, and the strength of honor.

Many years ago imprisonment for debt was in vogue in the State of New York.

The law was then modified, so that a debtor might get bail, and go out of prison; but he must not leave the limits of the corporation. He might go about town at pleasure, but must report daily at the jail, and must not step outside of the limits of the town. With this modification debts were better paid.

Again the law was modified, and the *person* of the debtor could not be touched, but all his property might be seized. A marked improvement in the payment of debts was observed. Several modifications followed from time to time, in which the principal feature was a successive increase in the property exempted from execution. At length the law now existing in New York, exempting "the homestead," was enacted. This law exempts the home, and, if a farm, the team, farming implements, &c., &c., so that a man may be a well-to-do farmer, with every comfort and convenience, and the sheriff, with an execution in his hand, cannot touch a thing. The payment of debts so greatly improved under this law, that, some years ago, a petition from many wholesale merchants of New York city was presented to the legislature at Albany, praying for a repeal of all laws for the collection of debts. The petition was properly presented, and a vigorous speech made in its defence. I remember

the spokesman for the merchants of New York said that the petitioners were satisfied that if all laws for the collection of debts were removed, and the obligation was left to the honor of the debtor, their claims would be more promptly and surely paid. They declared that if a debtor were inclined to cheat, there were so many ways in which he could dispose of his property, that practically the creditor was obliged to depend upon the debtor's honor, and they were satisfied that the sense of honor would be far more active and reliable in the absence of law. In illustration the gentleman adduced the well-known fact that a man will pay his gambling debts, for which he has received nothing, in preference to his grocery bills, for which he has received food for his family, and obviously for the reason that the gambling debts cannot be collected by law. He adduced likewise the well-known fact that Wall Street speculators may be incurable rogues in the ordinary legal transactions of life, but rarely fail to pay their stock-gambling debts, and clearly because these debts cannot be collected by law, or, in other words, because they are debts of honor.

And to illustrate the utter weakness of law when it conflicts with the instinct of liberty, I may mention the vice of gambling.

Not a fiftieth part of the gambling in this city takes place in gambling hells. Why does it never occur to anybody to attempt to enforce the law against gambling in our clubs, and other respectable houses? and why, should they attempt it, would they signally fail?

For exactly the same reason that the state constables failed to enforce the Prohibitory Liquor Law against the Parker House and against Young's Hotel. For exactly the same reason that when the committee from the Young Men's Crusade, of Bangor, Maine, waited upon the mayor of that city, last summer, to offer their ser-

vices in the better enforcement of the Maine Law, and proposed to bring him abundant proof that the hotels in that city were selling intoxicating drinks, mentioned several of them, and asked, if they brought proofs, whether he would have the proprietors arrested under the provisions of the Maine Law? The mayor replied, —

"But, gentlemen, these hotels are kept in a quiet, respectable way. I can't proceed against such places. If you will bring me evidence that any of these places are kept in a riotous manner, I will have them prosecuted as nuisances. But if they keep their places quiet and decent, public sentiment will not justify any interference."

And yet this mayor was elected by the prohibitionists, to enforce their law, and was himself a prohibitionist.

I have said that the law against gambling fails for the same reason that the Maine Law fails — it interferes with personal freedom.

If a man chooses to risk his money on a game of cards, he has a perfect right to do so. No man, or body of men, has a right to say to him, "You shall not risk your money in that way." It is *his* money, and he has a right to do what he pleases with it. He has a right to put it in a gun and shoot it away, or burn it up, or risk it on a game of chance, or make any other disposition of it, and no man, or body of men, has a right to interfere.

It is a well-known fact that regular gambling hells are places where by various devices, and among them the employment of drugged liquors, the uninitiated are simply robbed, and turned into the street; and therefore it does not shock public sentiment to break up such places.

But games of chance, without fraud, are not interfered with, and never will be.

A very striking illustration of the weakness of law, when it comes in contact with the instinct of liberty, is

the result of prohibition in Maine. I have taken pains to learn the facts in Maine. I travelled through the state, and conversed with a large number of its leading citizens, almost exclusively temperance men, and became satisfied that intemperance is the great, overwhelming curse of the Pine Tree State. In New York city, immediately after leaving Maine, I gave a number of facts, in a public address, which, being published in the New York dailies, called out from the Maine papers the cry of Falsehood, falsehood! although I was very careful to state that I knew nothing of the truth of the facts of my own knowledge, and gave the names of my informers. All this information was published in the New York papers, and, without doubt, read in Maine; but the pride of some of the Maine editors over the "Maine Law" was such that they chose rather to make up faces at me, and ring the changes on certain hard words, than to explain how well-known citizens of Maine, whose names were given, as authority for the facts, came to be so mistaken.

Perhaps a few official figures may receive better treatment.

Of persons sent to the insane asylums, in Maine, whose insanity was caused by intemperance, there were in

1863,	7	1869,	15
1864,	11	1870,	22
1865,	10	1871,	11
1866,	14	1872,	26
1867,	21	1873,	26
1868,	13		

The following table shows the number of arrests for drunkenness in the city of Bangor for 1862, 1863, and 1864, and then for 1872, 1873, and 1874. That city con-

tained in 1870 a population of eighteen thousand two hundred and eighty-nine.

1862, ...	8	1872, ...	459
1863, ...	10	1873, ...	334
1864, ...	31	1874, ...	850 ?

When I was in that city last spring, the Hon. Lewis Barker, who had been engaged by the prohibitionists to look up the facts, told me there were fully three hundred grog-shops in Bangor.

The number of recent arrests for drunkenness in other cities and towns is equally significant. The number of arrests for drunkenness in the city of Portland, for a year ending March 30, 1874, was two thousand and eleven.

Prohibitionists in Maine tell us that "Rum has gone under," in that state. Travellers through the state affirm that, "the law is a success; tipsy people are nowhere to be seen;" while the inspectors of the Maine State Prison report that in 1873 there were the enormous number of seventeen thousand eight hundred and eight arrests in that state for drunkenness.

The Maine Law provides that liquors may be sold for "medicinal, mechanical, and manufacturing purposes," but they must be furnished by certain agencies appointed by the state. It is a notorious fact that but a small part of the liquors sold come from the agencies; and even the state agencies, curiously enough, do not procure their stocks from the Central State Agency, but obtain them from outside sources. Indeed, of the five hundred and forty-two municipalities in the state, Eaton Shaw, the State Liquor Commissioner, complains that only about one hundred purchase their stock of him. I wonder that these deputies dare neglect their chief; but although

they are dependent upon him, "*You shall*" and "*You shall not*" fail to work, even with them.

The amount of sickness in Maine must be fearful. Take a little town of less than fifteen hundred, up among the hills — the little old-fashioned town of Canaan, with almost no foreign population. The state agent in Canaan sold, in 1863, liquors to the amount of thirty-six dollars and seventy-five cents; in 1865, the liquors amounted to twelve hundred and ninety-two dollars and fifty-two cents; and in 1867, the liquors sold by the Canaan agency amounted to twenty-one hundred fifty-seven dollars and fifty-one cents. In four years the quantity increased from thirty-six dollars to twenty-one hundred and fifty-seven dollars.

The State of Maine has but six hundred and twenty-six thousand nine hundred and fifteen inhabitants, but the quantity of intoxicating drinks consumed in that state, according to the report of the Hon. Joshua Nye, the chief of the State Constabulary, was enormous.

That intemperance, insanity, pauperism, and crime are rapidly increasing in Maine, no one can doubt who will carefully read her annual reports, and I will add that so long as human nature remains what it is, intemperance, vice, and crime must ever increase, in a free country, under a prohibitory liquor law.

Some other states have tried prohibition, but with no better success. Indeed, I think all the other experiments have met with even a worse fate than that in Maine.

But the friends of prohibition walk through the streets where formerly open dram-shops blazed out their bright lights at every step, and finding no such signs of the business now, they straightway go and announce that the prohibitory law is a triumphant success.

It is often said, —

"We don't pretend that the law against dram-shops is enforced in every case. But this is the fate of all laws. The law against theft is not always enforced, and even the law against murder sometimes fails. This law is as well enforced as other laws."

Exactly this statement was made recently in Tremont Temple, in an address by the Rev. Dr. Eddy, of this city. I suppose I have heard that statement in public addresses twenty times within a year.

I will not say that those who make such statements are not honest men, and that they do not think they are speaking the truth; but it is very easy to show that they utterly fail to comprehend the subject, and the facts.

It is true that thieves and murderers do sometimes crawl through the meshes of the law; but is it not true that they generally escape through some technicality which, in our wisdom or unwisdom, was introduced to protect personal liberty, and to give the benefit of all doubts to the prisoner?

Professor Webster was tried for murder, and in spite of a powerful combination in his defence, was proved guilty, and hanged. Harvey D. Parker was tried under the Prohibitory Law, and although not a person in Boston doubted his guilt, although no one doubted that he violated the law a thousand times a day, although it was clearly proved in court, the jury simply refused to find him guilty.

George Young was tried under the same law, and although the whole town was in a broad laugh at the absurdity of trying to prove that George Young sold intoxicating drinks, — a thing which he made no attempt to conceal, which was seen daily by a multitude, which was as susceptible of proof as that the Metropolitan Railroad Company runs its cars through Tremont Street, and the sale was proved in court, — yet the jury refused to

convict. The only result of these trials was to bring civil law into still deeper contempt.

Of course it will be said that although the law has failed in Massachusetts, we have only to go to Maine, and there we shall find it enforced. This is a popular delusion.

There are over three hundred known dealers in Bangor, who, under the provisions of the law, might be imprisoned, and should be imprisoned; and yet for years there has not been a single man in Bangor locked up for selling rum, except one, who was confined temporarily, and in this case it was really not because he violated the law, but because he was so savage toward an officer who called upon him. And we are gravely told that this law is as well enforced as other laws.

The sale of a glass of grog is the offence we are discussing, and there have not been *three punishments for each million violations of the law!*

And we are told that this law is as well enforced as other laws; as well, for example, as the law against theft.

This statement is of a sort which abounds among the public advocates of prohibition, and is not a whit more erroneous than the statements which were published, and largely circulated, in a pamphlet known as "A Cloud of Witnesses." I may add that all the evidence you need in regard to the character of that remarkable document, is a perusal of the official reports of the Maine State Prison Inspectors, Chief Constable, "State Liquor Commissioner," and the Police.

It is insisted that in Massachusetts there has been no honest effort to enforce the law. This is an easy charge to make, but nothing could be more unjust and false.

Did not the friends of prohibition select their own officers to administer the law? Did they not have a

large force, scattered throughout the state, whose special duty it was to enforce this law? Do the friends of prohibition mean to say that these officers turned traitors?

When it is complained that the officers refuse to enforce the Prohibitory Law, I would reply, that when there was not a fiftieth part of the temperance sentiment now existing, there was no difficulty in enforcing the law against the sale to drunkards and children. That law is just, and it will never be difficult to enforce it.

The reason that with fifty-fold more temperance sentiment in the country, it is impossible to enforce the Prohibitory Law, is not because the arm of civil law is shortened, but because the mass of men will never consent, except under the sway of an irresistible monarchy, to give up their liberty to do what they please with themselves and their own.

VI.

A CRIME is any act which one man, with evil intent, commits upon the person or property of another, without his consent. If one person, with evil intent, lay his finger upon another, without the latter's consent, it is a crime. All crimes may be justly punished by law.

A vice is any injurious act or passion in which a person indulges himself. Malice, hypocrisy, envy, hatred, avarice, ambition, falsehood, indolence, cowardice, drunkenness, gluttony, &c., &c., are vices. Vices are not justly punishable by law. They are amenable to reason alone. If A assists B to indulge in a vice, and A uses no fraud, and B is *compos mentis* and fully consents, A is guilty of no crime. If A be a cook, and makes for B

rich and delicious dishes, and B indulges his appetite to such an extent that he becomes sick and dies, A is guilty of no crime, but is, at the worst, an accomplice in a vice. If A be a vender of alcoholic drinks, and sells B intoxicating drinks at his solicitation, A is guilty of no crime, but, at the worst, is an accomplice in a vice. B's indulgence in the strong food or in the strong drink, either of which may ruin him, is not a crime punishable by law, but only a vice amenable to reason alone; so A is guilty of no crime, but only of being an accomplice in a vice, amenable to reason alone.

A crime must possess three features.

1. There must be at least two persons — the actor and the victim.

2. The act must be committed with evil intent.

3. The act must be committed without the consent of the victim.

If either of these features be absent, the act is not a crime.

For example, our wealthy neighbor, Reuben Tarbox, having no family, wills his fortune to his cook. That person, knowing that his master's gout depends upon high living, makes the most appetizing and luscious dishes, that the heart attack, which usually kills the victim in such cases, may be hastened, and he come into possession of his fortune. This would be a sinful selfishness, for which God would hold him responsible; but it is no crime which the civil law could punish. One condition of a crime is absent: the consent of the victim is not withheld. There is no fraud, and Mr. Tarbox freely consents; so there is no crime.

If, in the case of the rum-seller, we assume a secret purpose to destroy his victim (a something which never exists; for he would be glad if the drink left no bad effects, as it would greatly enhance the character and

profits of the business), but, supposing there were a secret purpose to destroy his customers, there would be no crime, unless there was fraud, or unless the drinkers were *compelled* to swallow their drinks.

VII.

WE have grown up with the notion that the liquor traffic must be managed by law; and so, if one starts with the declaration that all laws in regard to the sale of intoxicating drinks should be abolished, he cannot secure a fair hearing. The prejudices are all against him. In considering the principle of the prohibitory liquor law, let us first introduce another excess — gluttony.

Without doubt, gluttony is the most destructive of all our vices. It obtains among all classes, both sexes, and all ages. Eminent medical men, in England and America, declare that strong food can count ten victims where strong drink counts one.

Let me illustrate by a common case. A man eats so much, and such bad food, that he is often sick, and always dyspeptic and unhappy. Instead of being a support to his family, he is a nuisance. Society has a just claim to the best use of all his faculties. He utterly repudiates this claim, and, instead of rendering fifty years of useful labor, he imposes a tax of thirty years' care of a disagreeable patient. Is this a fancy picture? I declare that I have known fifty victims of gluttony to one victim of drunkenness.

You may convince a glutton that his rheumatism, or gout, or fever, or dyspepsia comes of table excesses, and he may resolve to reform; but, as soon as he is well, he will fall again into the same excess.

Now, let us see how the account stands between society and this man. He honestly owes society fifty years of work. His services are worth a thousand dollars a year, or, in the aggregate, fifty thousand dollars; and society not only has an indisputable claim upon the work which he can do with his head and hands, but he is bound to render that service in a spirit so cheerful that he shall contribute to the happiness as well as the material prosperity of the community. This is the just claim which society has upon that man.

Now, let us see what he pays. Look at him. He has the rheumatism. See him hobble. Look at his face. Hear him grunt and groan. See his care-worn wife applying the fomentations and administering the medicines, and hear her moans of discouragement. I but echo the voice of my profession when I say that nineteen twentieths of such cases come of table excesses.

Medical men will bear witness that the case I have given, represents thousands and tens of thousands of men. It is this knowledge which led one of the most eminent medical men in America to go farther than I have gone, and declare that where drink can count one victim, gluttony can count a hundred.

Now, I will sue that man for repudiating a just claim. I bring him into court. The judge will ask, "What is the case?" I describe it. I say the man owes fifty thousand dollars, and won't pay. The judge will ask for a bill of particulars; and when I explain that he fails to pay by abusing himself, the judge will say, —

"Mr. Clerk, dismiss the case. There is no crime. It is a vice, and we do not punish vices in this court. This

man has not, with malice prepense, injured the person or property of another, and therefore there is no offence which can be tried in this court."

Indignant at this defeat, I resolve that, if I can't punish the person himself, I will punish the man who sold him the food. When I bring the dealer into court and present the case, the judge would say, —

"This trader has a perfect right to sell beef, and butter, and pepper, and pork, and can't be held responsible for any misuse of them. These articles must be sold. They must be sold in large quantities; and, if the purchaser is not able to obtain what he wishes of this dealer, he would obtain it of some other. The articles themselves are innocent enough, and the dealer cannot be held responsible for the misuse which the purchaser may make of them. Mr. Clerk, discharge the accused."

Finding myself foiled in my efforts to secure justice, I determine upon a "movement;" and so I agitate the public mind, and at length secure a law which makes the purchase of foods difficult. They are to be sold only in certain places, by a certain class of persons, and under the eye of officers of the law.

But I need go no further with this illustration. Everybody sees that each step is an outrage upon personal liberty, which would not be endured.

If the prohibitory liquor law had been passed fifty years ago, when everybody believed in strong drink, and almost everybody — men, women, and children — drank it, the case would be completely parallel to the case of the food. Would it not?

What is the situation to-day? We have forty millions of people. Ten millions believe that lager bier is healthful and necessary.

Of the other thirty millions, more than twenty-five believe that wines, liquors, and ales are not only not

harmful *per se*, but often very necessary. On every hand doctors prescribe these drinks for their patients. Consumptives are put upon whiskey, and nursing mothers are directed to drink beer. Invalids of all classes are assured by the doctors that a little wine, or a little porter, or a little whiskey will prove a capital medicine.

This makes thirty-five millions of the population who are in favor of the use, more or less, of intoxicating drinks. Do you say that this is an extravagant statement? On the contrary, I do not believe that there are a million of people in this country who think alcohol is, *per se*, a poison. For myself, I believe it is a poison in the smallest quantities, in every conceivable form; but, although I lecture on temperance, and talk much in private with people on the subject, I very rarely meet a person who joins me in the opinion that alcohol is, *per se*, a poison.

Here we have an overwhelming majority of the people, who believe in alcoholic drinks. Do you think that the very small minority, say five persons in forty, may say to the thirty-five, —

"You shall not purchase the drinks which you believe good and necessary"?

I know that the five, by adroit management, by insisting upon prohibition as a plank in the platform, and by creating the impression that those who will not vote for prohibition are in favor of "free rum," have contrived to get a prohibitory law passed; but recently, in Massachusetts, the people having had time to think of it, thousands of those who have heretofore voted for prohibition, have, without any concerted action, but each man by himself, scratched off the name of the republican candidate for governor, and put on in its place the name of the democratic candidate, and solely, as we all know, to get rid of the prohibitory law.

But I must not forget to bring up a drinking man for trial.

I bring him into court because he has gone on drinking until, like the man with the rheumatism and dyspepsia, he is a tax rather than a help.

The judge asks, "What is the case?"

I state it.

"Your honor, this man has used intoxicating drinks until he has spoiled himself. He has entirely neglected to take care of his wife and children. Instead of earning a thousand dollars a year, which he is bound to do, he is a tax on everybody about him."

The judge interrupts me.

"What offence, what crime has the man committed?"

I repeat that he has so abused himself with drink that he can't support his family; that he has thus cheated society out of its interest in him.

The judge would say, —

"Mr. Clerk, dismiss the case; here we punish crimes. This man has not, with malice prepense, interfered with the property or person of another."

When I see my man march out of court free, I determine to look up the man who sold him the drink, and so I bring him into court.

The judge would say, —

"Mr. Clerk, dismiss the case. This trader has a perfect right to sell alcoholic liquors, and can't be held responsible for the misuse of the articles in which he trades. These articles must be sold. They must be sold in large quantities; and, if the purchaser is not able to obtain what he wishes of this person, he would obtain it of some other. The articles themselves are innocent enough, and the dealer cannot be held responsible for the misuse which the purchaser may make of them."

VIII.

THE real question is that of the right to swallow alcohol. If a man has a legal right to swallow alcohol, he has the right to buy it, and the dealer has the right to sell it. Alcohol is a very harmless and useful thing, until it is taken into the human stomach. It does no wrong until it reaches that cavity. Then the mischief begins. Now, if a man has a legal right to swallow the article, a perfect right against the combined world, it is absurd to treat as criminal another man who helps him to that alcohol.

John, a poor man who lost both arms in the war, has a perfect right to marry Jane. It may be that their marriage will entail upon the community *trouble and expense;* but John's legal right to marry Jane is perfect. Friends may advise, reason, expostulate, and plead, and the chances are nine in ten, if they approach John in the right spirit, they will dissuade him; but if the president, and the governor, and the general, and the judge, and the chief of police, and the pastor, and all others in authority go to John and command him not to marry Jane, he may order them out of his shanty, and, if they do not go, kick them out, and then marry Jane at his leisure. Now, granting John's right to marry Jane, how absurd to undertake to punish as criminal the Rev. Mr. Jones for performing the ceremony, or assisting John to do what he has a perfect right to do!

And precisely so, if John has a right to swallow alcohol, how absurd to treat as a crime the helping John to do what he has a perfect right to do! If the principal in any transaction is guilty of a crime, the accomplices

are guilty of a crime. But if the principal is guiltless of crime, then the accomplices are guiltless.

In a recent public discussion upon prohibition, my opponent said, —

"The sale of rum is the source of nearly all our crimes. Eminent judges in Great Britain and America declare that nine tenths of all crimes come of strong drink. Think of it, ladies and gentlemen! nine tenths of all crimes originate in the use of intoxicating drinks, and yet my antagonist says we must be easy with rum-sellers, that they are a good sort of fellows, and have just as good rights as other folks. While we know that their damnable traffic crowds our poorhouses, jails, and state prisons, we are told by my antagonist that these creatures have just the same rights as those of our fellow-citizens who are engaged in the most honorable and useful business. I should like to ask my antagonist whether he thinks that thieves, who are not guilty of one hundredth part of the harm done by rum-sellers, have the same rights as our most valued citizens. Suppose, in Main Street, one man sets up a den for the sale of whiskey, and another man sets up a den of thieves. The whiskey-seller makes a dozen thieves, fifty paupers, twenty wife-whippers, one murderer, sends two hundred women and children into the street broken-hearted, and costs the community fifty thousand dollars. The den of thieves simply steal a thousand dollars' worth of property, and there is not a tear or heartache.

"Will my antagonist be kind enough to tell me which of these dens deserves the severest punishment? I wait for him to answer!"

I replied, "The question is a fair one, and I will answer it without the slightest evasion or reserve. And first, if the thieves steal only from sane adults, and from these with their entire consent and by their solicitation,

the persons from whom the stealing is done going to the den of thieves and asking them to come and do the stealing, then the thieves should not be punished at all, no matter how great the loss may be to the persons from whom the stealing is done. And precisely the same rule applies to the rum-seller.

"But suppose the thieves take the property without the consent of the owner; they deserve state prison. Or suppose the rum-seller goes out into the street and seizes the passer-by, drags him into his den, and, binding him, pours the drink into his mouth until he commits a murder. The rum-seller deserves the gallows, and he would get it, too. The stoutest advocate of free rum would not give a shilling to save him."

IX.

TEMPERANCE orators speak of rum-sellers as though they created the evils of intemperance. They declare, with passionate emphasis, that our crime, vice, pauperism, and misery come from those "hell-holes;" that these rum-sellers are the scourges of the race, and must be driven out.

Now, it would be just as sensible to pour out this anathema against the tumblers from which the intemperate drink, as to direct it against the men who place those tumblers on the counter.

Drunkenness does not come from groggeries; it takes its rise in the alcoholic appetite, joined to the presence of alcohol. Alcohol is used for a hundred purposes, and

must be kept in great quantities, and on every hand. You must shut your eyes to this if you assume that men with the craving cannot procure it.

If it can be shown (I believe the contrary to be true) that open grog-shops lead to more drink than private drinking clubs and other concealed methods, which are always introduced when any determined efforts are made to close groggeries by law, then, whatever is sold in open grog-shops, more than would be drank in their absence, may be justly charged to the account of the open shops. But, as the history of intemperance in Maine during the last thirty years clearly shows, that to drive the rum traffic under cover is not to cure it, or to lessen it even, so, while we temperance men continue to loathe the liquor traffic, there is no doubt that we have attributed to groggeries an importance in this wretched vice which does not belong to them.

A man who should reproach the clerks in the banks with producing all our monetary troubles, would talk even better sense than those who accuse rum-sellers of causing all the evils of intemperance.

The essential fact is the existence of the appetite. There never can be any great difficulty in obtaining the means of its gratification. If any fault is to be found with those who furnish the alcoholic drinks, it would be only fair to divide it between those who raise the grain, those who sell it to distillers, the distillers themselves, those who transport it, the wholesaler, the jobber, and, finally, the retailer. To find fault with the retailer, and not to find fault with the wholesaler or the distiller, is to find fault with the men who stand in front and hand the poison to the drinkers, and to say nothing of the ranks of men behind, who are passing the poison to the front rank. But to lay any special blame upon either of these ranks of men, is very short-sighted; for the primary cause

of all the trouble is, as I have said, the presence of a morbid craving for alcohol. It is impossible to prevent the thirsty man's finding it.

Some one will cry out at this point, "Then what are you going to do about it? Here is all this dreadful crime and wretchedness. Are you going to do nothing to arrest it?" Within a year a hundred ministers — professed followers of that Christ who came into the world to save men by divine love — have said to me, —

"If you can't stop this thing by law, then what *can* you do?" I say to them, when I can command sufficient patience to speak civilly, —

"*The Washingtonian Movement and the Woman's Crusade suggest the existence among us of a power which is fully competent to the cure of all these evils;*" and I sometimes ask them if they have ever heard of Christ.

Millions of professed Christians, and among them thousands of Christian ministers, believe in Christ as the author of a system of theology, but they do not believe in Him as the source of a divine force which lifts men into a new spirit and a new life.

X.

WHEN we urge that *personal liberty* is the great, vital, pivotal fact of human life, that all progress and happiness begin and end in personal freedom, prohibitionists say, —

"We recognize the supreme importance of personal liberty as much as you do, and we are willing that all men should be free, if they will only do what is best for

them. We rejoice," say they, "in the utmost liberty of opinion and action, if the people will only say and do what is right!"

The Inquisition believed in the perfect liberty of all men to be Catholics, but if they caught a man with other notions about salvation, they put a thumb-screw on him.

Our Puritan fathers believed in personal freedom, as no other men ever did. They left their homes, crossed a stormy ocean, and braved a thousand dangers, that they might be free to think and say what they pleased. And they were perfectly willing that all who came along with them might think and say what they pleased, unless, as sometimes unfortunately happened, the other men thought and said things which conflicted with the things which the fathers thought and said. They sometimes came across a Quaker, whose views did not seem quite the thing, and they hung him.

Our New England fathers believed in religious liberty. Indeed "religious liberty" was their constant boast; but if a man did not believe in hell, they would not let him testify in court. No matter what wrong other people might commit upon the person or the property of a Universalist,— he had no redress, he could not appear against them. He was in the condition of a southern slave. This is one of the greatest possible outrages upon the dignity and rights of a man. But our fathers were always very kind about it; they said he was at liberty, perfect liberty, at any time, to believe in hell, and then he might swear a blue streak.

There used to be a law here in Massachusetts against preaching infidelity, and another against any disrespectful words of Jesus Christ, another against travelling on Sunday, another against smoking in the streets, another against playing cards, another against usury, &c., &c.; and now we have had one for twenty years against the

sale of intoxicating liquors. The most of these laws have been repealed; the rest of them are stone dead. Such offences belong to vices, and cannot be cured by law.

As the men of ideas and progress clamor for the repeal of such laws, each law, in its turn, is clung to with great tenacity.

I have no doubt the conservatives were honest when they foretold all sorts of ruin to follow the abolition of the usury laws. But at length the people had the sense to see that when two men sit down together to make a bargain about the lending of money, they are exercising a natural right, with which no man, or body of men, has any right to interfere.

And exactly so we have had a prohibitory liquor law for twenty years, and now the people have concluded that when two men meet and make a bargain about the sale of a glass of rum, they are exercising a natural right, with which no man, or body of men, on earth has any right to interfere by force or law.

I need hardly repeat in this place, that if in any of these business transactions one party is *non compos mentis*, or there is fraud, then there may be crime.

The meaning of the recent repudiations of the prohibitory liquor law in Massachusetts, and the same repudiation which is soon to follow in Maine, is not that the voters are less temperance men, or that they are anxious to continue the crime and pauperism, or pay the enormous taxes which confessedly spring from drink, but it simply means, as in repudiating scores of other laws in New England, directed against vices, that the people have come to the conclusion that law is not the medicine for this patient.

Personal liberty is not only the source of all progress, the lever of all conquests, the inspiration of all achieve-

ments, but it is at the same time the source of many vices. If you could only chain a man to the floor, and lock the door, and then take him such food and drink as you thought best for him, he would be guilty of no excesses of appetite. In this way you could prevent many of the vices which are now so common and destructive among men. But if you let a man go free, he will be almost sure to get into mischief. Nothing is so expensive and troublesome as liberty. Look about you. You can hardly find an adult who is not guilty of vices. If no one was free, many of these vices would be avoided.

But the prize, the precious jewel of the ages, is personal liberty. It has no equivalents. Untold wealth, a mine of diamonds, a palace, are baubles by the side of personal liberty. The measure of freedom of the individual is everywhere the measure of the liberty of society.

Whenever in this country personal liberty is trenched upon, except in the presence of a great and immediate danger, the intruder, if a person, is sure to receive rough treatment; if a law, it is sure to be dodged or defied.

All trespasses upon personal liberty are defended on the ground that the interference is for the good of the man or men whose rights are violated. I do not suppose that the greatest tyrant in history ever violated the people's rights without such a pretence.

You must defend where the attack is made. If the government attack my right to drink rum, I must defend that right, and not my right to chew tobacco. If the government attack my right to preach Universalism, I must defend that right, and not my wife's right to wear corsets.

So I do not blame the Germans for rising in arms in defence of their right to drink lager beer. If the attack were upon their right to kiss their children, it

would be a more grateful task to defend liberty; but they must repel the assault where it is made.

When I look at their enormous stomachs, red, bloated faces, and dull eyes, I wonder that they can soak themselves in such poisonous stuff; but I should wonder still more if such a brave people did not defend their right to drink it.

I was delivering some lectures on temperance, in Lincoln Hall, in the city of Washington, D. C., last spring (1874), and at the close of an address against Prohibition, I noticed that several well-known congressmen present were whispering in a manner suggestive of disapprobation, and observing the distinguished Judge Lawrence, of Ohio, among them, I ventured to say to him, —

"Judge Lawrence, if you disapprove of what I have been saying, will you come on the platform and defend Prohibition?" Rising, the judge said, "I will," and came up. He immediately said, in a very warm spirit, —

"If a man give my son strong drink until his body goes staggering in shame, and his soul goes shrieking into eternity in delirium tremens, that man has committed a crime a thousand-fold worse than to have stolen my horse, and should, if it were possible, receive a thousand-fold severer punishment."

I interrupted him.

"Judge, after having spoken two hours, it is most ungracious in me to interrupt you, when you have spoken but two minutes; but if you will pardon a single statement in connection with that which has just fallen from your lips.

"If that man comes into your house, seizes your son, ties him hand and foot, and then, forcing open his mouth, pours into it the poison which produces these terrible consequences, I quite agree with you that he has committed a crime a thousand times graver than to have

stolen your horse, and deserves a thousand-fold severer punishment; but while your son is *compos mentis*, while he is at liberty to go about with all the rights of a man, and he goes to the rum-seller and buys a glass of whiskey, if you say that act of sale is a crime at all, in the sense that stealing a horse is a crime, then you cannot understand how it is that in Boston — the most law-abiding large city in the world — we have one law which is the subject of ridicule and contempt."

It is a legal axiom that "to the willing there is no offence." This is but a logical corollary of the doctrine of personal liberty. Of ten glasses of strong drink, nine are drank by men who have just as good a right to drink whiskey as I have to drink coffee. I may think rum is bad for them, as they may think coffee is bad for me; but both of us must have the liberty of choice. A large part of the life of an average man is made up of blunders. The whole world is at liberty to reason, exhort, and plead with him, but if we shout at him, "You shall not," he either defies us and goes on his own way, or if we contrive to take away from him his personal freedom, his right of choice, he is no longer a free man, but a slave.

XI.

"YOU admit," says the prohibitionist, "that the rum-seller may be punished for selling to persons who are *non compos mentis*. Now, that is exactly what he does when he sells to a man who can't control his appetite.

"Is a man *compos mentis* who drinks too much rum? If such a law were enforced, it would be all we should ask. That would stop ninety-nine hundredths of the drunkenness."

A sale to a child, to an insane person, or to a sot, or to a person who is dangerous when under the influence of drink, — a sale to any of these, the dealer knowing or having good reason to believe him to be what he is, is clearly criminal. And, in addition to this list, it is a crime to sell to an intoxicated person. In brief, if a man is *non compos mentis*, it is a crime to sell him strong drink.

After a long conversation upon this subject with a prohibitory friend, I urged him to go with me, one stormy day, to a large saloon, where I suppose they sell five thousand drinks a day. For two hours we sat near the bar, where we could see the faces of the drinkers, and hear their conversation. I requested my companion to call my attention to the first person who appeared to him *non compos mentis*. An intoxicated man staggered in, leaned on the counter, and asked for a drink.

"There," said my friend, "there's one."

"You've got enough," was the bar-tender's reply.

We came away, and as we walked along, my companion said, —

"But that is a first-class place; and, of course, we don't find the evil in its worst form there."

"That is not a first-class place; it is a medium place. There are a thousand places in this city of higher grades than that, perhaps a thousand which might be classed with this one, and a thousand of lower grades."

We went to our homes, dressed in rough suits, and, going down into North Street, sauntered into a low groggery, in a cellar. We took seats, and looked on. Our presence excited no suspicions; and the crowd of prostitutes, low sailors, Portuguese, and negroes, went on with their drinking, swearing, bawdy stories, and loud, coarse laugh.

My friend whispered to me, —

"These creatures are all *non compos mentis*. Certainly reasonable beings would not spend their time in this reeking atmosphere, going on in this horrid drinking, profanity, and obscenity."

"Let us," I replied, "proceed to try one of them, and see if you will decide that he is *non compos*. We will not take either of those three or four drunken ones; for when a man is drunk, he is clearly *non compos*. But let us take that brutal negro, the one with his arm about that wretched prostitute. Do you say that that fellow is not competent to make a will, or to testify in court, or transact business, or to vote? Do you think he should be shut up, or put under guardianship, or in any way restrained on the ground that he is *non compos mentis?*"

"Perhaps not," replied my friend; "but what a wretched business it is to keep such a den as this! What possible good does such a business do? Do you think a man should be allowed to go on in an occupation which is evil, and only evil? which does not do one particle of good, but a great deal of harm?"

My reply was, "It is a horrid business; one that you

and I would not engage in to save ourselves from starvation. But, you see, this fellow don't feel so. I think, as you do, that this business should be broken up at once. I cannot say just how it should be done; but the 'Washingtonian Movement' and the 'Woman's Crusade' are very suggestive."

"But," exclaimed my friend, returning to the "*compos mentis*" business, "do you really think a man is *compos mentis* who wastes his life swallowing this miserable poison?"

My reply was, "If you ask me whether the crowd of fashionable people who waste their lives in bad dress, bad food, bad theatres, and in idleness, doing no good to any one, but a great deal of harm, by an evil example, and in many other ways, are reasonable beings, I should say that their lives are most unreasonable and sinful; but they are not *non compos mentis*, in the legal meaning of that phrase.

"If you ask me whether a glutton, who spends his life between gout and torturing his family with his wretched temper, is a reasonable being, I should reply that he is surely most unreasonable; but he is not *non compos mentis* in the legal sense. If you were to raise the question on such grounds, everybody would laugh at you.

"Indeed, the great mass of men so waste their lives in physical, intellectual, social, moral, and religious blunders or vices, that, judged by any high standard, they are certainly not reasonable beings; but ninety-nine hundredths of them are *compos mentis*, judged by the legal standard, and that is the only one with which we have any business in this discussion."

XII.

MR. G., one of the most intelligent and honest of our prohibitionists, holds that the rights of the government are limited only by its power, or by the possibilities. This is consistent, and the only ground on which a prohibitionist can stand. Mr. G. is fond of putting it in this way: —

"The government is bound to protect the citizen. Whatever will serve the people, the government is bound to do. And the government is just as much bound to protect the citizen against his own ignorance and vice as against the ignorance, vice, and crime of others.

"In other words, the government is bound to contribute in every possible way to the welfare of the people.

"The right of the government is complete and unqualified, having no other limit than the possibility of service. Is there suffering or danger from any source whatever? The duty and right of the government to intervene is unlimited. The only question which can be raised is one of power or possibility.

"The government has a *perfect right* to control the religious opinions of the citizen; but it is impossible to do it, and therefore the government ought not to make the attempt. The government has a perfect right to regulate the food and drinks of the citizen; but it is impossible to do it, and therefore the attempt would be inexpedient. But the government has the power to control the sale of strong drinks; and, therefore, as such sale does great harm, it is its bounden duty to stop it."

Mr. G. thinks that what is called the freedom of the

press is a violation of the organic rights of the government.

"Of course," he says, "the press must be free, perfectly free, for without that we cannot preserve a free government; but it must not be allowed to say anything which the government does not approve; that is to say, the press is at liberty to utter what is true and right. It certainly can be no violation of liberty to prevent a newspaper's saying what is wrong, for no decent man can wish to say or do wrong. And as this is a case where the government can successfully interfere, it is its duty to act.

"Therefore, if, in its judgment, a paper publishes anything prejudicial to society, it is its duty to stop it."

Here, for example, is a newspaper, which is from day to day charging the government with corruption, and throwing all sorts of impediments in the pathway of the government, while it is trying to save the country. Can a case be conceived where the duty of interference is more urgent? We have just passed through a terrible struggle. The country barely escaped with its life, and even now we are not safe. If the administration could only have its way undisturbed for a few years, it would gather the fruits of its victory, and make all safe. But the other party, by their treasonable newspapers and their still more treasonable voting, is keeping every threatening question open, and leaving us in painful doubt whether the government cemented by the blood of our fathers, and redeemed by the blood of their sons, shall not, after all, be lost.

Then, in Heaven's name, why not stop such voting and newspapers? No other case can be named so imperatively demanding the interference of the government.

Recall, if you have the nerve to do it, the dark days of the great rebellion. Think of the slaughter, the rivers

of blood, think of the mourning and agony, and then think of the newspapers that decried and condemned every effort to save the country!

Ah, if our prohibitionists could have been in authority then, all this would have been stopped at once. Not a word of criticism would have been permitted. Or, if they were in authority to-day, all this meddlesome criticism of the plans of the administration would at once be arrested.

I have said all this from the stand-point of the prohibitionist. Not a word of it do I believe. Whenever the government undertakes to punish a man for any other offence than a crime, it makes a miserable failure. No matter whether it is a rum-seller, a usurist, or an infidel, or a treasonable newspaper; it only gives dignity and importance to the offender, by placing him at issue with the government. Religious, social, or political opinions, which are of no consequence, are lifted at once into great importance by an arrest and trial.

If it is said that arresting a man for theft gives him importance, by placing him at issue with the government, I can only reply that arresting a man for theft disgraces him for a lifetime. To be arrested for a crime is a disgrace, and always a disgrace. Of course I mean real crimes, where one man, with evil intent, commits an act upon the person or property of another, without his consent. No man can be arrested for a real crime without being disgraced, no matter how slight it may be. The disgrace all comes of public sentiment. If the public regards the offence as a real crime, the arrest and punishment only add to the disgrace of the crime by calling special attention to it.

XIII.

OTHER LAWS SUPPOSED TO RESEMBLE THE PROHIBITORY LAW. — The most common method of defending Prohibition is to bring forward certain other laws, which, it is claimed, are like the prohibitory law in principle, and which are unquestioned.

The law against the sale of tainted meat is frequently quoted. But are the two laws similar? What is the basis of the law against the sale of tainted meats? When the meat is in the first stages of decomposition, it requires an expert to determine that it is dangerous, and the law justly steps in to protect the people against the danger. But suppose, as is the case with many epicures, that meat is preferred when so soft that it will drop from the hook, — suppose they prefer their game or meat in a certain stage of decomposition, — does anybody say that they shall not have the thing they prefer, or that it would be a crime to sell it to them? The law is simply designed to protect those who do not know how to protect themselves.

The law against the sale of immature veal is frequently adduced. A dealer who sells veal three days old, under pretence that it is three weeks, should be punished for fraud; and as it requires an expert to determine when veal is old enough to be healthful, the law justly steps in to examine the veal exposed for sale, and to punish fraud. But let us suppose the doctors were to announce that veal three days old was healthful, or that a part of the people, for reasons of their own, ask for such veal; does anybody suppose that the sale of it to such persons would be criminal?

The law against the sale of adulterated foods is frequently brought forward. All adulterations are justly punished. But is this law the same in principle as a law which prohibits the sale of all foods? There is no doubt about the justice of a law which punishes the sale of adulterated liquors; but that is a widely different thing in principle from a law which forbids the sale of all liquors. Laws of this class are based upon the idea of protecting the ignorant or unwary from fraud or immediate danger. And so far as they aim at this, they are just, and can be enforced. But a law which undertakes to prevent a sane adult from buying anything which he may choose to eat or drink, knowing what it is, is unjust, and in the long run cannot be enforced. And a law which undertakes to punish the sale of anything which sane men, with a chance to judge, wish to buy, is unjust, and cannot be enforced.

I know a gentleman in this city who always brings forward the law regulating the sale of drugs, as illustrating the principle of prohibition. He puts it in this way: —

"The law forbids the sale of drugs, except to physicians, or upon their prescriptions. The law forbids the sale to other persons, because the legislature, in its wisdom, has decided that such sale is harmful. And the law forbids the sale of intoxicating drinks, because the legislature, in its wisdom, has decided that such sale is harmful. Now, if the law against the sale of drugs is just, why is not the law against the sale of intoxicating drinks just? The sale of the drinks does a thousand times as much harm as the sale of the drugs."

That looks plausible, but it is the shallowest sophistry.

The reason that the law may justly punish the sale of dangerous drugs to uninstructed persons is simply and only that such persons do not know, and have no means

of knowing, their danger. But if there is a reasonable probability that the people are not in immediate danger, the law does not interfere. For example, there are five dollars' worth of patent medicines sold in the country to one dollar's worth of medicines in other forms, and although these patent medicines are composed of drugs, and are, for the most part, the vilest stuffs ever swallowed, put up by ignorant quacks, yet there is no great and immediate danger, and the legislature concludes that it is safe to let the people find out the harmful character of the stuffs themselves; and so there is no interference, although more harm is done in one year by patent medicines, than would be done by the unrestricted sale of drugs in a century. In the case of that vile swill known as lager beer, there is no great and immediate danger; so the people should be left to find out about it themselves. If there was danger that when lager beer was taken in doses of more than a certain number of drops, or that certain kinds of lager beer, or that that fluid in certain states was immediately dangerous to life, then a law against the sale of it, except under the prescription of experts, would be just. But as there is no immediate danger in the use of lager, as there is a reasonable probability that drinkers will have time to determine for themselves the safety of the drink, the entire human race, sitting as a government, have no right to say to one single drinker, "*You shall not buy it!*" or "*You shall not drink it!*" If the drinker be *compos mentis*, in the legal sense, he has the absolute right, against the combined world, to determine what he will eat and what he will drink. If *he* has not the right to decide this question for himself, then no other man on earth has the right.

There is but one possible limit to this personal liberty, and that is where a king rules by Divine Right. In this case, the right of the subject to think his own thoughts,

cherish his own religion, eat his own food, swallow his own drinks, and kiss his own wife, would be rightly subject to the will of the government.

But perhaps the law against the sale of obscene literature is the favorite illustration. In a recent convention, it was put in this way: —

"Certain persons engage in the sale of obscene books. The government decides that such sale does great public harm, and passes a law against it. Every decent citizen approves.

"Certain other persons engage in the sale of intoxicating drinks. The government decides that the business does great public harm, and they pass a law against it. Every sober citizen approves."

This seems very plausible, but it is shallow sophistry. The law recently passed by Congress against the circulation of obscene literature through the mails is just. If I had been a member of Congress when that law was passed, I should have voted for it, and should have urged that the penalty be made very severe.

But last year I had occasion to look up books on sexual subjects. I picked up all sorts, good and bad. I take it that the persons who sold me such books committed no crime, and that if they sold them to any sane adult it would not be criminal; but it is a lamentable fact that forty-nine fiftieths of such books and pictures are sold to children. That is a crime, a very grave crime, as it is to sell them intoxicating drinks.

Those who read that powerful speech of the Hon. C. L. Merriam, of New York, on the occasion of introducing the bill against obscene literature into Congress, will remember that the necessity and justice of the law were placed upon the ground that the bad books and pictures were sold almost exclusively to children.

I have a prohibitory friend of a rather explosive tem-

perament, whose favorite illustration is the law which regulates the keeping and sale of gunpowder.

He says, "There is a law against keeping and selling gunpowder. Everybody admits its justice. And why? Because it may do harm. If this is just, then what do you say to the law which forbids the keeping and sale of strong drinks, which do a million times more harm than gunpowder."

Let us see if there is the slightest essential similarity between the law against gunpowder and the law against rum. Ten men go into a store. The dealer keeps a barrel of gunpowder under his floor, which, without their knowledge or consent, and entirely through his carelessness, may blow them into eternity. The law justly steps in to prevent a terrible calamity. Do you think this case is like the following case?—

The ten men go into a rum-shop. They have just as good right to drink rum as you and I have to drink tea. You and I may think that rum is bad for them; they may think that tea is bad for us. Both of us have a right, an inalienable right, to choose. We will suppose these ten men go into the rum-shop to purchase ale. There sits, not a barrel of gunpowder, but a barrel of ale. The men know all about ale. It is the thing they wish. They wish to drink it. They take the entire responsibility. If ale is hurtful, there is plenty of time for them to find it out, as in the cases of pork, tobacco, and corsets; and so there is no necessity for protecting them against a great and immediate danger.

If there was danger that, as people walked along the street or went into a store, strong drink would burst out of bottles, and force its way into their stomachs, producing rags, poverty, disease, and death, the legislature should interfere and forbid the traffic in strong drink.

If rich foods were liable to burst loose from their en-

closures, and be hurled into human stomachs, producing fevers, rheumatism, and a hundred other affections, it would be the bounden duty of the legislature to forbid their preparation and sale.

But if people who are *compos mentis* wish the strong drink or strong food, and there is no great and immediate danger against which they are not able to guard, legislative interference is an impertinence and a blunder.

Do you not see that the element which calls for and justifies the legal interference in the case of the gunpowder is entirely wanting in the case of the ale? At the *vital point* there is not the slightest resemblance between them. And yet prohibitionists are, some of them, so loose-headed, that, because there are men, and a sale, and harm in both, they imagine the two cases are parallel.

They reason in this way: —

It is the duty of the legislature to watch over and protect the people.

The legislature makes a law against gunpowder, because it may do great harm.

Alcohol not only *may*, but we know actually *does*, infinitely greater harm than gunpowder. *Ergo*, it is the duty of the legislature to pass a law against the sale of alcoholic beverages.

Let us see whether they will follow that logic.

Gunpowder is forbidden because it may do harm. Tobacco does a million times more harm than gunpowder. *Ergo*, tobacco should be forbidden. Nothing could be clearer. There are twenty vices which nobody supposes could be treated by law, any one of which does a thousand times as much harm as gunpowder. Then why not pass a law against tobacco and all the other vices?

For one instance of accidental gunpowder explosion, there are ten thousand cases of false religious faith. What can be more harmful than false notions of God and

His government? Then why not punish false religious notions? Was not the Inquisition right, after all, when it declared that in nothing was the guidance of the government so vital as in matters of religious faith? Does anybody doubt that errors in religious faith do more harm than carelessness in the keeping of gunpowder?

Then why not legislate against all these vices?

For the simple reason that at the essential point there is no resemblance between them. The one and only fact which renders the law necessary in the case of the gunpowder, is not present in the smallest degree in the other case. It would be just as logical to say that theft is harmful, we punish it; indolence is more harmful, and leads to almost all the cases of theft; *ergo*, we must punish that.

If people will tamper with law, they must take the trouble to do a little thinking.

The laws against the sale of tainted meat, immature veal, adulterated foods, dangerous drugs, and gunpowder, are all based upon the presence of fraud, or of a great and immediate danger, which the people cannot foresee, and against which they have no means of guarding. It is the presence of fraud, or of great and concealed danger, which justifies sumptuary laws. But let the legislature undertake to interfere with our food, or drink, or dress, or any personal habit, indulging in which, we are not exposed to fraud, or great and unforeseen danger, and the law, no matter what it is, or against how great a vice, will, like the usury law and the prohibitory liquor law, ignominiously fail. Of the thirty-odd attempts in Massachusetts to punish vices by law, where there was neither fraud nor great and concealed danger, not one has escaped contempt and complete failure.

XIV.

THERE is a broad distinction between moral rights and legal rights. A man has no moral right to hate his wife, but he has a perfect legal right to hate her. A man has no moral right to foreclose a mortgage upon a sick widow's home, and turn her and her children out into the snow; but he has a perfect legal right to do it. A man has no moral right to make a glutton of himself, and destroy his usefulness, and throw his wife and children on the town; but he has a perfect legal right to do it. A man has no moral right to drink rum, but he has a perfect legal right to do it.

I have never heard an advocate of prohibitory law make this distinction between moral and legal rights. They seem to think that all rights are alike, and that all wrongs may be cured by the same means.

In a public discussion with a prohibitionist, I made the statement that a man has the same right to do wrong that he has to do right, always provided it is a vice, and not a crime.

My reader will find it difficult to believe that, when my antagonist rose, he said, —

"At last we have found out where my opponent stands. Yes, Mr. Chairman, and ladies and gentlemen, he has at length shown his hand. He declares that a man has just the same right to do wrong as he has to do right. In other words, that there is no distinction between right and wrong. He thinks a man has just as good a right to drink this liquid damnation, and ruin himself, and break his wife's heart, as he has to be a sober man, and perform all the duties of life."

Then, turning to me, the speaker exclaimed, —

"Is that what you mean?"

I replied, "That is exactly what I said, and exactly what I mean!"

He went on, and in a splendid burst of eloquence, called out cheer upon cheer.

When I spoke again, I did not repeat what I had said before, that a man has the same *legal* right to do wrong (unless the act be a crime) that he has to do right. I thought I would wait and see if my opponent would not think it out himself, and so I introduced another point.

When his turn came again, he cried out, —

"At last, Mr. Chairman and friends, the opponent of our beneficent prohibitory law has been brought to bay; at last he flies to cover. I admire his adroitness in introducing other subjects, and trying to draw our attention away from the real point at issue. We, the friends of prohibition, believe that rum-selling is a great crime, and that we must punish it and arrest it. But it seems we are all wrong. Our code of morals is a little old-fashioned; but here comes a great reformer with a new code. It certainly has the virtue of being simple. It has but one doctrine, and that is, that there is no distinction between right and wrong; that, as he himself clearly and tersely puts it, 'A man has just as good a right to do wrong as he has to do right.' My good friend may make some converts to his new religion; but I rather think that, while we have copies of a certain old-fashioned book among us, my antagonist will find it a little difficult to make converts to his new system."

Absurd as all this may seem to the reader, it occurred just as I have represented, and I may add that I have never discussed the subject of prohibition with any of its advocates, who did not pass backward and forward across the line dividing vices from crimes, with a mar-

vellous unconsciousness of its existence. You will hear them exclaim, —

"Well, then, why not abolish all laws for the punishment of crime? Rum-selling does more harm than all of them, and in fact leads to them all."

Or, "It is the business of the legislature to protect the public from harm, and this is the greatest of all harms."

There are about half a dozen common statements in vogue, of which the above two are fair samples. At one of our recent discussions both the above statements were made with great emphasis. As the first of these is fully answered in another part of this work, I may add, in this connection, that in reply to the second statement, namely, "that it is the function of the legislature to protect the people against harm," I mentioned in the discussion several vices which no one proposes to punish, any one of which is doing more harm than all the crimes committed in the country. I said, —

"Here before me is a large audience. Not a person in it but has suffered from vices; indeed, that is what we mean by the imperfection of human nature. When we depart from perfection it is a vice. Everybody is guilty of vices. The people in this audience, forty years old, are as old as they should be at fifty, or perhaps sixty. Their teeth are decayed, and they have imperfect digestion. They do not enjoy the full and happy play of all their powers and faculties, and the greater part of all this waste comes of vices. There are certain secret vices which cannot be named before this audience, which are doing more to break down our vital force, make us prematurely old, and fetter our souls, than all the crimes committed in the country, and the legislature can do nothing to cure them.

"Tobacco is doing more injury to the minds and bodies of our nation than all the murder, and theft, and bur-

glary, and arson committed in it; and the legislature can do nothing whatever to cure the tobacco curse.

"Table excesses are doing a thousand times more to cripple us, make us prematurely old, and darken our pathway, than all the crimes committed in the country; and the legislature can do nothing at all to relieve the people of the vice of gluttony.

"Corsets are doing more harm than all the murder, and theft, and arson, and burglary in the land; and, if the legislature were to devote itself for ten years exclusively to devising measures to remove the corset curse, it would end by increasing it.

"The use of intoxicating drinks is an awful curse, and does more harm every year than any wisdom less than the Infinite can measure, and, like all the other vices of which I have spoken, contributes to that demoralization of men and women which leads to crime, but it is entirely beyond the reach of law."

XV.

HENRY D. CUSHING, ESQ., of Boston, an intelligent and conscientious prohibitionist, with an enviable record among the friends of temperance and the prohibition leaders, has greatly interested me by his courteous bearing and his philosophical patience with all differences of opinion. The following brief correspondence with that excellent gentleman requires no explanation.

"BOSTON, Feb. 26, 1875.

"HENRY D. CUSHING, ESQ.

"My dear Sir: Our conversation of this morning about prohibition suggests certain inquiries.

"You said that the individual citizen has no rights

which the government is bound to respect, when in its judgment the rights of the individual stand in the way of the welfare of the community. I asked you if you did not use the word 'rights,' when applied to the government, in the sense of power — if you did not mean simply that the government has the power to coerce individuals, or, in other words, that a thousand men are stronger than one, — and you replied that you did not mean this, but that you meant that it was right in the government to do whatever, in its judgment, would serve society, no matter what suffering or loss might come to any particular individual. Permit me to ask the following questions: —

"First: The attractions of dry-goods and jewelry stores lead women to wasteful expenditures. Do you think the legislature has a right to forbid such temptations?

"Second: Do you believe our legislators have the right to regulate the cooking in the Parker House, if they think the appetizing dishes now furnished in that hotel lead people to excessive indulgence?

"Third: If a merchant were to open a dry-goods house in Commonwealth Avenue, and thus injure the value of the property in that fine street for private residences (as such a store most certainly would), do you hold that the legislature would have the right to close that store?

"Fourth: Do you think, if our legislature should reach the conclusion that Dr. Miner's faith is pernicious, it would have a right to forbid his preaching?

"Fifth: Do you believe that the legislature of Massachusetts has a right to suppress the Boston Post, if, in the judgment of that body, the politics of this newspaper are inimical to the public welfare?

"Sixth: Do you believe that the Inquisition had a right to torture and kill Protestants?

"Seventh: Do you believe the individual man has *any* right, which is sacred, inviolable, and inalienable, and if so, what is that right?

"Yours, truly,

"DIO LEWIS."

"BOSTON, March 2, 1875.

"DR. DIO LEWIS.

"My dear Sir: You understood me rightly. I spoke of the *right*, not the power, to make laws. I said the State must take, and ought to take many private rights, and that its *right* to take them had no limit but the public good.

"The old axiom is right. '*The public good is the supreme law.*' Aside from constitutions, the public good is the object and only limit of the law-making power. Law rightfully forbids crime. But if crime did not injure the State, it ought to be left in the domain of conscience and moral suasion.

"The right of the law-making power to command or forbid, has a wide field beyond questions of crime or merit, guilt or innocence. It rightfully seizes the crazy man, or one who has the small-pox or cholera, however innocent. It dictates the education of my children: compels me to pay for educating other people's children; forbids hiring them to work more than the hours it prescribes; orders me to make my brick walls twenty inches thick; prescribes my drainage; tells me how many dollars' worth of police, street gas, and sidewalk I want; makes me pay the bills, and in many other ways makes about as free with my private rights as if I never had any. All this it has a *right* to do. My right must yield to the public good.

"It would, in my judgment, be very unwise, foolish, absurd, wrong, for the law-making power to interfere in either of the cases mentioned in your six first questions. But I wish to be definite to the very limit of possibility, and will therefore refer to your fourth and fifth questions.

"If a sect or a party cost the United States six hundred millions a year, and *did no other harm*, the *right* to squelch it would be questionable. But if, in addition to the direct cost, it lessened production, increased taxation, corrupted the ballot, deprived one tenth of the people of proper food, fuel, shelter, and clothing, doubled the number of criminals and paupers, and was equally pernicious to every other ordinary object of government, the public good would justify, — would give the right, — would (aside from constitutional restriction) make it the duty of the law-making power to snuff out the sect or party if it could. The same standard of *right* will apply to all but the seventh question.

"To your seventh question I say, in a case of most extreme peril, involving the life of the State, such a case as occurs in war, there is no private right that the State may not take *if necessary to save its life*. The *right* is in proportion to the necessity.

"The right to life is one of the most sacred of individual rights. The State rightfully took the lives of Confederate soldiers. Half, more or less, were innocent, involuntary conscripts. Government just as truly sacrificed its own soldiers. If the State can *rightfully* take the lives of multitudes of its most meritorious citizens in a case of the most extreme necessity, it can *rightfully* take lesser rights in cases of less necessity.

"When the State suffers an injury, it must consider whether it can apply a legal remedy, and also whether the injury is great enough to justify the remedy. The

right is in proportion to the necessity and efficacy of the remedy. Any law sufficiently essential to the public good, is RIGHT.

"Very truly yours,

"H. D. CUSHING."

Mr. Cushing gives what he calls an old axiom — "The public good is the supreme law." I have never heard of such an axiom, but I have heard that "The public *safety* is the supreme law." And the whole difference between the views I am advocating, and the views of the prohibitionists, is found in the difference between the two words "good" and "safety."

The public "*safety*" is endangered by an armed invasion, by a great conflagration, by contagion, or the like, and in their presence the rights of individuals must give way. "Necessity knows no law."

But this maxim applies only in cases where the danger is so imminent, and the necessity so imperative, as to make a law, for the time being.

The public "good" is endangered by false religious and political theories, by errors in dress, sleep, food and drinks, neither of which can be touched by law.

When the Mill River reservoir gave way, the man who saw it was justified in seizing his neighbor's horse, rushing down the valley, shouting, "The waters are coming! run for your lives!" But for a man to seize his neighbor's horse, and rush through the street shrieking that somebody is about to sell a glass of lager, is a different case. If my good friend Cushing were to seize a horse in Washington Street, and tear up toward Roxbury, screaming at the top of his voice, "Turn out! turn out! for God's sake! turn out! Jim Biles is about to sell Pete Smith a glass of whiskey," or "Mrs. Jones is lacing her corset too tight," the chances are, that instead

of the police court holding that the public safety justified the seizure of the horse, my friend would have to send round to ask me to bail him out.

Instead of its being a maxim that "the public *good* is the supreme law," one of the wisest of all sayings was, that a wrong done to the humblest individual by the government (that is, the violation of any one of his rights of person or property) is a wrong done to the whole people. And this is true, because, if one man's personal rights can be violated by the State with impunity, then all the rights of all the people may be violated with impunity.

The greatest "public good" that any government is capable of, is to secure to each and every individual the free and full enjoyment of all his natural rights of person and property.

I put to Mr. Cushing seven questions, which I ask the reader to peruse again.

Mr. Cushing replies that he thinks it would be "very unwise, foolish, absurd and wrong," for the legislature to interfere in either of the cases given, but he says they have a perfect right to interfere.

When I ask him if the legislature has the right to suppress Universalism, to suppress the newspapers of the opposition party, rich and indigestible food, and all displays of dry goods or jewelry which may tempt to waste, and whether the Inquisition had a right to torture and kill Protestants, I ask him these questions, because I know Mr. Cushing stands very high among prohibitionists, will be admitted by them to be good authority, and withal has the pluck to say, without reserve, exactly what the prohibitionists hold to be the rights of the government.

My seventh question was, "Do you believe the individual man has *any* right which is sacred, inviolable, and inalienable, and if so, what is that right?"

My friend replies that the individual man has no right which is sacred, inviolable, and inalienable.

In regard to the other matters mentioned in Mr. Cushing's letter, I have to say that some of them are elsewhere fully answered in this work. In regard to the others, I have to say further, that government no doubt does a great many things which it has no right to do; and perhaps some of those mentioned by Mr. Cushing may be among the number.

He indorses everything the government does, whether individual rights are thereby invaded or not. I indorse nothing that invades individual rights, except in such cases of great necessity as have been mentioned. It is the highest duty of government to protect individual rights; it is tyranny to trample upon them. In what, pray, does tyranny consist, except in trampling upon individual rights?

My neighbor A owns and occupies a house. It is not denied that the government may blow it up to save the city. That right is inalienable. But has A no right in that house, which under any circumstances, is inalienable? Suppose there is no conflagration; suppose there is no invasion, and no contagion; suppose it is a time of peace, and health, and insurance prosperity, and that A is a good citizen: has he any right to that house which is sacred and inviolable? We see what Mr. Cushing, speaking for the prohibitionists, would answer. He goes so far as to declare that the Inquisition had a right to torture and kill protestants for their religious opinions.

But addressing myself to others who are not committed to prohibition, I submit that the individual man has rights which are sacred, inviolable, and inalienable. And I submit that with rare exceptions legislation is based upon the assumption that the individual has such rights,

and that the great object of government is the protection of those rights.

So sacred is the territory within the circle drawn about the individual, that if I touch another man never so lightly, and entirely by accident, I say to him instantly, "I beg your pardon." If a man retires within his house and locks his door, the exigency must be great which will justify a trespass upon his premises, even by officers of the law. Or if he be outside his house, and have in his pocket a million dollars, his creditors cannot touch it, so great is the awe of this sacred personality. All civilized nations feel that the great object of government is to stand guard around the rights of the individual.

The crime of monarchical governments is the violation of the rights of the individual. In fact, this is the only crime of any government. And at the bottom, this is the only possible crime among men. The duty of government — the only duty, is to protect the individual. That thing called *society* is a creature of the imagination. If you look for it, you cannot find it. You will find one individual, two individuals, a million individuals, but you may look all your life for society, and you will not find it.

There is a vast deal of harm done by this talk about the rights and wrongs of society. There is a seeming propriety under a monarchy, where a king rules by divine right, where a king is the government, in speaking of the rights of the State. Under such circumstances, an individual man has his rights, and the State has other distinct and peculiar rights. But in a country like ours, all talk about the rights of the State has no meaning, and is mischievous. We have borrowed the language of monarchical countries, and continue to speak of the State as a distinct entity, a separate creature, with head and heart, with rights and authority, as a somebody

who may be offended. You will hear it said that the conduct of this or that man has injured society. Now, if you will leave your house and begin to look for the society which has been injured, you may go down street, and either keep straight ahead, or turn to the right or left, you will not find society, but you will find men and women. It is these that are injured, if anybody is injured, and when the government needs to interfere, it must interfere on behalf of these individuals.

Mr. Cushing, in one form or another, repeats the same idea in every paragraph. It is all the time the good of the public, or the public good, or injury to the State, or the rights of government.

His one idea from the first to the last paragraph is, that the State is one thing, and the individual another; that the State has its rights, and the individual man his obligations. This one error, inherited from the Eastern continent, has done more harm in America than all other errors inherited from monarchical governments.

Mr. Cushing says that "the public good is the object and only limit of the law-making power." Now, the fact is, that the "*public good*" is no part of the object of the law-making power. Its only object is the protection of the natural rights of individuals. It has nothing whatever to do with the public. It owes nothing to the public. There is no public.

All this talk about the public, or society, is, consciously or unconsciously, a mere trick of politicians and others to dodge responsibility. It is the same sort of trick that individuals, who are members of corporations, resort to when they do things as members of a corporation which they would be ashamed to do as individual men.

An eminent Englishman, who had had long and intimate acquaintance with public men, declared that he had

never seen men, however good as private citizens, three of whom would not, as public men, divide a murder between them.

This is pretty strong, but contains more than a grain of truth. A gentleman, who would not think of saying to his neighbor, "You shall not believe this, or eat that, or drink the other," has no hesitation, when he is one in a legislative assembly, to pass a law forbidding anything.

XVI.

I TAKE the liberty to submit the following paragraphs upon points already mentioned. The aspects of the subject presented in this work are somewhat novel, and, therefore, a little repetition may not prove unacceptable.

It is not denied that Massachusetts has to-day upon her statute-book other laws involving the same violation of personal liberty as Prohibition; but every law interfering with personal vices is simply on the statute-book, but has no practical vitality.

For example: prostitution is an enormous evil, and we have a severe statute against it; but as a matter of fact, if a house of prostitution be conducted in a quiet, unobtrusive way, — no matter how much it may depreciate the value of property in the neighborhood, and disgust decent neighbors, — the authorities cannot break it up. If any Prohibitionist can devise a method by which the authorities can break up such a house, it would be easy to sell his discovery to the property holders of New York city for a hundred million of dollars. There are many neighborhoods in that city where the residents have raised heaven and earth to break up such estab-

lishments, and the authorities have been only too willing to help them; but the result, after the most determined efforts, has been this: that until such an establishment becomes a nuisance, — not a nuisance in the moral sense, but a nuisance in the legal sense, — it is impossible to break it up. The courts of New York city have gone very far, and used the most questionable means, in deference to the wishes of property-holders, but the final result is, that the establishment remains. Just such troubles between respectable neighbors and questionable houses have marked the history of Boston. But except where the houses have exhibited improper sights or sounds, or imparted disease, or in other ways become a *legal* nuisance, they have maintained their ground. There are a great many property-holders in Boston who know this to their sorrow.

Scattered throughout the city there are unnumbered rooms over stores and other places of business, and in private houses, occupied by persons who are living in the relation of husband and wife, without legal marriage. There are not two punishments for every hundred thousand violations of the statute against such intimacies.

Gambling is very common in our city. There is a great number of rooms or suites of rooms devoted to this vice. In club-houses and many hotels, gambling may be found every night, and often lasting all night.

The police know to-day of a great number of these places, where on any night they may find gambling. The number of violations of the statute against gambling known to the police is, during the year, enormous. Not one violation in a thousand which are known, or might easily be known, is punished.

The sale of a glass of grog in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts is, to-day, against a statute, and punishable by fine and imprisonment. Gambling is a crime

punishable by fine and imprisonment. Sexual intimacy, without marriage, is a crime punishable by fine and imprisonment.

Now, if we add the transgressions of these three statute laws, we shall find that, at a low estimate, there are more than ten millions a month.

Here we have ten million violations of statute law, in this city, in a single month. And these violations hurt the physical and moral life of the people more in one day than murder, theft, burglary, and arson affect us in a year. Now, I ask, why cannot we enforce such statute laws? When we understand that these are *vices*, and not fit subjects for civil law, it is all plain. It then becomes plain how it is easy to punish by law the crime of theft, which does less harm in ten years than rum does in one day, but that the matchless curse of drink we cannot grapple with by law.

How any man can look over such facts, and declare that vices and crimes are all alike punishable by law, is a mystery.

If a man steal a handful of peanuts, you can punish him by law, as sure as fate. But that cook, who prepares dishes so appetizing, that a half dozen promising young men, who go to take a late supper with him every night, ruin their health, and, if you please, destroy their lives — cannot be punished by law. The men had a right to eat what they pleased, and as much as they pleased. I grant you it was a wretched vice; and I grant you that the cook was an accomplice in that vice, but he committed no *crime*. His case is not one that you can punish by law.

You may argue, and you may convince everybody in the Commonwealth, if they are not already convinced, that eating late suppers of rich food is an unmitigated curse. But if our legislators were such fools as to make

a statute against the preparation of luscious food, and the eating of it at unseasonable hours, they would greatly increase the evil. Thousands who never eat such foods, and never eat at unseasonable hours, would flock to restaurants, and sitting down at midnight, with the State constables appointed to enforce the law, would eat many an extra dish to the health of the legislature.

Eating between meals is an injurious habit. Suppose now, in view of the great harm done by this habit, the legislature were to pass a law that no one should furnish anything to eat between meals. Does anybody doubt that eating between meals would become the regular custom of the country, and a hundred persons would eat between meals where one does now?

The change last spring in Ohio, when the elections came on, was most significant. I pleaded with the noble women who were leading in the great crusade movement, to keep it out of politics. I said to them, "If you consent to interest yourselves in the election of a temperance ticket, and thus associate your movement with the government, it will have as little vitality as religion has in those countries where it is under the protection of the government." I explained to them that the best moral or religious cause, if linked with the civil government, would, like the Church of England, lose all fervor and power.

But, as I have said in another place, the men in Ohio thought that, now the grog-shops were closed, the only thing to do was to crystallize the public sentiment into a law, and thus make it permanent. As soon as this decision was arrived at in any locality, the rum-shops were soon in full blast again.

That people can't see the philosophy of this, that they can't see that linking the temperance movement with

politics, will paralyze and emasculate it, astonishes me.

There is not a social, or moral, or religious movement, or virtue, among us, which may not be killed by the fostering care of the government.

The Universalist church has just emerged from persecution. The conduct of our State toward that church was outrageous. But now all its disabilities have been removed, and Universalists are as good as anybody.

But suppose that when forty-nine fiftieths of the members of our legislature honestly believed that to take hell out of religion was to open the flood-gates of every conceivable vice and crime, — suppose at that time that a law had been enacted, forbidding the Universalist faith, and forbidding all persons to preach Universalism, — would it not have been precisely parallel to the prohibitory liquor law? Prohibitionists teach that it is the duty of the government to watch over the people, and protect them from harm. When the legislature believed, perhaps without an exception, that a flood of vice and crime was imminent by taking hell out of religion, was there ever an hour in the history of New England when the legislature was more solemnly bound to act, to act promptly, without fear or favor, to rescue the people from impending calamity? If the prohibitory liquor law is right in principle, the legislature of this State was guilty before God of the most infamous cowardice and dereliction of duty in not squelching Universalism.

If the prohibitory law is right in principle, no body of men in the history of the world achieved a nobler career than the Spanish Inquisition. Pray, what are the bodies of men? "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" The inquisi-

tors conscientiously believed that a certain faith was indispensable to the salvation of the soul. Their duty was plain and imperative.

If the prohibitory liquor law is right in principle, why was not the Spanish Inquisition right? and why would not the legislature of Massachusetts have been justified in the enactment of laws against Universalism?

It is constantly urged that the prohibitory law is an educator. I suppose some persons may be honest in this opinion, but nothing is better settled than that premature legislation operates most prejudicially to the cause or interest in behalf of which the enactment was secured.

When a law is placed upon the statute-book which is not an exponent of public sentiment, it not only does not tend to lift up public sentiment, but it always provokes opposition, and arouses prejudice against the cause which it is designed to serve.

The prohibitory liquor law in Massachusetts is a striking illustration. It never has been the voice of the people, but it did much more nearly represent public sentiment fifteen years ago than it does to-day.

That is to say, while the law has been in existence in the State twenty years, occupying the attention of newspapers, and the public generally, more than all other laws put together, it has signally failed as an educator.

Indeed, in the recent election, a large army of Republicans, who, ten years ago, would not have broken with their party on the ground of prohibition, did so break in the gubernatorial election of 1874.

It is doubtful if any device can be imagined, whose influence would prove less educational than premature legislation, even if the evil aimed at were a proper subject of civil law.

But the question constantly recurs, What would you do with reference to the sale of intoxicating drinks? Do you go for free rum, for license, or what?

European governments have found it convenient to raise a large revenue by granting licenses for the sale of intoxicating drinks. While a pretence of guardianship has everywhere been put forward, quite as much in connection with the lager beer shops of Germany as the gin shops of England, practically no such guardianship is exercised. If a row occurs in these shops, they are brought into court, under the nuisance act, which is a part of the common law. Surely no one who has observed the character of the persons engaged in this bad trade in Europe, and in this country, will contend that the license system secures "persons of good moral character."

We have inherited from our European ancestors this notion of license, and have continued it in America, in considerable part, for the same reason as in Europe, viz., as a source of revenue. No one supposes that we keep the business in the hands of persons of "good moral character."

Many persons seem to think that all you can gain by law, or by threats and punishment, is "so far, so good."

But does any thoughtful man believe that the little temporary impression, here and there, upon the liquor traffic, by the prohibitory law, can counterbalance the contempt for State constables and law which has come of seeing thousands of grog-shops going boldly forward, year after year, in contemptuous defiance of legislation? I believe the demoralizing influence of this failure is great beyond all calculation.

Our prohibitory friends really seem to think that it would be well for the legislature to try a set-to with any

vice. They might pass some tremendous enactment against tobacco. Say, make a law punishing the use or sale of tobacco with fine and imprisonment. Or let the law be more severe; let it call this offence a grave crime. In this way, the legislature might try a hack at it, and see how it would work. If the thing did not seem to work, after a few years of platform cursing of the officers of the law, let this law sleep, and try a tilt with some other abuse.

I conscientiously believe that such thoughtless legislation demoralizes the people tenfold more than rum and tobacco.

In regard to the *crimes* which are the only legitimate objects of legal punishment, there is no doubt. No one ever thinks of a "cut and try" treatment for crimes. If one man strikes another man, or steals his horse, the natural treatment is punishment. It is the universal instinct that crime must be punished; and this instinct is quite as clear and strong among savage as among civilized people.

The instinct is quite as universal that a man has a right to do as he pleases with himself and his own.

Prohibition orators describe in glowing terms the darkness and sorrows of intemperance; they describe the army of drunkards' wives, whose sad faces tell of broken hearts, and that innumerable army of drunkards' children, who hold up their rags toward heaven, and plead for help. And when the scene overwhelms us, they cry out, "Who would not vote to close up forever the sources of this black river of death? Is there a man so void of sympathy and heart that he will refuse to vote for the removal of this awful curse?"

This is very ingenious and effective. But if the evils of gluttony, or any of the fifty vices common among men,

were depicted, and then the orator were to exclaim, "What man so void of human feeling as to refuse to vote for the removal of this curse from the world?" — he would be guilty of precisely the same sophistry, the same trick, as when he would make it appear that he who does not think that voting is the cure for this evil, lacks sympathy and heart. I will agree to the worst that can be said of the woes of intemperance, and then I would exclaim, "Who that has human feeling can interfere with the use of the natural means of cure, by dragging the sacred subject of temperance into the arena of politics?"

In some manufacturing villages in New England the proprietors have cured intemperance by giving the poor a chance to own their homes. A man who owns a house and little garden is not a tenth part as likely to get drunk as the man who is a tenant at will in one of those houses, in a factory row, without garden and without distinctive character.

A man who has the means to dress his children neatly, and who sees them, in school and at picnics, mingling with other well-dressed and happy children, has a very strong incentive to sobriety.

If you go to England, and see the wretched poverty on every hand, you are no longer surprised that the English are such drunkards.

We hear it stated in prohibition speeches that the reason for the non-enforcement of the prohibitory law is the fact that capital and appetite unite to defend it.

Let capital and avarice unite to defend stealing, and do you think the law against stealing would fail?

Does anybody really believe that selling rum to sane men who ask for it, is a crime like stealing? If the man

who buys it, is what the law calls *non compos mentis*, then it is a crime to sell him rum, or a knife, or a pistol; but if a man is *compos mentis*, is it a crime to sell him rum, or a knife, or a pistol?

A glass of rum may do great harm; a pistol may do great harm; to sell either of them to an insane man, is a grave crime. But to say to a man who is *compos mentis*, "You shall not have a glass of rum or a pistol," is a sort of outrage and insult which needs but to be repeated to drive men away from each other, and destroy human society. A table surfeit may kill a man, and to give an insane man an opportunity to surfeit himself, might be a crime. But it is the talk of a fool to say that nine men who are *compos mentis* shall not be permitted to manage their own eating and drinking, because one man might hurt himself.

Extravagant or false statements hurt the person making them, and weaken his cause.

If, in commenting upon the character of some person who has been guilty of a slight fault, I say he is an infernal scoundrel, the sense of justice rises in every listener, and I shall fail to hurt the person I criticise.

We have greatly injured the temperance cause by our false statements about rum-sellers. We have cursed them as enemies of the human race, as retailers of liquid damnation, as keepers of hell holes, as devils seeking the destruction of their fellows.

I know a dozen Boston rum-sellers. Part of them are of the best class, and a part of the worst. Some of these I have known somewhat intimately for years. They are not devils. They are not seeking the destruction of their fellows, but for the greater part they wish their fellows well. They are fair, good-hearted men, and when we go about with subscription papers on

behalf of a good thing, they are as likely to subscribe liberally as other folks. To speak of such men in the slang whang of the temperance lecturer, is not to hurt them, but the temperance cause.

Temperance speakers talk about rum-sellers as though they went out into the public highway, seized men, and dragged them in. Such speakers should be informed that rum-sellers do not conduct their business in this way.

I may add that in a large majority of rum-shops the proprietors discourage, many of them to the point of blank refusal, the drinking of any more liquor than they think is good for their customers. Many of them honestly believe that a few social glasses will hurt no one.

When we learn to tell the truth, confining our remarks to an honest statement about the use of their miserable poisons, — when we stop lying, and utter our convictions about their trade in a reasonable and earnest spirit, — they will begin to feel, and keenly feel, the force of our influence.

Governor Talbot, with members of his council, and the Hon. Joshua Nye, addressed a meeting in East Boston, on the occasion of the second anniversary of the founding of the children's "Cold Water Temple."

My excellent friend Mr. Lewis, editor of the East Boston Advocate, who is the head and front of this most important and beneficent movement, in making his report at the opening of the exercises, mentioned that the rum-sellers of East Boston had given more money to help his movement, than all the churches; that in explanation, they declared that they did not wish to see their children or their neighbors' children learn to drink.

And my good friend Burnham Wardwell, the devoted friend of discharged convicts, writes me from Great Falls, N. H., "I have been holding a series of temper-

ance meetings in this place, which are doing great good, and every dollar for hall, printing, and personal expenses, has been contributed by rum-sellers and drunkards."

A few years ago everybody thought rum a good thing, and almost everybody drank it. My grandfather was a deacon in a Baptist church, and a distiller. He was a very prayerful man, but I suppose that for each prayer uttered by him in the ear of Heaven, he sent out, for the stomachs of his fellow-men, five hundred gallons of peach brandy and whiskey. He was a very conscientious man, and yet he was an active distiller for forty years. Alcoholic drinks were just as bad then as now. Thousands of people to-day think that these drinks are good. Doctors prescribe them, and nineteen people out of twenty think they are good under some circumstances. If a man sells drink, shall we pronounce him a black-hearted villain? With my convictions, stealing is a better business than rum-selling. But my convictions on this subject are not those of many men, who are better than I am, I doubt not, in many respects. Many of our most honorable citizens defend strong drink, both in theory and practice. That they are most grievously mistaken, and that they stand directly in the way of the most important moral movement in the history of the world, I have not a shadow of doubt. It will not take us long now to convince them of their error, provided we stop insulting and bullying them.

A man who thinks that to use reason, persuasion, and brotherly love upon a rum-drinker or rum-seller, and vary it occasionally with a slap or a kick, — any man who supposes that kicks and kindness can be made to work together, in converting rum-drinkers or rum-sellers, or anybody else, — has never looked into his own soul. When you take the case to yourself, you will realize the utter impossibility of making two such radically different

agencies work together. The mixing of oil and water is nothing to it.

If we were to go to Dr. Miner, and tell him that we believe his theology to be an enemy to public morality, and take possession of his pulpit, he would cry out at once, —

"I will not discuss theology with you. Give me my pulpit. Give me my own. Treat me as a man. Recognize my rights, and then, if you come in the proper spirit, I shall be happy to discuss theology with you."

If we should go into the Connecticut valley, and tell old Deacon Bosworth that raising tobacco is a sin and a crime, and take possession of his farm, — instead of listening to our physiological and moral reasons, he would say, —

"Get off my place. Give me back my property, and then if you come in a courteous and kind spirit, I will listen to you."

My neighbor's theology, or his diet, or his drinks, or his tobacco trade, or corset trade, or whiskey trade, I may condemn; I think it is an enemy to public morality, and I go to him. I carry in my left hand, if you please, the real Christian spirit, — call it love, — and I offer love, but behind my back I hold in my right hand a black snake whip. I keep that concealed, and go on with my love. Of course I do not go forward very heartily, for my mind is divided between the love and the whip. I am thinking all the time, that if he doesn't succumb to love, I will try the black snake.

He asks me, after listening to my love, "What have you in the other hand, behind your back?"

I reply, "No matter. I offer you love."

But I am all the time thinking whether I have the black snake entirely concealed. After listening to me, he again asks, —

"What have you in the other hand?"

At length I show my whip; and at once he will cry out, —

"I want none of your love, and none of your black snake whip; leave me."

Or, if you please, I go to him and talk in the most loving way, and altogether in that spirit. Do you think the case would be helped, if, alternating with my visits, my neighbor should go to insult and kick him? No manly man need go any farther to answer this question, than to look within his own breast.

The common objection to depending on moral suasion is, that it is too slow. The evil is so great, and the danger so appalling, we can't wait.

Citizens of Massachusetts who have watched the futile efforts to enforce prohibition, say that moral suasion is too slow, and that we must have a *law*, in order to cure immediately. In conversation with a prohibitionist recently, one who has had a great deal to do with the attempts to enforce prohibition in Boston, he said, —

"I believe in moral suasion. I believe that public sentiment is more enduring and reliable than the vigilance of a constable, and should be very glad if we could wait for the employment of this force alone; but we must have something which will cure the evil now."

And here in Boston, after twenty years of prohibition, we have to-day, including drug-stores and groceries, where intoxicating drinks can be purchased without let or hindrance, not less than five thousand rum-shops. And yet my prohibitory friend thought we must have law in order to cure the evil immediately.

The woman's movement and the Washingtonian movement combined, have removed the dram-shops in towns of five to ten thousand inhabitants, in a month; and I have not a shadow of doubt, if we could get rid of this

vain dependence upon the constable, that the same combination would march triumphantly through our large cities; but the friends of prohibition would say, —

"We can't wait for such tedious processes; we must have something which will do it quick," as in Maine, where, after twenty-five years of prohibition, the official reports of the State officers, elected on the temperance ticket, show that the number of insane through intemperance, and the number of arrests for drunkenness, have constantly, and of late rapidly, increased under prohibitory law.

The Washingtonian temperance movement actually saved three hundred thousand drunkards, and created a vital temperance sentiment throughout the civilized world; but prohibitionists declare, "We can't depend upon such tedious processes. We must have some agency which will cure at once."

Our prohibitory friends frequently declare that they are warmly in favor of moral suasion, that they believe love is the great remedy for the evils of intemperance; but does anybody remember ever to have heard any one of our leading prohibitionists really advocate anything but force? I am free to say that I never have. Are any of our leading prohibitionists made on the moral suasion or love plans?

How silly to concentrate this grand temperance movement upon an effort to make drinkers go round an extra square, or compel them to go to a drug store, or grocery, or agency. Of course everybody knows that these difficulties only whet the appetite, only lead to a thousand expedients to overcome the obstacles. Everybody knows, or ought to know enough of human nature to see that private drinking clubs, and a hundred and one other dodges, will lead a great many persons who would not

indulge in what is vulgarly called "perpendicular drinking," into a passion for drink.

I have never heard reasonable beings talk such nonsense as when they propose to turn this great temperance reform, the glory of the century, into an effort to shut up a certain class of open drinking places; really pretending to believe that thirsty men who stick at nothing, who would sacrifice everything on earth to get drink, who think of nothing else day or night, will, if they fail to find their drink in the old, familiar places, quit looking for it, and become sober citizens.

Alcohol must be sold in a great many places, and for a great variety of purposes. A victim of the alcoholic appetite wants nothing better. Diluted alcohol is better than most of the spirituous liquors. Is anybody foolish enough to believe that a man who would crawl a mile on his hands and knees for drink, would fail in obtaining alcohol enough to feed his appetite? And this is the only class of drinkers that the prohibitory law hits. Respectable people can obtain through the groceries, and drug-stores, and clubs, as much of any sort of liquors as they please. The prohibitory law is directed practically against poor creatures, already the bound victims of appetite.

Now let us suppose it were possible to close retail drinking-places by law (though the result of the determined effort in Maine shows it to be impracticable), what would be accomplished? Why, the lowest class of drinkers could not find their drinks at five or ten cents in the old places. But surely no man is weak enough to think that they cannot obtain the stuff in a bottle, either by personal application, or through a friend, and get as much in this way for ten cents as they generally get at retail for thirty cents.

But it is asked, What is the real secret of the popularity of the prohibitory law? I would answer, —

In the first place, there is a disposition, among all governments, to trench upon the rights of the people, and especially upon the rights of the helpless portions. The history of legislation upon the rights of women, is a painful, not to say shocking, illustration of this tendency. The rights of drinking men are recklessly disregarded. They are victims of a wretched vice, and their vice leads to crime and expense, but their rights are as inalienable, and should be held as sacred, as the rights of any class of the people. It is a most dangerous step to disregard the rights even of that class of our citizens.

In the second place, it is a very nice, dignified method of conducting the temperance movement. It is hard work, and disagreeable work, to go down into the gutters, and slums, and dens, as in the Washingtonian days, and put the arms of our fraternal love about our unfortunate and wretched brothers. It soils our clothes and interferes with our pleasures, but it is a very easy thing to frame a law which grandly expresses our sovereign disapprobation and detestation of a vice, and then direct the constable to attend to it.

It would be impossible to exaggerate the evils of intemperance. More should be done to remove these evils in one year, than has been done in a century. That we should pretend to be a Christian people, and give ourselves to money-making, and fashion, and pleasure, while the untold multitude of the victims of intemperance sink into their graves in wailing and sorrow, at our very feet, is, before heaven, a crying shame. This black tide may be turned back — it must be turned back.

Now, what do prohibitionists propose to do?

In the first place they do not propose to punish grocers for selling liquors for cooking purposes; druggists for selling liquors for medicinal purposes; they do not propose to punish people for keeping liquors in their own houses, drinking it themselves, and treating their friends; they do not propose to interfere with the organization of drinking clubs, a sort of institution which has led thousands of the better class of young men (who would never have drank at open bars) to become habitual drinkers; they do not propose to interfere with the keeping of alcohol and other spirits, on every hand, where these things are used for a hundred different purposes; they do not propose to interfere with these and twenty other open doors to drink, because they know that all such interference is impracticable; but what they do propose to do is, to forbid and punish the sale of drink in grog-shops. As I have shown in another part of this work, it is very doubtful whether the complete enforcement of this prohibitory law would not, after a few months, actually increase the amount of liquors consumed; but let us assume that the quantity drank would be decreased, is the percentage of the evil which can be thus removed, a case like an armed invasion, or the prevalence of small-pox, or a great conflagration, where the public safety may ride down individual rights?

There are some men who seem to think that they were born to control other men. They are always asking, "What ought somebody else to do?" and if that somebody won't do it, "How shall we compel him?"

They proceed in this way: —

Resolved, That the saints should govern the world.

Resolved, That we are the saints.

They are always down on sinners.

Our Puritan fathers were opposed to bear-fights, but the reason they gave was curious. It was not that the bears would suffer, but that sinners enjoyed it.

I know a man who does not reside in Boston, but who always comes to our city on the occasion of any important gathering of the friends of prohibition. I have never seen that man, except he was in a public meeting, or at the dinner table, that he was not smoking. I have been told by a friend of his, that he does about sixteen strong cigars a day. I do not know a man in the State who is a more determined Prohibitionist. Some people seem to have a remarkable facility for discovering other people's vices. Perhaps that is the natural order — it certainly is the general one. Perhaps it was intended that we should neglect the beam in our own eye, and devote ourselves to removing the mote in our brother's eye. But if that is the natural order, we ought to employ reason and persuasion in our efforts to cure the vices of our fellows.

I trust I shall not be misunderstood, when I suggest, that if the friends of Prohibition throughout the country would give an hour every evening. after supper, to visiting, in the old Washingtonian brotherly spirit, their neighbors who may be the victims of drink, they would accomplish more for the cause of temperance in a month, than the prohibitory liquor law has achieved in twenty years. And if, in addition to these calls on their drinking neighbors, they would encourage their wives to wait upon rum-sellers, in such manner and spirit as in their judgment, as ladies, might seem best, — men and women, thus working together, would make short work of the rum curse.

PART SECOND.

VICES ARE NOT CRIMES.

A VINDICATION OF MORAL LIBERTY.

NOTE.

In this argument the distinction between vice and crime is fundamental. It is important that this distinction should be stated tersely, and in the technicalities and formulas of the lawyer.

I have, therefore, requested a legal friend to do it for me. And he has kindly contributed the following essay, which seems to me to cover the whole ground, and to show the correctness of the principle in all its applications. It seems to me to be not only a clearly legal statement of the question, but also a truly philosophical view of a man's relations to government, and to his fellow-men; and to show that on no other principle can there be any such thing as personal liberty, or rights of property, except such as mere arbitrary power may see fit to concede.

VICES ARE NOT CRIMES.

I.

VICES are those acts by which a man harms himself or his property.

Crimes are those acts by which one man harms the person or property of another.

Vices are simply the errors which a man makes in his search after his own happiness. Unlike crimes, they imply no malice toward others, and no interference with their persons or property.

In vices, the very essence of crime — that is, the design to injure the person or property of another — is wanting.

It is a maxim of the law that there can be no crime without a criminal intent; that is, without the intent to invade the person or property of another. But no one ever practises a vice with any such criminal intent. He practises his vice for his own happiness solely, and not from any malice toward others.

Unless this clear distinction between vices and crimes be made and recognized by the laws, there can be on earth no such thing as individual right, liberty, or property; no such things as the right of one man to the control of his own person and property, and the corresponding and co-equal rights of another man to the control of his own person and property.

For a government to declare a vice to be a crime, and to punish it as such, is an attempt to falsify the very nature of things. It is as absurd as it would be to declare truth to be falsehood, or falsehood truth.

II.

EVERY voluntary act of a man's life is either virtuous or vicious. That is to say, it is either in accordance, or in conflict, with those natural laws of matter and mind, on which his physical, mental, and emotional health and well-being depend. In other words, every act of his life tends, on the whole, either to his happiness, or to his unhappiness. No single act in his whole existence is indifferent.

Furthermore, each human being differs in his physical, mental, and emotional constitution, and also in the circumstances by which he is surrounded, from every other human being. Many acts, therefore, that are virtuous, and tend to happiness, in the case of one person, are vicious, and tend to unhappiness, in the case of another person.

Many acts, also, that are virtuous, and tend to happiness, in the case of one man, at one time, and under one set of circumstances, are vicious, and tend to unhappiness, in the case of the same man, at another time, and under other circumstances.

III.

TO know what actions are virtuous, and what vicious, — in other words, to know what actions tend, on the whole, to happiness, and what to unhappiness, — in the

case of each and every man, in each and all the conditions in which they may severally be placed, is the profoundest and most complex study to which the greatest human mind ever has been, or ever can be, directed. It is, nevertheless, the constant study to which each and every man — the humblest in intellect as well as the greatest — is *necessarily driven* by the desires and necessities of his own existence. It is also the study in which each and every person, from his cradle to his grave, must necessarily form his own conclusions; because no one else knows or feels, or can know or feel, as he knows and feels, the desires and necessities, the hopes, and fears, and impulses of his own nature, or the pressure of his own circumstances.

IV.

IT is not often possible to say of those acts that are called vices, that they really are vices, *except in degree.* That is, it is difficult to say of any actions, or courses of action, that are called vices, that they really would have been vices, *if they had stopped short of a certain point.* The question of virtue or vice, therefore, in all such cases, is a question of quantity and degree, and not of the intrinsic character of any single act, by itself. This fact adds to the difficulty, not to say the impossibility, of any one's — except each individual for himself — drawing any accurate line, or anything like any accurate line, between virtue and vice; that is, of telling where virtue ends, and vice begins. And this is another reason why this whole question of virtue and vice should be left for each person to settle for himself.

V.

VICES are usually pleasurable, at least for the time being, and often do not disclose themselves as vices, by their effects, until after they have been practised for many years; perhaps for a lifetime. To many, perhaps most, of those who practise them, they do not disclose themselves as vices at all during life. Virtues, on the other hand, often appear so harsh and rugged, they require the sacrifice of so much present happiness, at least, and the results, which alone prove them to be virtues, are often so distant and obscure, in fact, so absolutely invisible to the minds of many, especially of the young, that, from the very nature of things, there can be no universal, or even general, knowledge that they are virtues. In truth, the studies of profound philosophers have been expended — if not wholly in vain, certainly with very small results — in efforts to draw the lines between the virtues and the vices.

If, then, it be so difficult, so nearly impossible, in most cases, to determine what is, and what is not, vice; and especially if it be so difficult, in nearly all cases, to determine where virtue ends, and vice begins; and if these questions, which no one can really and truly determine for anybody but himself, are not to be left free and open for experiment by all, each person is deprived of the highest of all his rights as a human being, to wit: his right to inquire, investigate, reason, try experiments, judge, and ascertain for himself, what is, *to him*, virtue, and what is, *to him*, vice; in other words. what, on the whole, conduces to *his* happiness, and what, on the whole, tends to *his* unhappiness. If this great right is not to be left free and open to all, then each man's whole right, as

a reasoning human being, to "liberty and the pursuit of happiness," is denied him.

VI.

WE all come into the world in ignorance of ourselves, and of everything around us. By a fundamental law of our natures we are all constantly impelled by the desire of happiness, and the fear of pain. But we have everything to learn, as to what will give us happiness, and save us from pain. No two of us are wholly alike, either physically, mentally, or emotionally; or, consequently, in our physical, mental, or emotional requirements for the acquisition of happiness, and the avoidance of unhappiness. No one of us, therefore, can learn this indispensable lesson of happiness and unhappiness, of virtue and vice, for another. Each must learn it for himself. To learn it, he must be at liberty to try all experiments that commend themselves to his judgment. Some of his experiments succeed, and, because they succeed, are called virtues; others fail, and, because they fail, are called vices. He gathers wisdom from his failures, as well as from his successes; from his so-called vices, as from his so-called virtues. He gathers wisdom *as much* from his failures as from his successes; from his so-called vices, as from his so-called virtues. Both are necessary to his acquisition of that knowledge — of his own nature, and of the world around him, and of their adaptations or non-adaptations to each other — which shall show him how happiness is acquired, and pain avoided. And, unless he can be permitted to try these experiments to his own satisfaction, he is restrained from the acquisition of knowledge, and, consequently, from pursuing the great purpose and duty of his life.

VII.

A MAN is under no obligation to take anybody's word, or yield to anybody's authority, on a matter so vital to himself, and in regard to which no one else has, or can have, any such interest as he. He *cannot*, if he would, safely rely upon the opinions of other men, because he finds that the opinions of other men do not agree. Certain actions, or courses of action, have been practised by many millions of men, through successive generations, and have been held by them to be, on the whole, conducive to happiness, and therefore virtuous. Other men, in other ages or countries, or under other conditions, have held, as the result of their experience and observation, that these actions tended, on the whole, to unhappiness, and were therefore vicious. The question of virtue or vice, as already remarked in a previous section, has also been, in most minds, a question of degree; that is, of the extent to which certain actions should be carried; and not of the intrinsic character of any single act, by itself. The questions of virtue and vice have therefore been as various, and, in fact, as infinite, as the varieties of mind, body, and condition of the different individuals inhabiting the globe. And the experience of ages has left an infinite number of these questions unsettled. In fact, it can scarcely be said to have settled any of them.

VIII.

IN the midst of this endless variety of opinion, what man, or what body of men, has the right to say, in regard to any particular action, or course of action, "*We*

have tried this experiment, and determined every question involved in it? *We* have determined it, not only for ourselves, but for all others? And, as to all those who are weaker than we, we will coerce them to act in obedience to our conclusion? *We* will suffer no further experiment or inquiry by any one, and, consequently, no further acquisition of knowledge by anybody?"

Who are the men who have the right to say this? Certainly there are none such. The men who really do say it, are either shameless impostors and tyrants, *who would stop the progress of knowledge*, and usurp absolute control over the minds and bodies of their fellow-men; and are therefore to be resisted instantly, and to the last extent; or they are themselves too ignorant of their own weaknesses, and of their true relations to other men, to be entitled to any other consideration than sheer pity or contempt.

We know, however, that there are such men as these in the world. Some of them attempt to exercise their power only within a small sphere, to wit, upon their children, their neighbors, their townsmen, and their countrymen. Others attempt to exercise it on a larger scale. For example, an old man at Rome, aided by a few subordinates, attempts to decide all questions of virtue and vice; that is, of truth or falsehood, especially in matters of religion. He claims to know and teach what religious ideas and practices are conducive, or fatal, to a man's happiness, not only in this world, but in that which is to come. He claims to be miraculously inspired for the performance of this work; thus virtually acknowledging, like a sensible man, that nothing short of miraculous inspiration would qualify him for it. This miraculous inspiration, however, has been ineffectual to enable him to settle more than a very few questions. The most important of these are, first, that the highest religious virtue

to which common mortals can attain, *is an implicit belief in his (the pope's) infallibility!* and, secondly, that the blackest vices of which they can be guilty, are to believe and declare that he is only a man like the rest of them!

It required some fifteen or eighteen hundred years to enable him to reach definite conclusions on these two vital points. Yet it would seem that the first of these must necessarily be preliminary to his settlement of any other questions; because, until his own infallibility is determined, he can authoritatively decide nothing else. He has, however, heretofore attempted or pretended to settle a few others. And he may, perhaps, attempt or pretend to settle a few more in the future, if he shall continue to find anybody to listen to him. But his success, thus far, certainly does not encourage the belief that he will be able to settle all questions of virtue and vice, even in his peculiar department of religion, in time to meet the necessities of mankind. He, or his successors, will undoubtedly be compelled, at no distant day, to acknowledge that he has undertaken a task to which all his miraculous inspiration was inadequate; and that, of necessity, each human being must be left to settle all questions of this kind for himself. And it is not unreasonable to expect that all other popes, in other and lesser spheres, will some time have cause to come to the same conclusion. No one, certainly, not claiming supernatural inspiration, should undertake a task to which obviously nothing less than such inspiration is adequate. And, clearly, no one should surrender his own judgment to the teachings of others, unless he be first convinced that these others have something more than ordinary human knowledge on this subject.

If those persons, who fancy themselves gifted with both the power and the right to define and punish other men's vices, would but turn their thoughts inwardly, they would

probably find that they have a great work to do at home; and that, when that shall have been completed, they will be little disposed to do more towards correcting the vices of others, than simply to give to others the results of their experience and observation. In this sphere their labors may possibly be useful; but, in the sphere of infallibility and coercion, they will probably, for well-known reasons, meet with even less success in the future than such men have met with in the past.

IX.

IT is now obvious, from the reasons already given, that government would be utterly impracticable, if it were to take cognizance of vices, and punish them as crimes. Every human being has his or her vices. Nearly all men have a great many. And they are of all kinds; physiological, mental, emotional; religious, social, commercial, industrial, economical, &c., &c. If government is to take cognizance of any of these vices, and punish them as crimes, then, to be consistent, it must take cognizance of all, and punish all impartially. The consequence would be, that everybody would be in prison for his or her vices. There would be no one left outside to lock the doors upon those within. In fact, courts enough could not be found to try the offenders, nor prisons enough built to hold them. All human industry in the acquisition of knowledge, and even in acquiring the means of subsistence, would be arrested; for we should all be under constant trial or imprisonment for our vices. But even if it were possible to imprison all the vicious, our knowledge of human nature tells us that, as a general rule, they would be far more vicious in prison than they ever have been out of it.

X.

A GOVERNMENT that shall punish all vices impartially is so obviously an impossibility, that nobody was ever found, or ever will be found, foolish enough to propose it. The most that any one proposes is, that government shall punish some one, or at most a few, of what he esteems the grossest of them. But this discrimination is an utterly absurd, illogical, and tyrannical one. What right has any body of men to say, "The vices of other men *we* will punish; but our own vices nobody shall punish? *We* will restrain other men from seeking their own happiness, according to their own notions of it; but nobody shall restrain *us* from seeking our own happiness, according to our own notions of it? *We* will restrain other men from acquiring any experimental knowledge of what is conducive or necessary to their own happiness; but nobody shall restrain *us* from acquiring an experimental knowledge of what is conducive or necessary to our own happiness?"

Nobody but knaves or blockheads ever thinks of making such absurd assumptions as these. And yet, evidently, it is only upon such assumptions that anybody can claim the right to punish the vices of others, and at the same time claim exemption from punishment for his own.

XI.

SUCH a thing as a government, formed by voluntary association, would never have been thought of, if the object proposed had been the punishment of all vices, impartially; because nobody wants such an institution,

or would voluntarily submit to it. But a government, formed by voluntary association, for the punishment of all *crimes*, is a reasonable matter; because everybody wants protection for himself against all crimes by others, and also acknowledges the justice of his own punishment, if he commits a crime.

XII.

IT is a natural impossibility that a government should have a right to punish men for their *vices;* because it is impossible that a government should have any rights, except such as the individuals composing it had previously had, *as individuals.* They could not delegate to a government any rights which they did not themselves possess. They could not *contribute* to the government any rights, except such as they themselves possessed as individuals. Now, nobody but a fool or an impostor pretends that he, *as an individual*, has a right to punish other men for their vices. But anybody and everybody have a natural right, *as individuals*, to punish other men for their crimes; for everybody has a natural right, not only to defend his own person and property against aggressors, but also to go to the assistance and defence of everybody else, whose person or property is invaded. The natural right of each individual to defend his own person and property against an aggressor, and to go to the assistance and defence of every one else whose person or property is invaded, is a right without which men could not exist on the earth. And government has no rightful existence, except in so far as it embodies, and is limited by, this natural right of individuals. But the idea that each man has a natural right to sit in judgment on all his neighbor's actions, and

decide what are virtues, and what are vices, — that is, what contribute to that neighbor's happiness, and what do not, — and to punish him for all that do not contribute to it, is what no one ever had the impudence or folly to assert. It is only those who claim that government has some rightful power, *which no individual or individuals ever did, or ever could, delegate to it*, that claim that government has any rightful power to punish vices.

It will do for a pope or a king — who claims to have received direct authority from Heaven, to rule over his fellow-men — to claim the right, as the vicegerent of God, to punish men for their vices; but it is a sheer and utter absurdity for any government, claiming to derive its power wholly from the grant of the governed, to claim any such power; because everybody knows that the governed never would grant it. For them to grant it would be an absurdity, because it would be granting away their own right to seek their own happiness; since to grant away their right to judge of what will be for their happiness, is to grant away all their right to pursue their own happiness.

XIII.

WE can now see how simple, easy, and reasonable a matter is a government for the punishment of *crimes*, as compared with one for the punishment of *vices*. *Crimes* are few, and easily distinguished from all other acts; and mankind are generally agreed as to what acts are crimes. Whereas vices are innumerable; and no two persons are agreed, except in comparatively few cases, as to what are vices. Furthermore, everybody wishes to be protected, in his person and property, against the aggressions of other men. But nobody *wishes*

to be protected, either in his person or property, against himself; because it is contrary to the fundamental laws of human nature itself, that any one should wish to harm himself. He only wishes to promote his own happiness, and to be his own judge as to what will promote, and does promote, his own happiness. This is what every one wants, and has a right to, as a human being. And though we all make many mistakes, and necessarily must make them, from the imperfection of our knowledge, yet these mistakes are no argument against the right; because they all tend to give us the very knowledge we need, and are in pursuit of, and can get in no other way.

The object aimed at in the punishment of *crimes*, therefore, is not only wholly different from, but it is directly opposed to, that aimed at in the punishment of *vices*.

The object aimed at in the punishment of *crimes* is to *secure*, to each and every man alike, the fullest liberty he possibly can have — consistently with the equal rights of others — to pursue his own happiness, under the guidance of his own judgment, and by the use of his own property. On the other hand, the object aimed at in the punishment of *vices*, is to *deprive* every man of his natural right and liberty to pursue his own happiness, under the guidance of his own judgment, and by the use of his own property.

These two objects, then, are directly opposed to each other. They are as directly opposed to each other as are light and darkness, or as truth and falsehood, or as liberty and slavery. They are utterly incompatible with each other; and to suppose the two to be embraced in one and the same government, is an absurdity, an impossibility. It is to suppose the objects of a government to be to commit crimes, and to prevent crimes; to destroy individual liberty, and to secure individual liberty.

XIV.

FINALLY, on this point of individual liberty: Every man *must necessarily* judge and determine for himself as to what is conducive and necessary to, and what is destructive of, his own well-being; because, if he omits to perform this task for himself, nobody else *can* perform it for him. And nobody else will even attempt to perform it for him, except in very few cases. Popes, and priests, and kings will assume to perform it for him, in certain cases, if permitted to do so. But they will, in general, perform it only in so far as they can minister to their own vices and crimes, by doing it. They will, in general, perform it only in so far as they can make him their fool and their slave. Parents, with better motives, no doubt, than the others, too often attempt the same work. But in so far as they practise coercion, or restrain a child from anything not really and seriously dangerous to himself, they do him a harm, rather than a good. It is a law of Nature that to get knowledge, and to incorporate that knowledge into his own being, each individual must get it for himself. Nobody, not even his parents, can tell him the nature of fire, so that he will really know it. He must himself experiment with it, *and be burnt by it*, before he can know it.

Nature knows, a thousand times better than any parent, what she designs each individual for, what knowledge he requires, and how he must get it. She knows that her own processes for communicating that knowledge are not only the best, but the only ones that can be effectual.

The attempts of parents to make their children virtuous are generally little else than attempts to keep them

in ignorance of vice. They are little else than attempts to teach their children to know and prefer truth, by keeping them in ignorance of falsehood. They are little else than attempts to make them seek and appreciate health, by keeping them in ignorance of disease, and of everything that will cause disease. They are little else than attempts to make their children love the light, by keeping them in ignorance of darkness. In short, they are little else than attempts to make their children happy, by keeping them in ignorance of everything that causes them unhappiness.

In so far as parents can really aid their children in the latter's search after happiness, by simply giving them the results of their (the parents') own reason and experience, it is all very well, and is a natural and appropriate duty. But to practise coercion in matters of which the children are reasonably competent to judge for themselves, is only an attempt to keep them in ignorance. And this is as much a tyranny, and as much a violation of the children's right to acquire knowledge for themselves, and such knowledge as they desire, as is the same coercion when practised upon older persons. Such coercion, practised upon children, is a denial of their right to develop the faculties that Nature has given them, and to be what Nature designs them to be. It is a denial of their right to themselves, and to the use of their own powers. It is a denial of their right to acquire the most valuable of all knowledge, to wit, the knowledge that Nature, the great teacher, stands ready to impart to them.

The results of such coercion are not to make the children wise or virtuous, but to make them ignorant, and consequently weak and vicious; and to perpetuate through them, from age to age, the ignorance, the superstitions, the vices, and the crimes of the parents. This is proved by every page of the world's history.

Those who hold opinions opposite to these, are those whose false and vicious theologies, or whose own vicious general ideas, have taught them that the human race are naturally given to evil, rather than good; to the false, rather than the true; that mankind do not naturally turn their eyes to the light; that they love darkness, rather than light; and that they find their happiness only in those things that tend to their misery.

XV.

BUT these men, who claim that government shall use its power to prevent vice, will say, or are in the habit of saying, "We acknowledge the right of an individual to seek his own happiness in his own way, and consequently to be as vicious as he pleases; we only claim that government shall prohibit the *sale* to him of those articles by which he ministers to his vice."

The answer to this is, that the simple sale of any article whatever — independently of the use that is to be made of the article — is legally a perfectly innocent act. The quality of the act of sale depends wholly upon the quality of the use for which the thing is sold. If the use of anything is virtuous and lawful, then the sale of it, *for that use*, is virtuous and lawful. If the use is vicious, then the sale of it, *for that use*, is vicious. If the use is criminal, then the sale of it, *for that use*, is criminal. The seller is, at most, only an accomplice in the use that is to be made of the article sold, whether the use be virtuous, vicious, or criminal. Where the use is criminal, the seller is an accomplice in the crime, and punishable as such. But where the use is only vicious, the seller is only an accomplice in the vice, and is not punishable.

XVI.

BUT it will be asked, "Is there no right, on the part of government, to arrest the progress of those who are bent on self-destruction?"

The answer is, that government has no rights whatever in the matter, so long as these so-called vicious persons remain sane, *compos mentis*, capable of exercising reasonable discretion and self-control; because, so long as they do remain sane, they must be allowed to judge and decide for themselves whether their so-called vices really are vices; whether they really are leading them to destruction; and whether, on the whole, they will go there or not. When they shall become insane, *non compos mentis*, incapable of reasonable discretion or self-control, their friends or neighbors, or the government, must take care of them, and protect them from harm, and against all persons who would do them harm, in the same way as if their insanity had come upon them from any other cause than their supposed vices.

But because a man is supposed, by his neighbors, to be on the way to self-destruction, from his vices, it does not, therefore, follow that he is insane, *non compos mentis*, incapable of reasonable discretion and self-control, within the legal meaning of those terms. Men and women may be addicted to very gross vices, and to a great many of them, — such as gluttony, drunkenness, prostitution, gambling, prize-fighting, tobacco-chewing, smoking, and snuffing, opium-eating, corset-wearing, idleness, waste of property, avarice, hypocrisy, &c., &c., — and still be sane, *compos mentis*, capable of reasonable discretion and self-control, within the meaning of the law. And so long as they are sane, they must be permitted to control

themselves and their property, and to be their own judges as to where their vices will finally lead them. It may be hoped by the lookers-on, in each individual case, that the vicious person will see the end to which he is tending, and be induced to turn back. But, if he chooses to go on to what other men call destruction, he must be permitted to do so. And all that can be said of him, so far as this life is concerned, is, that he made a great mistake in his search after happiness, and that others will do well to take warning by his fate. As to what may be his condition in another life, that is a theological question with which the law, in this world, has no more to do than it has with any other theological question, touching men's condition in a future life.

If it be asked how the question of a vicious man's sanity or insanity is to be determined? the answer is, that it is to be determined by the same kinds of evidence as is the sanity or insanity of those who are called virtuous; and not otherwise. That is, by the same kinds of evidence by which the legal tribunals determine whether a man should be sent to an asylum for lunatics, or whether he is competent to make a will, or otherwise dispose of his property. Any doubt must weigh in favor of his sanity, as in all other cases, and not of his insanity.

If a person really does become insane, *non compos mentis*, incapable of reasonable discretion or self-control, it is then a crime, on the part of other men, to give to him or sell to him, the means of self-injury.* And such a crime is to be punished like any other crime.

There are no crimes more easily punished, no cases in which juries would be more ready to convict, than those

* To give an insane man a knife, or any other weapon, or thing, by which he is likely to injure himself, is a crime.

where a sane person should sell or give to an insane one any article with which the latter was likely to injure himself.

XVII.

BUT it will be said that some men are made, by their vices, dangerous to other persons; that a drunkard, for example, is sometimes quarrelsome and dangerous toward his family or others. And it will be asked, "Has the law nothing to do in such a case?"

The answer is, that if, either from drunkenness or any other cause, a man be really dangerous, either to his family or to other persons, not only himself may be rightfully restrained, so far as the safety of other persons requires, but all other persons — who know or have reasonable grounds to believe him dangerous — may also be restrained from selling or giving to him anything that they have reason to suppose will make him dangerous.

But because one man becomes quarrelsome and dangerous after drinking spirituous liquors, and because it is a crime to give or sell liquor to such a man, it does not follow at all that it is a crime to sell liquors to the hundreds and thousands of other persons, who are not made quarrelsome or dangerous by drinking them. Before a man can be convicted of crime in selling liquor to a dangerous man, it must be shown that the *particular man*, to whom the liquor was sold, was dangerous; and also that the seller knew, or had reasonable grounds to suppose, that the man would be made dangerous by drinking it.

The presumption of law is, in all cases, that the sale is innocent; and the burden of proving it criminal, in any particular case, rests upon the government. *And that particular case must be proved criminal, independently of all others.*

Subject to these principles, there is no difficulty in convicting and punishing men for the sale or gift of any article to a man, who is made dangerous to others by the use of it.

XVIII.

BUT it is often said that some vices are nuisances (public or private), and that nuisances can be abated and punished.

It is true that anything that is really and legally a nuisance (either public or private) can be abated and punished. But it is not true that the mere private vices of one man are, in any legal sense, nuisances to another man, or to the public.

No act of one person can be a nuisance to another, unless it in some way obstructs or interferes with that other's safe and quiet use or enjoyment of what is rightfully his own.

Whatever obstructs a public highway, is a nuisance, and may be abated and punished. But a hotel where liquors are sold, a liquor store, or even a grog-shop, so called, no more obstructs a public highway, than does a dry goods store, a jewelry store, or a butcher's shop.

Whatever poisons the air, or makes it either offensive or unhealthful, is a nuisance. But neither a hotel, nor a liquor store, nor a grog-shop poisons the air, or makes it offensive or unhealthful to outside persons.

Whatever obstructs the light, to which a man is legally entitled, is a nuisance. But neither a hotel, nor a liquor store, nor a grog-shop, obstructs anybody's light, except in cases where a church, a school-house, or a dwelling-house would have equally obstructed it. On this ground, therefore, the former are no more, and no less, nuisances than the latter would be.

Some persons are in the habit of saying that a liquor-shop is dangerous, in the same way that gunpowder is dangerous. But there is no analogy between the two cases. Gunpowder is liable to be exploded by accident, and especially by such fires as often occur in cities. For these reasons it is dangerous to persons and property in its immediate vicinity. But liquors are not liable to be thus exploded, and therefore are not dangerous nuisances, in any such sense as is gunpowder in cities.

But it is said, again, that drinking-places are frequently filled with noisy and boisterous men, who disturb the quiet of the neighborhood, and the sleep and rest of the neighbors.

This may be true occasionally, though not very frequently. But whenever, in any case, it is true, the nuisance may be abated by the punishment of the proprietor and his customers, and if need be, by shutting up the place. But an assembly of noisy drinkers is no more a nuisance than is any other noisy assembly. A jolly or hilarious drinker disturbs the quiet of a neighborhood no more, and no less, than does a shouting religious fanatic. An assembly of noisy drinkers is no more, and no less, a nuisance than is an assembly of shouting religious fanatics. Both of them are nuisances when they disturb the rest and sleep, or quiet, of neighbors. Even a dog that is given to barking, to the disturbance of the sleep or quiet of the neighborhood, is a nuisance.

XIX.

BUT it is said, that for one person to entice another into a vice, is a crime.

This is preposterous. If any particular act is simply a vice, then a man who entices another to commit it, is

simply an accomplice in the *vice*. He evidently commits no *crime*, because the accomplice can certainly commit no greater offence than the principal.

Every person who is sane, *compos mentis*, possessed of reasonable discretion and self-control, is presumed to be mentally competent to judge for himself of all the arguments, *pro and con*, that may be addressed to him, to persuade him to do any particular act; *provided no fraud is employed to deceive him.* And if he is persuaded or induced to do the act, his act is then his own; and even though the act prove to be harmful to himself, he cannot complain that the persuasion or arguments, to which he yielded his assent, were crimes against himself.

When fraud is practised, the case is, of course, different. If, for example, I offer a man poison, assuring him that it is a safe and wholesome drink, and he, on the faith of my assertion, swallows it, my act is a crime.

Volenti non fit injuria, is a maxim of the law. *To the willing no injury is done.* That is, no *legal* wrong. And every person who is sane, *compos mentis*, capable of exercising reasonable discretion in judging of the truth or falsehood of the representations or persuasions to which he yields his assent, *is* "willing," in the view of the law; and takes upon himself the entire responsibility for his acts, when no intentional fraud has been practised upon him.

This principle, *that to the willing no injury is done*, has no limit, except in the case of frauds, or of persons not possessed of reasonable discretion for judging in the particular case. If a person possessed of reasonable discretion, and not deceived by fraud, consents to practise the grossest vice, and thereby brings upon himself the greatest moral, physical, or pecuniary sufferings or losses, he cannot allege that he has been *legally* wronged. To illustrate this principle, take the case of rape. To have

carnal knowledge of a woman, *against her will*, is the highest crime, next to murder, that can be committed against her. But to have carnal knowledge of her, *with her consent*, is no crime; but at most, a vice. And it is usually holden that a female child, of no more than *ten* years of age, has such reasonable discretion, that her consent, even though procured by rewards, or promises of reward, is sufficient to convert the act, which would otherwise be a high crime, into a simple act of vice.*

We see the same principle in the case of prize-fighters. If I but lay one of my fingers upon another man's person, *against his will*, no matter how lightly, and no matter how little practical injury is done, the act is a crime. But if two men *agree* to go out and pound each other's faces to a jelly, it is no crime, but only a vice.

Even duels have not generally been considered crimes, because each man's life is his own, and the parties *agree* that each may take the other's life, if he can, by the use of such weapons as are agreed upon, and in conformity with certain rules that are also mutually assented to.

And this is a correct view of the matter, unless it can be said (as it probably cannot), that "anger is a madness" that so far deprives men of their reason as to make them incapable of reasonable discretion.

Gambling is another illustration of the principle that to the willing no injury is done. If I take but a single cent of a man's property, *without his consent*, the act is a crime. But if two men, who are *compos mentis*, possessed

* The statute book of Massachusetts makes *ten years* the age at which a female child is supposed to have discretion enough to part with her virtue. But the same statute book holds that no person, man or woman, of any age, or any degree of wisdom or experience, has discretion enough to be trusted to buy and drink a glass of spirits, on his or her own judgment! What an illustration of the legislative wisdom of Massachusetts!

of reasonable discretion to judge of the nature and probable results of their act, sit down together, and each voluntarily stakes his money against the money of another, on the turn of a die, and one of them loses his whole estate (however large that may be), it is no crime, but only a vice.

It is not a crime, even, to assist a person to commit suicide, if he be in possession of his reason.

It is a somewhat common idea that suicide is, of itself, conclusive evidence of insanity. But, although it may ordinarily be very strong evidence of insanity, it is by no means conclusive in all cases. Many persons, in undoubted possession of their reason, have committed suicide, to escape the shame of a public exposure for their crimes, or to avoid some other great calamity. Suicide, in these cases, may not have been the highest wisdom, but it certainly was not proof of any lack of reasonable discretion.* And being within the limits of reasonable discretion, it was no crime for other persons to aid it, either by furnishing the instrument or otherwise. And if, in such cases, it be no crime to aid a suicide, how absurd to say that it is a crime to aid him in some act that is really pleasurable, and which a large portion of mankind have believed to be useful?

* Cato committed suicide to avoid falling into the hands of Cæsar. Who ever suspected that he was insane? Brutus did the same. Colt committed suicide only an hour or so before he was to be hanged. He did it to avoid bringing upon his name and his family the disgrace of having it said that he was hanged. This, whether a really wise act or not, was clearly an act within reasonable discretion. Does any one suppose that the person who furnished him with the necessary instrument was a criminal?

XX.

BUT some persons are in the habit of saying that the use of spirituous liquors is *the* great source of crime; that "it fills our prisons with criminals;" and that this is reason enough for prohibiting the sale of them.

Those who say this, if they talk seriously, talk blindly and foolishly. They evidently mean to be understood as saying that a very large percentage of all the crimes that are committed among men, are committed by persons whose criminal passions are excited, *at the time*, by the use of liquors, and in consequence of the use of liquors.

This idea is utterly preposterous.

In the first place, the great crimes committed in the world are mostly prompted by avarice and ambition.

The greatest of all crimes are the wars that are carried on by governments, to plunder, enslave, and destroy mankind.

The next greatest crimes committed in the world are equally prompted by avarice and ambition; and are committed, not on sudden passion, but by men of calculation, who keep their heads cool and clear, and who have no thought whatever of going to prison for them. They are committed, not so much by men who *violate* the laws, as by men who, either by themselves or by their instruments, *make* the laws; by men who have combined to usurp arbitrary power, and to maintain it by force and fraud, and whose purpose in usurping and maintaining it is, by unjust and unequal legislation, to secure to themselves such advantages and monopolies as will enable them to control and extort the labor and properties of other men, and thus impoverish them, in order to minister to their own wealth and aggrandizement.* The robberies and

wrongs thus committed by these men, *in conformity with the laws*, — that is, *their own laws*, — are as mountains to molehills, compared with the crimes committed by all other criminals, in *violation* of the laws.

But, thirdly, there are vast numbers of frauds, of various kinds, committed in the transactions of trade, whose perpetrators, by their coolness and sagacity, evade the operation of the laws. And it is only their cool and clear heads that enable them to do it. Men under the excitement of intoxicating drinks are little disposed, and utterly unequal, to the successful practice of these frauds. They are the most incautious, the least successful, the least efficient, and the least to be feared, of all the criminals with whom the laws have to deal.

Fourthly. The professed burglars, robbers, thieves, forgers, counterfeiters, and swindlers, who prey upon society, are anything but reckless drinkers. Their business is of too dangerous a character to admit of such risks as they would thus incur.

Fifthly. The crimes that can be said to be committed under the influence of intoxicating drinks are mostly assaults and batteries, not very numerous, and generally not very aggravated. Some other small crimes, as petty thefts, or other small trespasses upon property, are some-

* An illustration of this fact is found in England, whose government, for a thousand years and more, has been little or nothing else than a band of robbers, who have conspired to monopolize the land, and, as far as possible, all other wealth. These conspirators, calling themselves kings, nobles, and freeholders, have, by force and fraud, taken to themselves all civil and military power; they keep themselves in power solely by force and fraud, and the corrupt use of their wealth; and they employ their power solely in robbing and enslaving the great body of their own people, and in plundering and enslaving other peoples. And the world has been, and now is, full of examples substantially similar. And the governments of our own country do not differ so widely from others, in this respect, as some of us imagine.

times committed, under the influence of drink, by feeble-minded persons, not generally addicted to crime. The persons who commit these two kinds of crime are but few. They cannot be said to "fill our prisons;" or, if they do, we are to be congratulated that we need so few prisons, and so small prisons, to hold them.

The State of Massachusetts, for example, has a million and a half of people. How many of these are now in prison for *crimes* — not for the vice of intoxication, but for *crimes* — committed against persons or property under the instigation of strong drink? I doubt if there be one in ten thousand, that is, one hundred and fifty in all; and the crimes for which these are in prison are mostly very small ones.

And I think it will be found that these few men are generally much more to be pitied than punished, for the reason that it was their poverty and misery, rather than any passion for liquor, or for crime, that led them to drink, and thus led them to commit their crimes under the influence of drink.

The sweeping charge that drink "fills our prisons with criminals" is made, I think, only by those men who know no better than to call a drunkard a criminal; and who have no better foundation for their charge than the shameful fact that we are such a brutal and senseless people, that we condemn and punish such weak and unfortunate persons as drunkards, as if they were criminals.

The legislators who authorize, and the judges who practise, such atrocities as these, are intrinsically criminals; unless their ignorance be such — as it probably is not — as to excuse them. And, if they were themselves to be punished as criminals, there would be more reason in our conduct.

A police judge in Boston once told me that he was in the habit of disposing of drunkards (by sending them to

prison for thirty days — I think that was the stereotyped sentence) *at the rate of one in three minutes!* and sometimes more rapidly even than that; thus condemning them as criminals, and sending them to prison, without mercy, and without inquiry into circumstances, for an infirmity that entitled them to compassion and protection, instead of punishment. The real criminals in these cases were not the men who went to prison, but the judge, and the men behind him, who sent thom there.

I recommend to those persons, who are so distressed lest the prisons of Massachusetts be filled with criminals, that they employ some portion, at least, of their philanthropy in preventing our prisons being filled with persons who are *not* criminals. I do not remember to have heard that their sympathies have ever been very actively exercised in that direction. On the contrary, they seem to have such a passion for punishing criminals, that they care not to inquire particularly whether a candidate for punishment really be a criminal. Such a passion, let me assure them, is a much more dangerous one, and one entitled to far less charity, both morally and legally, than the passion for strong drink.

It seems to be much more consonant with the merciless character of these men to send an unfortunate man to prison for drunkenness, and thus crush, and degrade, and dishearten him, and ruin him for life, than it does for them to lift him out of the poverty and misery that caused him to become a drunkard.

It is only those persons who have either little capacity, or little disposition, to enlighten, encourage, or aid mankind, that are possessed of this violent passion for governing, commanding, and punishing them. If, instead of standing by, and giving their consent and sanction to all the laws by which the weak man is first plundered, oppressed, and disheartened, and then punished as a

criminal, they would turn their attention to the duty of defending his rights and improving his condition, and of thus strengthening him, and enabling him to stand on his own feet, and withstand the temptations that surround him, they would, I think, have little need to talk about laws and prisons for either rum-sellers or rum-drinkers, or even any other class of ordinary criminals. If, in short, these men, who are so anxious for the suppression of crime, would suspend, for a while, their calls upon the government for aid in suppressing the crimes of individuals, and would call upon the people for aid in suppressing the crimes of the government, they would show both their sincerity and good sense in a much stronger light than they do now. When the laws shall all be so just and equitable as to make it possible for all men and women to live honestly and virtuously, and to make themselves comfortable and happy, there will be much fewer occasions than now for charging them with living dishonestly and viciously.

XXI.

BUT it will be said, again, that the use of spirituous liquors tends to poverty, and thus to make men paupers, and burdensome to the tax-payers; and that this is a sufficient reason why the sale of them should be prohibited.

There are various answers to this argument.

1. One answer is, that if the fact that the use of liquors tends to poverty and pauperism, be a sufficient reason for prohibiting the *sale* of them, it is equally a sufficient reason for prohibiting the *use* of them; for it is the *use*, and not the *sale*, that tends to poverty. The seller is, at

most, merely an accomplice of the drinker. And it is a rule of law, as well as of reason, that if the principal in any act is not punishable, the accomplice cannot be.

2. A second answer to the argument is, that if government has the right, and is bound, to prohibit any one act — *that is not criminal* — merely because it is supposed to tend to poverty, then, by the same rule, it has the right, and is bound, to prohibit any and every other act — *though not criminal* — which, in the opinion of the government, tends to poverty. And, on this principle, the government would not only have the right, *but would be bound*, to look into every man's private affairs, and every person's personal expenditures, and determine as to which of them did, and which of them did not, tend to poverty; and to prohibit and punish all of the former class. A man would have no right to expend a cent of his own property, according to his own pleasure or judgment, unless the legislature should be of the opinion that such expenditure would not tend to poverty.

3. A third answer to the same argument is, that if a man does bring himself to poverty, and even to beggary, — *either by his virtues or his vices*, — the government is under no obligation whatever to take care of him, unless it pleases to do so. It may let him perish in the street, or depend upon private charity, if it so pleases. It can carry out its own free will and discretion in the matter; for it is above all legal responsibility in such a case. It is not, *necessarily*, any part of a government's duty to provide for the poor. A government — that is, a legitimate government — is simply a voluntary association of individuals, who unite for such purposes, *and only for such purposes*, as suits them. If taking care of the poor — whether they be virtuous or vicious — be *not* one of those purposes, then the government, *as a government*, has no more right, and is no more bound, to take care of

them, than has or is a banking company, or a railroad company.

Whatever *moral* claims a poor man — whether he be virtuous or vicious — may have upon the charity of his fellow-men, he has no *legal* claims upon them. He must depend wholly upon their charity, if they so please. He cannot *demand*, as a *legal* right, that they either feed or clothe him. And he has no more *legal* or *moral* claims upon a government — which is but an association of individuals — than he has upon the same, or any other individuals, in their private capacity.

Inasmuch, then, as a poor man — whether virtuous or vicious — has no more or other claims, legal or moral, upon a government, for food or clothing, than he has upon private persons, a government has no more right than a private person to control or prohibit the expenditures or actions of an individual, on the ground that they tend to bring him to poverty.

Mr. A, *as an individual*, has clearly no right to prohibit any acts or expenditures of Mr. Z, through fear that such acts or expenditures may tend to bring him (Z) to poverty, and that he (Z) may, in consequence, at some future unknown time, come to him (A) in distress, and ask charity. And if A has no such right, *as an individual*, to prohibit any acts or expenditures on the part of Z, then government, which is a mere association of individuals, can have no such right.

Certainly no man, who is *compos mentis*, holds his right to the disposal and use of his own property, by any such worthless tenure as that which would authorize any or all of his neighbors, — whether calling themselves a government or not, — to interfere, and forbid him to make any expenditures, except such as *they* might think would *not* tend to poverty, and would *not* tend to ever bring him to them as a supplicant for their charity.

Whether a man, who is *compos mentis*, come to poverty, through his virtues or his vices, no man, nor body of men, can have any right to interfere with him, on the ground that their sympathy may some time be appealed to in his behalf; because, if it should be appealed to, they are at perfect liberty to act their own pleasure or discretion as to complying with his solicitations.

This right to refuse charity to the poor — whether the latter be virtuous or vicious — is one that governments always act upon. No government makes any more provision for the poor than it pleases. As a consequence, the poor are left, to a great extent, to depend upon private charity. In fact, they are often left to suffer sickness, and even death, because neither public nor private charity comes to their aid. How absurd, then, to say that government has a right to control a man's use of his own property, through fear that he may sometime come to poverty, and ask charity.

4. Still a fourth answer to the argument is, that the great and only incentive which each individual man has to labor, and to create wealth, is that he may dispose of it according to his own pleasure or discretion, and for the promotion of his own happiness, and the happiness of those whom he loves.*

Although a man may often, from inexperience or want of judgment, expend some portion of the products of his labor injudiciously, and so as not to promote his highest welfare, yet he learns wisdom in this, as in all other matters, by experience; by his mistakes as well as by his successes. *And this is the only way in which he can learn wisdom.* When he becomes convinced that he has made one foolish expenditure, he learns thereby not to make

* It is to this incentive alone that we are indebted for all the wealth that has ever been created by human labor, and accumulated for the benefit of mankind.

another like it. And he must be permitted to try his own experiments, and to try them to his own satisfaction, in this as in all other matters; for otherwise he has no motive to labor, or to create wealth at all.

Any man, who is a man, would rather be a savage, and be free, creating or procuring only such little wealth as he could control and consume from day to day, than to be a civilized man, knowing how to create and accumulate wealth indefinitely, and yet not permitted to use or dispose of it, except under the supervision, direction, and dictation of a set of meddlesome, superserviceable fools and tyrants, who, with no more knowledge than himself, and perhaps with not half so much, should assume to control him, on the ground that he had not the right, or the capacity, to determine for himself as to what he would do with the proceeds of his own labor.

5. A fifth answer to the argument is, that if it be the duty of government to watch over the expenditures of any one person, — who is *compos mentis*, and not criminal, — to see what ones tend to poverty, and what do not, and to prohibit and punish the former, then, by the same rule, it is bound to watch over the expenditures of all other persons, and prohibit and punish *all* that, in its judgment, tend to poverty.

If such a principle were carried out impartially, the result would be, that all mankind would be so occupied in watching each other's expenditures, and in testifying against, trying, and punishing such as tended to poverty, that they would have no time left to create wealth at all. Everybody capable of productive labor would either be in prison, or be acting as judge, juror, witness, or jailer. It would be impossible to create courts enough to try, or to build prisons enough to hold, the offenders. All productive labor would cease; and the fools that were so intent on preventing poverty, would not only all come to

poverty, imprisonment, and starvation themselves, but would bring everybody else to poverty, imprisonment, and starvation.

6. If it be said that a man may, at least, be rightfully compelled to support his family, and, consequently, to abstain from all expenditures that, in the opinion of the government, tend to disable him to perform that duty, various answers might be given. But this one is sufficient, viz.: that no man, unless a fool or a slave, would acknowledge any family to be his, if that acknowledgment were to be made an excuse, by the government, for depriving him, either of his personal liberty, or the control of his property.

When a man is allowed his natural liberty, and the control of his property, his family is usually, almost universally, the great paramount object of his pride and affection; and he will, not only voluntarily, but as his highest pleasure, employ his best powers of mind and body, not merely to provide for them the ordinary necessaries and comforts of life, but to lavish upon them all the luxuries and elegancies that his labor can procure.

A man enters into no moral or legal obligation with his wife or chidren to do anything for them, except what he can do consistently with his own personal freedom, and his natural right to control his own property at his own discretion.

If a government can step in and say to a man, — who is *compos mentis*, and who is doing his duty to his family, *as he sees his duty*, and according to *his* best judgment, however imperfect that may be, — "*We* (the government) suspect that you are not employing your labor to the best advantage for your family; *we* suspect that your expenditures, and your disposal of your property, are not so judicious as they might be, for the interest of your family; and therefore *we* (the govern-

ment) will take you and your property under our special surveillance, and prescribe to you what you may, and may not do, with yourself and your property; and your family shall hereafter look to *us* (the government), and not to you, for support" — if a government can do this, all a man's pride, ambition, and affection, relative to his family, would be crushed, so far as it would be possible for human tyranny to crush them; and he would either never have a family (whom he would publicly acknowledge to be his), or he would risk both his property and his life in overthrowing such an insulting, outrageous, and insufferable tyranny. And any woman who would wish her husband — he being *compos mentis* — to submit to such an unnatural insult and wrong, is utterly undeserving of his affection, or of anything but his disgust and contempt. And he would probably very soon cause her to understand that, if she chose to rely on the government, for the support of herself and her children, rather than on him, she must rely on the government alone.

XXII.

STILL another and all-sufficient answer to the argument that the use of spirituous liquors tends to poverty, is that, *as a general rule*, it puts the effect before the cause. It assumes that it is the use of the liquors that causes the poverty, instead of its being the poverty that causes the use of the liquors.

Poverty is the natural parent of nearly all the ignorance, vice, crime, and misery there are in the world.*

* Except those great crimes, which the few, calling themselves governments, practise upon the many, by means of organized, systematic extortion and tyranny. And it is only the poverty, ignorance, and consequent weakness of the many, that enable the combined and organized few to acquire and maintain such arbitrary power over them.

Why is it that so large a portion of the laboring people of England are drunken and vicious? Certainly not because they are by nature any worse than other men. But it is because their extreme and hopeless poverty keeps them in ignorance and servitude, destroys their courage and self-respect, subjects them to such constant insults and wrongs, to such incessant and bitter miseries of every kind, and finally drives them to such despair, that the short respite that drink or other vice affords them, is, for the time being, a relief. This is the chief cause of the drunkenness and other vices that prevail among the laboring people of England.

If those laborers of England, who are now drunken and vicious, had had the same chances and surroundings in life as the more fortunate classes have had; if they had been reared in comfortable, and happy, and virtuous homes, instead of squalid, and wretched, and vicious ones; if they had had opportunities to acquire knowledge and property, and make themselves intelligent, comfortable, happy, independent, and respected, and to secure to themselves all the intellectual, social, and domestic enjoyments which honest and justly rewarded industry could enable them to secure, — if they could have had all this, instead of being born to a life of hopeless, unrewarded toil, with a certainty of death in the workhouse, they would have been as free from their present vices and weaknesses as those who reproach them now are.

It is of no use to say that drunkenness, or any other vice, only adds to their miseries; for such is human nature — the weakness of human nature, if you please — that men can endure but a certain amount of misery, before their hope and courage fail, and they yield to almost anything that promises present relief or mitigation; though at the cost of still greater misery in the future. To preach morality or temperance to such wretched per-

sons, instead of relieving their sufferings, or improving their conditions, is only insulting their wretchedness.

Will those who are in the habit of attributing men's poverty to their vices, instead of their vices to their poverty, — as if every poor person, or most poor persons, were specially vicious, — tell us whether all the poverty and want that, within the last year and a half,* have been brought so suddenly — as it were in a moment — upon at least twenty millions of the people of the United States, were brought upon them as a natural consequence, either of their drunkenness, or of any other of their vices? Was it their drunkenness, or any other of their vices, that paralyzed, as by a stroke of lightning, all the industries by which they lived, and which had, but a few days before, been in such prosperous activity? Was it their vices that turned the adult portion of those twenty millions out of doors without employment, compelled them to consume their little accumulations, if they had any, and then to become beggars, — beggars for work, and, failing in this, beggars for bread? Was it their vices that, all at once, and without warning, filled the homes of so many of them with want, misery, sickness, and death? No. Clearly it was neither the drunkenness, nor any other vices, of these laboring people, that brought upon them all this ruin and wretchedness. And if it was not, *what was it?*

This is the problem that must be answered; for it is one that is repeatedly occurring, and constantly before us, and that cannot be put aside.

In fact, the poverty of the great body of mankind, the world over, is the great problem of the world. That such extreme and nearly universal poverty exists all over the world, and has existed through all past generations,

* That is, from September 1, 1873, to March 1, 1875.

proves that it originates in causes which the common human nature of those who suffer from it, has not hitherto been strong enough to overcome. But these sufferers are, at least, beginning to see these causes, and are becoming resolute to remove them, let it cost what it may. And those who imagine that they have nothing to do but to go on attributing the poverty of the poor to their vices, and preaching to them against their vices, will ere long wake up to find that the day for all such talk is past. And the question will then be, not what are men's vices, but what are their rights?

PART THIRD.

IT has been thought necessary to illustrate the best methods of conducting the temperance movement. To that end, the following stories are submitted.

In the first — "A Story of the Crusade" — the best combination of "Washingtonianism" and the "Woman's Crusade" is portrayed. It is devoutly believed that this combination would triumph anywhere and everywhere.

In the second story — "Major Barron" — a domestic or family method is illustrated, which will prove very potent wherever the victim of drink has a wife, or mother, or sister, or other near friend, who will throw herself into the deadly breach.

INTRODUCTION.

THE moral cyclone, popularly known as "The Woman's Crusade," was the most remarkable development of the century. That a town, with fifty or a hundred grog-shops, should, in a single month, rid itself of the curse of drink, is a most extraordinary phenomenon. Wealth, avarice, custom, prejudice, and passion joined hands to defend the groggeries; but they were swept away like chaff before the wind.

It is not my purpose to discuss the moral and religious forces which conjoined to accomplish the great revival in the West, but I wish here simply to suggest that the Woman's Crusade offers the richest material for the story-writer. I have hoped that some of our favorite story-writers would appear on this field. Rev. Edward Everett Hale has just published "Our New Crusade," but it entirely fails to present the principal idea of the Woman's Crusade.

I have not drawn upon my imagination for any of the facts in this story. Even the dragging of the barrels of liquors out of a cellar, by women alone, occurred just

as given. The only exaggeration is to be found in the magnitude of Richards Hall. This feature has, unfortunately, received an amount of consideration far from commensurate with its importance. When crowds of men, who have long been in the habit of spending their evenings in grog-shops, are turned into the street, Holly-tree inns, reading rooms, bath rooms, amusement halls, or other similar institutions must be opened. The frequenters of dram-shops, who are generally attracted far more by the light, warmth, and good fellowship, than by the rum, have but small resources within themselves; and, if we are willing to spend half the money which rum costs us, directly and indirectly, to give them innocent recreations, we shall make secure the fruits of our temperance victory.

A STORY

OF

THE OHIO CRUSADE.

CHAPTER I.

OUR HERO AND HEROINE.

AMONG the many episodes of the Ohio Crusade, I remember none more vividly than the story of Mary Hart and John Lane, in D.

Mary was the daughter of an excellent widow, whose husband shrieked out his life in delirium tremens.

John was the son of a widow, likewise; his father slept in a drunkard's grave.

Mary was twenty, wholesome, good, and true. John was twenty-four, strong, manly, ambitious. They had grown up together, loved each other, and, one year before the Crusade, became engaged. With the hearty approval of the two mothers, the young people determined that the wedding should be celebrated on the first of January, 1874.

In the mean time, the lovers were much together, and Mary often detected the odor of strong drink in John's breath. It excited grave apprehensions, and as the wedding day approached, she resolved, after long sleeplessness and heartache, to submit her trouble to her

mother. Mrs. Hart had never suspected John of a passion for strong drink, thought Mary might be mistaken, but the daughter soon convinced her.

When John dropped in after tea, Mrs. Hart sent Mary up stairs for something, and when she had left the room, the good mother asked John to step into the parlor; she wished to speak with him.

The young man, supposing it concerned the preparations for the coming event, cheerfully stepped into the little room, and took a familiar seat. The mother sat down near him, and began, after an awkward silence, with, —

"John, I am afraid I can't say what I want to."

"Why, Mrs. Hart, speak out. "If you are in trouble, I am sure you can trust me, as you would your own son."

"But, John, I am afraid you will be offended."

"Mrs. Hart, I am no child, and no coward. Speak right out. I can't imagine what it is, but whatever it may be, I promise to help you. It is hard, indeed, if we, who are so soon to be mother and son, may not speak freely to each other. My dear mother, speak out."

"I thank you, John, for that appellation. It gives me courage. My son, you know the story of my married life; but only God knows how deep and dark were my sorrows; His grace alone kept me from insanity and death. John, my dear friend, how can I say it! But O, I am so afraid you do not know the danger — I fear — O, John, you know what I mean!"

"Mrs. Hart, you don't mean to say — you certainly can't be afraid that I shall become a drinking man?"

The mother reached out her hand, and seizing John's arm, began to weep.

John went on: "What has led you to think so? What is there in me that suggests such a danger?"

"But," exclaimed the mother, clutching at John's arm again, "do you not sometimes drink liquor?"

With an embarrassed manner, John said, "I will not deny that I sometimes drink a social glass. You know how it is; if a man goes into society, he can't always refuse to join in social customs. One must either shut himself up, away from the world, or if he goes out into it, he must join in its ways. But then I drink very seldom. And if you and Mary wish me to be a teetotaler, why, I will sign off altogether. I don't care a fig for the stuff, and I know how it ruined my father. The fact is, I hate it, and I wish it were banished from society."

The good mother burst into a flood of grateful tears. She pressed John's hand with all her feeble strength, exclaiming, —

"O, how glad I am to hear you say so! How happy we shall all be! God bless you, my son, God bless you!"

John rose and said, "Mrs. Hart, please say to Mary that I will come in at eight o'clock, and we will try that new song."

John stepped out at the front door, and Mrs. Hart, on opening that into the sitting-room, found her daughter standing near the door, pale and trembling. Poor child, when she came down stairs she saw at once what was going on, and had been listening. She was not the sort of person to listen at a key-hole, but could not help it. She had heard every word, and was sure that John's feelings were hurt. She exclaimed, —

"I would die rather than hurt his feelings. I am afraid his pride is wounded. O, mother, I don't believe

he will ever come back. I heard every word. Mother, why didn't you speak more gently? You know how proud and sensitive he is."

Notwithstanding Mary's apprehensions, John came at eight o'clock, just as if nothing had happened; and although there was a little less freedom than usual between them, it was evident that John was not angry. When the mother bade them good night, and kissed her daughter, John turned up his face, and said softly, —

"Mother, me too?"

CHAPTER II.

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

ON the next Sunday Mrs. Hart had company — her nephew, Frank Studley, from M. When John dropped in after tea, as usual, it happened that Frank was out of the room. But immediately afterwards he stepped in, and on seeing John, rushed towards him, exclaiming, "Why, Sanford! how are you? How the dickens did you happen to be here?"

Mary had risen as Frank entered, her face aglow with the joy of introducing her cousin to her lover, and was quite taken aback with this strange recognition, and with hearing John addressed as Sanford. Immediately, and before there was time for explanation, John said to Frank, —

"Won't you please step in here a moment;" and they passed into the parlor. The ladies were bewildered. What could it all mean? They had only time to glance into each other's astonished faces, when the gentlemen came back; and with forced gayety, John explained that it was all a joke; and the ladies, although greatly puzzled, were satisfied that the mystery involved no disgrace or wrong; for had they not known John all his life?

John and Mary sang a number of songs, and at an early hour John invited Frank to take a walk. Frank returned after a little while, and found the ladies anxiously

awaiting him. He declared that the whole thing was a big joke, and no harm done. The mother pleaded with Frank to explain, but he would tell her nothing. Mary was satisfied that it was, as Frank said, some joke among young fellows; but where the two young men could have met before she could not divine, for her cousin had not visited them in a number of years, and had resided in a distant state until his settlement in M., a half year before. Frank left for his home the next morning, and in the evening John came after tea as usual, but he had never before brought such a face and manner. He was pale, unsteady, and nervous. Mary rallied him, but he would immediately fall back into a moody silence. Mary took her seat by his side, and leaned her head upon his breast. John pressed her to his heart, and then suddenly sprang to his feet, walked nervously back and forth across the room, and stopped suddenly to gaze out of the window, when Mary put her arms about him, and bursting into tears, implored him to tell her his trouble.

Suddenly folding his arms, and standing firm and resolute, he said, —

"Call in your mother. I have something to tell you."

The mother was summoned, and John asked them to sit together in seats which he indicated, and then turning partly from them, and pressing his folded arms tightly across his chest, bowing his head and looking on the floor, he spoke in a hard, dry voice: —

"God helping me I will tell you all. I did not intend to say a word, for I thought that after our marriage Mary's love would help me out of my troubles; but last night I saw my father just as plain as I ever saw him when he was alive, and with the saddest face I ever

looked at; he charged me to come to you and confess everything. From that hour, although it was early in the night, I have not slept a moment, and have been trying to frame the words in which to make my dreadful confession. About six months ago my demon came again, but I determined not to submit. I fought and struggled for nearly a week, but it was of no use, and I saw I should disgrace myself with you, and so I hurried to M., and taking a room at the —— Hotel, I obtained a gallon of brandy, went to my room and began. Just as soon as I recovered from one insensibility I drank till I became insensible again, and so I went on for six days and nights. Then my stomach became dreadful, and the craving passed away. During the two or three days while I was learning to eat again, and getting ready to return home, I became acquainted with Mr. Studley. I was known in M. as Mr. Sanford.

"After about three months the horrid thirst began to come on again. I struggled a few days, and then went back to M. to repeat my dreadful debauch. Between these two visits to M., I drank some spirits every day, because a doctor in M., whom I consulted, thought if, when I did not crave it, I would drink a little daily, it might prevent the periodical attacks. And since the second visit to M. I have been trying a little brandy every day, hoping it might drive away my cursed enemy. And now this fiend is upon me again. I shall struggle for a few days, but I know how it will end. I shall go away somewhere, get a gallon of brandy, and in a debauch drown out this cursed devil."

Mrs. Hart and Mary were sobbing on each other's necks.

John went on with the same dry, hard, monotonous voice: —

"For years I have pretended to go several times a year to visit my uncle in Cincinnati. I have no uncle there, and have never been in that city in my life. At those times I went to a small village thirty miles from here, where I always did just as in M.

"From my father I inherited this dreadful longing, and nothing but death can release me. Gladly would I part with my eyes, or my arms, to get rid of it; but it is all useless and hopeless. I am sure you would think it the most horrible insanity if you could only see me when I crawl away by myself, after I have resisted the craving as long as I can; and locking the door, and feeling I am secure, I take my demijohn in my hands and begin. If you could look in upon me then, and know with what a devilish delight I am filled, that I would go on drinking, drinking, if I knew it would kill mother, and Mary, and myself, and send my soul to hell, — if you could only see and know all this, you would know that it is a madness, an utter madness."

With clinched fist and a face terrible to look upon, John moved quickly towards the door, and then turning towards the two women who were weeping and sobbing, he said, in a low, quivering voice, —

"Farewell, Mary. I am not fit to be the husband of the vilest woman on earth, and to marry you, the best, sweetest and noblest being I ever knew — never! never! never!! Farewell. God bless you; farewell. I am going, I am going to hell."

He opened the door and fled

Mrs. Hart, although a delicate invalid, was strong in an emergency. Leaving Mary at home, she went direct-

ly to widow Lane's, and found her bowed and silent, waiting for her son to come down from his chamber.

Mrs. Hart stepped quickly to Mrs. Lane's side, and kneeling, said in a low, tender voice, —

"My sister, I know all. John has told us everything. Shall you let him go? Now that we understand, why cannot he stay at home? I have been reading a paper by Dr. Siwel Oid, in which he says that periodical drunkenness is a disease, and may be cured. I am convinced he is right. Let me see John. Let me implore him to remain at home. I would beg him to go to our house and stay, but this, I fear, he would not do; but surely he can stay here with his own mother, and you and I can help him through. Poor fellow, he is nearly wild. I assure you I believe in what Dr. Siwel Oid says about the cure of this dreadful madness."

Just then heavy footsteps were heard coming down stairs. As John opened the door into the sitting-room, Mrs. Hart met him, and throwing her arms about him, exclaimed, —

"My dear son, let me plead with you! Don't go away! Don't go off among strangers!"

"But, my mother?" said John, turning towards his mother.

"O," exclaimed the poor mother, in a low, wailing tone, "I have done wrong. I lived with one drunkard almost twenty-five years, and I have told John that I would not live with another. But I now see it is all wrong. God forgive me."

Rising, the weeping, despairing mother went quickly to her son, and taking him by the hand, cried out, —

"If you must do this dreadful thing, if you can't resist it, do stay at home, and let us take care of you."

With a sudden burst of feeling John clasped his mother in his arms, and said moaningly,—

"My poor, dear, heart-broken mother! Would to God I were in my grave."

The juices had long since gone out of poor Mrs. Lane's heart. She only waited for death, but this unusual emotion towards her on the part of her son visibly touched her, and she replied to his fond caress and tender words, —

" My son, if you will stay, I will do all I can for you."

John walked slowly to a chair in the corner of the room, and burying his face in his hands, moaned out,—

" O, why was I ever born? Why can't I hide myself in the grave?"

The women had joined hands, fallen on their knees, and amid groans and sobs were trying to pray.

CHAPTER III.

A TERRIBLE STRUGGLE.

JOHN started up at length, and exclaimed,—

"Mother, if I am to stay at home, I will make one more desperate struggle. I will go to my room at once, and I wish you would send for Swartz, the blacksmith."

When Mr. Swartz came, John took him into his confidence, and begged him to put iron bars on the window, and a strong bar and lock on the outside of the door.

Before dark the next night the work was completed, and John Lane was locked in his room, his mother, Mrs. Hart, and Mary sitting with him, while Mary was reading from the work of Dr. Siwel Oid on the "Cure of Drunkenness." Among others, she read the following paragraphs: —

"The use of tobacco in any form produces a thirst which simple drinks will not satisfy. This narcotic poison generally excites a thirst for strong drink, and must be abandoned as preliminary to the cure of drunkenness."

And again Mary read, —

"Our wretched food provokes an unnatural thirst. The miserable fries and grease and abominable compounds, the rich and indigestible desserts, — in brief,

the vile stuffs which we eat, — produce a thirst that nothing relieves like alcoholic stimulus.

"Plain, well-cooked food would do more for the temperance cause than all the societies in the world."

When the ladies were about to leave for the night, John said to Mary, in a voice of unusual emotion, —

"Mary, you and these good mothers must help me. I know you will; I believe you would all die for me, if need be. Mary, I believe what this author says is true. I wish you would get some paper, and write a pledge for me."

The paper was quickly brought, and Mary took the pen in hand, and wrote while John dictated the following pledge. Mary was a good writer, but when she showed me that pledge some months afterwards in a golden frame in her own beautiful parlor, she explained that the penmanship was not a good sample of her writing, for her hand trembled so that night, and her eyes were so full of tears, that she could neither see the line nor make good letters. It read, —

"*I will never use tobacco again so long as I live; so help me God.*

"JOHN LANE.

"*Witness,* MARY HART."

When this pledge was signed and witnessed, John said, in a low, trembling voice, —

"I have never prayed, but now I ask you all to kneel, and I want Mary to pray for me."

Mary said, "O, John, I never made a prayer in my life."

John gazed into her face with an unutterable love,

and whispered, "My darling, pray for me. I know God will hear *you*."

Going to John, and putting her arm about him, they knelt together, the two mothers kneeling down by John, and putting their hands on his head and shoulders. Mary sobbed out, —

"Dear God, help John. O, help him! O, thou canst help him, and he can't help himself. And, dear God, help us to help him, to cling to him, to love him with all our hearts. Dear Jesus, if we lose John we lose everything. O, wilt thou help him, and help us to help him!"

Poor John groaned "Amen" at every sentence; and the two mothers constantly sobbed "Amen. God help him!"

Then John made his first prayer.

"Great God, I have always tried to help myself, but I can't fetch it. You can help me; and if ever a poor devil needed help, I need it now. O, great God, I give my case up into your hands. I have tried to do right all by myself, but I find it's no use. O, God, take me into your strong arms, and carry me through this trouble, and I will try never to do wrong again, as long as I live."

While John was uttering this extraordinary prayer, Mary had her arms about his neck, and the two mothers their hands upon his head, and were sobbing out, "Amen. God help him. O, help him!"

When they had risen and taken seats, and were more calm, Mrs. Hart said, "John, you have gone to the right source for help. We will pray for you constantly, and, John, you must pray for yourself. God will hear you, and he will help you."

They sat a little time in silence; then Mary went timidly to John, put her arm about his neck, and said, "John, may I not write a pledge against strong drink for you?"

John released himself from her, sprang to his feet, and walking rapidly back and forth through the room, said, "No; I will not sign such a pledge, for I know I should break it. I must not pledge myself before God, and then break it, or everything will be gone."

John then urged the ladies to retire and leave him for the night. Mr. Swartz was at hand to assist. He carefully locked the door, and remained in the house during the night. John's last instructions for the night were these: —

"No matter what I may say or do, for ten days I am not to leave this room. My madness is sure to last as long as that. If I become wild and furious, let some strong men control me. I don't know that there is any danger of such extremes; but, remember, I charge you not to let me out."

The next morning, very early, John knocked loudly on the door, and the three women (for Mrs. Hart and her daughter had remained during the night) rose quickly, having rested without undressing, ran up stairs, and listened to a conversation between John and Mr. Swartz.

The ladies knew that John had been walking the floor all night, but they were not prepared for the strange change which had come over him. He was actually pleading with Swartz to let him out. He said to Swartz, —

"This is all nonsense. I never was more rational in

my life. The idea of my being here behind these bars, like a criminal! It is absurd."

Mary spoke up and reminded him that last night he told them that if they let him out of this room in less than ten days, he would never forgive them; and then she said, —

"I will bring you some breakfast with coffee, just as soon as it can be got ready."

John replied, in an altered tone, "O, Mary! I did not know you were here. Excuse me." Then walking quickly across the room, he threw himself heavily on his bed, and began to groan.

As soon as the breakfast was ready, Mary brought it to the door, and calling John, she asked, —

"Will you promise me not to take any advantage of our opening the door when I bring in the breakfast?"

John replied, "I promise to take no advantage of *you*, ever, in any way."

Mary said to Mr. Swartz, "Open the door. It is perfectly safe."

Mr. Swartz whispered, "He will jump right out, I'll bet you."

The padlock was unfastened, the heavy bar taken down, and Mary passed in with her tray.

It was determined that watchers, strong men, should stay in John's room. The doctor was called, and among other things advised hot baths. The great bath-tub was procured, and the neighbors who volunteered, with two hired men, gave him baths, and then rubbed his skin by the hour with their naked hands; but John was terribly excited. On the fourth morning, the hour when the poor fellow seemed to be the worst, he made a desperate attempt to escape. Two men were at the door

on the outside, and two watchers inside. The ladies had been trying to get a little sleep. When the door was unlocked, John made a sudden plunge; all the four men got hold of him, but he extricated himself, ran down stairs, and was rushing toward the front gate, when he met Mary just coming from her home. She raised her arms, and cried,—

"O, John!"

He let her take hold of his arm, and lead him back to his room.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DAY DAWNS.

ON the eighth night John slept soundly and long, and awoke in a profuse perspiration. After a long consultation with the doctor, Mary went up to John, with a bounding heart, to ask him to drive with her. John was languid, cold, and weak, but this proposition surprised him into new life.

During the ride John said, —

"My demon has gone out of me. I shall never pass through another such struggle."

They stopped to rest at the house of a friend, and while there heard read from a local paper the wonderful news from Washington C. H. and Hillsboro'. On the way home John said to his companion, —

"I believe this is providential. You and our mothers have saved me from a fate tenfold worse than death. Women must save men from intemperance. These women in Washington and Hillsboro' are doing the right thing. Now, why can't we in D. have something of that kind started? I am sure our women are good and brave enough. I feel that I should be safe if we could only have a temperance movement in which I could take a part. If I could take hold to help other people, I am sure I should be safe. This helping other people to keep out of a pit, helps you to keep your eyes open, and

to keep out yourself. And then, Mary, I have never felt, after one of those attacks, as I feel now. My nerves are calm. I believe that tobacco has kept the fires smouldering in me; and then what that Dr. Siwel Oid says about the influence of our diet stands to reason. If our food is rich and indigestible, of course it produces a thirst which simple water is not likely to satisfy. I tell you, Mary, that with the tobacco poison out of me, and a good, simple table, and careful attention to the other laws of which he speaks, — such as the morning bath, plenty of good sleep, and exercise in the open air, — I tell you, my Mary, that if now, in addition, we can make a good effort to save drunkards, and I can have a hand in it, I shall be as safe as a mouse in a mill. And this new movement seems to me to promise great things. Ah, my darling, light begins to break through. I begin to see my way out."

Just as he was leaving Mary at her own house, he said, "Mary, if you please, I will bring mother over this evening, and you may write that pledge against strong drink, and I will sign it."

With quivering lips and streaming eyes, Mary looked upward, and exclaimed, "Thank God! I will prepare it before you come, and on a large, handsome sheet. And I will write the other one over again, on a large sheet, for you to sign, and I will see if I can't write it better than before."

"No, Mary, if you please, that other pledge must not be touched. As long as we live we will keep it just as it is. I have hung it up on the wall near my bed. It seems to me to be covered all over with bright golden letters — the words of your prayer that first night. And, Mary, I have tried to pray every night, kneeling

down before that pledge. I suppose I ought to shut my eyes, but I don't; I keep them fixed on that precious pledge, all bright with your beautiful, loving prayer."

That evening there was a meeting at Mrs. Hart's, in which the tears, and prayers, and love of the night at Mrs. Lane's, when the anti-tobacco pledge was signed, were gone all over again.

When the pledge against strong drink was signed, Mary said, —

"John, ask your mother to pray with us."

"No, Mary," said John; "God will hear you better than any one else, when it is for me."

CHAPTER V.

THE GREAT REVIVAL BEGINS.

THE next day John Lane brought his mother over to Mrs. Hart's, to talk about the new temperance movement. After reading the glowing accounts in the newspapers, John exclaimed with enthusiasm,—

"Now what's the reason you women can't start that movement in D.? God knows there is need enough of it. Here we have a population of less than three thousand, and at least twenty groggeries. Surely I need say nothing of the poverty and domestic misery coming out of these miserable holes. Let's call a meeting to-morrow night. I am sure they will let us hold it in the Methodist church. I hear Mr. Blaine, their minister, is very much excited about it."

The meeting was held the following evening. The church was crowded, and many passionate speeches were made.

To everybody's surprise, quiet little Mrs. Hart rose at the close of the meeting, and moved that we organize the "Woman's Crusade," immediately, to-night.

The motion was carried with loud acclamation.

The chairman, Mr. Blaine, suggested, if the women were about to organize a Woman's Crusade, it might be best for the men to retire.

"No," exclaimed little Mrs. Hart; "we want everybody to help."

The details of organization had not yet been distinctly published, and there was much doubt about methods.

At length little Mrs. Hart rose again, and said,—

"You know, dear friends, that I never speak in public, but the spirit of God has impressed me to say a few words just now. We learn from the newspapers that the women go to the rumsellers and plead and pray with them. Let us organize and begin. If we make mistakes, we can correct them when we learn a better way. I move that we appoint a committee of ten women from each of the churches. I am sure there are ten women in our church who would be very glad to go into this work."

Mrs. Squire Edmonds, who was sitting by her husband's side, and evidently acting under his instructions, moved that the meeting select the chairman of each of these committees, and then ask her to name the other nine members. Mrs. Edmonds said in explanation that a prominent woman in a church, accustomed to works of benevolence, would be much more likely to know the working members of her church, than a meeting like this. This was approved as a very happy suggestion, and in half an hour five committees, of ten earnest women each, were elected. One of these committees was from the Catholic church, and turned out to be one of the most effective.

Mrs. Hart, who was made chairman of the committee from the Methodist church, asked permission to name on her committee three ladies who were not members of any church, and Mrs. Lane, who was a Universalist.

Some general suggestions were made in regard to the

management of the committees in visiting the dram-shops, but finally it was concluded that every committee should be left to its own discretion. It was the general understanding that they should reason, plead, and pray with rumsellers, and report progress at a public meeting, to be held at the same church, on the following evening.

When the meeting was about to adjourn, John Lane rose, though, like most of the speakers, he had never said a word in a public meeting before, and said, —

"Mr. Chairman: I hope this meeting won't dissolve without setting the men to work. It seems to me rather mean to ask the women to do it all. Set the men at it. I move, if the women are going to take charge of the rumsellers, that the men look after the drinkers. I think that would be a good division of labor, and would work first rate. So I move, Mr. Chairman, that we appoint ten committees, of two men each, to go out and look up the drinkers, and report at the meeting here to-morrow evening."

Several persons thought it might work well, and so the motion was carried, and the ten committees were selected. Ten earnest men were first selected, and they were instructed to name their companions, who were then endorsed by the meeting.

The committees, women and men, all met the next morning at nine o'clock, at the ringing of the bell, in the same church, for a prayer meeting, and to divide the town.

When the hour for the meeting in the evening arrived, it was obvious that the Methodist church would not hold half of the people, and so the Presbyterian bell was rung, and it was announced that the male committees would make their reports at the other church. Of course the women at the Methodist church were the great attraction.

Mrs. Hart made the first report. She said, —

"We called first on old Mr. Jakes. He received us very politely. We talked with him for some time. He did not dispute us when we said that drink was the cause of nearly all our troubles. But he contended that his place was not half as bad as some others. We asked him, before we left, if we might sing a verse, and make a prayer. He made no objections; so we sang one verse of 'Nearer, my God, to Thee': and then we all knelt while Mrs. Thompson led in prayer. We offered the pledge which we had prepared for dealers to sign, in which they pledge themselves before God that they will never again sell intoxicating drinks. He declined to sign the paper, but promised to think of it.

"We went next to Poulson's saloon, but it was shut up, and the curtains let down, just before we reached it. Stopping at the door we sang a verse of 'A charge to keep I have,' &c., and then went to 'The Shades.' Billy Spooner came to the door to receive us, and very politely invited us in, and asked what we would have to drink. We talked with him for some time, and then asked him if we might sing and pray. He said that nothing was so much needed in his establishment as prayer, and he hoped we would drop in often. He declined to sign our dealer's pledge, but said in case he concluded to do so, he would call upon us.

"We then went to Richards's wholesale liquor house. He received us with cold politeness, and went on writing in his large account-book. He not only declined to sign our dealer's pledge, but would prefer we should not sing or pray in his place of business, and advised us not to call again.

"We then called at the little shanty known as 'The

International.' It is kept by Mr. Johnson, a colored man. He was extremely polite to us, and when we had finished praying, to our astonishment he himself engaged in a most devout prayer. And when we sang he joined with us, and sang louder than any of us, and promised that if the white gentlemen would stop selling, he would."

Although this report of Mrs. Hart was not especially encouraging, still Mr. Blaine thought it was wonderful that they were not insulted and hustled out.

The reports of the other women were not unlike Mrs. Hart's. Several of the places were closed against them. Squire Edmonds, who was present at the women's meeting, and who knew more about things than the rest of them, suggested that a committee of three women should be elected to call upon all the business men in town, to get their names to a pledge to close their places of business every morning at nine o'clock, or at the ringing of the bells, that everybody might assemble in the churches to pray an hour for the success of the Crusade. This, contrary to general opinion, it was found very easy to carry in a vote, and to accomplish, in fact. The business men did not like to stand out against popular feeling, and then they thought that if all closed, each would get his own share of business.

I had almost forgotten to tell you of the reports of the men's committees at the Presbyterian church.

John Lane reported that he and his partner, James Peabody, called first on Michael O'Reilly, over in the "Sandbank." For a wonder, they found Mike sober; but when they told him of their errand, the stout fellow ordered them out. But at length they secured a patient listening. He then acknowledged that what they said of the great harm of whiskey was all true; that it was

the great curse of his people, and made it easy for the English to rule over them. When we asked him to sign the teetotal pledge, he said he would think of it. We urged him, and promised to stand by him like brothers. He signed at last, and he is here to-night. I asked him to say before this meeting, whether he intends to keep this pledge. Michael rose in the midst of great enthusiasm, and said, —

"God helping me, I will keep my pledge."

John Lane crowded his way through the aisle to Michael, and taking him by the hand, exclaimed, —

"My brother, if you are ever in trouble, come to me, or send to me, and I will serve you to the utmost of my ability. God bless you, and help you to keep the pledge. I have just signed the same pledge myself, and I intend to keep it."

Nearly all the male committees made reports, which were more or less encouraging. It was agreed that each committee among the men would give at least one hour every day to looking up some drinking man, and with brotherly love try to win him.

Both meetings adjourned, and went home full of purpose and enthusiasm. The reports on the next evening were in the presence of immense meetings, running over with enthusiasm, but no great victories were announced.

CHAPTER VI.

GLORIOUS SUCCESS.

ON the fourth evening the report of Mrs. Hart "turned on the tap in everybody's eyes," as the world's people phrase it. To use a novel expression, "there was not a dry eye in the house."

Standing up there with her modest, pale face, she repeated, in her low, sweet voice, the story of "Richards's Surrender." The people already knew all about it, but it was so glorious, that they cheered and laughed, and cried all over again. The story, much condensed, was this: —

"We went to Richards's again this morning, and he received us much as before, though Mrs. Dame says she saw a tear in his eye, and she noticed that when we knelt to pray, a quick flush passed over his face. When we were about to leave, we again asked him if he would not sign our pledge, when he said, —

"Ladies, I shall be much obliged to you if you will not call here again. It annoys me."

"I told him," said Mrs. Hart, "that we must do our duty 'We believe God requires this effort at our hands. We must come every day till you close this place, if it takes a year. If you admit us, as you have so kindly done thus far, we shall be glad to come inside; but if you

exclude us, we shall sing and pray on the sidewalk, or in the street.'

"'Ladies,' said Mr. Richards, 'you don't mean to say that you intend to continue these visits?'

"'Yes,' exclaimed we all, 'we shall come every day if God lets us live, till you close.'

"'Then,' said Mr. Richards, 'I will close up now.'"

When she reached this point, the hundreds present sprang to their feet, and cheered till they were exhausted, while the women, and not a few of the men, were busy with the tallest kind of boohooing. When the meeting was sufficiently composed to permit Mrs. Hart to proceed, she began again; but the meeting cried out, —

"Take the platform! the platform! the platform!"

Squire Edmonds and Colonel Dodge, the two most respectable conservatives in town, sprang forward, and offered to conduct Mrs. Hart to the platform, and when they landed her by the side of the desk, and, bowing, were about to retire, the audience cried out to the two gentlemen, —

"Stay there! stay there!"

Mr. Blaine, who was presiding, a quick-witted man, and, as a Methodist minister, quite accustomed to stormy meetings, said in a loud voice, —

"Ladies and gentlemen, I move that Colonel Dodge presides at this meeting."

Half the men present seconded the motion, and a dozen voices exclaimed, —

"Rising vote! rising vote!"

Before the chairman had time to put the motion, everybody was standing and cheering, and all but the old people and the fat ones were up, on the seats, while many of the children were lifted by their parents far

above the general level. It took the chairman some time to get the meeting seated, and then Colonel Dodge rose in his dignified way, and said, —

"Ladies and gentlemen, you will please excuse me. I am not well, and must ask to be excused."

Mrs. Dame rose and said, —

"Mr. Chairman, I move that Mrs. Hart conduct Colonel Dodge to the chair."

This caused a great laugh, and when dear little Mrs. Hart started to come down from the platform to conduct the colonel to the chair, the meeting went wild. The colonel could not resist her gentle pull at his arm, though he would have given anything to have been at home. When his tall form, red face, and white cravat appeared on the platform, led by Mrs. Hart, who seemed like a little child leading a great man, the meeting became still more tumultuous. This was the strangest thing that ever happened in D. or anywhere. Colonel Dodge was the richest man in town, the man of purest blood, his grandfather having been a county judge; the colonel himself was a "graduate," had an immense library, which hardly any one was allowed to enter, was a regular wine drinker, smiled contemptuously at temperance people and all other lunatics, and was altogether at the very head of society.

When he walked up on the platform, and was standing before the meeting and getting ready to speak, the enthusiasm knew no bounds. At length, when order was sufficiently restored, Colonel Dodge said, —

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is the first time I ever presided at a temperance meeting. (Applause.) But you know women will have their own way. (Enthusias-

tic applause.) And now what is the further pleasure of the meeting?"

"Report! Mrs. Hart's report!" was the cry from all sides.

"The colonel turned to dear little, pale, timid Mrs. Hart, and, with a profound bow, which is popularly supposed to characterize "gentlemen of the old school," said, in his grand style, "Madam, you will please proceed with your report."

The brave little woman stepped forward, and began just where she had left off.

"I was just saying, when the great shout began, that Mr. Richards said if we had made up our minds to call every day till he stopped, he might as well stop now. We asked him if he would sign our pledge never to sell any more. He declined, but said that he would probably not resume the business. We asked him what he was going to do with his stock, which you know was very large. He replied that he would send it back to Cincinnati. Then we began to plead with him. We said, 'You are a rich man, and you have made your money out of this dreadful business. We are trying to stop it. We have no hope of making money out of our effort. Now, you can give us great help if you will only let us have your liquors to pour out on the ground.'

"'But, ladies, I have a large and valuable stock, and I can't afford to throw it away.'

"We plead very hard with him. We told him if he would only let us pour his stock into the street, when the news spread that Mr. Richards had given up, all the rest would give up at once. Mr. Richards then said, with a pleasant smile, —

"'I will tell you what I will do, ladies. If you will

get the barrels out of the cellar without asking the help of any *man*, I will give them all to you to pour into the street. If you ladies will get them out yourselves, you shall have them all.' (Loud applause.)

"Off went our bonnets, and shawls, and gloves, and down we went into the cellar (wild applause), and in half an hour the eighteen barrels were all on the side-walk. (Wilder applause.) Then the question was, who shall break in the heads of the barrels. Mrs. Sewall, who is one of our committee, noticed in the crowd poor Mrs. Smith, the wife of Bill Smith, and Mrs. Sewall said, 'There is Mrs. Smith; she has lived in such a hell for twenty years with her drunken husband, let her knock in the heads of the barrels.' 'But,' said Mrs. Phillips, 'there's Mrs. Ben Jenks; she has had a harder time, for her husband has nearly beaten her to death.'

"So it was agreed that these two women should have the axes. (Loud and long applause.) Some one had begun to ring the Methodist bell, and then they had started the other two bells, and they rung them just as fast as they could. Then the crowd — and everybody was there — began to sing, with wonderful power, —

'All hail the power of Jesus' name,'

and, in the midst of all this, with weeping, shouting, and 'Bless God!' 'Glory to God!' and 'Hallelujah!' from hundreds, the two women began with their axes. Soon the stuff was running down the street; some one touched it off with a match; there was a great blaze, a great black smoke rolled up and over the tops of the buildings — there never was such another scene on earth."

At this point everybody was standing, and they could hardly restrain themselves till Mrs. Hart had finished the

above sentences. Then there was loud and long-continued shouting. Some one began, —

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,"

which was sung to the end. This calmed the intense excitement, and the audience staid till eleven o'clock to hear the reports of the several committees.

Everybody was convinced, before they left the house, that Colonel Dodge was right, when he said from the chair, —

"I am convinced, ladies and gentlemen, that we are in the midst of a great and most beneficent revolution."

Mrs. Hart reported that when they reached the shanty known as the International, its colored proprietor said, in answer to their earnest invitation to sign the "Dealer's Pledge," that if they would have "the bells rung, and the crowd would come and sing and shout just as they did at Mr. Richards's, they might have his stock too, — every drop of it." But he said that, unless they made just as much fuss as they did up at Mr. Richards's, he would not give up. So the bells were rung, and the people came together again and sang until Mr. Johnson was satisfied; and he brought out his stock, which consisted of a pint of whiskey and about three pints of ale.

I must not forget to say a word of the reports over at the Presbyterian church, from the men committees. John Lane was the mainspring over there, as was Mrs. Hart in the women's meeting.

He made a most interesting report of success among well-known hard cases, several of whom were present to speak for themselves.

When John announced that a fast young man, known as Jack Stedman, had signed the pledge and was present,

and although he had said he should not speak a word, he thought they had better call him out, the audience began to turn their heads and look for a familiar face. He was the only remaining member of an old, wealthy family, one of the first settlers. He had received, by inheritance from his father, Judge Stedman, a large fortune, but had wasted it on fast horses and wines; but, notwithstanding his bad habits, had continued to enjoy a certain consideration, which such an inheritance always commands.

The audience called loudly for Stedman, and when at length they caught sight of him, they all turned their eyes in that direction, and shouted. Few men can resist such an appeal, and Jack was certainly not one of them. He rose in a back corner, and began; but the crowd cried, "Platform! platform! platform!" until Stedman went forward. When he walked up on the platform, and stood near the desk, his handsome face all aglow, the crowd sprang to their feet, swung hats and handkerchiefs, and shouted themselves hoarse.

But I have not space to go through with the three weeks' struggle in D. I must simply say that, at the end of that time, there was but one drinking place in D., and that was the den of a bad Irishman, known as Mack. It was located in a back, narrow, dirty lane, called Broadway. Mack was very popular with a certain class of low fellows, who were always ready to laugh at his vulgar stories, and to back him up in his defiance of decency.

Mack refused to admit the women to his place, and so the five committees went each in turn two or three times a day to Mack's den, and, knocking at his door and find-

ing themselves refused, sang a verse, made a prayer, and gave way to the next committee.

One morning, when Mrs. Hart, with her party, paid the first visit, the ladies were greatly surprised to find when they knocked, the door was quickly opened, and they were invited in. They asked permission to pray, which Mack acceded to with great apparent heartiness. The ladies sang a verse, and then knelt on the floor and engaged in prayer. While thus occupied, with their eyes closed, Mack threw a quantity of red pepper on the stove. The sneezing was instant and prodigious. There was nothing for it but to retreat.

CHAPTER VII.

WONDERFUL YOUNG LAWYER.

GEORGE WASHINGTON HOWARD, a low, drunken young lawyer in town, offered to help Mack out of the dilemma by getting an injunction against the women. He obtained such a document from a drunken judge against ninety-seven ladies who were known to be engaged in the crusade, and had the paper served on them all, forbidding them under heavy penalties from disturbing in any way the lawful business of the aforesaid Robert Emmet McEttrick. In these documents, and upon large posters, on which the awful prohibition, and the names of the trespassers upon the rights and dignity, &c., &c., of the aforesaid Robert Emmet McEttrick, were published, George Washington Howard was careful to have his name printed in large letters, as counsel for the plaintiff.

This dreadful paper frightened the women, and their husbands were afraid it might cost them money; and thus came about the first pause in the crusade at D.

I have said that Broadway was a very narrow lane. It happened that the land on the opposite side belonged to Judge McGraw, one of the eminent men of the state. He had read the newspaper account of the proceedings at D., and went over to see what it really was. Learning the situation, he said to the ladies, "If you wish to

use my land opposite that fellow's den, you can do so, and you may pray and sing as long as you please. Things have come to a pretty pass among us, if women, overwhelmed with the sorrows of intemperance, are not at liberty to go to the places from which all their troubles spring, and simply cry, —

"'Spare us! O, spare us!'

"I rather think we haven't got along quite so far toward the absolute despotism of rum, that we shall stand by and see our mothers and wives, sisters and daughters kicked out when they go to plead for mercy. Yes, ladies you may use my land as long as you please, and no one shall disturb you."

The young men of the place built a shanty for the ladies on the Judge's land, immediately opposite Mack's saloon. In one day it was completed; a big stove was put in, and the women were there singing and praying. A large window opened toward Mack's den, and the women had a clear view of all who went into his place, and of all the goings on.

Of course we know now that this was not the best way to conduct the Woman's Crusade, but they did not know it then.

CHAPTER VIII.

DEAR LITTLE MARY HART.

AFTER three days' prayer and singing in their "Tabernacle," as the young men had named it, Mary Hart, who had been very quiet but earnest in her mother's committee, proposed to go over alone to Mack's den. He had imported from a neighboring town a band of music, — not a good one, indeed, but very noisy, — and they had been playing all the morning, as loud as possible, to drown the praying and singing in the Tabernacle, which was scarcely more than twenty feet from the den.

The women in the Tabernacle were quite divided about the wisdom of Mary's going over to the den. Several of them were of the opinion that the thirty or forty great, coarse, drunken men over there would just swallow the poor child — would eat her up. Mary told the ladies, if they would excuse her a few moments, she would return and tell them whether she would go. Everybody knew, or thought she knew, where the girl had gone. When one of them wondered, or pretended to wonder, where she had gone, the rest of them in chorus said, "Of course she has gone to consult John."

They were right. She went to ask John if he had any objection to her going over alone to the den, where there were thirty or forty rough, wild, drunken men singing,

hooting, and swearing, all mixed up with the most horrid music by a brass band of drunken Germans.

If I were to write a volume about John Lane and Mary Hart, I could not give you a clearer conception of them than by repeating this conversation.

"Yes, my darling; I am perfectly willing you should go. I think you are right when you say that they may receive *one*, while they would not receive a *number*. And then, Mary, when they see your beautiful, sweet face, they will be disarmed. My dear, do you wish me to go to the Tabernacle and watch, while you visit the den?"

"No, John; I think it will be better that they should think there are none but women there. If they know there is a strong man standing behind me, they may think there is a chance for a fight."

So little Mary went back to the Tabernacle, and told the ladies, in her quiet way, that she would go, and that she should plead with them to break up their dreadful business, and should pray for them, perhaps kneeling in their midst. Before she left, they prayed that God "would go with thy maid-servant, and put thy loving arms round about her, and sustain her, and defend her in the presence of her enemies; that Thou wilt shut the mouths of the lions, and that she may pass through the fiery furnace without so much as the smell of fire upon her garments," &c. Then they all kissed her, and shook hands with her, and blessed her. When she was about to step out of the Tabernacle, she pressed her mother's hand, and whispered,—

"Don't be afraid, mother. When God has given us back our precious John, you needn't be afraid that poor, little, good-for-nothing me will be lost."

Mary said, as she started, —

"Please, ladies, don't let them see you watching at the window."

So, that their faces might not be seen from the Den, they drew back into the very rear part of the Tabernacle; but every eye was fixed upon the saloon. When Mary started to cross the street, the drunken horns were playing a staggering, noisy tune; but, as the sweet, girlish face approached the den, the music and the noise of the drunken crowd suddenly stopped. Mary walked slowly and timidly up to the door, and knocked. Mack himself opened it, and a conversation ensued between him and the young girl, which the occupants of the Tabernacle could not hear; but it ended by Mack's saying, in a loud voice, —

"Of course you can come in, if you want to."

Mary passed in, and the door was shut. The women listened with all their ears; but, although some of them thought they heard Mary's voice in prayer, they probably did not hear a sound from the den. Indeed, it seemed to be as silent as the grave. When it was thought that Mary's voice was heard praying, Mrs. Sterling, an awfully devout woman, whispered to a lady standing near her, —

"It does seem dreadful that she should pray, when she has never experienced religion, nor joined a church."

Mrs. Dame, a genuine Christian, exclaimed, —

"O, don't, Mrs. Sterling! This is no time for such nonsense as that. Such talk is all well enough when we have nothing on hand. Do you suppose, if the house is on fire, that you need belong to a church to pray for help to get out? Those nice distinctions are all well enough for fair weather; but, when a storm comes on,

then let everybody who has a heart call upon the Lord. I reckon he lets all His children call upon Him when they want to."

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when Mary left the Tabernacle of the Lord to cross over to the Abode of Satan; and, although it was not definitely agreed between Mary and the friends she left behind her, that she should return in any definite time, there seemed to be a general expectation that she would be back in a very few moments. At half past three they began to wonder, and to be a little frightened. By four there was great anxiety in the Tabernacle, and Mrs. Sterling proposed that they should all go over in a body; she was sure they would not kill them all, that some one would be left to tell the tale; and then she told how, when she was a girl, there was not a boy in the town that could catch her.

Pale little Mrs. Hart, with a strange smile, said,—

"I know Mary, and I think I know a little something of human nature; and I tell you, ladies, my daughter could not be safer if she were right here in my arms."

"How can you say so?" exclaimed Mrs. Sterling; "why, those men are just wild beasts, and they are all crazy with drink. I would not trust a daughter of mine there any quicker than I would trust her in a den of tigers. O, Mrs. Hart, it is dreadful! When I think what might happen, I declare it seems like flying right in the face of Providence, like fairly courting death. I tell you, Mrs. Hart, those creatures are totally depraved. Don't you believe in total depravity, Mrs. Hart?"

"I do not, Mrs. Sterling; and you do not; and there never was a sane man or woman in this world who did!"

"But, Mrs. Hart, I reckon I know what I believe, and I tell you I do believe in absolute, total, moral depravity."

"Then, Mrs. Sterling, why do not these men over there kill Mary? If they are totally depraved, they would stop at nothing."

"How do you know but that they have? For my part, I am afraid they have eaten her alive. I don't believe you will ever see a thread of her again, as long as you live."

With the same curious smile Mrs. Hart said in her low, sweet voice, —

"We will see."

And now it is half past four; and now it is five; but not a word has come from the den. They could see great coarse men leaning against the windows, but not a sound came across to them.

Just then the kerosene was lighted in the den, and immediately afterward the women saw a big, coarse fellow, whose immense shoulders had been resting against the window-frame, suddenly turn round and kneel down, with his face against the window, and close his eyes.

Little pale Mrs. Hart, with quivering lips and tears in her eyes, dared not trust her voice, but touching Mrs. Sterling's arm, she pointed toward the big fellow in the window, and they all instinctively knelt and remained in silence for some moments, when dear little Mrs. Hart broke out into such a prayer as her companions never heard before. One of the ladies said afterward that it would have melted a heart of stone; that they all wept and sobbed, so that it was almost impossible at one time to hear Mrs. Hart's words.

While they were still on their knees, they were star-

tled by the band, and loud singing over the way. It was, —

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

And then the big, coarse, red-faced fellow knelt at the window again, and all was still for a few moments. Then burst out, —

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,"

from the den.

The women collected about dear, pale, little Mrs. Hart, and caught at her arms, and cried and sobbed out, "God bless you, dear sister," as if she somehow were managing things over the way.

Mrs. Hart suddenly turned toward Mrs. Sterling, with the exclamation, —

"It is a falsehood, it is blasphemy, it is a horrible insult to God, to say that man is totally depraved."

Mrs. Sterling bowed her head, and was silent. The ladies said they never knew her to be silent before.

Pretty soon the big fellow at the window went down on his knees again, and this time the women did not kneel, but kept their eyes fixed on the den. Soon they saw big tears roll down the big fellow's cheeks, and then they heard masculine groans and amens, which grew louder and louder. The women were greatly excited, and Mrs. Sterling cried out, "Let us go over at once," and started toward the door.

"But," exclaimed Mrs. Dame, "what does Sister Hart say?"

She was not in the group which had been gazing at the den, and they turned and saw her standing in a back corner, glorified. Of course she ought to have been prostrate on the ground, crying, "Unclean, unclean, un-

clean!" but there she stood with her eyes turned upward, and her face all aglow with triumphant joy. Dear little Mrs. Hart had had a hard life, and she had almost never known even moments of triumph. The women gazed upon her, and at length Mrs. Sterling approached her, with the question, —

"Don't you think we had better go over there, and help Mary? She must be nearly dead by this time."

"No, dear friends, we will not disturb them. God is with her. She needs none of our help."

And now there came across to them, —

"Nearer, my God, to Thee," —

and this time without the band. Then they heard a man's voice in prayer, and many voices joined in loud "Amens," and "God have mercy on us." This was followed by

"Jesus, lover of my soul,"

sung without the band.

And this again by a long silence, which did seem as if it never would come to an end. Mrs. Sterling declared it a shame that they left that poor child to fight out the battle alone with that crowd of great wicked men, and, turning to Mrs. Hart, she said, —

"I am astonished, Sister Hart, that you let that poor, dear child, who never was strong, fight out this dreadful battle, all by herself. I think we ought all to go over in a body. Come, Sister Hart, let us go at once. You go ahead. If they come at us, I am sure there ain't a man among them that can catch me; I can run like a streak. I think it is downright cruel to let that poor, dear child bear the whole brunt of it. I am willing to bear my

part. Come, let us go over. I am dying to know what is going on."

The door of the den now opened, and Mary, a little paler than usual, but looking just like her mother, with that triumphant joy in her face, came quickly across the street with a sheet of paper in her hand.

The women opened the door of the Tabernacle, and stood ready to grab her when she entered.

Mrs. Hart was at the back part of the Tabernacle, and as Mary stepped into the door, she glanced quickly about the room, and catching sight of her mother, she threw up her arms, crying out, with quivering voice, "Mother!"

In the presence of such intense emotion the women separated, and let her pass through. With a little cry of joy the two were folded in each other's arms, and the women all stood about them ejaculating. But Mary quickly released herself, and holding up her paper, said, —

"Mother and ladies, Mr. McEttrick says he will stop if we will help him a little. I will read you what he asks us to do.

"'First. To buy his stock of liquors and his fixtures.

"'Second. To pay his rent of seventy dollars now due.

"'Third. To have the suit which has been begun against him for selling to minors, withdrawn.'"

Mrs. Hart said, when the reading was finished, —

"Ladies, in order to consider these propositions, we must come to order. Please take seats. And now what do you think of Mr. McEttrick's demands?"

Mrs. Sterling, who was always ready to speak on all occasions and on all subjects, had, in fact, one of those minds which are set on a hair trigger, rose and opened her miraculously large mouth, when Mary said, —

"If Mrs. Sterling will permit me one moment. You know, ladies, that Mrs. McEttrick is dying of consumption; and Mr. McEttrick thinks, on that account, the women ought to help him."

Mrs. Sterling then said, —

"It seems to me, Mrs. Chairman and ladies, that we ought to help Mr. McEttrick; and I believe that we ladies can go around this town, and collect money enough, before noon to-morrow, to make up all he asks."

Mrs. Sterling said a great deal more, — she always did, — but I do not care to put it down. There were forty-six ladies present that evening; and a dozen or more expressed the opinion that the saloon-keeper ought to be helped, and that they could easily raise the money.

Mrs. Hart asked if any other lady wished to speak, and as no other lady responded, she said, —

"If the ladies will excuse me for expressing an opinion, I feel it my duty to say, that I think it would be a great blunder to hire him to stop. In the first place, all the others who have received nothing would feel that we had been guilty of partiality; and then, I confess, it seems to me wrong to hire people to stop doing wrong. I think, however, it would be right to take poor Mrs. McEttrick and nurse her, while her husband is establishing himself in some other business. I should be perfectly willing to take her into our house, and keep her as long as she lives; and I am sure you ladies would help me take care of her."

It was always so. When Mrs. Hart made up her mind, the rest of them were sure, in the end, to agree with her.

"But," said Mary, "how about that suit which they have begun against him for selling to minors?"

Mrs. Hart replied, —

"Let us first attend to all the rest of his demands, and then we will consider the suit."

"Excuse me, mother," said Mary; "I see I was out of order."

It was finally voted that they should offer to take Mrs. McEttrick, but that they would not buy the stock of liquors, nor the fixtures, nor could they decide about the suit.

Mary was sorry to go back to the saloon with this report, because the men had been very kind to her; but it was obviously the right answer; so she went back and said to Mr. McEttrick,—

"As to the suit against you, the ladies can't decide; it is not in their power. But, Mr. McEttrick, I will pledge myself to have that suit withdrawn, if you will stop. I am perfectly sure I can induce Mr. Cheney to withdraw it; so you may regard that as settled. My mother and myself will take Mrs. McEttrick to our house, and take care of her until you are settled in some other business. The ladies will not buy your stock of liquors nor your fixtures. They have refused in other cases, and cannot be guilty of partiality; and they think it is your fault, and not theirs, that you have become involved in a bad business."

Upon this report there was a loud and somewhat angry discussion; but, after an hour alternating between the loud voices of men and periods of what seemed perfect silence, but which were, in fact, the times when Mary was speaking in her low, quiet, sweet voice, the dear girl came across the street again, to ask, if the terms given by the ladies were accepted, whether her mother would take Mrs. McEttrick immediately.

"Yes, yes," said little Mrs. Hart.

"But," put in Mrs. Sterling, "suppose they get her off on to you, and then they go right on with their dreadful business. I wouldn't touch her unless her husband will bring out his liquors first, and pour them into the street, and then take his oath in the presence of us all, and before God, that he will never sell any more. I wish I could go over there a minute, and look into their faces. *I* could tell whether they are trying to cheat us; but Mary has had so little experience, she can't tell about these dreadful men."

Mrs. Hart begged Mrs. Sterling not to go; but that earnest female felt she should die if she could not go over there and see how things looked, and hear what those horrid men had to say for themselves. At any rate, Mrs. Sterling insisted that the man should pour out his liquors, and make a little speech.

But Mary ran back to Mr. McEttrick's to report that, if he chose, he might take his wife to their house that very night.

It was accomplished next morning; and, when the poor emaciated creature was placed between the snowy sheets in Mrs. Hart's best bed, which had been moved into the parlor, and her poor, weary head sank into the soft pillow, and she saw Mrs. Hart and Mary going silently about, arranging numberless little comforts, she could not refrain from grateful tears, and a whispered "Thank God."

Mary had taken Mr. McEttrick's promise that he would stop, without asking him when, or what he should do with his liquors. These he sent back to Cincinnati, where he still owed for them, and his bar was closed from the hour his wife was carried out of the door.

Not a place was now open for the sale of intoxicating

drinks in D., though it was charged that one of the drug stores sold liquors for drinking purposes. The ladies called upon the proprietor, and he pledged himself again — this time very solemnly — that he would sell no more for use as a beverage.

CHAPTER IX.

THEY PREPARE TO CLINCH THE NAIL.

NOW that the drinking places were all broken up, and scores of men were afloat with nowhere to spend their evenings, and nothing to occupy their minds, Mrs. Hart began to say that we must have something to take the place of the grog-shops. A meeting was called in the Methodist church, which happened to be the largest in town, both as to its building, and the hearts of its members, and the subject of "What shall take the place of the dram-shops in our social life?" was seriously discussed. John Lane was exceedingly interested in this question. The male committees, which, before the work was accomplished, had grown into sixteen, of two men each, had now almost every man in town on their pledge; but John knew very well that unless something was introduced to take the place of the grog-shops, they would fall back again. So he sat near the desk ready to support any movement which promised to fill the aching void.

It was observed, with some surprise, that Mr. Richards, the converted wholesale dealer, was present. It was the first of the temperance meetings he had attended, and as he had been for some years an invalid, and seldom went out in the evening, everybody was astonished to see him there. Mr. Blaine was chosen

president, and after the usual introductory exercises, explained the object of the meeting, and he did it remarkably well, considering that he was a clergyman. With common sense and genial philosophy he showed how indispensable it was to the success of the temperance cause that, in the place of the abandoned rum-shops, there should be organized amusement-halls, coffee-rooms, reading-rooms, &c., &c.

The speeches, for a wonder, were all sensible, and remarkably good-natured, the town critic and snarler being providentially absent with articular rheumatism.

Near the close of the evening, Mr. Richards rose and said, —

"Mr. Chairman, if you will permit me to say a word, I would remark that I have not believed much in this temperance movement, for I have thought that, as soon as the excitement was over, everything would go back to the old way. But now you propose something which gives me confidence. But let me say, before I go on, that I have no doubt if I speak a word in favor of temperance, you will all think me a hypocrite; and yet it is absolutely true that there has not been a day in ten years that I would not have given twenty thousand dollars, besides losing the profits of a large business, to have secured the triumph of the temperance cause. But I knew that this cursing rum-sellers from the pulpits would never do any good; so, as the business would go on, I could see no good reason why I should not have the profits as well as anybody. I have tried to manage the business as decently as possible. I have never allowed any drinking in my place, beyond the tasting incident to purchases, and I never drink myself. I know my business was one link in the chain, but no more

wrong than the raising and selling of grain, with the knowledge that a large part of it finds its way to the distilleries, for a considerable part of the alcohol and liquors which passed through my house found their way into medicinal, chemical, and mechanical uses.

"But what I wish to say here to-night is, that you will do a very wise thing, if you push the enterprise you now have in hand; if you fill the void left by the disappearance of the drinking places, you will gather the fruits of your victory, you will clinch the nail. And to show you that I am in earnest, I offer the building which I occupied so long in my business, to be devoted to the important uses which have been named. You may have the whole building five years for nothing, and if then you wish to continue the occupancy, we shall have no difficulty in making terms."

John Lane sprang to his feet, and cried out, —

"Three cheers for Mr. Richards."

They were given with a will; then three more, and three more, and finally a tiger.

John Lane then proposed the appointment of a business committee, to consider the whole subject, and report at a meeting on the following evening. It was carried with a shout. John immediately made another motion.

"I move you, Mr. Chairman, that our generous friend, Charles Richards, Esq., be the chairman of that committee."

There was no chance to put the motion, for everybody sprang to his feet, or her feet, and shouted, "Aye!" Mr. Richards objected, but it was of no use. Twelve others were elected, six men and six women. Two of the men were nominated by John Lane, and they were

two of those who had kept grog-shops in the place. Three of the women belonged to what is called the working class, and one of them had kept a saloon.

They could stand no more in one evening, and adjourned.

If you could have followed Mrs. Hart and Mary home that night, you would have seen between them as they walked along a large, strong man. They were in very earnest, passionate conversation. I won't tell you who the man was, but you may have three chances to guess. When the three reached Mrs. Hart's, they found Mrs. Sterling there, full and running over. She began at once.

"I don't believe this movement will ever prosper. I tell you, Sister Hart, God will never bless it; never! never! never! He will never bless it in the world!"

"What is the matter with you, Sister Sterling?"

"How can you ask me? Was there ever such desecration of the House of God? Nine cheers, and that horrible leopard! Was there ever such a frightful noise? I felt as if I should scream! And then to appoint that miserable Richards as chairman. They might have spared themselves the trouble of putting me on that committee, for I shall never go, nor touch it."

Just then poor Mrs. McEttrick began to cough in the next room; and before she was quiet again, Mrs. Sterling left to give a piece of her mind to Mrs. Dame, her next door neighbor.

Before the adjournment of the meeting, Mr. Richards had asked the chairman to request the committee to meet next morning at nine o'clock, at his place of business.

All but Mrs. Sterling were present at the appointed

hour, and Mr. Richards suggested that before they began their discussion they should look over the premises. The building was seventy feet long, thirty feet wide, and four stories high above the basement.

John kept saying to Mary, by whose side he walked, "Splendid! splendid! Perfect! Complete! Just the thing! It could not have been made better, if it had been gotten up for the purpose."

When they had returned to the office, Mr. Richards, addressing John, asked, —

"Mr. Lane, what are your plans?"

John, turning his eyes toward Mary, said, —

"Mr. Chairman, if you please, I think we better ask the ladies first."

"Mrs. Hart," said Mr. Richards, "give us your ideas."

"I have had no experience in such things," replied Mrs. Hart; "but I have one thought which I should like to express. I am opposed to making this institution a religious one. To make it attractive to all classes, it must not be solemn and prayerful, but jolly, and free and easy. Praying people must do their praying in church and at home. I take the liberty to say this, because I believe it indispensable to the success of our work, and I thought it would be less likely to give offence if it came from me, as my neighbors know that religion has been the great solace and support of my life for many years.

"As to the various features or departments of amusement, I have no particular suggestions to offer. I will, however, remark, that I suppose dancing will be prominent. I never danced in my life, and I believe my daughter never has; but I have always observed that dancing has great attractions for young people, partly,

I suppose, because solemn people denounce it; but then, I presume, it really has, of itself, great attractions."

The discussion lasted for several hours; but when the people assembled in the evening to hear from the committee, dear little Mrs. Hart, who had been selected to read their report, could only announce that they had decided to devote the basement, which was very high and well ventilated, to dancing. There the dancers would not disturb others by shaking the floor. They had taken into their counsels a number of the most devoted of the dancing young people of the town, and they all agreed that the basement would make a perfect ball-room.

Mrs. Hart had also to report that they had determined to devote the first story to a coffee and reading room. The other three stories the committee reserved for further consideration. Within three days it had been determined to devote the second story to a library, a dressing room for ladies, a similar room for gentlemen, and a smoking room (with a secret resolution on the part of the ladies to make a gentle but earnest war on that nasty habit). The third story was to be devoted to chess, checkers, backgammon, cards, and other table games. The upper story was given up to billiards, with a secret determination on the part of a number of young ladies to give their spare time to that story until they could divide the honors with their gentlemen friends.

At the fourth meeting for considering their new scheme, they voted to call their institution "Richards Hall." When that vote was unanimously passed, Mr. Richards rose and made a hit, a palpable hit. He said, —

"Mr. Chairman, and ladies and gentlemen: This building must be handsomely fitted up, and it will require

money. This fitting up should be paid for by the rich men of the town, and then the contingent expenses should be met by regular dues, which ought to be the same for everybody. When the building is ready, I shall move that the dues be made three dollars a year. Let the poor working girl feel that she pays as much as anybody, and has the same rights. I am opposed to making it a charitable institution; charity demoralizes people.

"But, first of all, we must have the money to fit up. With the advice of the business committee, I have prepared a subscription paper for this purpose, and have taken the liberty to solicit a few subscriptions. Our friend, Colonel Dodge, put his name down first; but that was simply because I called on him first. The colonel, who, I am glad to see, is with us to-night, put his name down for $1000 (applause), and said he should save it in a few years in taxes, if this thing succeeded as he believed it would. Squire Edmonds is down for $300 (applause); Daniel Eddy, who, you know, can't write very well, contrived to make his mark for $500. (Applause.) Carl Swartz I found shoeing a horse, and when I explained to him, he put down the horse's foot, took an old steel pen, and went to digging at my paper, and made a large, dirty spot on it; but when I read 'Carl Swartz, $200,' I forgave him. (Loud and long-continued applause, the audience rising to their feet.) He says he will give that, if necessary, every year, to save his boys from the grog-shops. John Lane is down for $250. (Applause.)

"Well, I haven't been round much, but I have felt the pulse of our people enough to see that the money will come. We estimate that the expense will be about

$4000, besides the library and the billiard tables. The business committee think the billiard tables should be purchased by those who wish to use them. It is pretty clear to the committee that the funds left after the payment of the working expenses should every year be devoted to the library; but whether there should be a special subscription for the first purchase of books, we cannot decide. Some one has suggested that perhaps, if our institution promises well, the town library might be transferred to our rooms.

"But, Mr. Chairman, to return to our subscription for fitting up the rooms."

At this point Colonel Dodge rose and said, —

"Mr. Chairman (if the gentleman will permit me to interrupt him), I have always thought that Mr. Richards could read, but I now see that I was mistaken. That subscription paper he has not read as I saw it to-day. He told us that the first subscription was mine; but, if he will be kind enough to use my glasses, I think he will find that the first name is one 'Charles Richards, $1000.'"

The audience here sprang to their feet, and John Lane called for three cheers for Charles Richards. When these had been given with a gusto, and three more, and three more, and until the people were unable to shout any longer, a poor widow, Mrs. Burrows, whose husband and only son had fallen victims to drink, rose and said, in a trembling voice, —

"If you please, friends, put my name down on that paper for one dollar."

The house was instantly silent, and then were heard sobs on every hand.

The first words spoken were by Mr. Richards, who said, —

"Mr. Chairman, if there is no objection, I shall place Mrs. Burrows's name first on our list of subscribers."

The chairman said, —

"If there is no objection, Mr. Richards will be authorized to place Mrs. Burrows's name first on the list."

Before the meeting was over, the subscriptions for the new building amounted to $4650; and, before the end of the first month, the paper footed up $6325.

The good work went rapidly forward. Everybody offered to assist, and everybody was welcomed. Scores of the young people were there every evening, as busy as bees. It was at first resolved to have no carpets and no pictures till they got a little ahead. But the second story, which, you recollect, was divided between the library, two dressing rooms, and a smoking room, it was determined should have throughout, all except the smoking room, a handsome velvet carpet. John Lane and Mary Hart were appointed a committee to visit a neighboring town, and select the carpet. But I can't go into details. Nothing else was talked of in D. for several weeks.

Wednesday evening, February 4, was selected for the dedication.

Long before that day the whole story about John Lane had come out, and, of course, it was understood that the glorious temperance movement and Richards Hall really took their rise with him.

Now I must go back a little. You remember I told you that John and Mary were to be married on the first day of January, 1874. Well, it so happened that on that day John was up in his bedroom, in his mother's house, passing through that fearful struggle which I have described to you. When John got out, and felt himself able

to converse with Mary, he said to her, what was very natural for an honorable man to say, —

"I can't ask you to become my wife, and I never will ask you, until you are perfectly satisfied that I am safe. I should not be willing to become your husband until at least six months have passed away, so that I may be able to know that my demon would not return; that I am safe. So we will let the period of our marriage remain undecided, until you are satisfied that in marrying me you would not tie yourself to a madman."

Mary wept, and protested, but she had had long conversations with her prudent mother, who had prepared her daughter's mind for the postponement, which she was sure John would propose.

During one of the last days of January, Jane Dodge, daughter of Colonel Dodge, and the most beautiful and aristocratic young lady in town, got to thinking, one morning, before she rose. The outcome of that thinking you shall hear.

After breakfast she went over to Mrs. Hart's to communicate her bright thought to Mary, and she did it about in this way: —

"This morning the happiest idea came to me, that ever entered my head. And what do you think it is? It is just this: that on the night of our great inauguration, you and John are married. Wouldn't it be splendid? I could hardly wait to get my breakfast, before I came over to tell you about it. Why, Mary, what a thrilling interest it would give to the occasion; for you know this whole movement started with John; and now, after we have all learned about his history, and see, as we all do, that this temperance movement, and this new scheme of ours, will not only save all our young people,

but lift John Lane to the highest place among us, what a capital idea it would be! What a glorious plan, that you and he should be married on the night of the opening! Why, Mary, I will help you every way, and if you will let me, I will be one of your bridesmaids. I am sure my Charley would like nothing better than to appear as groomsman on that occasion."

To Jane's astonishment, Mary sat silent. Her eyes filled with tears, but she said not a word. When Jane urged her, and urged and urged, Mary said, —

"I must not tell you about it, but it cannot be."

CHAPTER X.

THEY CLINCH THE NAIL.

THE memorable Wednesday night arrives. Everybody in town, young and old, has been waiting for it most impatiently. It did seem, at one time, that it would not come at all; but as a matter of fact, it has, and the people of D., young and old, men, women, and children, are all on tiptoe. Of course, everybody knew that all of the inhabitants of the town could not get into those rooms, but it was hoped that somehow Providence would manage it. The basement had been beautifully decorated, and a capital band of music, of ten pieces, is seated in the little gallery of the dancing-hall, ready to begin. Very soon after dark the music and the happy feet are busy. A great many of the old men and women visit that room, more or less, during the evening, just to see what idiots young people can make of themselves; and the old folks laugh and rub their hands, nudge each other, and really do not seem to suffer very much by witnessing this scene of foolishness.

The next story above is as busy as thirty of the best young ladies in town, who have volunteered to serve as waiters, can make it, carrying refreshments hither and thither, occasionally letting fall a tray of dishes, which only adds to the general happiness.

If you go up a story higher, and choose to step into

the smoking-room, you will find Colonel Dodge, Squire Edmonds, old Steve Delemater, and Captain Calver, trying a new brand that has been ordered for that particular room. Of course, the ladies' dressing-room is not to be visited, and I can't describe its wonders; but you will see many persons gathered about the library cases, examining the few hundred books that have already found their way there; and on the walls, pictures, and other works of art, which have either been given or loaned by the well-to-do citizens, or which have been purchased by the Art Committee.

If you go up to the next story, you will see every table occupied with chess, or checkers, or backgammon, or cards, and you will hear an amount of jabber and boisterous mirth which will make it almost impossible to hear yourself think.

And then, if you go to the upper story, you will find some of the nobby young men of D., who have never had a chance before to show off to their lady friends, busy in what has been called the Gentleman's Game. The people are as full as they can hold. The converted saloonatics and their wives and daughters are present, as good as anybody. They are greeted and welcomed as heartily as our best citizens.

At ten o'clock, loud singing is heard from the first story, and everybody that can, crowds in. But what is that excitement at the door? The crowd separates, and two figures make their way to the platform. Before anybody seems to know what it means, the two turn their faces so that we know them. It is John Lane and Mary Hart, and she has on a white dress, and orange blossoms in her hair. Before the burst of feeling is fairly developed, Mr. Blaine rises, and lifting his hands,

says, "Let us pray." When the prayer is finished, he proceeds at once to perform the ceremony. When that is ended, and the concluding prayer is said, then begins the hand-clapping, and wonder and laughter. Within two hours the happy couple pass through every room of the building, receiving the congratulations of everybody, and — But how can I describe such a scene? Dear reader, if you could have been there, if you could have known all the circumstances, and have loved Mary Hart as they all did, and admired John Lane as they all did, — if you could have been in the midst of the great revival, and felt its heart-throbs as they did, — you would not have slept a minute that night, nor much the next.

As we all learned subsequently, Mary, after long consultations with her mother, told John, a few days before the dedication, that she would take the entire responsibility; he need not wait. He took her in his arms, and sobbed out, —

"My darling, you shall never be sorry. God helping me, your eyes shall never be filled with tears on my account, unless they be tears of joy." But I must not tell you about this part, for really it is all a great secret.

Two months after the consecration of Richards Hall, and when there were nearly twelve hundred members, composed of all classes, and calling into play every kind of knack, and tact, and talent, including a really fine dramatic club, and everything was working well, John and Mary concluded to make their wedding tour, and the whole town went to the depot to see them off. It was very strange, for if they had been married six months before, only a few relatives and friends would have followed them to the station; but you see Richards Hall had made the town all one family.

The crowd and the flowers, and the cheers and tears, the hand-shaking and kissing, made the conductor and passengers stare. The conductor cursed his luck, because he had not ten empty cars to accommodate the crowd. But when all this fuss gave him only one stalwart young man and one timid little girl, he wondered and wondered who they could be. Some one on the train started the story that it was the Prince of Wales. It was agreed all round that it must be some particularly big bug.

John and Mary made the tour of the eastern cities, and while in one of them, spent two days with Dr. Siwel Oid. From him I learned the story which I am writing with great pleasure to myself, and, I trust, dear reader, not without some interest to you.

CHAPTER XI.

GOOD! GOOD! CAPITAL JOKE.

A DOZEN of the bright young people were at work in Richards Hall, putting some ornaments on the windows and walls, a few nights after John and Mary had left, and all at once Charley Beck, Jane Dodge's lover, cried out, —

"Stop, every one of you, and listen to me. I have got the brightest plan you ever heard of; and now, girls, I want you to remember that this is *my* plan. It is this. When Mr. and Mrs. John Lane, Esq., return from the east, I propose we give them a surprise. The fact is, those two young people have really done more for the town, in pushing this temperance movement and Richards Hall, than everybody else in it. Why, if we could cipher it up, we should find, I do believe, that the good they have done, in a money point of view, would amount to more than fifty thousand dollars. Now, you know John hasn't much money. I propose we give him a boost; and I will tell you what my plan is. Bob Clark has to give up his new house, and go to Philadelphia. Now, there is a house that I should like to see John Lane and his wife in. It is just my idea of a cottage in which love can flourish. Bob told me to-day he would sell the whole concern, furnished (and it is the prettiest furnished house we ever had in this town), for $3500, and it never cost

less than $6000; but, as long as he is able, I don't care. Now, what do you say? Remember, now, this is my idea."

Jane Dodge, who was to be married to Charley Beck as soon as Colonel Dodge was satisfied that this temperance movement had helped Charley to permanently shift the switch in his social habits, walked up to her lover, and putting her hands upon his head, said, —

"Charley, Charley! this head is altogether too bright. You must have a poultice put on it. Really, you are getting dangerous."

But the notion took like wildfire. No one but Mrs. Hart, Mrs. Lane, and Mr. Richards were in correspondence with the absent ones, and these were put under solemn pledges not to communicate what was going on.

When Mr. Richards was applied to for a subscription, he said, —

"Well, I have given as much as I can afford to for this temperance business, but I will write my name once more; so here goes for $500."

Colonel Dodge declared that he really believed there was a conspiracy in town to ruin him, to make a pauper of him, to send him to the poorhouse; but he would not be beaten by Richards, and so he put his name down for $500.

And they went around, and there really was but little difficulty in raising the needed funds; though they did finally lack $100, and could not see just where to make it up. Then Mr. Richards declared that, as he was about ruined any way, he might as well die for an old sheep as a lamb; so he put down an extra hundred.

The money was collected, paid to Bob Clark, and a deed of the house and a bill of sale of the furniture were

made out in the name of Mary Lane. Then everybody was aching to have the wanderers return. News came that they would reach D. by the Thursday evening train.

Stepping out at the station, John and Mary were surprised, and really a good deal hurt, that no one was there to receive them. But pretty soon Richards stepped in, and greeting them, said, "This way," and took them to his own carriage, the handsomest in town. John protested; and, besides, he must attend to the baggage.

Mr. Richards said to him, —

"Give me the checks. I'll attend to your baggage; but you must get in there, and go where you are driven. It's all right."

The carriage was driven directly past Mrs. Hart's, where they intended to stay, and John opened the door and cried out, —

"Here! here! You are driving by. We want to stop at Mrs. Hart's."

"The driver said, —

"If you please, sir, it is all right. I have my instructions."

Soon they caught sight of that beautiful little cottage, which Mary had admired a hundred times, but the interior of which she had never seen. They saw now that it was brilliantly lighted. They were driven up to the door, the carriage was opened by Charley Beck, while a bevy of girls stood close behind, and behind these all the bright young fellows in town; and all were clapping their hands and crying, —

"Welcome! Welcome home! Welcome home!"

But such a scene is indescribable. Dear little Mary was almost carried by Charley Beck and Jack Stedman,

first into the little reception-room, then into the parlor, and the folding doors were opened, and there, in a perfect little dining-room, was a table with beautiful china. Tea was ready. Charley Beck, Jane Dodge, and Jack Stedman insisted upon serving as waiters. When all the surprise, and the laughing, and the weeping, and the supper were over, then the more formal part of the programme was begun.

They all assembled in the parlor and dining-room, leaving a little space in the middle, where stood Mary and John. Mr. Richards, then taking out of his pocket the deed of the estate, and the receipt for the furniture, and handing them to Mary, spoke his little speech.

"Dear Mrs. Lane: We, the citizens of D., have purchased this house and its contents in your name. They are yours. These papers make them so. We have long known you and your mother, and your noble husband and his mother, and we esteem and love you all. We all know that this most beneficent temperance revolution, and our amusement-rooms, may be traced to you and your husband. We feel that, in giving you this home, we give you no more than you deserve. We lose nothing in the gift; every dollar presented to you in the purchase of this home is money well invested. It will do us more good in giving than you in receiving. May you and your noble husband continue long in our midst, and make this home a little *rendezvous* for the earnest workers in every good cause."

"What's a *ronvue?*" whispered old Dave Spear.

Long before Mr. Richards's speech was finished, dear little Mary was very pale, and was clinging to John's arm. Some one said,—

"She is fainting."

"No," cried Mary, "I am not fainting; but what can I say? — what can I do? — how can I bear all this?"

John put his great, strong arm around her, and said, "Dear, dear friends, I have no words with which to thank you. I can't tell you; I wish I could, but it's no use. May God bless you! May God bless you!"

Soon, as if by some preconcerted signal, everybody vanished, and John and Mary found themselves alone.

The next day there were two cottages for rent in D., — the former residences of the widows Hart and Lane.

THE WOMAN'S CRUSADE.

THE Woman's Crusade in Ohio astonished the world. Now the people wonder that the women's movement in New England should accomplish so little. People have said to me, "The thing don't seem to work so well here."

The Ohio *thing* would work just as well here as it did in Ohio. The secret is, that the New England *thing* is not at all like the Ohio *thing*. It would be difficult to imagine two things more widely different. I have urged here and there, again and again, in New England, the employment of the Ohio tactics. The reply has generally been, that the means adapted to Ohio are not adapted to the refined tastes of New England. This is an entire misapprehension of the case.

Let me illustrate. I have recently held two mass temperance meetings in a neighboring city, and explained the methods which were so triumphantly successful in the West. After the second meeting, in an interview with the President of the Woman's Prayer League, I urged immediate action. Her reply was, —

"We are holding weekly prayer meetings, and praying God to close the dram-shops of this city. He will close them if He sees fit.".

I said, "Suppose to-morrow morning you rise, and, gathering your family, you pray, 'Give us this day our daily bread.' Rising from your knees, you look at the table, and find that the bread has not come.

"The children cry, 'Ma, I am hungry.'

"You say, 'Let us pray again,' and you repeat with still greater fervor, 'O Lord, give us this day our daily bread.'

"Rising from your knees, you again examine the table, and still it is bare. No one denies that God could give you the bread if He chose; but you may go on praying, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' until you starve; not a crumb will appear.

"The women of Ohio prayed no more earnestly than you pray; but they worked as well as prayed, and that was the secret of their wonderful success. You pray, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' and wait for the bread to come. The women in Ohio uttered the same prayer, and then they went to work and made the bread. That is the difference between the Woman's Temperance Movement in Ohio and the Woman's Temperance Movement in New England."

The lady asked me again if I did not think God could close up the dram-shops if He chose.

But, again, it is said that the tactics adapted to Ohio are not adapted to the refined tastes of New England. That the women of Ohio are quite as refined as those of New England, needs no proof or illustration with those who are familiar with society in both sections; and to say that the most refined ladies of that great and noble state — the wives of judges, congressmen, clergymen, the wives of the richest citizens, and ladies who stand highest in society — were the leaders in the Woman's

Movement in Ohio, is to repeat what is already familiar with the public.

No; it is not that the methods employed in Ohio are not adapted to New England; but the explanation is this: New England is given to essays, speeches, the "evolution of ideas;" while the West combines with thought, action! action! action!!

There is not a locality in the country where the tactics employed by the Ohio women would fail.

Again, there is a general idea in New England that the temperance revolution is to be achieved through public meetings. The rum-seller and the drunkard are away over there, a mile off. The rum-seller is on one side of the bar, the drunkard is on the other. The evil work goes on. We long to put a stop to it; it is the aim and object of the temperance movement. We gather in a church, sing, pray, and preach about the horrors of intemperance and the beauties of temperance, and, when the meeting is over, and we are walking past the rum-shop, we hear them inside singing, "We who drink are jolly good fellows," &c.

But to go back to the meeting. The good man, in his prayer, asks God to bless the truths which are spoken, to send them home to the hearts of every rum-seller in the land, &c.

Riding through Kansas recently, I saw here and there prairie chickens flying in the distance. If a man had loaded his rifle, put the breech against his breast, and, pointing it upward, had shut his eyes and pulled, no matter though he was starving, his prayers that God would direct the shot to the bird would probably not be answered. If he would have his prayer answered, he must

get up close to the game, and take good aim at the bird's heart. And if at the temperance meeting the speakers fire off their temperance platitudes into the air, no matter how earnestly they may pray that God would direct the shot so as to hit that rum-seller a mile away, it will probably not hit. If they would have their prayer answered, they must get *close* to the man, and take aim straight at his heart.

Nothing could be more pitiful than the present management of the Woman's Temperance Movement in some parts of New England. I have in mind a small city which has three hundred and forty known grog-shops. The good women of that city have organized a prayer league, and about a dozen of them meet once a week to pray God to close the dram-shops. The newspapers of the town report now and then that "the ladies of the Prayer League are busy and hopeful." Exactly what they are doing is to meet once a week to pray. They do not propose to do anything else. When you urge them to move on the works of the enemy, they stop all discussion by asking if you think God could not remove the curse if He chose; if you think His arm is shortened.

I never argue this, but always admit that God could close all the dram-shops if He chose; though I did venture the other day to ask one of these ladies why, if she trusted the closing of dram-shops exclusively to prayer, she did not leave the conversion of the heathen with God. Why send missionaries? Why not confine their efforts to prayer? And I asked her if she had ever heard of conversions among the heathen, except through missionaries and other similar means.

Important Suggestions.

I submit the following suggestions in regard to the management of the New Temperance Movement: —

We will consider the case of a town of ten thousand inhabitants, eight churches, and fifty grog-shops. The people resolve to banish rum. A meeting is called in the largest church, and results in the appointment of eight committees of ten women each, and twenty committees of two men each.

The women committees devote themselves to rum-sellers, the men committees to rum-drinkers.

The women go to the homes of rum-sellers, and to their places of business. They talk, plead, and pray. Each committee pursues the course which seems, under the circumstances of each case, lady-like and Christian, and they devote about two hours each day to their work.

The men look up the drinkers, and with brotherly love win them to sign the pledge and keep it; and they devote at least an hour each day to their work.

Meetings are held every evening for prayer, and to hear the reports of the committees.

It is a most effective measure to send out a committee of influential ladies to induce business men to close their places of business for an hour every day, that all may meet in the churches for prayer and consultation. I think an effort to accomplish this did not fail anywhere in Ohio, and it always proved a powerful aid.

As soon as the grog-shops are closed, or nearly all closed, the opening of holly-tree inns, amusement halls, &c., must be taken in hand.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WOMAN'S CRUSADE.

WHEN a boy I became familiar with the sorrows which intemperance brings to a home. I learned to hate intoxicating drinks. My observations in my own and other countries, during nearly half a century, have not abated that hatred. When the darkness became such that my mother could not see her way, she climbed into the attic, and we young people could sometimes hear her cry, "O Lord, how long! how long!" When she came down, her face shone like an angel's. The clouds were never so dense over our home, that mother's visit to the upper story did not part them, and let in the light of heaven. And now more than forty years after those sorrowful days, I believe that woman's prayer, and patience, and love, are more potent in the cure of intemperance, than all other agencies combined.

In this faith I tried, twenty-one years ago, to organize what is now known as the "Woman's Crusade." Several unsuccessful attempts were made. The first considerable success was achieved in Dixon, Illinois. It was about sixteen years ago. Dixon was quite a city even then, and had thirty-nine drinking places. They were closed in one week, and remained closed for some time. I shall never forgive myself for not remaining on the

ground, helping to organize social and literary clubs, and amusement halls, and other substitutes for the lighted, warmed, social dram-shops, and thus have fairly inaugurated the "Woman's Crusade." But at that time I was engaged in an effort to introduce a new system of physical training into the schools of the country, and gave only Sunday to the temperance work.

A few months later a Sunday was given to the temperance cause in Battle Creek, Michigan. There were about fifty drinking places, and the city had the reputation of being a "hard town." The groggeries were swept away like chaff before the wind; and the Rev. Charles Jones, a highly esteemed clergyman, in charge of the Congregational church in that city, and now located at Saxonville, Mass., thinks that then and there we just missed the inauguration of a great and beneficent revolution. Within the twenty-one years I have made about twenty attempts. One of the more recent ones was in Manchester, N. H., the largest city in that State. It was in the summer of 1869. In that city I made an earnest effort, with a fuller sense of the importance of the work. Some time was spent in preparing for it. The Hon. Luther Clark, United States Senator, was engaged to preside, all the prominent clergymen of the city were on the platform, and many other influential gentlemen, with whom I had conversed privately, were present, prepared to give their aid and co-operation. The meeting was a grand success. The next morning, by invitation of the mayor, the committees elected at the mass meeting assembled in the common council chamber, and at once made preparations to begin the good work. I was called back to my home that day by a misfortune in my private business affairs, and was compelled to remain at home

for some time. I will not say that my presence in Manchester would have prevented all mistakes, but certainly the friends of the cause made a serious one as soon as I had left them. Instead of going out and beginning their visits at the dram-shops immediately, they resolved to appoint committees to circulate a petition to rum-sellers, among all the women of the city. They went at this with great energy, and within a week had the names of nearly all the women in the city, and then they gave another week or ten days to printing these in a pamphlet. It made quite a volume. This cost a good deal of money; but worse than this, the enthusiasm which had been kindled at the great meeting died away, and when their volume of names was ready, there was no one ready to circulate it, or only a few, and they were not borne on by a grand passion, as committees must be in all great moral revolutions.

In the autumn of 1873 I went to Ohio, to lecture before the lyceums, on the "Higher Education of Our Girls," and having a spare evening at Hillsboro', I proposed to give them my old lecture, "The Duty of Christian Women in the Cause of Temperance" — a lecture which in twenty years I had delivered more than three hundred times. The circumstances were not peculiar, and I had no unusual expectations. But before the lecture was done, it was evident there was a deep, strong passion pervading the audience, and when I asked if the women were inclined to organize and attempt the suppression of the dram-shops, more than a hundred sprang to their feet. The public are pretty familiar with what followed. I went the next day to Washington C. H., one of the brightest towns in the State, and on Christmas day organized the temperance movement there. Washington C. H. was a town of about three

thousand inhabitants, and very drunken. They had told me at Hillsboro', "If you wish to work in the temperance cause, go over to Washington, and you will find enough to do."

In eight weeks the following appeared in that most excellent paper, the Cincinnati Gazette, and similar accounts in all the leading papers of the country: —

"—— —— ON THE FIRST BATTLE-GROUND.

"WASHINGTON C. H., Feb. 14.

"If, some six months ago, some one had stood before this community, and prophesied that yesterday Washington would be dressed in holiday attire to celebrate the victory over King Alcohol, to rejoice over the closing up of every rum-hole and saloon in the place, such a prophet would have been thought a fit candidate for the lunatic asylum. Yet hundreds of hearts beat in deepest gratitude that, in the providence of God, such grand results have been secured.

"The festivities of yesterday began with some general exercises at Music Hall, R. A. Robinson presiding over the meeting.

"At twelve M., an adjournment was made for dinner, which had been most bountifully prepared by the citizens in their homes, for invited guests and visitors.

"At one o'clock all gathered at the depot, and on the arrival of the Columbus train, —— —— was received with martial music, shouts of welcome, and cordial hand-shaking. The procession then moved to Music Hall, where the following appropriate address of welcome was delivered by Mrs. M. G. Carpenter: —

"'—— ——: In the name of the women of Washington, I welcome you. Eight weeks ago, when you first

came among us, you found us a people of warm hearts — generous impulses — fully alive to the evils of intemperance, and needing only the magnetism of a master mind to rouse us to a determined resistance of its ravages. Yours was that mind, —— ——. Your hand pointed out the way. You vitalized our latent activities, and roused us all, men and women together, and we have gone forth to the battle side by side, as God intended we should, ourselves perfect weakness, but God mighty in strength. He sent you here. He put the thought into your heart. He prepared our hearts to receive it. And now he has brought you among us again to gladden you with the fruition of hope long deferred — to see the seed sown years ago by your mother, springing up, budding, and bearing fruit. —— ——, I welcome you to the hearts and homes of Washington.'

"—— —— replied substantially as follows: —

"'Madam and Friends: I cannot make a speech on this occasion. I have always been on the frontier, always engaged in the battle of reform. And now to find something really accomplished, to find a town positively free from the curse of liquor-selling, it really seems as if there is nothing for me to do. I feel as one without working harness. But I will say this: none but God can ever know how much I owe to this town, nor how fortunate it was for me and for many others that I came here. I will not say that this is the only community in which the work could be begun. The heroism and self-sacrifice displayed in other places would make such a remark invidious,' &c., &c."

I have given you the results in one of the Ohio towns.

THE CURE FOR A BALKY MULE.

ONE day last spring, while coming up Fulton Street, in the city of New York, my attention was attracted to a crowd a little way up the street. Upon reaching it, I elbowed my way through, and found it was a case of balky mule. The mules were very small, and the load of brick was large, and in the steepest part of the hill the rear mule concluded to retire from business.

The driver was a big brute, and flourished a savage black-snake whip. One fellow in the crowd cried out, "Cut him under the belly."

Another cried, "Hit his ears. That'll fetch him."

And still another, "Build a fire under him. There's some straw! Build a fire under him. That'll fetch him sure."

The driver was meantime busy with his black-snake, and re-enforced it with the most terrific profanity. I stepped toward him, and expostulated.

"Don't, for mercy's sake, don't! That won't do any good."

"Who are *you?* You mind your own business, and I'll tend to my mule;" and the crowd hooted, "Out with him! out with him! Give him the whip."

Just then a big negro stepped forward, and said, —

"Boss, if you'll stop lickin' the little cuss, I've got some medson 't'ill cure 'im."

"You shet up your black yaup, or I'll give it to you," was the driver's gentle reply.

With a broad grin the negro repeated, —

"Boss, if you'll stop lickin' 'im, I've got some medson 't'ill cure 'im."

As the teams were accumulating above and below, and as the crowd was rapidly augumenting, and two or three policemen were trying to clear the street, and as the driver saw that his tortures did no good, he cried out, —

"Here, you nigger, what is your medicine?"

"I want to talk to the little cuss. I want to whisper to 'im."

With a nine-jointed oath the driver consigned the black man to the infernal regions; but the negro persisted, —

"Look a heah, boss. I was born among the mules, and brought up among the mules, and I tell ye, I know all about mules."

"Well, try yer medicine, quick."

The negro at once put his cheek against the mule's nose, and began with his hand to pat his neck, rub his ears, and repeat in a low, soft voice, —

"Poor fellow! poor fellow! poor fellow!"

After a few moments the negro said, —

"Now, boss, if you'll tech up t'other one, this one'll go, I reckon."

The driver touched the other mule, which had been willing to go all the time; not anxious, but rather willing; and when that one started, and the negro said to his mule, in a pleasant, coaxing voice, "Come, old feller, don't

be a foolin'," off he went, leaping and tearing up the hill as hard as he could go.

I looked round upon the crowd, and saw scarcely a face that did not show disappointment. They evidently felt that they had been cheated out of a feast. They were eager to have the poor creature beaten and tortured into submission.

This is the spirit in which drunkards were treated until the Washingtonian days. They were loathed and kicked. They were solemnly assured that not only was there no place on earth for them, except the gutter and the drunkard's grave, but that the gates of heaven were shut against them.

A few drunkards in Baltimore, in their despair, looked up to God, and in his love he pitied and helped them. He taught them that love was all-sufficient. The good work began. Brotherly love triumphed everywhere. No more scowls, no more curses, for the drunkard; but everywhere men went down to him in his darkness and sorrow, put the arms of their fraternal love about him, and led him up into the light. In an evil hour the prohibitory law came, and love died out.

In the same bitter spirit we continued to treat the rum-seller until last winter, when the women of Ohio, filled with the spirit of Washingtonianism, went about pleading and praying with rum-sellers. That wonderful movement, known as the "Woman's Crusade," will never be fully comprehended. The results in the way of closing rum-shops were astonishing. More were closed in three months, in Ohio alone, than have been closed in the whole country, by prohibitory law, since the inauguration of that law, a quarter of a century ago. And what is most important, under the "Crusade," the dealers, in

great part, stopped willingly, and then heartily co-operated with the women in their good work. One such abandonment of the business is worth more to the cause of temperance than a hundred closures by the constable.

TREATMENT OF THE INSANE.

THE insane, all over Europe and America, were treated with dreadful cruelties. They were confined in stone cells, chained by both ankles to the floor, the left wrist often chained too, only the right arm left at liberty to feed themselves; and they were left often for weeks at a time in their filth, their meagre food being pushed in through a hole in the door. They received no other attention, unless they made a noise, in which case a long stick was thrust through the hole in the door, and the poor creatures were beaten over the head. Such was the treatment of the insane up to eighty-four years ago.

Let me conduct you into the directors' room, in an Insane Asylum in Paris, eighty-four years ago the first day of last January.

Eight pompous Frenchmen occupy large arm-chairs. One of them, a gross, red-faced, bald man, occupies the largest chair, and sits a little apart. He is evidently their chairman. This is the Board of Directors of an immense Insane Asylum. They are awaiting the arrival of the newly-appointed medical director — the famous Dr. Pinel.

Now he enters, a large man with a striking face — it is at once remarkably strong and singularly tender. The

directors rise to receive him, and the chairman introduces such of them as had not before met the distinguished gentleman. There seems nothing remarkable in this meeting, but it is fraught with great and beneficent consequences. Dr. Pinel takes the proffered seat at the right hand of the chairman, and a general conversation ensues.

Soon the chairman ventures to express surprise that Dr. Pinel should have accepted the appointment.

"Surely," says the chairman, "you could not have accepted the place for the honor or the money, and we have been wondering what could have influenced you."

Dr. Pinel, in a voice of marvellous sweetness, replies, —

"Gentlemen, so far from refusing the appointment, I sought it. My purpose is one which, I fear, may not interest you, and which you may not even fully comprehend. The treatment of the insane is everywhere barbarous and brutal, a shame and disgrace to our civilization. I propose to introduce another and a better system. I propose to introduce a system composed of reason, patience, gentleness, and love."

"But," exclaims the coarse, insensible chairman, "do you think you can cure that barber with love? Listen: that is his voice you hear now. Do you think you can manage him with love?"

"Gentlemen," responds Dr. Pinel, "we might as well begin now, and if you will wait for me an hour, I will try my new system on him."

"I have no objection, Monsieur le Docteur; but don't go into his cell, for when I told him this morning that you had been appointed superintendent, he exclaimed, 'Let me get at him, and I will cut his throat.' So keep on the outside, and out of his reach."

Dr. Pinel tells the story: —

"I walked quietly down the corridor, and looking through the little hole in his cell door, I said, —

"'Good morning, my brother.'

"Clutching at my face with his free hand, he yelled at me, —

"'I'll brother you! Let me get hold of you. I'll brother you.'

"I continued in the kindest manner and voice to repeat, —

"'My brother, I love you, and have come to serve you. I will do everything in my power to make you comfortable and happy. My dear brother, God knows I would die for you if need be.'

"He continued for some minutes to spit at me and curse me, when all at once his hands dropped by his sides, he became pale, and turned his face away as if ashamed.

"I then said, —

"'My brother, I unlock the door and come in to you.'

"The poor fellow exclaimed, half ashamed and half frightened, —

"'O, doctor, don't come in, for God's sake, don't come in! don't! don't! O, I shall kill you! I know I shall!'

"'My brother, you would sooner kill yourself than hurt a hair of my head. I am coming in.'

"I then unlocked the door, and stepped into the cell. I stood immediately in front of the insane man. A sudden impulse seized me, and opening my arms, the poor fellow opened his, and enfolding each other, we wept on each other's neck.

"I then said, 'My brother, I now unlock your limbs.'

"He cried out, 'O, don't. I shall certainly hurt you.'

"'No,' was my reply; 'you would not, you could not harm me.'

"I unlocked his ankles and his wrist, and then putting my arm about him, I led him down the corridor to the wash-room, where with my own hands I bathed him. Then taking him to the great wardrobe, I dressed him in good clothes, and conducted him to the room where the directors were still waiting. When I opened the door, and the chairman got sight of my companion's face, he sprang up, and cried out, —

"'My God, let me get out!'

"I backed up against the door, so that he could not escape, and said, —

"'Don't be alarmed; my brother here is clothed, and in his right mind.'

"When we were quietly seated, the chairman, who was disposed to justify his suspicions, said, with considerable passion, —

"'This man told me this very morning, that he would cut your throat, if he could get at you.'

"'Ah!' said I, 'and that reminds me that I have not been shaved this morning, and my brother must shave me.'

"He quickly knelt at my side, and clinging about my knee, exclaimed, —

"'My brother, don't tempt me now. I see it all. I shall come to it, but not now.'

"'O,' I said, 'we must show these gentlemen. It is very important. Yes, my brother, now! Bring the soap and razor.'

"With a pale face and trembling hand he shaved me very nicely; and from that hour we began the new system, with the full co-operation of the board."

From that day the new gospel for the insane began to be preached all over the civilized world. One of the German states has abandoned its large, gloomy stone buildings, with its cells and bars, and their hundreds of insane are kept in little villages, and there, living out in the sunshine and fresh air, and surrounded by birds, flowers, the love of women, and the prattle of children, they recover with a rapidity which astonishes medical men. Within a few years, in this country, the bolts and bars must give way for a better system.

Nine people in ten, when they hear of a wrong-doer, no matter who or what he is, double up their fists, and cry out, —

"Why don't you hit him? Hit him! Smash him!"

With the great majority of people, this is the first impulse, and I suppose it is still the habit with many parents, when their children do wrong, to beat their heads.

And if their neighbors, whom they do not love as well as their children, do wrong, their first impulse is to hit them hard. They cry out, —

"Arrest them! fine them! imprison them!"

We have come, not so very far back, from peoples and tribes that lived in the base of their brains, and we have not yet risen quite out of their low level of passion and brute force.

MAJOR BARRON.

CHAPTER FIRST.

HIS ENGAGEMENT.

MAJOR BARRON, formerly of Lynchburg, Virginia, removed to the city of C., Ohio, while still a young man. When the war broke out, he was about twenty-five years of age; went out in the —— Ohio regiment as a captain, and returned home, at the close of the war, with the rank of major. He did not lose a leg, but he acquired a passion for strong drink, and when he returned home, Nelly Stearns, to whom he had been engaged for six years, was solemnly warned by many friends.

At the dinner given in honor of their return, the major was called out for a speech, and disgraced himself. At the close of the dinner, he so far forgot himself as to go directly to Nelly's beautiful home, and walk into the drawing-room, drunk.

When the major was helped away, poor Nelly fled to her chamber, overwhelmed with mortification and grief. Opening the drawer in which she had packed away the hundreds of letters received from him during his absence in the army, she took up the bundles, one after another, fondly kissed them, and exclaimed, —

"Is it possible? God have mercy on me! I could

not have believed it, but it is true. I saw him. He is lost! He is lost! O, what shall I do? What shall I do? Father and mother will never consent — never! never! And if they did, how could I? If he would come. before our marriage, intoxicated, into my very home, what would he not do after our marriage? The dream is over. I must give him up. Yes, I must give him up. When they told me about it, I did not believe them; but now I have seen it myself."

Three hours later, Major Barron sent a note to Nelly Stearns. It was written with a trembling hand, and was full of remorse. He was so nearly insensible when calling at her home, that he began his note with saying, —

"If I called upon you this afternoon in an unfit condition, I beg you will excuse me. It shall never happen again. I am distressed with the thought that I have wounded your feelings," &c., &c.

Nelly read the note, and sat a long time holding it in her hand, and gazing out of the window. Then she went to the drawer, and took out the last letter he had written, before leaving the South. She read it over and over, stopping to wipe away her tears at the end of each expression of passionate love. She recalled the scene of the afternoon, and again read the. note of apology. Was it all a dream? and should she awaken to find that her lover was the same pure, chivalrous being that she had followed to the front, when he first went out to fight the enemies of his country? But a glance at the scrawl she had just received recalled her to the wretched truth.

The relation between Nelly Stearns and her parents, was one of great confidence and singular tenderness. After supper, Nelly sent to ask her father and mother to come to her chamber.

They found her sitting on a low stool in the corner, with a pale face and reddened eyes. The mother went quickly to her daughter, and knelt by her side. Nelly threw her arms about her mother's neck, and burst into tumultuous grief. They all wept together, and when the paroxysm had passed, they sat down to consider what should be done. The day for the marriage had not been appointed; but it was understood, before the major left the South, that the wedding should occur immediately upon his return. The father said, —

"After what has happened, he will not expect the marriage to occur very soon. It never shall take place at all, with my consent, until I am perfectly satisfied that this dreadful affair was a pure accident, or until I am convinced, beyond a doubt, that he has reformed."

The mother hoped it would all be explained when they saw Clarence, and she proposed that they send over a note requesting him to come to them. Nelly was sitting on the little stool in the corner, her pale face buried in her hands, saying nothing, but occasionally responding to what her parents said, by a low moan. When Mrs. Stearns proposed to send the note, asking Clarence to come over and see them, Nelly moaned out, —

"O, I can't see him; it is impossible. But, of course, you ought to see him, father."

So Mr. Stearns wrote the note, and late in the evening, Major Barron came, and was shown into the drawing-room, where he found Mr. and Mrs. Stearns waiting to see him. They both rose and received him in a manner becoming the situation. He took a seat on the other side of the room, and Mrs. Stearns began at once: —

"Clarence, we are overwhelmed. We tried to think there was some mistake, some misunderstanding; but no; you have disgraced yourself, disgraced us, and broken all our hearts. How could you have done so?"

The good woman had said all she could, and broke down. Mr. Stearns said, —

"Major, your condition to-day, as described by my wife, was certainly most unexpected and mortifying. We had been informed, by a person in your regiment, that you were using intoxicating drinks; but we scarcely believed it, or supposed it was in some way incident to the exposures and trials of a military campaign. We were not prepared for the exhibition in this room to-day."

Major Barron replied, —

"My friends, I shall not defend myself. I came over because you requested it, and I will hear everything you choose to say. It was a disgrace — an outrage. Indeed, I have no language with which to characterize it, and I trust you will feel at liberty to speak your minds. I know I deserve the worst that can be said. Indeed, I but utter my real convictions when I say that I deserve to be shot, or, a hundred fold worse, to be cast off by you and your daughter."

The mother, who had partially recovered from her emotion, interrupted the major with, —

"How could you do it, Clarence? I never would have believed it possible!"

"Indeed," exclaimed Mr. Stearns, "it is most inexplicable. I can't comprehend it."

"But," said Major Barron, "while, as I have said, I shall not defend myself, I may say that if you could have spent a month in the service, even what occurred to-day would not astonish you. When men get away from women, and especially when in the army, which, in an enemy's country, leads a reckless, wild, dare-devil life, drink, drink, drink, is the order on every hand. They count the dead and wounded, and then they think they have all the losses of the war. They don't count the

thousands who, while in the army, learn to drink that dreadful poison — yes; tens of thousands of them. Almost every man in my regiment has fallen. God alone knows what a sacrifice the country has made in the bad habits which men have learned in the army. During the first year I adhered to my temperance principles, and a number of others in our regiment did. But when I was promoted to the rank of major, I gave a dinner. At that dinner I drank wine for the first time in my life. I had no idea, then, that drinking one glass would lessen my power to resist the next one, and that the second glass would lessen still more my power to resist the third. I was taken home drunk. Drunk? Yes, drunk! The next morning, when I awoke, I was ashamed of myself, and wanted to hide. I felt that I must crawl away somewhere out of human sight; but soon my fellow-officers came in, and were so hearty and brotherly, that my shame quickly passed away. Some of them proposed, seeing my haggard face, that I should take something to set me right. Fool that I was; I drank a glass of whiskey, and within a few hours was dead drunk again.

"The colonel, who was my true friend, and has been through everything, came to me when I was sober again, and after some very kind-hearted, brotherly talk, advised me not to drink more than a single glass at a time. He said, —

"'A single glass hurts no one.'

"I did not then know that with me a single glass meant drinking till I was dead drunk, and I have never since been able to really convince myself of this, although I know that I never take one glass without following it up by others. I have never been able to convince myself, when the opportunity for drinking one glass is presented, that I can't restrain myself. Now you can understand the whole, miserable, wretched story.

"The colonel, who has been more than a brother to me, has protected me from disgrace and expulsion. But for his brotherly forbearance I should have been turned out of the service long ago. Of course I have not looked forward to a marriage with your daughter without the solemn purpose to abandon intoxicating drinks; but I have been surrounded by companions who are in the habit of drinking constantly, and so I have been postponing the final relinquishment of this bad indulgence until I should be out of the service."

The parents and the major, after the first awkwardness and emotion were overcome, talked freely, and until a late hour. He left a kind message for Nelly, and when he was gone, the parents went directly to Nelly's chamber, and found the poor child paler than before, but with the same wretched expression, crouching in the corner on the same stool. They repeated to her the principal portion of the conversation with Clarence, and the mother helped the poor child to her bed.

CHAPTER SECOND.

THE ENGAGEMENT IS BROKEN.

THE family heard nothing of Major Barron for a number of days, and then he sent a sad note to Nelly, asking an interview, and suggesting that it should take place in the presence of the parents. At the appointed time they met in the Stearns's drawing-room, and after a few moments of embarrassment fell into an old-time chat. Before leaving, the major, with painful emotion, said,—

"I asked this interview that I might speak frankly with you, Nelly, and with your parents, about our mar-

riage. Under the circumstances, it seemed to me only honorable that the conversation on that subject should not be between you, Nelly, and myself alone, but that your parents should be present.

"Let me say that I should not be willing to marry you, if, under the circumstances, you were willing. This dreadful weakness, which I never knew until I entered the army, makes it impossible that we should discuss the marriage as a near event, and, for the relief of all concerned, — that you may be free and escape the embarrassments which must exist, under a mere postponement of the marriage day, I have resolved to ask you, Nelly, and your parents, to permit me to release you from the engagement; or, if you choose to put it in any other form, I shall not object. I can't ask you to release me: that would hurt me, because I should feel it might hurt you. But if you will permit me to release you, and your parents will consent; when I feel that I am worthy of your love, and you feel, if you ever can, that I am worthy of you, I shall come again. I can never love any other woman."

At this point poor Nelly burst into convulsive weeping, walked quickly to Major Barron, and reached out her hands. He kissed them eagerly, and she quickly passed out of the room. The major remained a few moments longer, and the parents thanked him for his honorable conduct. They assured him that their daughter's choice had been a source of great pleasure and pride to them; and nothing but the recently discovered fault could have induced them to think of a postponement of the engagement. They thought, as he did, that, under the circumstances, it would be well to consider the engagement as broken, and to leave both parties free. If, in the providence of God, he and Nelly should come together again, they hoped it would be with the

same hearty indorsement and complete satisfaction that had marked their relations during the past. As the major was about leaving, with a great deal of feeling he said, —

"I think it best that I should not meet your daughter again for half a year. I shall never use any more intoxicating drinks; but I think, in justice to her and you, that at least six months should pass before I come here again.

"If you please," added the major, "give a good by to Nelly, and say to her that, if half a year from this time I find her disposed to receive me again, I shall come. In the mean time, I am going away to begin life anew in an eastern city. During the half year of my absence I shall strive to make myself more worthy of Nelly than I have ever been."

With a faltering voice he said, "Good by."

MAJOR BARRON IN BALTIMORE.

Major Barron was a lawyer, and a singularly brilliant advocate. He possessed that sort of nervous intensity which is as dangerous to its possessor as beauty to a woman. It is as difficult for a successful young man of that nervous, intense temperament, to pass through the temptations of social life. without accident, as for a young woman, with little intelligence and moral purpose, and great personal attraction, to reach her twentieth birthday without accident.

Major Barron would gladly have concealed from his friends at C. his new place of residence; but in these days a man in public life does not easily hide himself from any portion of the people. So within a week after the major announced in the Baltimore papers that he had

opened an office for the practice of law, the Stearnses knew all about it, and learned that he had gone to the —— hotel to board. Mr. Stearns remarked at the breakfast table, the next morning after he had heard the news, that he was very sorry Clarence had gone to a hotel, and more especially to a Baltimore hotel, where the habits were likely to be of a dangerous sort. The ladies entered into this apprehension, and thought that if the Conways, cousins of Mr. Stearns, who resided in Baltimore, would get acquainted with Clarence, and invite him to make their house his home, it might protect him. Mr. Stearns at once wrote a letter, and Colonel Conway, who was himself a lawyer, called upon Major Barron and gave the invitation. The major knew the relation between the Conways and the Stearnses, and at once divined the source of the movement. After some days he called, and found them in an aristocratic neighborhood, in a beautiful house, and that the family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Conway and two fine daughters. Mary and Kate, who were in the secret, urged the major to come and be their brother. The result was, that although he perfectly comprehended the motive, and although it was a confession of weakness, he consented; and within a month after his arrival in Baltimore, he was at home with the Conways, and was like a brother to the girls. The Stearnses were delighted!

MARY CONWAY'S BIRTHDAY.

Not a word passed between Major Barron and the Conway family in regard to his relations with Nelly Stearns, nor in regard to the unfortunate weakness which had so changed his plans. But every day a letter was written by one of the girls to Nelly, in which the conver-

sation, and the games, and everything in which they thought Nelly might be interested, were given.

Colonel Conway, like most gentlemen in Baltimore, had wines at dinner, and his sideboard was always abundantly supplied. The young ladies were in the habit of drinking more or less with their dinners, and, without a thought of danger to their companion, frequently asked him to join them in a glass of wine; but he uniformly declined. One day at dinner, Mary, the older daughter, and a remarkably intelligent and fascinating girl, begged the major to take a glass of wine with her — it was her birthday. The major politely declined, but she urged him.

"You have never drank a glass of wine with me. Come, this is my birthday, and you know that won't come again in a year. Just take one glass."

The glass was passed, the major sipped, but before dinner was over, he had drank that and two other glasses; and when he passed his glass again, Mary, with a blush, said, —

"Major, I don't think you ought to drink any more. You know I only asked you to drink one glass."

The major replied, —

"O, you think, then, that I have drank as much as is good for me?"

"O, no; not that," said Mary. "I will give you one glass more, but no more — remember."

They sat up waiting Clarence's return till midnight.

THEY FOUND HIM AT LAST.

At the urgent solicitation of his wife and daughter, Colonel Conway went down town to find the major. He did not find him that night; but the next morning, he

found him at a small hotel in a low street. He had already begun to seek relief from the headache and despair by a glass or two of whiskey. When the debauch was ended, the major did not return to the Conways, but went back to the hotel, and sent for his trunk. Mary Conway, who felt that she was responsible for the calamity, drove down in the family carriage, walked into the major's office, and begged him to return to the house. The major very politely but firmly declined. Miss Conway urged so hard that, at last, he was compelled, in self-defence, to say, —

"I am afraid to sit at your table. I could not ask you to abandon wines. Your father has been accustomed to them all his life; but I cannot drink a glass without the dreadful consequences which came from the one I drank with you. I feel, if I sit with you at your table, I might again indulge the insane thought that, for once, I could drink one glass without drinking a second, and a third, and a twentieth. It is every way safer for me to remain here at this hotel, where I can be by myself. I am afraid that I am a lost man. I am perfectly satisfied it is a moral impossibility for me to drink one glass, and not follow it by many; and I begin to fear that it will be impossible for me to resist the multiplied temptations to drink the one glass."

At last Mary said there was somebody at the house who wished to see him.

THE MEETING.

"Tell me, is it Miss Stearns?"

"Yes, major; it is Miss Stearns, and she is dying to see you."

"Does she know of my recent fall?"

"Not one word. We have not written her a word, and she shall know nothing of it."

"I will go with you immediately."

They drove at once to Colonel Conway's, where the major had the great pleasure to meet his idol.

Major Barron was a proud man, and at the bar possessed remarkable poise and power; but he had a warm heart, and loved this girl as he had never loved any other creature. When the family had retired and left the major with Nelly, he dropped on his knees by her, and, putting his face in her lap, began to weep. Nelly was overwhelmed. What could this mean? The strongest, noblest man she had ever known was bowing at her feet, and weeping like a child. She cried out,—

"O, Clarence, what does it mean? O, do tell me what is the matter!"

Suddenly, still remaining on his knees, he raised his head, and exclaimed,—

"Nelly, I have fallen again! I am lost! You must give me up! All your prayers, and hopes, and tears, must go for nothing! I haven't moral strength enough to live in this world!"

This sudden and tender appeal gave Nelly strength, and she begged him to sit by her, and tell her all about it.

He told her the whole story, accusing himself somewhat too severely, and refusing to tell her under what circumstances he drank the first glass. He simply told her that a friend asked him to join in a glass, and all the dreadful debauch had come in consequence of it.

"Nelly," he exclaimed, "you must not trust me! I can't trust myself. I believed I could. I believed I was strong enough when separated from my army companions, but I have now lost all confidence. I can't be shut up in prison, and I must meet the temptation everywhere; and I am so constituted that I cannot resist it.

"But," he continued, "I am not the first miserable wretch who has fallen in this way. My grandfather died of *delirium tremens*, and I have no doubt my father would have died of the same horrid malady, had he not been lost at sea. Here I am, following in their footsteps, and I tell you, before God, that if you were to offer to marry me to-day, or twelve months from now, and if, during the whole twelve months, I had entirely abstained, I should not then have any confidence in myself.

"I came here to Baltimore, directly from you, full of courage and bright hopes. I have been here but a few weeks, and, without any great temptation, have fallen. It is all over."

They sat till near daylight, talking, weeping, and almost despairing.

At breakfast the next morning, the Conways, in Nelly's presence, urged the major to come again and live with them. When Nelly informed her lover that she intended to remain some time, he consented. And again the major was a part of the happy family.

The major resumed his business, and spent his evenings with Nelly.

A FAMOUS TRIAL.

The trial of a famous murder case then came on, and Major Barron was engaged as junior counsel. He made a great hit in the opening speech, and for two weeks was occupied day and night, with very little sleep or rest. The prisoner was acquitted, and several dinner parties were given by his friends. Major Barron was believed to have turned the tide — in fact, to have extricated the accused from a web of circumstances that seemed at one time impossible of solution. He was a conspicuous figure in the social entertainments.

I need hardly say to those who have had any acquaintance with high life in Baltimore, that wines occupied the principal place in the refreshments on these occasions. Major Barron was in that strained, nervous condition, which makes the will so weak in resisting temptation to indulgence of appetite, and he actually wavered again and again, when ladies, not knowing his peculiar weakness, urged him to join them in a glass. But Nelly was with him at most of the receptions, and he contrived to make his way through them all without falling.

Poor Nelly could not comprehend her lover's weakness, and had no thought that but for her presence he would have succumbed. She felt, now that Clarence fully comprehended the danger of the first glass, he was safe, and the future bright. So, after remaining some weeks with the Conways, she returned to her home, carrying to her parents the bright hopes which filled her own soul.

It was their custom to write to each other daily, and Major Barron was entirely frank in telling Nelly from time to time of the temptations which beset him.

DESPAIR AND COURAGE.

At length came a morning in which the looked-for letter did not arrive at C., and the next morning, and the next. Mr. Stearns telegraphed Colonel Conway, to ask if Major Barron was sick. The reply was,—

"He is not sick; letter coming."

The Stearnses were overwhelmed, and from being confident and happy, became correspondingly wretched and hopeless.

Colonel Conway's letter arrived two days after, with the information that Major Barron had suddenly disappeared, and they had not heard from him for nearly a

week; that inquiries had been made at his office, at the hotels, and at other places throughout the city. He had been heard from once, as in a very "unhappy condition," then all trace of him was lost.

The poor mother could not restrain her tears. Nelly's face was pale, but she did not weep. She went to her room, and returned in a little time in a travelling dress, and, with a calm, quiet manner and voice, said,—

"I am going to Baltimore, and I shall remain there as long as I can help him."

The parents said nothing of improprieties; nothing of the danger of travelling alone; nothing of their premonitions; for they saw in Nelly's face something which forbade all interference.

CHAPTER THIRD.

THE NOBLEST HEROISM.

THE next train took Nelly Stearns to Baltimore. Mrs. Conway and daughters were full of sympathy, but Nelly was very calm. She simply said, upon learning that they had heard nothing from Clarence,—

"I shall find him, and, if you please, I will go alone."

It was early in the morning when she reached Baltimore, and before noon she had inquired at all the hotels and many other places for a "tall, handsome gentleman, with light hair, blue eyes, a soft voice, and pleasant manners,"—but she could hear nothing of him. Before night, she had visited all the places where policemen, who kindly proffered their assistance, thought the gentleman might be found. Just after dark, she met an officer who thought he had seen such a person in ——

Street — the most abandoned neighborhood in the whole city. Nelly turned into this street, where she saw, in the open doors, women, whose dreadful occupation she quickly divined, dallying with low, drunken men. She would have been overwhelmed, only that her heart was filled with another thought. She passed quickly through the street, but seeing nothing of the object of her search, asked some of the creatures that she saw in the doorways whether they had seen such a person as she described.

A large, coarse, brutal man, half intoxicated, noticing the girl, staggered out of the door, and tried to put his arm about her, and began to speak to her in a wheedling tone; but when he caught sight of Nelly's face, he quickly turned back. The girls were touched by her anguish, and very politely answered her questions. They had seen nothing of the person whom she described.

Just then a blear-eyed creature came staggering along; one of the girls called him, —

"Jack, pr'aps you know something about this yer gentleman."

After a few irregular movements, Jack came to a stand, and trying to think for a while, said he knew where that polite gentleman might be found, but wouldn't show the girl for less than a fiver. When this was explained to Nelly, she took out her purse, gave the man five dollars, and then followed him. He turned down a dirty, narrow lane, utterly vile and sickening in its sights and smells, and at length began to climb a flight of outside stairs, with his bare feet, and Nelly followed close upon him. Reaching a loathsome upper room, sickening with stenches, she found lying on the floor, with torn clothes, and filthy, bleeding face, her lover, Major Clarence Barron!

She did not scream, she did not weep, but said calmly to the men, who were lounging about,—

"If you will help me get this gentleman into a carriage, I will pay you well."

She resolved, as soon as they were in the carriage, not to return directly to the Conways', but to take Major Barron to a hotel. Fearing she might not be received, with such a man, at one of the best hotels, she inquired of a policemen for some small hotel, where they would receive her, with an intoxicated man. The policeman thought that the International — a very small hotel on B Street — would take them. Thither she was driven, and in half an hour Major Barron, still insensible, was lying on a bed, and Nelly was kneeling by his side, and with wash-bowl and towels was trying to remove the filth and blood-stains from her lover's head and face.

She at once sent a messenger to Colonel Conway's, with a note, written without the slightest tremor, asking for a quantity of the major's under-clothing; and immediately sent to his room two men, she had picked up in the house, to remove the major's clothing, bathe him, and dress him in clean clothes. Soon she was by his side again, and there she remained watching and waiting.

FAITHFUL CHARLEY.

I have forgotten to mention that when Major Barron first went South, he took with him a beautiful spaniel puppy, which turned out a remarkably handsome and intelligent dog. He was a great pet in the regiment. Everybody knew him, and talked to him, and he thereby acquired a rare intelligence. His devotion to Major Barron was the subject of frequent remark, and not a few of his fellow-officers and soldiers had shed tears

over Charley's devotion to his master, during his fits of intoxication. Major Barron had brought Charley back with him to C., and took him to Baltimore. Indeed, they were inseparable companions.

When Nelly found the major in that dreadful place, lying flat on the floor, with his face exposed, and the flies crawling over it, Charley was lying close by, his face nearly touching the major's. It was almost impossible to induce the dog to permit the two men to lift the major, and carry him down stairs to the carriage. He would not at first allow even Nelly to put her hands upon his master, or to brush the flies away; but at length he remembered her, and became satisfied that they intended no harm to his master. He walked close at their heels, while his master was being borne to the carriage, and springing in, lay down under his feet. During their stay at the hotel, the dog insisted upon lying on the bed near the major, and, indeed, never left him for a moment. This accounts for the fact that the major's valuable watch and a considerable sum of money were found on his person, no one caring to examine his pockets while exposed to the teeth of such a vigilant and determined watch-dog.

THE MAJOR RETURNS TO CONSCIOUSNESS.

When the major returned to consciousness, he at first seemed hardly to realize Nelly's presence, but after a time started suddenly, gazed at her, rubbed his red eyes, tried with his dried mouth and tongue to speak her name, and then began to talk incoherently. As soon as he exhibited evidences of returning consciousness, Nelly sent below for strong coffee and some delicate nourishment. Several times during the morning she gave him

a cup of coffee, and such nourishment as he would take. At ten o'clock he was sufficiently restored to comprehend the situation, and said to Nelly, —

"This is all useless. You are wasting yourself upon the most miserable wretch on God's earth, and I will not consent to it. *I will not consent to it!* If you will be kind enough to step out, and let me dress, I will go away. I will go out of the country. I will not consent that you shall be tortured any longer with such a despicable wretch. There is no use in all your prayers, and love, and agony. It will all do no good. You can't save me! I can't save myself! God can't save me! I am lost! I am lost! I must go to hell! Nelly, let me go, and I promise you, solemnly, that you shall never hear from me again. Go home to your friends. Forget me. You don't know, you can't realize, how utterly unworthy of one word from you, I am!"

Nelly made no answer. She did not weep, nor moan, but with the sponge she had in her hand she continued to bathe his face, and by and by asked him what she might order for his dinner. He declared he wanted no dinner. He wanted nothing to eat; but he insisted that he would no longer pollute her with his presence. She ordered some dinner, and with great tenderness fed and nursed him. At night she had a settee brought in, and when he needed no special attention, lay down and tried to rest.

The next morning she had his clothes brought in, for she had had them taken out of the room, and concealed, that he might not be able to rise and go out before he had fully recovered. After breakfast a carriage was called, and they rode for some hours. At night they were driven to Colonel Conway's, and were received without any expressions of wonder, without any comments; and the major, with an air of reserve and mortification, fell gradually back into his usual life.

CHAPTER FOUR.

THE DAY DAWNS.

NELLY STEARNS remained at Colonel Conway's for a month, and one evening, when she and the major, who had meantime recovered his cheerfulness, were sitting alone, she said, after a long silence, —

"Clarence, I think we had better be married. I must make a home for you. I have been consulting a medical man, who seems to me the wisest and the best physician I have ever met. He tells me there is no doubt, if your health could be made good, if you could have the best food, and regular sleep, and a uniform, pleasant, social life, with the very best hygienic conditions, you would be perfectly safe. I have taken the liberty to tell him, without mentioning any names, all the circumstances of our relations, and I asked him if he thought there was any danger in our being married. He assured me that it would be entirely right for us to marry. I have taken the liberty to arrange an interview, for both of us, with him to-morrow evening."

Clarence sat for some time holding Nelly's hand, and then taking her in his arms, and pressing her to his heart, he said, —

"No, no; it must not be! I will never consent that you shall make such a sacrifice! If, for five years, I could remain perfectly sober, I should then be willing; but, with this recent disaster — no, it must not, it shall not be!"

THE WEDDING AND THE HOME.

They went together to call upon the doctor, and after two or three hours' conversation, returned to Colonel Conway's, and before they retired, Nelly fondly kissed her lover, and whispered, "Please get ready; to-morrow we will go home and be married at once."

The parents were frightened and distressed, but everything gave way before Nelly's strong purpose, and a quiet wedding took place in the drawing-room at Mr. Stearns's. A fortnight after, they returned to Baltimore, and were very soon established in a beautiful cottage on —— Avenue.

Nelly was at once the most gentle and deferential wife, and the most determined mistress.

If the theatre or opera was proposed, Nelly replied in her quiet way, —

"We don't visit such places. We retire at nine o'clock."

When friends were invited to spend the evening with them, the invitation always mentioned from half past seven to nine, or from eight to nine. This was a great innovation upon the social habits of Baltimore. and Nelly was assured it would give offence. She replied, without vehemence, but in a manner which every one understood to be final, —

"Under all circumstances, we retire at nine o'clock; nothing but desperate sickness could induce me to alter the rule."

Her parents wrote that they should visit her within a few days, and would arrive by the nine o'clock morning train. Clarence proposed that they should defer their breakfast until the arrival of father and mother. Nelly did not say, I shall insist that we breakfast at the regular

hour, eight o'clock; but going to her husband, and kissing him in her fond way, she said, —

"No, my darling, we take our breakfast at eight o'clock."

NELLY'S SYSTEM.

In important legal business the major was very strongly tempted to remain down town during the evening; but when he proposed it to his wife, and assured her that coming home at six o'clock would involve a sacrifice, she simply said, —

"If you are not here by the car which comes up at six o'clock, I shall drive down for you immediately, and bring you home, unless you thrust me out of your office by force. I will sacrifice everything for you; I will die for you — you know it; but while I live I shall live for you. The hour for your return in the evening is six o'clock: the hour to retire is nine o'clock; the hour to rise is seven; the hour for breakfast is eight; and the hour for our luncheon is twelve; the hour for our dinner is a quarter past six. Our food, our drinks, our baths, our social amusements, our whole life, you know, my precious husband, each and every feature, has long been a matter of careful and prayerful study. Every one of the medical men assures us that your safety depends upon high health, and calm, quiet nerves. If, when I interfere with any departure from this hygienic life, I stand in the way of your plans, you may strike me down, but until I am struck down, until I am insensible, there I shall remain, and wait, and plead, and insist. I have the most devoted and loving husband in the world, and, God helping me, I will preserve him, I will live for him, and, if need be, I will die for him."

BALTIMORE RECEPTIONS.

The Barrons were frequently invited to spend an evening out, and they often attended social gatherings and quiet parties, but invariably returned home at nine o'clock. One evening they were invited to attend a party at the residence of Mr. B., one of the merchant princes of Baltimore; and when the Barrons sent their acceptance of the invitation, the B.'s, knowing that they would leave at half past eight o'clock, determined upon having their refreshments served early, that these most beautiful and brilliant people might join them.

At table, Major Barron sat at Mrs. B.'s right hand, and Mrs. Barron at Mr. B.'s.

Mrs. B. received from the servant two glasses of wine, and passed one to the major,—

"Major Barron, will you join me in a glass of wine?"

Immediately, and before the major had time to reply, Mrs. Barron rose, and with that peculiarly pale face, but with a quiet, steady, gentle voice, said to Mrs. B.,—

"Madam, I am very sorry to interrupt the pleasure of the company, but there are reasons why we must return home immediately."

"Yes," said Major Barron, rising, "I see by my wife's face, that there is an urgent reason why we must return home."

Everybody was surprised and mystified, but soon the Barrons left, and the party went on.

The next morning Mrs. B., fearing that some sudden illness might have been the occasion of the untimely departure, drove to Mrs. Barron's to inquire. Finding them well, Mrs. B. took the liberty to ask Mrs. Barron if the occasion of their leaving so suddenly was as she

thought it. Then Mrs. Barron told her caller, in a few words, the truth in the case, and Mrs. B., after a time, came to fully comprehend the situation. She said, before leaving, —

"Will you permit me to invite you and the major to our house next week, to attend a little party, not unlike the one last evening, at which there shall be no wines?"

Mrs. Barron sprang to her feet, and seizing Mrs. B. by the hand, exclaimed, —

"Thank you! thank you, my dear friend! I thank you with all my heart! Without consulting my husband, I will say that we shall be most happy to attend such a gathering."

It was arranged. The party was especially *recherché*. The wines did not appear, and there were wonder and whispering, here and there. But after Major Barron left, the facts came out. Within a week the Barrons had twenty invitations to attend parties, with a little private note addressed to Mrs. Barron, in which she was assured that the bad habit (everybody knew it was bad) of serving wines would be omitted on this occasion, and that refreshments would be served at eight o'clock. I need hardly say to those who have considered the wonderful susceptibility to improvement among all classes, when the suggestion comes from the right quarter, and in the right spirit, — that a remarkable revolution in the matter of wines, at social entertainments, was soon inaugurated in Baltimore.

It is in the power of any little quiet woman, with the thought and the courage, to contribute more to the happiness and welfare of society, in correcting its abuses, than is generally accomplished by a thousand.

A FUNERAL.

On the sixth anniversary of Nelly Barron's wedding day, there was a sad funeral at her house. A dearly-loved member of the family had died. A beautiful, rose-wood coffin rested on the table in Nelly's sitting-room, and she sat by its side, weeping. Near the window sat Major Barron, with little Clarence and Nelly on his knees. The children were weeping boisterously, and the major looked very sad. But the great grief was in the wife's heart.

Let us look at the silver plate.

"Charley Barron — a devoted friend. May we meet in heaven."

We will look into the casket. The long silken ears, the large, beautiful head, the rich gold and yellow, are all as perfect as they were that day when Nelly found him in the wretched den, watching by his master's face. Only the eyes, which do not close, show that the faithful, loving creature, had died in a ripe old age.

In the evening, when the family had returned from the cemetery, where they had placed Charley in the family burying-ground, Nelly sat in her husband's lap, and putting her arms about his neck, wept long and tenderly. The husband fully comprehended all that was in his wife's heart, and while he passed his hand over her beautiful head, smoothing the brown hair, he could only repeat, —

"My precious darling, you saved me, and he helped you! Yes, you saved me! You saved me! O, what devoted friends!"

THE CONCLUSION.

The major now stands at the head of his profession, in the city of P., and at the last congressional election was solicited to run for Congress. A committee of gentlemen called upon him, and he told them frankly, that he should be most happy to occupy a seat in Congress. It had long been his wish to spend a season in Washington, but he hardly knew whether his wife would consent. He would consult her, and if she had no objection, he should certainly put himself in the hands of his friends.

The practice of his profession had become somewhat monotonous, and he thought that a couple of winters in Washington, would afford a pleasant relief.

At the tea table that night, he told Nelly, and hoped that under the circumstances she would not oppose his nomination, for he should be very sorry to deny himself the relief and the honor.

Nelly was silent, but was unusually gentle and tender toward little Nelly, who sat on one hand, and little Clarence, who sat on the other, and looked a little paler than usual. The husband understood her, and did not again allude to the subject. The next morning, when his friends called, he said, —

"Gentlemen, my wife has not told me that she has the least objection to my accepting the nomination, but when I proposed it, she did not seem particularly enthusiastic; therefore I shall decline the invitation. I thank you, gentlemen, but I would rather dig in the streets than do anything which my wife does not heartily approve."