

water, in order to defend itself against the influence of the alcoholic poison, imparts a portion of its water to dilute the offending agent, and thus mitigate its destructive effect. In habitual dram-drinkers this process must go on continually; hence the result is uniformly a consolidating or hardening effect on the whole nervous tissue, thus perverting all the natural sensibilities, and, in effect, paralyzing the organ of mind.

SPIRITUOUS AND MALT LIQUORS.—The popular opinion that the effects of spirituous and malt liquors are somewhat different on the system, is probably well founded. Hogarth, in his "*Beer Alley and Gin Lane*," has ludicrously though faithfully represented the differences in the appearances of beer-toppers and spirit-tippers. The first are plump, rubicund, and bloated; the latter are pale, emaciated, and tottering, and all are diseased and debilitated.

ALCOHOL AND DIGESTION.—Dr. Beaumont, in his experiments on St. Martin, found that both wines and distilled spirits invariably interfered with regular digestion, and produced morbid changes in the mucous membrane of the stomach.

Poetry.

ADDRESS TO LEGISLATORS.

To those whose duty and whose right it is to license, as they say, for public good, the sale of Rum

To you, ye guardians of the public weal,
Into whose hands the sacred trust is given;
To you, to whom the duty is assigned,
To check the tyrant's power, and sustain
The feeble in their strife against the wrongs
Of rich oppression, and of legal power;
Where Equity's strong claims are hushed aside
By legal violence; and the hedge broke down,
Which law and equity combined, had placed
Alike around the feeble and the strong.
Of you, who hold this sacred trust, I ask,
How long shall strong aggressors mark their prey,
And crush them with the "iron heel of law?"
Tell us, ye legislators, O! how long
Shall suffering humanity still groan
In vain, at doors of legislative halls,
Beneath the loads of misery and woe,
Of widowhood, and orphanage, and crime,
Which from corruptions 'sealed fountains' flow,
By more than thrice ten thousand "licensed" streams,
Sealed by the State's broad signet; with her stamp
Of approbation on each grog-shop door;
While every vender, in his work of death,
Wipes his smooth lips, and says—"I've done no wrong.
If I were not to sell, why, others would;
If men are fools to drink, I'm not to blame;
If they make sots and drunkards of themselves,
That's their look-out, and no concern of mine.
It's that fool's-pence by which I make my gains.
My business is a lawful one, and right;
I've paid the price stern justice claimed of me,
What would you more? Besides, I tribute pay,
And help to fill the coffers of the state."
Thus is law's mantle wrapt securely round
Their guilt-stained shoulders; thus they strive to hide
The sad misdoings of their cursed trade,
Which fills the land with wailing and with woe,
With pauperism, wretchedness, and crime,
Scattering their arrows, firebrands and death!

Shame on Columbia, endless, lasting shame,
That law is of its majesty disrobed,
And sentry stands at every grog-shop door,
Spreading *Legality's* broad shield all o'er
These 'breathing holes' of 'deep damnation's pit.'
Why should the State's broad signet longer stamp
Her approbation on this work of death?
Why should she thus with legal hands uprear
These "charnal houses" o'er this goodly land,
And pander to the cursed love of gold?
Thus making merchandise both of the bodies
And the souls of men; while sober industry
Is forced to groan beneath a burthen she
Can badly bear; and bleeds at every pore
By TAXES levied for rum-sellers' sake.
And not alone our purse, but every sense is taxed.
"Pass where we may"—as Cowper said and sung
In days of yore—"through city or through town,
Village or hamlet, every twentieth pace
Conducts th' unguarded nose to such a whiff
Of stale debauch, forth issuing from the styes
That law has licensed, as makes temperance reel."
While horrid oaths, and curses loud and long,
And fierce blasphemies, shock the passing ear,
As makes the heart turn sick, and almost faint.
But for your sanction, this would never be;
But for your licensed leave, these deeds of darkness
Would by night be screened; and daylight would not
Blush that Christian rulers in a Christian land
Should fight against the truth, and arm themselves
Against that gospel light which breathes of nought
But "peace on earth," and heaven's "good will to men."
Nor is the brightest light of glorious day
Much more at variance with the darkest night,
Than the full tide of evils which do spring
Right at your bidding, and doth set, with all
Their weight of sorrow and of woe, right full
Against the circles of domestic bliss;
Bearing away their every earthly prop,
Withering their brightest hopes, blasting their joys,
Scattering far and wide the noble fragments
Of a noble mind. Nor does the tide stop here;
But, gathering strength, and swelling as it flows,
Breaks down the barriers of the public peace,
And wrecks the nation's health, and wealth, and fame;
Destroying whatsoever things are pure, and just,
And true, and holy, and of good report.
"Ah! why will men forget that they are brethren?
Why burst the ties of nature, that should knit
Their souls in the soft bands of amity
And love?" "Father of men! was it for this
Thy breath Divine kindled the vital flame?
For this, thine image fair stamped on his soul
With God-like lineaments, only that he
Might reign supreme in woe?"

CHRISTIAN KEENER.

Baltimore, June 1, 1848.

WOULDEST THOU BE FREE?

"Man of Toil, wouldst thou be free?
Lend thine ear to Reason's call;
There's folly in the Drunkard's glee—
There's madness in the midnight brawl;
The Ribald jest, the vulgar song,
May give a keener sting to care;
The riot of a reckless throng
May lead to ruin and despair;
Let Truth unloose thy fettered soul,—
There is no freedom in the bowl.

"Man of Toil, wouldst thou be wise?
The paths of moral right explore;