

which befel the respective families, was the legal facility given to make and sell the liquor poison everywhere; and that go where they might, they could not get away from the fangs of the destroyer,—a most literal and faithful description of the state of things throughout our country. We have commended the book, and do so again with special earnestness." Being instrumental in creating a desire for the work, the subscriber would have been wanting in consistency if he had not tried to meet the demand.

This edition is the same clear type and white paper as the American copy; containing 432 pages 12mo. Sold at one dollar.

The author's preface is here given that the reader may possess a specimen of the style, character, and intent of the book:—

"The parabolic and dramatic style is as old as literature. It was adopted by Him who had lessons of highest import to impart; because truth in action is far more effective than truth in abstraction. Humanity in the story of the good Samaritan, and penitence in that of the Prodigal Son, touch the heart as they could not in the most finished disquisition.

Those who brand every book of the kind as a *novel*, in an offensive sense, are at war with the constitution of our nature. This form of literature meets an instinctive want, which must be met in some way,—if not with sentiments to enlighten, enlarge and ennoble, then with those to weaken, wither and debase. Instead of carping against light literature, it were better to charge it with truths and influences purifying, profound and enduring, and send it abroad on a mission of love to mankind. The evil is not in the use, but in the abuse.

Not the rocks, mountains, and valleys of Greece, nor the physical scenery of England, has made it what it is in the world of mind; but the creations of genius by which it is adorned. So, till a national literature of our own has cast its diviner hues upon our scenery, not even Niagara can rise to its proper position in the regards of mankind.

This work is a draught upon materials which have been some years accumulating, in the author's endeavor to form a style coincident with the habits and sympathies of the living age. The didactic and abstract, much as he might prefer them, are not the weapons for a steam and lightning movement. If the mountain will not come to Mahomet, why, then, Mahomet must go to the mountain. If witches can only be shot with silver, what is the use of firing lead? Are any grieved that the age will not bear elaborate writing, 'I more;' but who is able to fight against destiny?

This story is not so extraordinary as the facts which it adumbrates. The caricature is not here, but in real life. Had the author's sketches reached the extreme limit of history, they would have lacked the essential requisite of an air of credibility.

'A love-story on so grave a theme!—is this admissible?' This objection the author can better meet than vouch for his tact in managing so delicate a subject. It is only in the social relations of a drunkard's children that the injury to them fully appears. Especially is this true of those who are born to a higher destiny than their unfortunate domestic connections will permit them to reach. They are eagles with plucked plumage and broken wing, falling prone from their native sphere. O, the pangs and tears thus extorted are too deep, too intense, too profuse, for pen or pencil!

The work is a humble contribution to a great reform in morals and legislation. The profounder depths of the subject have not been reached, much as has been spoken and written in the temperance reformation. The alcoholic currents flow deep down under forms of religious manifestation, under inspirations of genius, under legislative, diplomatic and judicial agencies, under military prowess and valor, under hereditary disease and degeneracy, yea, under all the interests of humanity; nor have they yet fully gushed forth

through any of the openings of a vastly accumulated temperance literature. We see them not, we heed them not. The hissings and convolutions of the many-headed dragon have been described; but the venom which he infuses into the sources of our blood, into the atmosphere of thought and sentiment, and into all the subtler elements of life, what painter can depict, what author or orator describe?

Two hundred years of legislation against drunkenness have accomplished comparatively little. Everywhere, under our old license laws, its seductive madness may be indulged in for a few cents. Had the liquor traffic been as free as that of corn, cloth or cotton, drunkenness would have been scarcely easier or cheaper.

What is to be done? Shall we leave the traffic to its course, or control it by stringent legislation? If left to its course, or to the present licensed causes of crime, humanity requires a kindlier provision for those who are thus made criminal than prisons, penitentiaries, poor-houses and the hangman's rope. Far better that the power now exerted in licensing the temptation should exercise its undoubted prerogative in prohibiting, under stringent and prompt penalties, the sale of intoxicating drinks as a beverage."

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