

infinite mischief, without one redeeming benefit; which has entailed upon you, upon your children, and upon society, woes unnumbered and unutterable. Banish it from your houses: it can be done. You have only to will, and it is effected. Use it not at home. Let it never be found to pollute your dwellings. Give it not to your friends or to your workmen. Touch it not yourselves, and suffer not your children to touch it; and let it be a part of your morning and evening prayer, that you and your children may be saved from intemperance, as much as from famine, from sickness, and from death.

Reader, have you perused this pamphlet? and are you still willing to drink, use, or sell this soul-destroying poison? If so—if you are willing to risk your own soul, disgrace your friends, and ruin your children by this fell destroyer, then go on; but remember, that to the drunkard is allotted the “blackness of darkness and despair for ever.” But if not—if you feel the magnitude of the evil—if you are willing to do something to correct it, sit not down in hopeless silence, but arouse to action; “resist the devil and he will flee from you;” not only banish it from your houses, but from your stores, your shops, your farms; give it not to your workmen; refuse to employ those who use it; invite, entreat, conjure your friends and neighbors to refrain wholly from the use of it; never forgetting that the day of final account is at hand; that what we do for Christ, and for the good of our fellow-men, must be done soon; and that those who sacrifice interest for the sake of conscience, and who are instrumental in turning men from their errors, shall not lose their reward.

### The Moderate Drinker.

**CHARACTERS.**—*Mr. Abstemious, the entire abstinence man; Joe Blubberlip, the drunkard; Squire Take-a-drop, the moderate drinker; and Captain Little-soul, the retailer.*

*Mr. Abs (alone).* What shall I say—how shall I proceed? Ah, I perceive that I must possess a great share of prudence, and exercise much patience. I am aware that the public voice in this town is not yet raised against these iron hearted retailers (monsters in human shape), who, with consciences seared as with a hot iron, are continually reaching out to their fellow-townsmen that *liquid fire* which passes by the plausible name of Brandy, Rum, Gin, &c., &c., these pests—these curses of society! How shall public opinion, that mighty engine, be brought to bear upon them? (Pause.) I know what I will do. I will make one mighty effort to put a temperance Society in operation. This “is heaven that will heaven the whole lump.” But where shall I begin? Shall I go to the “fathers of the town?” I fear I should fail there; for they sanction these sinks of iniquity. Shall I ask the retailers to consider the matter? Such an attempt would prove abortive; for by this traffic they gain their wealth. If I were to present before them these wretched families whom they have made thus wretched, and should tell them of the widow’s tears which they have caused to flow, I fear their adamant hearts would be susceptible of sympathy. Ah, I will make my appeal to the “bone and sinew” of society, the young men; and—

(Enter Joe Blubberlip, half drunk.)

*Joe.*—What’s that you’re talkin’ ’bout, you col’ water man? Don ye want to hear me sing “Molly, put the title on?” I’ze’plete singer (hiccough).

*Mr. Abstemious.*—I don’t want to hear any of your drunken songs. You wish to know what I was talking about. I was trying to devise some plan by which you and many others in this place might be restrained from such a filthy intoxication.

*Joe.*—D’ye say that I get fassicated? I only takes a little for stomach’s sake (hiccough). I must have some-

thin’ to drink when I’m dry. I don’t love cold water. I likes “Beecher’s ile” pooty well. I s’pose you want to get up a temperance Siety? I don’t think you’ll ketch me to jine it,

*Mr. Abst.*—I am astonished, sir, and grieved when I look upon you. Once you sustained a good character and bid fair to make a useful member of society. But, now, what are you? A poor dispised man. You may not, however, be past recovery. Come, sign this paper which I hold in my hand; and by adhering to the good and safe rules they laid down, you may again become a sober citizen.

*Joe.*—You don’t ketch me to jine a temperance siety, I tell ye. I guess I know what I’m ’bout. Squire Take-a-drop and I thinks jes like. He says you’re tryin’ to ketch all you can and not let em drink none, if they’re ever so dry or tied. I don’t mean to drink no more’n I need. But I ain’t going’ to stan’ here all night; I’ll sit down, for I’m tired, (Takes a chair.)

(Enter Squire Take-a-drop.)

*Squire T.*—How do ye do, Mr. Abstemious: I am glad to meet with you: I have been wanting to see you for a long time. You proposed to me the other day, the idea of forming a Temperance society. I have thought much about it since, and have finally come to the conclusion to join with you, if you are willing to make a little amendment, to the constitution. I think if you make this amendment, you will be able to obtain more subscribers, and thereby do more good.

*Mr. A.*—I am perfectly willing, Squire Take-a-drop, to adopt any amendment to my proposed plan which will ultimately tend to the furtherance of the good cause of temperance.

*Squire T.*—Well, sir, the amendment I would have made is this: That whenever any member shall think it really necessary he may drink a *little*; but he must be careful and not drink but a *little*.

*Mr. A.*—I might, with propriety, have a hearty laugh at such a simple suggestion. But as you appear to be serious about it, I will ask you, Squire, whether you ever deem it necessary to take “a little ardent” yourself.

*Squire T.*—Why yes; I honestly think that a little does me good. My labor is pretty hard, and if I don’t have “something to drink” about 11 o’clock and at four, I feel very faint at my stomach. I don’t drink it at any other time, except I have a bad cold, or get wet, so as to be in danger of taking cold.

*Joe.*—That’s jes when I take it, Squire. I think a little does me good. I’m zackly of your mind—(Hiccough.) I’ll jine with ye, Mr. Abstemious, if you’ll make that amendment the Squire says.

*Mr. A.*—There you preceive, sir, to what your proposition would lead. Here is Joe Blubberlip, as big a drunkard as tumbles along the street, and he approves it.

*Squire T. (aside).*—I wish that drunken sot had held his tongue.

*Mr. A.*—No, sir, I shall not adopt such an amendment. “I will go the whole hog or do nothing,” as the politician would say.

*Squire T.*—Well, Mr. Abstemious, I would have you know that I can refrain from drinking ardent spirits without signing an entire abstinence paper. To tell you the truth, sir, I think there is something at the bottom of all your movements, which is not very good. I think there is a *good deal of priestcraft* about it.

*Joe.*—That’s right, Squire, stuff him well; you and I’ll give it to him by and bye, I guess. I think zackly as you do.

*Squire T.*—Mr. Blubberlip, I would thank you to keep your tongue to yourself.

*Mr. A.*—I cannot preceive wherein you need to be so exasperated with drunken Joe, for he argues just as you do.