

"Then you do not believe in 'political catechisms?'"

"I do not. The best assurance of fidelity, I repeat, is the recorded conduct of men, of whom we have now an ample supply in all localities; and he that at this day is not publicly known as an uncompromising friend of temperance, should not be entrusted with the responsible duties of legislation. Elect such men—and that we shall, is now no longer doubtful—and the 'Maine Law' follows as a matter of course."

"Why did you quit the rumselling business?"

"For three reasons, the first was on account of my family. A bar-room is a bad place in which to educate a child, exposed, as it is, not only to the temptations of rum, and the filthy and loathsome conversations which rum produces, but the worst of all possible examples. In the second place, on my own account. I felt its demoralizing effect upon me, even while engaged in it, and so does every one similarly situated. I knew almost certainly, that if my life were spared, I should be doomed to reap the consequences of rumselling—little respected by the good, and uncared for by any. In the third place, on account of the evil consequences which I saw resulting to others. I could never believe, hard as I have tried, that money was to be gained, no matter by what means; yet it does seem to me that this is the only maxim on which the rumseller, can, at this day, justify himself. I saw once, in my own house, such a fearful exhibition of the evils of rumselling, that I quit it at once and forever. From my own bar was the rum given which sent a generous-souled young man onward in the path of degradation and misery."

"Did you do this yourself, sir?"

"No, sir; but I saw it immediately after it was done, and I never think of it without shuddering. About nine o'clock one evening, while keeping a public house in the village of B——, a young man with whom I was well acquainted entered my bar-room, and seated himself quietly. Usually he was cheerful, but now he spoke to no one. In a short time a negro man came in with his trunk, and as it was placed on the floor, he said:—

"Ah! companion of my misfortune, we must go again, and we cannot hope to keep together long. The severities of life will separate us."

"I knew that his hopes were in ruins, and I vainly endeavored to assist him in regathering them."

"That, Mr. Jacobs is impossible," said he: "it would be as easy to gather the chaff which has been driven off by the madness of the whirlwind. My hopes are gone."

"I tried to ascertain what determination he had in view; but this was impossible; he did not seem to know. He took from his trunk a package of letters, then closing it, seated himself upon the top of it. His feelings were intense as he glanced over the letters in a hurried manner; and then putting them together again, he ejaculated:

"My mother! My mother, your cup of misery is full!"

"I left the room for a moment and on returning, to my surprise I saw him standing at the bar, with a decanter in his hand. I would have prevented it, but at that moment Judge L——, and half a dozen young men entered the bar-room.—These were the persons who had prepared him for the rumseller,—the persons who had driven him there, and for a moment they

quailed before him. The Judge immediately approached the bar, and said, with a hypocritical smile:—

"Come, come, Mr. Wilson, don't take this matter too much to heart; it will all be right in a short time. I am glad to see you at the bar. I have more hope for you now than I have had. We will drink together and be social, it's the life of the law to be social. Let us drink and make merry!"

"The young man took off his hat and held it in his hand, and his whole appearance indicated his utter despair. Judge L. handed him a glass, saying:—

"Now Mr. Wilson, give us a sentiment and matters will be all right."

"For an instant he looked into the faces of those who were determined to crown his ruin, and then looking into the glass, as if to measure its wasting curses, with a look of phrensy, he drank! Oh! bitter draught! I had known his early fondness for drink, and the great struggle which he had had to resist the importunities of a pernicious appetite. Yet I had supposed him secure in his own firm purpose to resist. But when I saw him yield I knew that all was lost! Hence-forward I feared he would be a passive victim in the tempter's snare, for such is the usual, the almost invariable result. I felt that if there had been no rumseller to have taken or given the advantage to others, at that moment, that young man would have been comparatively safe. He would have recovered from his disappointment; the storm would have swept by, and his sun would have shone brightly again.—But as it was, his sun rose no more.—Rum perpetually eclipsed it!"

"Did you ever learn what became of this young man?"

"Yes, sir; after wandering about from place to place for some time, he enlisted in the service for Mexico, and it has been reported that he was killed at the battle of Monterey. This, I think, was not true, as I have been creditably informed that he has since been seen in the United States.

"Did you ever hear anything about his situation?"

"Yes sir, and it was bad enough. He was a complete wreck."

"And this example, Mr. Jacobs, led you to quit the business?"

"It did sir, and every honorable man who has any respect for himself, for his family, and the peace of the community will, I hope, do the same thing soon; and those who have no honor to move them, who care nothing for themselves, their families, or for the peace of the community, ought to be forced to give it up at once. Now, sir, this is what must be done by legislation. Heretofore, the people have been unconsciously strengthening the hands of the rumseller. From them has he obtained his power to mock the pleas of the drunkard's wife and child. I think sir, if you will examine this matter carefully, that you will agree with me, that strong legislation only can correct it."

"Indeed, Mr. Jacobs, I think you are about right, and if legislation is the only thing that can correct it, we had better have it at once."

"Well, this is what we intend to have; but we shall meet opposition the most strenuous and untiring. While the friends of the measure are prompted to effort by a regard for the public welfare, its enemies are stimulated by the considerations of self-interest. The former can employ only the arguments of truth, and can