

one great grasp takes in the entire world, wrapping around it a mantle more terrible and ruinous than war, and binding with chains more galling than eternal slavery.

Coequal with the continuance of this monster is his activity. Day and night, with sagacity unparalleled, he is leading thousands of young feet astray that, otherwise, might walk the paths of virtue. Week after week, with cunning almost infinite, he presses untiringly the work of destruction, unnerving the arm of the strong man and turning him from honest, manly industry, to idleness, drunkenness and the gutter. Month by month he numbers his victims by the thousand—not only in the prisons and almshouses, but also in the halls of congress and the palaces of kings—for remember, intemperance is no respecter of persons. The gifted, the wealthy, the man of brilliant genius and polished wits, profound logicians, ablest lawyers and distinguished statesmen, whose burning words of eloquence, learning, ability and pure patriotism have thrown a bright and lasting halo of glory around the institutions of America—all have been assailed by this bewitching destroyer. The syren songs of bacchanalian revelry have been sufficiently seductive to allure our ablest and best men from the paths of rectitude and honor while heart of the nation has mourned at the grave of fallen greatness.

Through long and gloomy centuries intemperance has rolled its dark and forbidding waves over a sin-stricken world, claiming and carrying off its victims to that bourne from whence no traveler returns. And man who was created in the image and likeness of God, with all his vaunted reason and wisdom sank beneath that liquid wave while the wild winds of heaven sang a funeral dirge over a drunkard's grave.

Under the influence of this dread evil, empires—that once stood in majestic, defiant power—have drifted loose from their moorings. Kingdoms—that rose like the rocket, leaving behind them a long, bright train of conquest, victory and greatness, at which surrounding nations might look and admire—have tottered and fallen. Principalities—in comparison with whose grandeur our own beautiful America is but the grain of sand to the glittering diamond, have forever faded from view and been blotted out from the map of the world.

The history of the world confirms the conclusion that inebriation and luxurious ease, tend to the degeneracy of man's former natural strength and beauty. Egypt, once at the head of nations, has, under the weight of her own effeminacy, gone down to the dust. The victories of Greece let in upon her the luxuries of the east, and covered her glory with a night of ages. And Rome, whose iron foot trod the nations and shook the earth, witnessed in her latter days faintness of heart and the shield of the mighty vilely cast away. Thus, if the foundation of our nation be undermined, we may expect the towering edifices, now rearing their heads in majestic columns, to tumble down, with all their resplendent glory, and be forever gone. With the sad history of the past before us, and the established fact that the use of alcohol not only impairs the physical force, but also destroys the mental powers, should we not fear to fold our arms in fancied security longer? It is not time that the progress of intemperance be stopped? What will become of the nation if its physical and intelligent power be devoured by the ravenous appetite of effeminacy and luxury? Can the star of our glory, the star of our liberty, that now shines with such resplendent luster and radiant brilliancy, continue long in its glittering blaze?

This king of evil, this generator of all strife and discord, this destroyer of domestic happiness and natural peace and greatness, this tyrant of destitution, devastation, desolation and destruction, has reigned long enough, and I impeach him. I impeach him in the name of the one million drunkards staggering in shame and stumbling into darkness. I impeach him in the name of the sixty thousand poor unfortunates that annually fall into drunkards' graves. I impeach him the name of the two million more than orphan children clad in rags and dying of actual starvation. I impeach him in the name of the two hundred thousand orphans annually thrown upon the cold charities of the world. I impeach him in the name of the two million children of which he robs the public school. I impeach him in the name of the three million poor women with tender, broken hearts and blasted hopes. I impeach him in the name of the two hundred thousand annually sent to the poor-house. I impeach him in the name of the four

hundred and fifty suicides that are the result of alcohol. I impeach him in the name of the two hundred thousand convicts annually sent to prison. I impeach him in the name of the seven hundred murders that sadden and terrify the year. I impeach him in the name of the twelve thousand lunatics, the work of his fiery hands. I impeach him in the name of suffering humanity, the widow, of the orphan, the fatherless, the friendless and the homeless. I impeach him in the name of the slaughtered millions of the earth.

CARLYLE'S STUDY.

A contributor to the *Independent* gives the following sketchy account of Thomas Carlyle's study: "Entering his study, you find nothing in the place where you expected it; 'Don Quixote,' with all his windmills, mixed up with Doctor Dick on the 'Sacrament,' Mark Twain's 'Jumping Frog,' and Carnoch on the 'Attributes.' Passing across the room, you stumble against the manuscript of his last lecture, or put your foot in a piece of pie that has fallen off the end of the writing-table. You mistake his essay on the 'Copernican System' for blotting-paper. Many of his best books are bereft of the binding, and in attempting to replace the covers 'Hulibras' gets the cover that belongs to Barnes on 'The Acts of the Apostles.' An earthquake in the room would be more apt to improve than unsettle. There are marks where the inkstand became unstable and made a handwriting on the wall that even Daniel could not have interpreted. If, some fatal day, the wife or housekeeper comes in while the occupant is absent, to 'clear up,' a damage is done that takes weeks to repair. For many days the question is: 'Where are my pens? Who has the concordance? What on earth has become of the dictionary? Where is the paper cutter?' Work is impeded, patience is lost, engagements are broken, because it was not understood that 'the study' is a part of the student's life, and that you might as well try to change the knuckles to the inside of the hand, or set the eyes in the middle of the forehead, as to make the man of whom we speak keep his pen on the rack, or his books off the floor, or the blotting-paper straight in the portfolio.

"The studio is a part of the mental development. Do not blame a man for the style of his literary apartments, any more than you would for the color of his hair or the shape of his nose. If Hobbes carries his study with him, and his pen and ink-horn in the top of his cane, so let him carry them. If Lamartine can best compose while walking his park, paper and pencil in hand, so let him ramble. If Robert Hall thinks easiest when lying flat on his back, let him be prostrate. If Salmasius writes best surrounded by his children, let loose on him the whole nursery. Do not criticise Charles Dickens because he threw all his study windows wide open and the shades up. It may fade the carpets, but it will pour sunshine into the hearts of a million readers. If Thomas Carlyle chose to call around an ink-spattered table Goethe and Schiller and Jean Paul Friedrich Richter, and dissect the shams of the world with a plain goose-quill, so be it. The horns on an ox's head are not more certainly part of the ox than Thomas Carlyle's study and all its appointments are a part of Thomas Carlyle. The gazelle will have soft fur, and the lion a shaggy hide, and the *sanctum sanctorum* is the student's cuticle."

WRONG END FIRST.

"LIFE is short and Art is long," especially now-a-days. As art is growing so very long, it fills many volumes, and it consumes more of life to learn it passably. The fine arts, and the useful arts—what a host in themselves, and the number is steadily increasing. Economy is a virtue that has many applications. There is economy of time, economy of labor, economy of emotions, economy of funds, economy of materials, economy of dress, economy of outward and inward resources, all more or less noble and virtuous.

Now, it is a grand thing to save time, if time is the stuff that life is made of." It is a grand aim to save time for our little people in school. If we can save our children, each, one year,