

was found with his feet and legs, hands and arms, frozen to his knees and elbows; was taken into a house, and died in a few moments. In the same town an aged man and his wife were in the habit of getting intoxicated—had been drinking—the husband went for more rum, and while gone, his wife, being intoxicated, came in contact with the fire, and was burned to death. All of these, in two towns, within two years last past. Take a case in Windham County. A man in a certain village there, had drunk until he had lost the use of his limbs, and all that knew him expected he would soon die. He thought so himself, took the alarm, left off drinking, recovered his health in a good degree, and became a man again. Imagine the feelings of that wife with her husband thus restored to her, and able to assist in the support of the family; for his friends rallied around him, used their influence with the Post Office department at Washington and obtained the office of postmaster in the village for him. That wife stood in doubts of the landlord in the place. She went to him and talked with him about her husband, told him he had reformed, but did not know but his appetite might revive and he might want to gratify it again. She besought him if he should ask for liquor not to let him have it, and proposed to him if he should ask for it, that she would pay him every week as much as her husband would pay if he drank. A gentleman present also pledged himself that the contract should be fulfilled. The result showed that her fears were not without foundation. That husband *did* ask that landlord for rum—that landlord *did* let him have it. One glass touched fire to the train of his appetite, he called for more, and more was furnished until he became dead drunk on the premises. Some of the neighbours ascertaining what was going on, went in and found him there in that state, and proposed to carry him home, and insisted that the landlord should help them. He went. But sir, I should rather have led the fiercest assault in the taking of Monterey, than have marched up as he did to the battery of the outraged woman's countenance, eyes, and tongue. Pointing to her husband, and looking at the landlord she said: "SEE WHAT YOU HAVE DONE TO MY HUSBAND, are you not ashamed of such doings," and in such like language she gave vent to her almost crushed heart. That same landlord was invited a few years since to go and see a young man in a fit of delirium tremens. "Come," said a gentleman to him, "go over and see the work of your hands"—but he chose not to go. Take another case in the same county. A man was confined in jail for some crime committed while intoxicated—had a fit of delirium tremens one night—roared, and screamed and made "night hideous" with his yells of horror. And in trying to escape from the awful spectres conjured up by his phrensied brain, he repeatedly dashed his head against the walls of his prison, and in the morning was found dead, with his brains literally beat out, and wherever he had struck his head against the walls, there was a circle of blood, and hair, and quivering flesh. And now, gentlemen voters, you are called to vote a license or a prohibition of a traffic that produces such results. You are called upon by some of these very men, who have been accessory to these very outrages that I have recorded, to vote *them* a license, for they are still in the business. Freemen of Vermont, what other business fraught with one hundredth part of the evil inflicted upon community by the sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, would be *tolerated* by you one single year; much less *licensed* by your votes. Personify alcohol—call it a man. Then let that man ruin as many characters, destroy as much property, produce as much crime, injure as much health, take away as many lives, and tender millions of wives, and children, widows, and orphans wretched in the extreme, as intoxicating liquors do; and then call upon you to vote that man a license to do all this, to render his business respectable as far as your vote, and sanction, and influence can do it; I ask of you,

fellow voters, how you would vote upon that question? nor need I pause for a reply. You would feel yourselves insulted by the question. Is it not, then, what you ought to feel now, when asked to vote a license for the sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage? I speak to *wise men, voters, freemen* of Vermont. Judge ye, and act—act in accordance with enlightened reason, in accordance with the dictates of sound *common sense*, and the State will be re-deemed.

AN AGENT IN THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

Randolph, Feb. 12, 1847.

P. S.—The specified cases alluded to, are authenticated by persons on the spot where they occurred, save those recorded as having been seen by the writer.

DR. NOTT'S LECTURES.

The Rev. Dr. Chapin of Rockyhill, Connecticut, one of the fathers of the temperance reformation, has sent us the following epitome of his own views of Dr. Nott's lectures and the criticisms, and the views of the friends of the cause in that region.

1. The friends of perfect temperance, in this region, find themselves constrained to understand President Nott as *giving up the essential principle*. That principle is, entire abstinence from the drinking of any liquor—whatever its name—which is known to be capable of causing drunkenness. Such abstinence can *hurt* no person. As far as adopted, it renders the abstinent *safe* from exposure to one of the greatest evils ever suffered in this world.

2. That much respected President's *degrees* of alcohol constitute the pestilent theory of his lectures. Your distinction between the *degrees* and the *totality* of practice in relation to the only true and safe principle, is appropriate and obviously just. The attempts of our beloved brethren, in this cause, J. E. and E. C. D., to make his theory come right, are clearly unavailing.

3. Admit, for a moment, the correctness of their very questionable philosophy. Be it allowed that there is alcohol in the air we breathe, and in the *pure water* we drink. Go further, if you please. Affirm the existence of alcohol in every potato—in every turnip—in every particle of food you eat. But these, and millions of other articles, indispensable to human existence and comfort, never produces drunkenness. They never *can*. This is an established article in the constitution of existence on earth. It is not so with the alcoholic drinks, which man makes, by either distillation or fermentation. Food, we know, can be abused by vicious indulgence. But who can say, with truth, that such gluttony, either by its commonness or deadliness, is comparable, in mischief, with intoxication?

4. A word or two as to this enticing philosophy—enticing, I mean, in its intended application—may not, perhaps, be amiss. Where is the chemist who can make his crucible show, either by fire or by gas, the alcohol contained in a handful of air? Who would not as soon expect to obtain alcohol from a ray of light, or from electricity, or magnetism, or a coal of fire? How consequently, it may well be asked, can there be any wisdom discoverable, in associating this sort of imaginary philosophy with the efforts of benevolence to carry up to perfection the temperance reformation?

5. A conclusion from the lectures, and from the efforts of men long known and loved, as ardent friends of our high and holy cause, to show that the drink *called wine*, and generally believed and known to be intoxicating, may be safely drunk, seems to manifest a desire to quiet and justify, in the deleterious example of table use, and of mis-called hospitality, those aristocratic portions of the community, who would be accounted fashionable and rich. That liquor—*facitious*, and deceptive, and base as it is—many are, doubtless, in the daily habit of drinking, without ever