

A Page for Young Folks at Home.

Dialogue between Charles Towuly and James Graham on the Maine Law.

Ch. Good morning, friend James. They do say the great men at Albany are going to give us the Maine Law. What will your father say to that? His hotel won't be worth owning.

Jas. Great men! Great fanatics; as if they could stop men from doing as they are a mind to; I guess my father ain't dependent on a hotel for a living; and, if he was, he would not regard such laws very much. If people want liquor, they will get it. They will not live on bran bread and cold water, you may depend on it.

Ch. Well, that's talking very wild now. Be they fanatics or not, if the law comes, it has got to be obeyed; and the liquor must and will be poured out, and, as the old saying is, "It does no good to cry over spilt milk."

Jas. They don't empty any liquor out of our hotel this year, I can tell you.

Ch. No, I suppose not, there won't be any there to empty.

Jas. You don't know that; that will be as we please.

Ch. Well, you will please not to have any. Your father is too respectable a man to be a breaker of the law, and have the sheriff come upon him, and the courts punish him.

Jas. Well, I know that. But they have no right to stop his selling liquor, when he pays for his license, and he has paid for it these twenty years.

Ch. But if he kept a box of rattlesnakes, and let them loose in the streets, and they bit some boys and men, would it not be right to forbid it; and if he still did it, would it not be right to take the rattlesnakes from him, and kill them; now, it is a great deal worse to be bitten by the rum-sharks than the rattlesnakes. You may not think so, but I do. As a natural evil, *delirium tremens* is about as bad as hydrophobia, or the bite of the worst serpent; and, as a moral evil, ten times worse. Don't you remember Tom Wiggins yelled and screamed, and tore off his coat, and was ready to fight every body as he ran down the streets, when he had had the man with the poker after him? Now, Tom was bit at your father's bar, and had you been Tom's father or brother, would you not have had that bar shut up, rather than have had Tom bit there?

Jas. But if he had not been bitten there, he would have been some where else.

Ch. But we don't mean to have people bitten anywhere. That is the Maine Law, and I think it is a great law. Now, see what it will do in time for all the boys. I have been thinking of it a good deal, and I tell you it is going to be a great affair. First of all, it is going to save 10,000 boys in the State from becoming drunkards. Next, it is going to save 10,000 boys from becoming vagabonds and paupers, and committing crime, and getting into poor-houses, and houses of correction, and penitentiaries. Next, it is going to save an untold amount of disease and early death, for how many die from the rum-shops, who can tell? Next, it is going to save millions of money, now worse than wasted, and enough to make almost every body comfortable and happy, and then it is going to help to save men's souls, for the Bible says, "No drunkard hath any inheritance in the kingdom of God."

Jas. Quite a picture, to be sure, you draw; but you forget how many you are going to wrong and impoverish. Why, my father says there will be fifty millions of property destroyed in the State of New-York.

Ch. Well, James, how much is a man worth?

Jas. Worth; I don't know; a good negro sells for a thousand or fifteen hundred dollars, and a good white man ought to be worth a deal more—five thousand.

Ch. Well, liquor destroys 10,000 men in the State of New-York every year. Now, which is worse, to have the liquor destroyed, or the men?

Jas. I would not have either.

Ch. But you can't do that, Master James. If you

sell the liquor, you must destroy the men. There are no two ways about it. And if you destroy the liquor, you keep the men.

Jas. I see you are determined to get me up in a corner with your Maine Law; but I think you should have made it years and years ago, before you put men to so much expense in preparing hotels and saloons, &c., as they have been.

Ch. I suppose every one of them has got his pay long since, and some have grown enormously rich; so I tell you they won't have much sympathy from the people as they are broken up. If they cannot turn their building to some better use than a rum-shop, I am sorry for them, so good bye to you and all your objections and arguments. But, say on, you'll give them up bye-and-bye.

Boys, take care of your Brains.

What are brains good for? Good for? Why, for thinking. What is a man good for without brains? The larger and better the brain, the larger and wiser the man, and any thing that injures this is man's greatest enemy. We may say of this as Shakespeare said of a good name. "He that steals my purse, steals trash, but he that steals my good name," or my brains,—you remember the rest. Now alcohol is a brain thief, for it is a brain poison. It disturbs and destroys all its beautiful powers. Therefore, it is asked, "Why should a man take that into his mouth which steals away his brains?" But our little readers will wonder how this is done. Does not that, they will say, which goes into the mouth, go down into the stomach. How then can it get up into the brain? Now, we do not know that we can explain this to children, so that they can understand it, but we think we can. Well, the virtue of what we take into the stomach, goes into the blood; the rest is thrown away. The blood takes up what is good, and carries it round the system for its nourishment. If there is any thing thrown into the blood which does not nourish, but which poisons and kills its vitality, you see it must be its great enemy. Well, the blood goes up into the brain, and does it carry alcohol along with it? It carries a poison, for such is alcohol. It carries nothing which soothes, and quiets, and nourishes it, but that which inflames, and maddens and destroys it. Perhaps some of you will be disbelievers in all this. A great many men have ridiculed the idea. But ridicule is not always the test of truth. Many things have been ridiculed which have been found to be truths, and serious truths. One Dr. Percy, of Edinburgh, ejected some alcohol into the stomach and veins of animals. After the death of the animals, the alcohol was taken out of their brains. A man died in London who had drunk a pint of gin for a wager. His head was dissected, and there, in the brain, was found a teaspoonful of the gin. A candle was set to it, and it burned blue. So boys, take care of your brains. What makes a drunken man talk as he does; now, silly as a coot; now saying what he did not intend to say; now talking as if he was rich, when he is poor; now in a suspicious, quarrelsome strain; now angry, furious, profane, blasphemous, obscene? The alcohol has got up into his brains. And what is it that makes him fancy that there are devils about him, that some persons are going to kill him, and causes him to scream, and makes him hide himself in bed, because vermin and serpents are crawling over him? And then, in an awful hour, puts an end to his life? Alcohol has got into his brain, or it drives the blood so furiously as to make him deranged.

Perhaps, you say, a very little will not get into the brain. If it does, it will not injure us. Have you ever tried the little, and not felt the room swim round, and feared that if you did not take hold of something, you should fall down. Your little, moderate drinker, has gone into your head, and your brain. You can't trifle with this fatal enemy. So, boys, before it is too late, sign the pledge, and take care of your brains. Never drink wine, brandy, gin, cider, beer, or spirits of any kind, and you can never become a poor, idiotic, or crazed drunken man.—*Youth's Temp. Ad.*