

"Next comes the 'Rumseller,' (the father of the Sampson of iniquity—'Intemperance,') with the eighty-four millions of gallons of distilled damnation sold per annum in the United States. Stand up, thou brow-branded, Cain-like Rumseller! Stand up before the bar of public opinion, and hear the charge I bring against thee—'Thou art a murderer, a murderer above the laws. I have proved this charge from his own infamous books upon the art of adulteration of liquors, and I will prove it again. I have proved it by analysis of his liquors, made by scientific men, by the rum-seller's own testimony, and by a cloud of witnesses, and will prove it again.

Would you have more testimony? Then let the departed visit the green earth again.

Break the turf above your mouldering homes, ye host of drunkards—shake off the grave dust from your crumbling brows, and stalk into court in your tattered shrouds and hony whiteness, and testify against him. Say unto him as Nathan said unto the royal murderer, 'thou art the man.' Come down from the gallows, thou rum-maddened man-slayer—grip the bloody knife again, and stagger into court, and testify against him. Say unto him as Nathan said unto the royal murderer, 'thou art the man.'

Crawl from the slimy ooze, thou drowned, drunken victim, and with suffocation's blue and livid lips, testify against him. Bring that rum derailed suicide into court with his throat cut, and let the dripping gore-drops testify against him. Make way for that frost stiffened corpse there. 'Tis the drunkard's wife, driven from her fireside to die in the snow storm. Let the frozen tear on her pale and icy cheeks, testify against him. Break the seal of silence, thou unrelenting past, and let the shrieks and groans of his dying victims come back, wailing down upon the night-winds to testify against him. Unroll and read, thou recording Angel, the murder indictments against him, which thou hast written in the book of God's remembrance, to testify against him. Snap your burning chains, ye spirits damned by alcohol, and rush up, all sheeted in fire and dripping from the blazing waves of hell, and testify against him—plead—'plead like angels, trumpet-tongued against the deep damnation of your taking off.'

'God made man in his own image, in the image of God created he him.' Who, with impious and polluting hand, defaces the image and superscription of his maker, and stamps him with the counterfeiting die of the Devil? Alcohol. Man by nature walks erect—lifts his forehead to the stars—power and dominion have been given unto him over all the creatures of the earth—he is Nature's King. Who breaks his sceptre of authority—takes from him his imperial crown, and degrades him below the brute? Alcohol. Who destroys his reason, 'hides her bright beams in mystic clouds that roll around the shattered temple of the soul, curtained in midnight? Alcohol. Who pollutes his heart, and robs it of every noble and generous emotion? Alcohol. Who makes him a mad-man, and then lashes and hallooos on the mad pack of his vilest passions? Alcohol. Who fills our jails with felons, and hangs yon trembling wretch upon the gallows? Alcohol. Who crowds our almshouses with paupers—our hospitals with diseases, and our grave yards with the dead? Alcohol.

Does any of you want to be a fool—nay, worse, become the jibe and derision of fools? Let him drink liquor. Does any of you (I don't care how proud and virtuous you are,) does any of you want to be a rascal with a hang-gallows look, or become a low, vulgar blackguard? Drink liquor. If you are a father, do you want to see your children ragged and ignorant—growing up young candidates for the penitentiary and gallows? Drink liquor. If you are a son, and you want to pay with black ingratitude the debt you owe your parents, and bring down their reverend gray hairs in sorrow to the grave, drink liquor. If you are a husband,

and you want to steal all the beauty from your sweet wife's face—break her heart—make her wretched, and perfectly miserable, drink liquor. Do any of you want to get into debt, and put the blood-bounds of the law upon your track, to dog you daily? Drink liquor. Do any of you want to lose the property you have gathered together by the sweat of your brow, as a home for your wife and little ones, and to retreat in old age? Drink liquor. Do any of you want to work for the devil and find yourself, or at best get paid off in the wages of sin, which is death? Drink liquor. If you want to pay a high premium for the pleasure of being poisoned, drink liquor. If you want to bid an eternal farewell to your freedom, and be a greater slave than was ever well to your freedom, and be a greater slave than was ever lashed at night to his dungeon, drink liquor. If you want to exchange a healthy body, 'so fearfully and wonderfully made,' for a diseased-cursed frame, that a demon would scorn to inhabit, and the soul quits in disgust, drink liquor. If you want to blast with disease your body, from head to heel—sweep every line where manly beauty lingers, and early heap the clay upon a foul mass of corruption, more disgusting than the leprosy of John and Namaan, or the sores of Lazarus, drink liquor. If you want to go down to the grave 'unwept, unhonored, and unsung,' and let infamy there spread her sable plume, and fling its blackness over a drunkard's tomb, drink body-blighting—spirit-damning liquor.

More than fifty thousand drunkards die every year in the United States, from the direct effects of Alcohol. This is no loose guess. I always stick to my text, and fire close to the mark, when I drive in an argument, or clinch it with the proof. I base my estimate upon the other register of old drinking Alcohol himself. I have by me now a list of one hundred and thirty-five men, who died regular drunkards in the short period of sixteen years, in my native county and the lower edge of the next county, in Maryland. In my list are ministers, class leaders, doctors, lawyers, planters, farmers, mechanics, and laborers. In my native county one hundred and twelve men died regular drunkards in sixteen years, seven per annum, or one to every four hundred and forty-four inhabitants; at the same rate our present population of twenty-three millions, gives us fifty-one thousand drunkards killed every year by the direct effect of alcohol, to say nothing of the indirect effect of liquor in producing disease and shortening the period of human life. I know all about alcohol—the diseases it produces, and how it produces them—because it is my business to know; and I fearlessly say, and defy a successful contradiction, that the side stabs—by blows—the indirect effects of alcohol, kill more than die regular drunkards. I have drank old Madeira out of silver goblets with the proudest in the land, and bottled awful bad whiskey with a rum-swilling skunk in a dirty doggerly. I have wandered about and lived in various parts of Maryland, and I have seen just as many grog shops and drunkards as I ever saw in my native county. I have seen in five States and traveled in twenty others, and I have seen more men 'drink rum and become the derision of fools' elsewhere, than I ever saw in my native county. My estimate, therefore, is not only perfectly correct as far as it goes, but it is actually under the truth.

Fifty-one thousand men, (more than died at Cannae or at Waterloo,) killed every year, in these United States, by alcohol! 'He that hath ears to hear, let him hear,' and let this awful figured fact fall on his startled ear like the solemn warning of a death bell, and let each say for his own part, 'sake, Oh! God—shield, oh! shield me in the hour of temptation from the fiery sting of alcohol. Oh! let me not die the death of a drunkard, nor let my last end be like him. Like the deadly simoon that sweeps across the desert, blighting and blasting all before its path, the more deadly simoon of alcohol sweeps over our beautiful land, and the high and the low, and the proud and the humble, have withered and