

and crossing that mysterious line where the spiritual is linked on to the material, we are carried to psychological revolutions and State policy. It is the business of science to trace the chain of cause and effect by which these are connected and I think I have shown that something has been done in this direction. It is demonstrated that alcoholic liquors, in their influence upon man, have a marked individuality, are endowed with peculiar and remarkable properties, unlike any other substance which nature furnishes, or art has revealed, and which require, therefore, to be dealt with on the basis of their own distinctive and essential character; that by the perversions of thought, passion, and conduct, which it is their inherent nature to produce, they thwart the fundamental purpose of Government, and thus become the legitimate objects of legislative control, and that their grasp of character is relentless—their hold upon the constitution so profound that society can only protect itself by the most authoritative and determined expression of its will in the form of stringent and effective laws.

Hoping that what has been said may prove acceptable, and that your earnest and laborious endeavours to educate the public mind upon this important question may be crowned with final and complete success, I remain,

Very respectfully and truly yours,  
EDWARD L. YOUMANS.

Brooklyn, October 14, 1855,  
E. C. DELAVAN, Esq.,

### THE RUM BILL.

Dr. Marsh, Secretary of the American Temperance Union, gives an account in his Journal of a plain farmer who arose in a Temperance meeting and said, that as he was one day going to his work, an officious sort of a man overhauled him, exclaiming—"Mister—, Mister—, I have a bill against you!"

"Against me," was the reply, "I guess you are mistaken, this time; I owe you nothing."

"Oh, it is not my bill," said the man, "I am a tax collector. It is a tax bill."

"Yes," said the Collector, "if you have a mind to understand it so; and about half I call on are of this opinion, they mutter terribly about the rum taxes,—the number of lazy drunken fellows in the poor-house, and the criminals taken up every day, making an enormous cost to the country; and I believe if it wasn't for the rum shops the taxes would not be one quarter as heavy as they are: you have given it about the right name—a RUM BILL, only I should not like to have the name of a Rum Bill Collector."

On saying this he sat down; but it proved a most effective speech, for others took up the thought, and the Rum bill assessed upon Temperance men, was not lost sight of to the close of the meeting. Indeed the idea that a Temperance man, should be met with a demand which could only appropriately be made of a drunkard, "I have a rum bill against you," and be compelled to submit to it, and pay it! while it was at first quite ludicrous, soon excited burning indignation, and words were wanting to express the strength of a demand, and that immediately, for a Maine Law.

Taking up the thought, the Doctor says: Would that we could traverse the State, and show every hard-working man the amount of his rum bill,—that we could sit down by the shoemaker, working day and night to pay his

rent, and support his little family, and ask him, "How much was his rum bill?" and meet the reply.

Very well, sir, but you pay a rum bill. What were your taxes last year?

"Sixteen dollars, twenty-five cents."

"Very well, sir, ten dollars and eighty-four cents of that was your rum bill."

—By the blacksmith "Sir, you swing the hammer by day and by night, in summer and winter. Hard way to get a living! pray, sir, how much is your rum bill?"

"Rum bill! don't insult me, never a drop comes into my shop."

"That may be, sir, but you pay a heavy rum bill; and it won't be any less when these drunken fellows, who I see hang around your furnace, get with their families, into the poor-house."

—By the Hard-working, thrifty farmer. Sir you've a fine farm, will you not set apart a lot for the Missionary or Bible cause?"

"I would, if I could, sir, but it requires all I can raise to support my family."

"Sir, you are now devoting the produce of your best lot to a worse purpose."

"I am, sir? what do you mean?"

"I mean? to pay your rum bill."

"Sir you're mistaken in your man. Rum used to cost me twenty and thirty dollars in buying and harvesting, but I have not paid a rum bill these six years."

"Have not? what were your taxes the last year?"

"Over forty dollars."

"Well, two-thirds of that was a rum bill.

The pauper tax of the State of New York in 1849, according to the Legislative reports, was \$817,422; of this \$670,173 was set down to Intemperance, and you had to pay your part of it. Now go for a Maine Law, and you may have nearly the whole of the produce of your farm for yourself and children."

"We might, he proceeds, as we met a rich wine-drinker, and began to inquire about his rum bill, he told it was none of our business; and as we would lead him on to confess that the burdens of taxation were heavy, he would say, it is all fanaticism to trace it to intemperance." He would tell us how the worst criminals that fill our jails are often teetotalers, to execute their purposes and escape detection, and how poverty is from the hand of God; and repeat the words which he has somewhere heard as coming from the Bible: "The poor ye have always with you." It is not intemperance that makes them poor, but the hard times, or they are born poor; and we might have to leave him without making any impression. "Wine is a mocker," and it may mock him until, in addition to his other taxes, he may have to support a drunken son and his little family.

Passing on, we might meet a sagacious lawyer, who would say to us as one said to Rev. T. P. Hunt, "Sir, intemperance never hurts me, and I do not know that it increases my taxes"—but who, the same day, was upset in a stage by a drunken driver, had a leg broken and was laid aside three months from his business, with a heavy rum bill to pay into the bargain.

A conservative divine might say to us, "Sir, the Gospel will reform the world." "True it will," we would reply, and we intend under God it shall, but the way of the Lord must be prepared and the Church must husband her means. Pray sir, what is the Rum bill of the Church? A significant question—for even if she drinks nothing herself, yet an enormous

tax she has to pay for what others drink; or rather for the pauperism and crime which they occasion—more than she lavishes upon all her religious establishments; means enough shortly to fill the world with Bibles and the Blessed Gospel. Will you take it, sir, into serious consideration? As we proceeded, we should not want attentive listeners and anxious inquirers.

Once the whole country was roused to arms by a tax on tea, which the powers that were had no right to levy. A sensible writer computes that for every \$1,000 profit which a dealer makes on the sale of intoxicating drinks, the community are taxed between \$6,000 and \$8,000 to support the pauperism and crime, consequent on the quantity sold to yield this profit, and asks, "Why the virtuous and industrious portions of society should be thus exorbitantly taxed to enable the rum-seller to gratify his avarice?"

A large railroad proprietor and director who opposed the exclusion from office on the road all who used ardent spirits, was through the bewilderment of a drinking-switch-fender mulcted as his share in the damages about five hundred dollars. And a large owner in Fire Insurance Stock, who thought much of wine, had the satisfaction of losing a great part of his stock through an extensive fire caused by a drunken woman. And a ship-owner, who was fond of a certain jovial companion in his Captain, not long since had the comfort of hearing of the loss of his fine ship through the drunkenness of that captain—all rather heavy rum bills to pay.

The people of Maine are learning useful lessons on this subject. In a farming town of 2,100 inhabitants, there were eighteen dram shops. All were stopped by the new law and their pauper tax, which the year previous was \$1,100 was reduced to \$300.—The inhabitants met; they had by their operation cleared \$800 and, they, resolved to add 600 to their school fund and keep \$200 to empty any other barrels that might come in. Property there is valued every year, and tax in some measure regulates the valuation. The value therefore had nearly redoubled since the destruction of the dram shops, and the people will be slow to return to the old system of taxpaying. The amount of money expended by the Portland people for rum, annually, before the Maine Law, in three hundred grog-shops, was \$328,500! That was the rum tax of the city. At the same time, the school tax is only \$20,000; the tax for streets and sidewalks \$20,000; and the whole tax for corporate expenses only about \$100,000—but the rum tax was \$328,500.

It is time the nation was awakened to a full contemplation of this subject, to say nothing of the far greater evils of the traffic (this is not to be spoken of beside them—the nation could well afford to pay double of what they now do for rum bills, if they could buy off the horrid physical and moral evils of the business); yet, since men will value a dollar in their purse more than they will the life of a neighbour, or the happiness of a dozen souls, let this argument be carried home to them in all its strength. Let them be made to feel, all over the land, that if the rum traffic were to be extirpated in every State as it is in Maine, they would be relieved from two-thirds, aye, three-fourths of all the taxation under which they now suffer and groan. We have just seen a statement from Livingston county, from which it appears that, ac-