

is made a statute offence, and the man who dares to open his mouth in the highway for the King of kings, is collared and dragged like a felon to answer it, to the Stationhouse. I thank my friends for that noble standing up for the principle and the right of freedom of speech in this country. Let it be understood then that the time has passed when the chiefs of civil government must ask the aid of Archbishops in their public proclamations to keep the peace of the land. Let it be understood that 5,000 foreign rumsellers in the midst of our lanes and alleys here are not to be the real aristocracy of this community. We live in times when more than eastern magnificence decorates buildings, within which, like palaces of the Inquisition, there are dark wells and lime-pits, in which thousands of our young men are secretly to be murdered; and yet the man who dares to open his mouth and speak against the wrong, must do it at the risk of his own safety—perhaps his life—when if the promoters of public order are literally derided, scoffed at, persecuted, ridiculed in the streets for the faithful fulfilment of duty, they are made to assume the whole responsibility of the tumult, as if they themselves were the agitators of the community in reference to its evils and crimes. I remember when Gen. Jackson moved the deposits out of the United States Bank, I went down the river Delaware with a Committee of Philadelphia merchants that were going to see if it were not possible to stop the old man from doing what they believed would be utter destruction to their community. An old Quaker friend of mine, a merchant in Philadelphia, and not one of the Committee, was with us, and he laughed at their efforts. Said he, "There came a Dutchman to my store the other day, and I said to him, what do your people think of General Jackson now?" "Oh, they like him more as ever," says the Dutchman. Said I, "What will he do to make them not like him?" "I will tell you," replied he; "If I should go home and tell my people that General Jackson landed at Chestnut-street wharf, and before he got up to Fourth-street he killed ten men, they would say: 'Well they knew he was coming—why did they not get out of the way?'"

It is just so here; for if any man will undertake to put himself in the gap, and maintain the cause of right and righteousness, they will say, "Well, he knew the evil was coming—why did he not get out of the way?" But, notwithstanding all this, there are some of us who are aristocratic enough to stand by good laws, good words, the rights of humanity, and the progressive blessedness of the human race; and there are some of us, notwithstanding all probable results in contest, who believe that God clothes men when they are faithful to him with an armor more invulnerable than the Grecian hero—the heel, even, protected from every evil. There is yet a sword of truth which flashes lightning in this warfare. There is an Ithuriel's spear which will bring the hidden evil to light, and show the full contrast between the devil and his angel.

*Magna est veritas et prevalebit*; which, in my poor knowledge of Latin, I translate: *Magna*, the Maine Law; *est*, is; *veritas*, true; *et* and; *prevalebit*, it will prevail. And however the difficulties may accumulate—however serious the doubts that may arise—it seems to me as certain as the necessary progression of humanity—as certain as the enlargement of knowledge in the whole scheme of political economy—as certain as the progress of investigation in science—and as certain as the

establishment of American liberty from here down to Patagonia. Has any man faith enough to look down there and believe it! I fully believe that as certain as is the establishment of Protestant American liberty over this whole continent, so certain is the enactment of that which is called the Maine Law by a free people, for the protection of the rights, privileges, and the existence of their community. If I had time to enter into this subject, I would love to consider the needs of this case. I would love to summon up, if it were possible, some of the numerous witnesses, I might call, in the language of the prophet, "upon the heavens and the earth," and ask if there ever was one single man who could tell one benefit arising out of the liquor trade and the system of liquor indulgence. It is a trade that carries, like the figurative locusts of the Revelation, "the teeth of the lion in the mouth, and the sting of the scorpion in the tail." It gnaws upon the heart of the man who receives the poison, and it stings the soul of the man who imparts it—it brings desolation and ruin upon the drunkard, and sorrow and ruin upon the family of the rumseller.

From one end of our land to the other, in every age and in every history, this has been the fact. We summon our witnesses. Chemistry comes forward and says: "I have analyzed the elements of alcohol, and they are all poison—nothing but poison." Physiology comes forward and says: "I have tested its influence upon the animal frame, and its whole operation is destruction and death. Nothing else." Political economy comes forward and says: "I have tried to grapple with the devastation that it has produced, and entirely in vain. It has filled the Alms house, the Lunatic Asylum, and the Prison with inmates; it has filled the world with beggary, and every nation of this earth is looking upon the sad havoc, and crying out in alarm, what is to be done?" Human governments come forward and say, "We have been attempting to bale out the deep abyss of human misery—but it has baffled all the efforts and the skill of man." I dare hardly touch on social relations. If there has been a man among us who does not feel the evil in his own family, and can look around within the walls of his own house and connections, and say that he has not felt the evil, I call that man a happy man. I cannot send my beloved son in his early morning effort down to the store in which he labors, where far from me he must get his noonday meal at some public eating-house, but he is to be beset at every point, and in every stage of his little youthful journey. What right have these licensed harpies to destroy the happiness and prosperity of any family? Who ever gave this government the right to pay a man for poisoning my son? Who ever gave a human government the right to hire a man to bring disease, disgrace, and damnation into my family? I cannot look at the whole subject of social relations, but I remember a poem by a young lady, who was accused of being a lunatic on the subject of alcoholic drinks. The Rev. gentleman recited the poem, the commencement of which is as follows:

"Go feel what I have felt;  
Go bear what I have borne;  
Sink 'neath the blow a father dealt,  
And the cold, proud world's scorn.  
Go, struggle on from year to year,  
Thy sole relief the scalding tear.  
"Go weep as I have wept,  
O'er a loved father's fall;  
See every cherished promise swept,  
Youth's sweetness turned to gall.