

this devilish outrage upon the moral beauty of man?" By yours. "You put the cup to your neighbor's lips, an act against which God has pronounced a woe. You cannot say that there is not much drunkenness in Preston, in excuse. That the people are too virtuous generally, to accept of the facilities for degradation placed in their way, is but little to the credit of those who sell "indulgences."

The rum-seller applauds you. Most fatal praise! Dram by dram, he deals his damning compounds to his insatuated customers. Three cents at a time his ill-gotten gains are clutched from the hand of industry for no useful equivalent. He gorges upon substance he never earned—substance belonging to those at home. A thousand times better for his victims,—better for him,—were he to turn highwayman and plunder the same money from the sober traveller. Better license robbery than rum-selling. The one villainy but takes the man's money; the other, and far greater one, robs of money and manhood, and carries sorrow to the hearts of all who love him.

Tavern owners applaud you. They have grog-shops to rent. As such, they rent for a contemptible pittance more than they would were they to be devoted to the honorable and legitimate purposes of accommodating the travelling public. Honorable men would not rent a house to engage in grog-selling. Those lost to principle and honor and base enough to leech their living out of community, will pay high rent for a grog-house. The owner pockets the paltry difference in rent, and while making himself an injured martyr to the persecutions of the temperance reform, makes his throat a belching crater of all that is foul and malignant. With a hate of men and principles opposed to him as venomous and implacable in feeling as void of reason and common good breeding in expression, he belabors the *absent* temperance people with Quixotic valor, and applauds you. Are you proud of the approbation of a man who will sacrifice the interests and feelings of a whole community for an item of tavern rent?

There are others who applaud you—petty demagogues. This detestable class infests every community. Rum and intrigue is their only capital. Take the grog-shop from them, and they are powerless. But, professing patriotism and principle, they slime down into all that is foul and corrupt in partizan corruption, and over drunken men's shoulders, crawl into petty stations. Without swindling men of their suffrages by treating ruin, they would be powerless; with that aid, they are potent. You place the means of such corruptions in their reach, and they applaud you.

Who else approve your action? The mothers, wives, and daughters of your town? *No!* They have had no voice in the matter. Their interests, more sacred than yours or mine, because entrusted to our manhood, have been deliberately betrayed. They have been *sacrificed for a price*. The pecuniary interests of one or two men have been looked after, while those which should ever be held as inviolable as the hopes of earth and heaven are sacred, have been jeopardized. Sir, had you taken the application for a licensed grog-shop, and gone out and presented it to the mothers of the town, how many of them—*how many of them*—would have put their names to it!

A community of Christian mothers asking for a rum-shop!—What a thought! The universe of God would hardly have induced you to have commenced such a pilgrimage. Your manhood's cheek would have burned to madness. They would have scorned you—they would have spurned you from their doors. By all that holy and intense love which they bear, the children they have watched over in infancy, now twining closer around their old hearts in riper years, they would almost breathe a curse upon the board which would peril the garnered treasures of their old age. No intelligent mother would ever petition to have temptations placed in the path of her child, with the possibility of seeing that child transformed into a loathsome thing, and her gray hairs brought down in sorrow to the grave.

—The mothers are against you!

Would the wives have signed the application? No—a thousand times No! There are wives *now* within the circles of your grog-shop who would joy to write a name in blood against it with a seal of warm tears. They have already fallen of unalloyed bitterness as the promise of domestic happiness has been beclouded, and the hopes of life have one by one drifted out upon a dark sea. The wife loves the husband for whom she left her father's hearth. The brighter hopes of life are put in his keeping, and even when she looks down into the crater where they all smoulder in ruins, her affections, without a tendril broken, cling and bloom still around the shattered idol. The ingenuity of hell could not invent a more powerful curse than that of yoking a wife to a living corpse. Grog-shops do this. You have aided in planting one in a peaceful community. That community is renowned for its virtue and sobriety, and does not experience as fully the accursing effects of drunkenness, as some others. Yet, if one home is made cheerless and one heart filled with sorrow and despair, the *licensed* groggery has performed its legitimate, devilish work, and you made an accessory to it. If there is one prayer which, more than another, lives and throbs in a woman's heart, it is that she may not be cursed with a drunken husband. And will she petition that the only source of such a calamity may be planted at the very threshold of her home? You would not dare ask her to so outrage all the attributes of her womanhood.

—The wives are against you!

How many of the children of the town of Preston would have signed the application for a groggery? Is that a principle taught them at home? Is it by parents put in practice? Do you wish *your* children to trifle, either at home or in the groggery you have licensed? Are they more sacred than your neighbors? Have you placed temptations in their way which you would shrink from harboring under your roof? Shame! *Your* children have not been taught that tripping is necessary or moral. Go into the school, the Sabbath class, upon the playground and around the hearths, and how many childish names would swell your list? What parent would urge his child to sign such a petition? Not one. And could childhood realize what rum has done, is now doing, and will continue to do so long as tolerated, it would flee at your approach for such a purpose as from a leprous thing, and from its hiding place behind the