

will be ready to acknowledge that my plan is well worth your attention.

What e'er be the danger, by night or by day,
Or the sin or temptation—get out of its way."

Considerations about Signing Licenses.

(Editorial Corres. of the Cayuga Chief.)

AMONG THE MAPLES, (Wis.)

JONATHAN PACKER, ESQ.—DEAR SIR:

There happened a little circumstance to-day, which put me in mind of my native town. Thought followed thought, and its people and past history passed distinctly before me. I looked again upon the dead and the living, it hardly seeming possible that so many years have elapsed since I left the hills, or that the darker locks of boyhood are now silvered with white. You are still further advanced in years, and need not be reminded by me, that the foot-prints of a hoary plague have been left in our native soil as deep and abiding as its graves. Not until the marble shall crumble away, and the history of the past cease to be remembered, will they be eradicated.

Upon that soil, long years since, those now in their evening of life and linked to myself as closely as human ties can bind, suffered wrongs which are remembered as keenly as they were felt when visited upon their unoffending and defenceless childhood. That hate, planted deeply by the poisoned barb, and nourished by bitter waters wept amid the desolations of hearth-side ruins, and strengthened as proud spirits have been crushed under all the humiliations of poverty and wrong, has been inherited in undiminishing energy, and will be religiously inculcated to burn with intensity, in Hannibals yet to bear arms in future conflicts. By the letter of a friend, I am sadly reminded that the same wrong has been legalized in Preston. A great falsehood, infamous in principle and devilish in results, has been once more officially endorsed.

You are on record in favor of that infamous principle. Your name is affixed to the "Parchment of Death." You stand before your townsmen as an endorser of the right and necessity of rum-selling. The price of blood has passed into the—treasury! Under your sanction, a man pursues an avocation which ever inflicts irreparable injury upon individuals and communities. The weak-minded seller is but a chosen instrument of your selection. He deals grog by your permission. All the evils resulting from his course are evidences against you, and furnish the most scathing commentary upon your solemn official acts.

I learned to esteem you in boyhood and esteem you now. I was as grieved as indignant when I heard of your action. You have not forgotten the large meeting of last season where it was my privilege to address my old neighbors and friends. You then, at the close of the address, took broad grounds against the evils of rum-selling, and expressed your satisfaction at finding my humble labors arousing public sentiment to a full sense of their enormity. With that pleasant impression strong in my mind came the news of your deliberate betrayal of every principle of the temperance reform. Treason comes naturally from some men, but from you I did not expect it. Your intelligence, education, and family relations for-

bade such a supposition. How then, sir, came you to affix your name to a LIE?

Do you think I am talking too plainly? I am impelled to do so. Position, as well as duty, make imperative great plainness of speech. And besides, your acts as an official, especially when so deeply affecting the public welfare, belong to the public, and are legitimate subjects of investigation and comment.

Why did you sign that license? What necessities demanded a grog-shop in your pleasant country village? What portion of the community wished it? *Who is to be benefited by it?* You cannot answer these questions without showing in a glaring light the injustice of your action. Long years since, that action would have been deemed honest, for all were in the dark. But you will not assume ignorance with a noon-day light burning around you, and yourself familiar, by reading and observation, with the unmitigated evils of rum-selling. You deliberately become an abettor to all the bad results of a petty country grogger; and yet, I am sorry to say, I do not believe you can bring forward one good reason in support of your course. *Your own conscience*, Mr. Packer, was outraged, and to-day would bear evidence against you. In all the wide creation of God, you cannot hunt out a spot where the rum traffic, however guarded by the devilish arrangements of law and agencies of "good moral character," has not proved an unmitigated curse. *It never* has produced good. Even in the retired township of Preston, the history of families and individuals has written the blackest damnation against it. So speaks the sodded mound and the weather-beaten stone. So would speak the dead. Nor this alone. *There are living evidences* which speak trumpet-tongued against you. A citizen degraded and urged onward in the way of ruin, or a home rendered desolate and cheerless, will leave a darker stain against you. Those who deal in rum and those who drink it, have motives, however base, for asking grog shops. You would be indignant were you charged with such motives. What reason, then, can you give for continuing a known scourge? When a man lets loose upon community an evil which is ever surcharged with dangers to every interest which the good citizen can cherish, he should be able to present reasons of the most weighty character.

What class of society demanded of you and your colleagues in the Excise Board, a liquor shop?—*There are* those who sustain you, but are you proud of their approbation? Tipplers will say you are right. Are you proud of their verdict? Prompted as it is by a base and degrading appetite coming from those in a bondage darker than the negro ever knew, it should mantle your cheek with shame. Ever thirsting for the maddening dram, they applaud you. With their boon companions, heaping odium upon a good cause and its advocates, they applaud you. In the bar-room, where all that is foul and slanderous stanches in its corroding rottenness, they applaud you. Glass in hand, and pushing still farther out in vice and lifting grog with trembling hands, they applaud you. In drooling idiocy or boisterous brawl, they applaud you. Reeling homeward with jug filled with surplus curses, they applaud you. And as humanity looks weeping upon the injured citizen now oblivious to better manhood, she indignantly asks, "By whose authority is