

not willingly abide the hated conspicuity of some little places we could mention, where the first effort at experiment has not been made. And we hope the good people of New Hampshire, in present legislative session, will not be long tampering with this question, and thus cripple the arm of her border sister States. The scenes enacted in one of her quietest boroughs, bordering on our precincts,—we mean the Sunday rush and rowdiness gathered there where some of our former renegade rumsellers had “pitched tent,”—is enough to make them ashamed of their company, if not of being a place where such vultures and carrion kites might resort with hope of protection.

We leave this question to the grave legislators now assembled at Concord, and whether the political bearing of the same ought to weigh a feather against the immense moral, religious, sanitary interests at stake, and sadly in crisis and peril by the breath of the enemy. The great question in the healing of these border States is, whether there is or is not a wide and putrid plague-spot in the heart's core, sending out disease and death on all the circumjacent territory. New Hampshire can little help us, but she can most effectually cripple our efforts in the present struggle for deliverance; and we hope and trust her wise legislators will not be many months nor weeks in session, without seeing to this thing.

One word to our brethren of the tap, on the ground. You may trouble and retard the temperance movement, by your hidden and stealthy evasions;—may get off a few gallons of liquor every year to tried friends,—spite of laws, moral—civil. You may triumph in party, and at times; but your triumph, be it understood, if at all, is always on the side of the devil; and your rejoicing is with the tears of those whose cry comes up before the Lord of Sabaoth.

You may keep by your traffic as long as you are able, but you will at least have the attention of some hundreds of watchful eyes, and 'twill be good fortune if some ghostly catalogue of past sins rise not up hereafter to your pecuniary dismay and the emolument of the State.

We counsel nothing at present but a more careful study of the public mind; the deep conviction of all good people that something must be done—something to stay the waste that's surging o'er the land, and threatening obliteration to the people.

Your present position is as one on a rail track, and if in chance endowment of Ruin Jug and Demijohn we would just intimate here in Lowell—

“All baggage at the risk of the owner,”—and let each vulnerable. “Look out for the engine while the bell rings.”—*Mass. Life Boat*

The Responsibility of Moderate Drinkers for the Drunkenness of Others.

Some may be startled at the insinuation implied in such an announcement. Most people think that between moderate drinking and drunkenness there is no conceivable connection. Ere concluding we trust we shall be able to show that the connection is most intimate, and that to the suppression of drunkenness the suppression of moderate drinking is essential. Where, we would ask, is the art of drinking learned? At a parent's table, in the company of friends, in the observance of some one of the various customs with which drinking is allied. Not one of that doleful crowd of drunkards, which constitutes the plague-spot of our land, from a self-taught, spontaneous impulse put forth his hand and drank; and but for those usages, and the false opinion on which they are based—that alcoholic liquors are beneficial—every one of them might have been sober and virtuous. Who that drinks in presence of his household, can be sure that the child which gambols at his knee and nestles in his bosom—or the servant-maid who places before him the ap-

paratus of dissipation—or the wife whom every motive bids him to shield from evil—or the friend who sits at his table,—may not, in a future day trace their ruin, and wretchedness, and woe to his pernicious example? The most conspicuous in drinking may be art and part in the inebriety of others, inasmuch as they have afforded the occasion and sanctioned the usages in which it has originated. However much we may have our own appetite under control, we cannot surely pretend to regulate that of our neighbour. If so, then we should beware of affording occasion for its gratification. Or, should we suppose that the occasion passes away without any visible impropriety, what if there has been originated a taste for liquor which is only to find its ultimate gratification in the most beastly indulgence? Will it exempt from responsibility to allege that the example set was that of moderation and not of drunkenness? As well might the incendiary plead that all that he did was but to apply the match. Oh, it is not in the haunts of vice and dissipation that we would seek for the treacherous guide who, under the smile of friendships, lures the thoughtless from one degree of indulgence to another, till they wake up to the conviction that the brand of drunkenness is upon them; but in the abodes of the respectable and christian, and at tables sanctified by even the forms of religion! In a tavern, a man knows where he is, and what he is about. There indulgence has no concealment; but at the table of a friend, the tempter approaches under the most specious blandishments.

What harm is there in a glass of spirits? To thousands a glass of spirits is the commencement of a course of drunkenness. We have wept with a widowed mother as she comforted herself for the death of her only son, by thinking that God had taken him away from temptations he was too weak to resist. But a few days before, the wife of his employer, on paying him for a job, had given him a dram. Companions were on the watch. Under the influence of the liquor, he was easily persuaded; and the morning found him lying at his mother's door drunk and penniless. That's what a dram can do. And when we think of the thousands who are every day being treated in a similar manner—cabmen, waitresses, workmen, mechanics, and friends—we see a machinery in operation capable of originating and perpetuating evil in its direst form. True, we may see no great evil a glass or two can do any one; but thousands acting under the same impression may be the occasion of evil frightful to contemplate. In Russia there is a military punishment much after this sort: The criminal is laid upon his face, and as regiment after regiment defile before him, each man as he passes gives him a stroke. A single stroke might do a little harm, but the aggregate, results in a death the most agonising. This it is with our system of dram-giving. It makes men and women drunkards; and those who give the dram must bear the guilt of the result.

But there is an aspect of this question which must, at least, come home to a parent's heart. Around is a generation, rising in all the beauty and freshness of early dawn; a generation as yet free from vicious practices; a generation which has no inveterate prejudices to combat, no established habits to overcome, no vitiated tastes to subdue. Now, were this generation preserved, thirty years would complete the triumph of our cause, and terminate the direst of our social evils. And who are they who assume the responsibility of preventing this blessed consummation? All who countenance the customs which shall convert the simplicity and comparative innocence of youth into those practices which constitute the hot-bed of every vice.

There is another aspect of this question at which we must look for a moment. Hundreds are every week making themselves members of the various abstinence societies which have been formed throughout the country. Many of these are the victims of the practices to which we have been alluding. They have felt the serpent's bite, they have