

PARALLEL BETWEEN INFORMATION AND GIVE  
GLA O' O' GADE.

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AN

ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT

**AMHERST COLLEGE,**

**JULY 4, 1828.**

**BY HEMAN HUMPHREY, D. D.**

**PRESIDENT OF THE COLLEGE.**

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Published at the request of the students.

**AMHERST:**

**J. S. AND C. ADAMS, PRINTERS.**

**1828.**

## ADDRESS.

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**T**HE birth-day of our nation is the brightest era in the political history of the world; and may the fourth of July never dawn, without exciting in every American bosom the warmest gratitude to Heaven, for the blessings of civil and religious liberty. May the sun never shine between our ocean boundaries upon any other than a free, united and happy people. But the popular and stereotyped topics of the anniversary, I do not intend to introduce on the present occasion. Enough will be said by others to satisfy, if not to surfeit, the very genius of patriotism—about liberty in its cradle and in its armour; in its perils and in its triumphs. Enough there will be of boasting—of our ancestors, of ourselves, and especially of our posterity: enough of Mars, and the Bird of Jove, and our star-spangled banner. Indeed, so many bows of promise and halos of glory have already been painted on every cloud, that there is no room left upon the face of the heavens for another. As for burning charcoal and nitre, pouring out, or rather pouring down li-

bations to Bacchus, and the prodigious *travail* of producing witty and piquant *sentiments*, after the cloth is removed, we covet neither the honor nor the hazard of such marvellous exploits.

The subject which I have chosen, though not invested with the rhetorical attributes of our revolutionary struggle, is nevertheless but too painfully appropriate. *Slavery* and not *Independence* will be my theme. Would that there was no such discord in the jubilant sounds of the day we celebrate. But the mortifying truth is, and the world knows it, that after the lapse of nearly fifty years of undisputed political freedom, the blood-freezing clank of a cruel bondage is still heard amid our loudest rejoicings. You will naturally suppose I allude to that grievous anomaly in our free constitution, which darkens all the southern horizon; but I have a more brutifying and afflictive thralldom in view. For however cruel and debasing and portentous African servitude may be, beyond the Potomac, there exists, even in New-England, a far sorer bondage, from which the slaves of the South are happily free. This bondage is intellectual and moral as well as physical. It chains and scourges the soul, as well as the body. It is a servitude from which death itself has no power to release the captive.

Yes, there is a domestic tyrant now traversing the fairest districts of our country—consuming its young and vital energies; treading down the blos-

son of its hopes ; undermining its free institutions ; setting at defiance all its authorities ; multiplying engines of torture ; fencing off grave-yards—and breathing pestilence upon every acre of our goodly heritage. This man-devouring shape,

“ If shape it may be called, which shape has none,

“ Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,

— — — — —  
“ Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,

is INTemperance. “ Other lords have had dominion over us,” but here is the very Nero of the horrid dynasty, and we must dethrone the despot, or we are lost. If we sit still but a little longer, and look quietly on, while this scourge is raging like a tempest of fire in all our borders, the fourth of July will indeed come ; but we shall have no independence to celebrate. Our liberties will exist only in the song of the drunkard. *Fuit Ilium*, will be written upon all the monuments of our glory.

With me this is not a new subject of lamentation and alarm. I cannot remember the time, when I first heard the dashing of these fiery surges against the buttresses of my country : and more than fifteen years ago, I made an effort in my humble sphere, to awaken some of her sentinels. I thank God that since that time, but more especially within the last two years, far louder voices than mine have issued from the temple and the forum and the halls of Esculapius. Facts have been accumulated and estimates compiled with great industry, from the most authentic sources. The causes of so great a plague have been ably investigated and powerfully

exposed. The downward course, from moderate drinking and *coniac* hospitality, to dead intoxication, has been sketched again and again, with graphic power and in horrible colours. Total abstinence is now becoming the watch-word, not only upon all the heights of Zion, but in almost every department of civil and social influence.

Indeed, so much has been said and written on this subject of late, and so well too, that it becomes me to approach it with extreme diffidence. It cannot be supposed, however, that every possible view has been taken ; and if I can secure a position, which abler combatants have not found time to occupy in the pending contest, and open a new fire upon the enemy's beleagured walls, I flatter myself that some little aid will accrue to the common cause. To speak without a figure, I have long thought, that a great advantage might be gained, by comparing intemperance with some other terrible scourge of humanity, which has fallen under deep and universal reprobation. Such a scourge is the African Slave-trade ; and the position which I mean to take is this, *that the prevalent use of ardent spirits in the United States, is a worse evil at this moment, than the slave-trade ever was, in the height of its horrible prosperity.* However much this position may shock and stagger belief, I am confident it can be maintained, without the least extenuation on one side, or exaggeration on the other. Nothing but a sober and sorrowful parallel is necessary ; and such

a parallel I shall attempt to sketch with as much brevity as I can.

The bare mention of the slave trade, is enough to excite indignation and horror, in every breast that is not twice dead to humanity. Any thing short of these emotions, would be counted disgraceful in the last degree to an American citizen. The wretch who should be accessory to a foreign traffic in human flesh and sinews and torment, would be branded with eternal infamy, if not hunted as a monster from the face of civilized society. I would set the mark of Cain upon such a reprobate if I could, and so would every one that hears me. And yet, I repeat it, *intemperance is worse than the slave-trade*—is heavier with woe and guilt and death—both being “laid in the balances together.”

The principal ingredients of suffering and crime in the slave-trade, are the infernal ambush—the midnight attack and conflagration of peaceful villages—the massacre of helpless age and imploring infancy—the stripes and manacles and thousand unutterable cruelties inflicted between the place of capture and embarcation—the horrors of the middle passage—the shambles prepared for the famine-stricken survivors on a foreign shore—the separation of husbands and wives, mothers and children, under the hammer and branding-iron—the mortality of *seasoning*, amid stripes and hunger and malaria:—to which must be added the dreadful accumulation of heart-breaking remembrances and forebodings,

incident to a state of hopeless bondage in a strange and hated land. Nor even is this all. The wrongs and miseries of that accursed traffic, which once disgraced our own country, did not cease with the lives of its immediate victims. Servitude was entailed upon unknown generations of their posterity;—and last, though not least, who can tell what dangers now hang over us, in the heaving bosom of that spreading cloud which darkens half the land?

And can any thing, you will ask, be worse? Can any guilt, or misery, or peril surpass that of the slave-trade? Can any national stigma be deeper, than for a single year to have tolerated the importation of human blood and broken hearts and daily imprecations? Yes, I answer, intemperance in the United States is worse than all this—is a more blighting and deadly scourge to humanity, than that traffic, all dripping with gore, which it makes every muscle shudder to think of. I am well aware that so heavy a charge against a great and professedly christian people, requires strong proofs; and I shall leave the appeal with you, whether such proofs are not found in the following parallel.

*First*; let us look at the *comparative aggregate of misery*, occasioned by the slave trade on one hand, and intemperate drinking on the other. The result of this comparison will obviously depend upon the number of victims to each, the variety, intensity and duration of their sufferings, bodily and mental; together with the degree and extent to which

their friends and relations are made to suffer on their account. I am aware, that the parallel does not admit of mathematical precision; neither does the nature of the argument require it. We every hour decide that one man is older and taller than another, or more guilty or more miserable, without thinking it at all necessary to determine exactly how much. So in this case, without pretending to compare numbers and degrees precisely, we may come to an equally satisfactory conclusion.

To begin then, with the *number* of victims on both sides, as nearly as it can be ascertained. According to Mr. Clarkson, and other good authorities, not far from 100,000 slaves have been shipped from the coast of Africa in a single year. This was the estimate for 1786; and of these, about 42,000 were transported in British vessels. The period in question, however, was one, of the most afflictive and disgraceful activity, when the English, French, Dutch, Portuguese, and Danes, seemed most eagerly to vie with each other in driving the infernal traffic. Probably, the average shipment of slaves for twenty years, immediately preceding the act of abolition by the British Parliament, may have ranged from *seventy, to seventy-five thousand*. What proportion fell to our share, it is difficult, perhaps impossible to determine. But when it is considered, that the great markets of Cuba, St. Domingo, Jamaica, and many other islands, (to say nothing of Mexico and South America,) were at the same time



to be supplied, we can hardly suppose that more than 25,000 were consigned to the United States. My own belief is, that the average did not exceed 20,000 ; but to make the case as strong as it will bear, against the slave trade, let the number be raised to 30,000 ; that is, let us suppose that nearly half of those human cargoes were sent to our ports;—making an aggregate of 150,000 in five years, or 300,000 in ten years. What a multitude of men, women and children, to go into captivity and wear the yoke of slavery forever !

But we must follow these miserable beings a step further, and enquire for them in the bills of mortality. According to the most authentic estimates which I have been able to find, the number of deaths during the middle passage, varies from *six* to *fifteen* per cent. In some extraordinary cases it has gone up to *thirty*, or even higher. But the average, taking one year with another, may be put down at ten, or twelve deaths in a hundred, before the slaves reach the great shambles, to which like beasts of burden they are consigned. I speak here of the trade, not as it existed fifty years ago, when it was as legal as any other, but as it is now carried on, in spite of the laws, and in defiance of the most solemn compacts and treaties, which renders it far more cruel and destructive. But of this difference, I shall take no advantage in the present argument. Let the painful supposition stand, that our share in the infamous traffick, cost from *three* to *four*

thousand lives annually, in the middle passage, and from *eight to ten* thousand more, in the two first years of servitude. This indeed must have been, considering the cause of it, a most horrible mortality. From *ten to fifteen* thousand human beings, sacrificed every year, to the cupidity of our merchants and planters!

But let us inquire, whether at least as many thousands are not now enslaved and destroyed, by a more ruthless enemy of happiness and of life. According to the recent calculations of Mr. Paley and others, which I believe an exact census would more than verify, *thirty six thousand* new victims are yearly snared and taken and enslaved by strong drink. For *thirty-six thousand* perish by the hand of this fell destroyer, and of course, it requires an equal number of fresh recruits to keep the ranks of intemperance full, and the drunkard's knell still sounding through the land.

(The parallel, then, as nearly as it can be ascertained, stands thus. Shipment of slaves, say in 1786, from *twenty-five to thirty thousand*. Brought into a worse bondage by intemperance, in 1828, *thirty six thousand*. (Deaths by the slave-trade, from *ten to fifteen thousand*—by ardent spirits, *thirty-six thousand*!) Thus it appears, that where the slave-trade opened one grave, hard drinking opens three.

Again; as intemperance holds this "bad pre-eminence" over the slave-trade in point of *numbers*, so I am persuaded it does in the aggregate of human

*miser*y which it inflicts. The full amount of suffering, indeed, which is caused by the trade in human blood, it is impossible to estimate, and I hope to convince you, if I have not already, that you cannot abhor it more than I do.

Go then with me to that long abused continent, where the first act of this infernal tragedy is acted over every month, and you will gain some faint idea of the atrocities which it unfolds. In that thicket crouches a human tyger; and just beyond it, you hear the joyous voices of children at their sports. The next moment he springs upon his terrified prey, nor sister nor mother shall ever see them more. On the right hand, you hear the moans of the captive as he goes bleeding to his doom; and on the left, a peaceful village, all at once flashes horror upon the face of midnight; and as you approach the scene of conflagration you behold the sick, the aged and the infant, either writhing in the fire where they lay down, unconscious of danger, or if attempting to escape, you see them forced back into the flames, (as not worth the trouble of driving to market.) And then, O what shrieks from the bursting hearts of the more unhappy survivors! What agonies in the rending of every tie! What lacerations, what fainting, what despair wait on every step, and afflict the heavens which light them on their way to bondage! How many would die if they could, before they have been an hour in the hands of those incarnate dæmons, who are hurrying them away!

Shall I attempt to describe the horrors of the *middle passage*—the miseries which await these wretched beings in crossing the ocean? I have no pencil, nor colours for such a picture. But see them literally packed alive by hundreds in a floating and pestilential dungeon—manacled to the very bone, under a treble-ironed hatchway—tormented with thirst and devoured by hunger—suffocated in their own breath—chained to corpses, and maddened by despair, to the rending of all their heart-strings. See mothers and young girls, and even little children, watching their opportunity to seek refuge in the caverns of the deep, from the power of their tormentors; and not to be diverted from their purpose, by the hanging and shooting of such as have failed in similar attempts. Behold the sick and the blind struggling amid the waves, into which avarice has cast them; and shrieking in the jaws of the shark, for the unpardonable crime of having sunk under their tortures, and lost their marketable value on the voyage. See them headed up in water casks and thrown into the sea, lest they should be found and liberated by the merciful cruiser.

The foregoing is a mere extract from the blood-stained records of the slave-trade. Who then will undertake to sum up the amount of human misery which is wafted by the reluctant and wailing winds upon the complaining waters, to be chained and scourged, to pine and die in the great western house of bondage?

But while intemperance mixes ingredients equally bitter, if not similar, in the cup of trembling and woe which it fills up to the brim, it casts in others, which the slave-trade never mingled—for it fetters the immortal mind as well as the dying body. It not only blisters the skin, but scorches the vitals. While it scourges the flesh, it tortures the conscience. While it cripples the wretch in every limb, and boils away his blood, and ossifies its channels, and throws every nerve into a dying tremor, it also goes down into the unsounded depths of human depravity, and not only excites all the passions to fierce insurrection against God and man, but kindles a deadly civil war in the very heart of their own empire.

[Who can enumerate the diseases which intemperance generates in the brain, liver, stomach, lungs, bones, muscles, nerves, fluids, and whatever else is susceptible of disease, or pain in the human system? How rudely does it shut up, one after another, all the doors of sensation, or in the caprice of its wrath throw them all wide open to every hateful intruder. How, with a refinement of cruelty almost peculiar to itself, does it fly in the face of its victims, and hold their quivering eye-balls in its fangs, till they abhor the light and swim in blood.

But to be a little more particular—mark that carbuncled, slaving, doubtful remnant of a man, retching and picking tansy, every morning before sunrise—loathing his breakfast—getting his ear

bored to the door of a dram shop an hour after—disguised before ten—quarrelling by dinner time, and snoring drunk before supper. See him next morning at his retching and his tansy again; and as the day advances, becoming noisy, cross, drivelling, and intoxicated. Think of his thus dragging out months and years of torture, till the earth refuses any longer to bear such a wretch upon its surface, and then tell me, if any Barbadianslave was ever so miserable.

But who is this that comes hobbling up, with banded legs, inflamed eyes, and a distorted countenance? Every step is like the piercing of a sword, or the driving of a nail among nerves and tendons. He suffers more every day and every night than he would under the lash of the most cruel driver. And what is the cause? The *humours* he tells us trouble him; and though he has applied to all the doctors far and near, he can get no relief. Ah these wicked and inveterate humours! Every body knows where they came from. But for the bottle he might have been a sound and healthy man. Now he is the most miserable of slaves and there is no hope of his emancipation. He may live as long, possibly, as he would in a sugar-house at Jamaica; but to grind more miserably in the prison which he has built at his own expense, and in manacles which his own hands have forged.

Look next at that wretched hovel, open on all sides to the rude and drenching intrusion of the ele-

ments. The panting skeleton, lying as you see, upon a little straw in the corner, a prey to consumption, was once the owner of yonder comfortable mansion, and of that farm so rich in verdure and in sheaves. He might have owned them still, and have kept his health too, but for the love of strong drink. It is intemperance which has consumed his substance, and rioted upon his flesh and his marrow, and shortened his breath, and fixed that deep sepulchral cough in his wasting vitals. Was ever a kidnapped African more wretched in his Atlantic dungeon? But your sympathies come too late. Perhaps you sold him the very poison which has brought him to this—or it went out sparkling from your distillery to the retailer, and thence into the jug, half concealed by the tattered garment of the victim, as he carried it home to his starving family. There is no help for him now. He must, day and night, groan and cough away the remnant of his mortal existence, without mitigation and without hope.

Does your sickened and harrowed soul turn away with horror from such a scene? “Go with me then to the alms house, and tell me whether you recognize that bloated figure, sitting all day and all night in his chair, because the dropsy will not suffer him to lie down, and thus lingering from week to week under the slow torments of strangulation. How piercing are his shrieks, as if he was actually drowning, from which, indeed, he can obtain a short reprieve only, by diverting from the seat of life the

accumulating waters. He was once your neighbour, thrifty, reputable and happy—but he yielded to the blandishments of the great destroyer. He drank, first temperately, then freely, then to excess, and finally, to habitual inebriation. The consequences are before you. His daily and nightly sufferings no tongue can utter. His disease no skill can cure. The swelling flood in which he catches every precarious breath, no finite power can long assuage. The veriest wretch, chained and sweltering between decks in a Portuguese Guineaman, is not half so miserable.

But here we must leave him to be cast a wreck by the angry waters upon the shore of eternity; and enter that hut, towards which a solitary neighbour is advancing with hurried steps. Here a husband and a father, (shall I call him such?) is supposed to be dying. The disease is *delirium tremens*. And O what a pitiable object. Every limb and muscle quivers as in the agonies of dissolution. Reason, having been so often and so rudely driven from her seat, by habitual intoxication, now refuses to return. Possibly he may once more be reprieved, to stagger on a little further, into his ignominious grave; but in the mean time, who that is bought and sold and thrown into the sea, for the crime of being sable and sick, suffers half so much as this very slave?

I might ask you in passing the Insane Hospital, just to look through the grated window, at the maniac in his straight-jacket—gnashing his teeth, cursing his



keepers, withering your very soul by the flashes of his eye, disquieting the night with incoherent cries of distress, or more appalling fits of laughter. Here you would see what it is for the immortal mind to be laid in ruins, by the worse than volcanic belchings of the distillery ; and what happens every day from these Tartarean eruptions. But I cannot detain you.

“ Who hath woe ? Who hath sorrow ? Who hath contentions ? Who hath babbling ? Who hath wounds without cause ? Who hath redness of eyes ? They that tarry long at the wine ; they that go to seek mixed wine.” Strong drink may exhilarate for a moment, but, “ *at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.*” (And can any slave-torture be more excruciating than this ?) Glance your eye once more at the poor African captive—trace his bloody footsteps to the ship—let your sympathies all cluster round the sufferer in the middle passage, so proverbial for its horrors—follow him thence to the plantation, and thence through years of toil and pain to his refuge in the grave. Then look again at the self-immolated victim of intemperance—hobbling—ulcerated—bloated—cadaverous—fleshless ;—every nerve and muscle and sensitive organ of his body, quivering in the deadly grasp of some merciless disease, occasioned by swallowing the fiery element. Hear him cry out under the hand of his tormenters. Follow *him*, too, through the *middle passage* from health and freedom and happiness, to

all the woes of habitual intoxication; and thence through scenes of the most grinding and crushing bondage that ever disgraced and tortured humanity, to his final rotting place, and tell me which of these slaves suffers most. Ah, give me, you say, the chains and stripes and toil and perpetual servitude of a West-India plantation, rather than the woe, the wounds, and the diseases of the dram-shop.

Shall I speak of *shame*, as prolific of mental suffering? What has the manacled and starving captive done to be ashamed of? He is in a degraded condition to be sure; but his degradation is not voluntary. He fought for liberty as long as he could, or he fled from bondage with his utmost speed. Brutal force has prevailed over right. Shame belongs to the master and not to the slave. But look at the intemperate man. (No one can become a sot and a reprobate, without suffering extreme mortification, especially in the early stages of his downward course.) (Indeed the veriest drunkard, not only in his sober moments, but even when half-intoxicated, evidently despises himself, from the bottom of his heart.) (A hundred times in a year does he wish himself dead from mere self-contempt. From the public gaze, as you have often seen, he tries to skulk away to some horse-shed or other place of concealment.) For days together, after a debauch, he shuts himself up to brood over his degradation; and when at last, he ventures out, how does he shrink from the glance of every eye, and glide

along by the wall, or under the fence, like a sheep-stealer. Nay more; so intolerable is the mortification which preys upon the drunkard's heart, in his lucid intervals, that desperation often ensues, and drives him to suicide. Were there no other suffering then, but the mere sense of shame, which intemperance begets, in its *three hundred thousand* victims, it would well nigh balance half the miseries of the slave-trade.

In a still more vital point, the parallel entirely fails; for the suffering is all on the side of intemperance. Whatever *bodily* torture the slave may be compelled to endure, he has a clear *conscience*. He did not sell himself. He never lacerated his own flesh, nor plucked the bread out of his own mouth. Poor and half naked, indeed he is, but not by his own fault. In bondage he must wear out his life, but he did not forge and rivet his own chains, nor thrust himself into the dungeon which conveyed him to market. If his parents died with grief after he left them he was not the guilty cause of it. If his wife has sunk down by his side, with a broken heart, gladly would he have saved her if he could. If his children are as wretched and hopeless as himself, it is not through his voluntary agency. Of all this guilt he stands acquitted at the bar of conscience. He can lie down in his cabin and be at rest.

But how is it with the bond-slave of intemperance? What tormenter was ever so fierce and relentless as a guilty conscience? I know it is possi-

ble to silence her voice for a season ; and the drunkard in his progress subjects her to the slow process of crucifixion. But she, in most cases, maintains a long and desperate struggle in his bosom ; and even when apparently dead embraces every lucid interval which he has, to upbraid him as a fool, a madman and a wretch. She charges him with the meanness of driving himself to market—of selling his own flesh and blood for nothing, to the most cruel master—of *buying*, and when his money is gone *begging* the privilege of being a slave. She upbraids him with the guilt of wasting his property, sacrificing his health, blasting his character, destroying his usefulness, disgracing his friends, violating his connubial vows, entailing poverty and infamy upon his children and ruining his own soul. When thus maddened by her whip of scorpions, he flies to his cups for relief, she but intermits her tortures, to renew them the first moment that returning reason brings him within her reach, and scourges him back again to the very brink of desperation. Again he plunges, deeper than ever, in the oblivious flood, and again emerges to feel the dreadful renewal of her stripes and perhaps the next moment to rush into a burning eternity. “The spirit of a man will sustain his infirmity ; but a wounded spirit who can bear?”

Rarely indeed, I believe, does the drunkard, with all his pains, free himself entirely from the compunctious visitings of his conscience. She knows how to

make her terrible voice heard even in the midst of his revelry. She enters before him into his sick chamber, with her thorns for his pillow—takes her stand by his bed side, on purpose to terrify him with her awful forebodings and rebukes, and when the king of terrors comes, she anticipates his entrance into the dark valley, that she may there haunt his soul with undying horrors. Now what, I pray you, is African slavery in its most terrific forms compared with this? The mere sting of an insect, compared with the fangs of a tyger—the slight inconvenience of a ligature, contrasted with the live and crushing folds of the Boa Constrictor. Drag me bound and bleeding, if you will, from my blazing habitation—thrust me half dead into the fetid hold of any slave-ship—sell me to any foreign master—doom me to labour in any burning climate—set over me any iron-hearted driver—load me with any chains and compel me to toil night and day in any sugar-house;—but deliver me not over to the retributions of a conscience, exasperated by the guilt of intemperance! O bind me not to a rack where I can neither live, nor die under the torture!

Again; it is demonstrable, I think, that intemperance inflicts *more misery* upon the immediate friends and relatives of its victims in this country, than was ever caused in Africa, by our participation in the slave-trade. I have alluded already to the cruelty of the lucre-bitten prowler, in sending down multitudes of parents sorrowing and childless

to their graves ; and to the bloody conflagration in which the helpless perish, at the moment when their dearest friends are swept into hopeless captivity. *Twenty-five or thirty thousand* Africans, could never have been torn from their friends, for our shambles, without carrying desolation and despair into thousands of families. But, to say nothing of the keener sensibilities of a civilized than of a savage state, can it be doubted, that the anguish, occasioned by the intemperance of husbands, sons and brothers, is more acute, or that it afflicts a still greater number of families ? When you have poured out your sympathies over a sorrowing mother, and her half-starved children, whose husband and father is pining in western bondage, enter the forlorn habitation of the thrice widowed mother of a drunkard's offspring. Or when you have wept with that aged pair, on the slave-coast, whose only son has just been carried off by the ruthless man-stealer, come home to New-England, and see the only prop of once doting, and now aged parents, falling intoxicated and blaspheming over the threshold of their door ; and tell me, whose breach is widest, whose sorrows spring from the deepest fountain ? Much as I love my children, let them all grind in chains till they die, rather, infinitely, than become the slaves of strong drink. And if intemperance pours such wormwood and gall as this into the hearts of *four hundred thousand* families, (and this is probably a moderate estimate,) what must be the mighty aggregate of mis-

ery which sends up its ceaseless groans to heaven from every part of the land !

Secondly, as intemperance holds a dreadful preponderance over the slave-trade, in the *sufferings* which it occasions, it is still more pre-eminent in the *guilt* with which it is stained. The criminality of trading in human flesh, cannot indeed be computed. The cry of this traffic has lodged accusations against these states, which a world could never meet. But in this guilt, the slaves themselves had no participation. It lay at the door of their oppressors, and of those who abetted the nefarious commerce. But, probably, not twenty thousand persons, were ever, either directly, or indirectly concerned in it at any one time. Whereas in the case of intemperance, every slave is a criminal; and *three hundred thousand* at least, are chargeable with all the guilt which is involved in wasting property, throwing away influence and reputation, abusing reason, rending asunder allied heart-strings and kindling up fires which will burn to the lowest hell.

Can it be so bad, then, can it be so criminal in the sight of heaven, for ten or twenty thousand persons to hunt, and enslave and kill the poor blackmen, as for two hundred thousand white men, to enslave and torment and kill, not only themselves, but their parents, sisters, wives and children? If the guilt of the twenty thousand is crimson what must that be of the *fifteen times twenty* thousand? If the sins of the former were *legion*, who will undertake to number those of the latter.

Thirdly ; intemperance is beyond all comparison more destructive to the *souls* of men than the slave-trade. Diabolical as this traffic is, it does not deprive its victims of the means of grace, for they never enjoyed them. It seals not up the bible, nor blots out the sabbath, nor removes men from the "house of God and the gate of heaven." It hardens not their hearts. It sears not their consciences. They are not more likely to lose their souls in America, than they would have been in their native country. On the contrary, many are brought under the saving light of the gospel here, who, in all probability, would never have heard of a Saviour there. This I know, affords not the slightest apology for man-stealing ; for we may never "do evil that good may come ;" and even if we might, the saving of souls, is not among the motives, which have so long desolated the shores of Africa.

But how much more terrible are the effects of intemperate drinking, upon the character and destiny of men, born and educated in a christian land. If there is any evil which hardens the heart faster, or fills the mouth with "cursing and bitterness" sooner, or quickens hatred to God and man into a more rapid and frightful maturity, I know not what it is. And if there is in this nether world, a broader seal of perdition, than the confirmed drunkard has burnt upon his own visage, I know not where to find it. Look at him as he was, and as he is. Once the law of kindness dwelt upon his tongue, and the social



affections had their home in his bosom. He was strictly moral and exemplary. He kept the sabbath, read his bible, instructed his children, went regularly to the sanctuary, and was, at times, "almost persuaded to be a christian." But the fell destroyer came, disguised at first, in cordials and sparkling holiday pledges, and side-board hospitality. Yes the destroyer came, and dried up the fountain that diffused gladness around him, and kindled every malignant and wrathful element of depravity into a raging conflagration, and converted his throat into an open sepulchre, and banished the scriptures from his sight, if not from his dwelling and estranged him from God's house, and incased his heart in adamant, and launched him upon that headlong torrent which thunders down into the bottomless abyss. But for his love of strong drink, this man might have been saved. He was perhaps just entering the kingdom of heaven, when he grew dizzy and his feet began to slide, and now "where is he?" And where are all the victims of intemperance, who have annually left their thirty acres of corpses behind them? "Be not deceived. Neither fornications, nor idcalters, nor adulterers, nor *drunkards*, shall inherit the kingdom of God."

Fourthly ; Our free institutions are more endangered by the love of ardent spirits, than they ever were by the slave-trade, or than they now are by the existing slavery of the south. No true and enlightened patriot, can think without deep solicitude

of the jeopardy which originated in stealing, buying selling and consuming human merchandise ; and which becomes more and more imminent from year to year, as our slave population increases. Even the quiet servitude of two millions of people, is a sleeping volcano, within the reach of whose smothered fires, nothing can be entirely safe. The value of our national tranquility and liberties therefore, no less than the dictates of justice and philanthropy, urges us to co-operate in every practicable measure, for removing the curse of slavery from the land, and with it the dangers which slumber beneath our feet.

But even though the curse and the peril should still cleave to our skirts, how much more is to be feared from *three hundred thousand* veterans in the army of intemperance. This great army, be it remembered, is not confined to any particular section or district of the United States, but is quartered upon every town, and village, and settlement in the nation. We encounter these mercenaries in their uniform, wherever we go : and the power which they wield over the destinies of the country is already tremendous. They are always found at the poles, and often stand as centinels over the ballot boxes. They choose our rulers for us, and are chosen themselves to govern us. They find their way not only into the inferior legislative assemblies, but into the grand council of the nation. We find them at the bar, in the jury box and even on the bench. They steal into the church of the living God ; and how shall it

be spoken, the sacred desk itself cannot be effectually closed against them !

Is religion any thing more than a name ? Do our institutions rest upon the virtue and intelligence of the people ? Does every thing depend upon the purity of the elective franchise, is almost every drunkard an elector, and are half the offices in many a populous district, sold to the highest bidder for intoxicating liquors ? What then must the end of these things be ? This question may be promptly answered without a prophet's ken. If intemperance should increase as it has done, and go on to corrupt the public morals, and set the laws at defiance, our government cannot stand. Its death warrant is only waiting for the proper signature, and may shortly be read on the *fourth of July*. (A sober people may possibly be enslaved ; but an intemperate people cannot long remain free. They must have a master, to measure out their rations, and keep them in awe, at the point of the bayonet. And if the emblems of liberty are ever to be torn from our banner—if her statues are to be hurled from their pedestals—if the car of a despot is to be driven over our suppliant bodies, it will be by the aid of strong drink. For an army of sober men can never be raised to enslave their country.

Of the enormous *expense* at which this Moloch of America is supported, and for which there never was the shadow of a parallel in the slave-trade, I shall say but little, both because my limits forbid, and

because the topic is too familiar to need anything more than a passing remark. But if our annual libations cost *forty*, or even *thirty* millions of dollars ; if this immense sum might be expended in a thousand ways, to promote private happiness and the best interests of mankind ; and if the votaries of intoxicating liquors, derive infinite damage, instead of the slightest advantage from all their pecuniary sacrifices, then is here another proof, that intemperance is worse than the slave-trade.

Were the object of this address, merely to make out a strong case, or to prove that one great national curse and stigma, is heavier, and more disgraceful than another, it would be needless to pursue the subject any further. But who ever attempted to mount a battery, without intending, if possible, to rake the enemy's lines ? A few rounds, at least, we must discharge on this occasion, just to try the caliber, and should a friend, or an ally, happen at the moment, to be in the opposite camp, or somewhere between, in the range of our guns, he will, if he is wise, consult his safety, by hastening back to his post as soon as possible.

*In the first place*, then, if intemperance is worse than the slave-trade, what can be more inconsistent, than the conduct of hard drinkers ? They all, with one voice, condemn the slave-trade, as inhuman, and criminal to the last degree. Not a man of them would go to Africa, for the purpose of stealing the poor Bushmen, and reducing them to bondage.

The most veteran drunkard amongst us, would shudder at the thought, of staining his hands with guilt so red and reeking. And yet, he is a wholesale dealer, in a far more criminal traffic. While he washes one hand, he deliberately fixes an indelible stain upon the other. Indeed, every man who drinks to excess, lends all the weight of his example and influence, to perpetuate a national vice, which is more aggravated in the sight of heaven and earth, than the bloody commerce, which we inherited from the king and parliament of Great Britain.

*In the next place;* if intemperance is more criminal than the slave-trade and more dangerous to our free institutions, then what is the plain duty of our civil rulers? Is it not to discourage the former as well as the latter? Congress has no hesitation in passing the severest laws against the one, and why not do something to check the more dreadful ravages of the other? Suppose the state of Massachusetts to have embarked her capital in the trade so often mentioned; and suppose her to remonstrate against any contemplated restrictions, as prejudicial to her interests, would the government listen to her complaints for a moment? Ought it in such a case to listen? Certainly not. On the contrary, it would be its duty to cut up the trade, root and branch, though it were utterly to destroy our commerce. Why then should the same government, not only tolerate but encourage the manufacture of a delite-

rious poison, which destroys an army of men every year, and which threatens the very heart of the body politic? While the importation of slaves is made piracy by our laws, in obedience to the united voice of policy, humanity and religion, why should not the same voice prevail against the importation and manufacture of ardent spirits, at least so far as heavy duties can go to shield us from their ravages?

*In the third place*; if intemperance is worse than the slave-trade, then how ought a sober and moral community to regard that easy system of *licensing*, which fills our large towns with groceries and the whole land with dram-shops? Would the authorities which now so readily lend their sanction to multiply the facilities for drinking at every corner, listen for a moment to any application for license, to carry on the slave-trade, even if they had the power? No; they would spurn at it with indignation and horror. Let them look well then to the character and the number of applicants for liberty to retail the most insidious and destructive poisons. For it admits not of a doubt, that in this way, more evil is done, more lives are destroyed, and more families are beggared, than would be, by licensing a thousand small traders, to bring home and sell the wretched children of Africa.

*In the fourth place*; if strong drink is a more dangerous enemy to our liberties, and the cause of more guilt and suffering in this land than the slave-trade ever was, what influence ought these considerations

to have upon those who are engaged, either in importing, or manufacturing the poison. 'Would they send out their ships for cargoes of bond-men and bond-women? Would they think it right or reputable to raise as many slaves as possible at home for the market? No—they would shudder at the bare proposal. How then can they employ their capital, and tender their personal services, to encourage and perpetuate the more dreadful slavery of body and soul, to intoxicating liquors? I can believe that when John Newton commanded an English Guineaman, and before the guilt and cruelty of trading in human flesh had excited much discussion, some good men might have been engaged in the business. But the times of this ignorance are past—so that if, with all the light which has since been poured upon the atrocities of the slave traffic, any one should continue in it; should own or navigate a vessel thus employed, or act as an agent or supercargo abroad, or build his stalls at home to receive the miserable captives he would be justly regarded as utterly destitute, I will not say of religion, but of common humanity; and would bring down upon himself the indignant rebukes of an outraged community.

In like manner, I doubt not, that in times past, men of the fairest character and of real piety have been large importers and distillers of intoxicating liquors, and this may be the case to some extent even now. But if in full view of the estimates and ar-

guments and appeals which are going forth to enlighten the public mind in regard to the extent and guilt of intemperate drinking, and if any should long persist in creating the fiery element, they cannot fail of bringing suspicion upon their love to God and their country.

No conscientious man, I am persuaded, will be able much longer to own, or work a distillery in New-England. For how can he, who would indignantly refuse to make handcuffs and iron collars for men and women of another continent, persevere in making a liquid poison, which is productive of far greater mischief and suffering to his own countrymen?

*In the fifth place*; if intemperate drinking is pregnant with more guilt and misery and political danger than the slave-trade ever was, how can it be right to retail spirits as a common beverage? Who is there, that for the sake of a small and precarious profit, would burden his conscience with the guilt, and his character with the reproach of supplying the dealers in slaves with staples, and fetters, and ring-bolts, and padlocks, to carry on the accursed traffic? Will any man attempt to justify himself in dealing out strong drink to his customers, by the plea, that they *will* have it, and if he refuses, somebody else will supply them and take the profits? This very argument was strenuously urged, in the British Parliament, against the abolition of the slave trade. The demand, it was said, exists.



The Colonies *must* and *will* have more slaves. If we relinquish this important branch of commerce, our rivals will carry it on and reap all the advantage. Would any British statesman use this argument now?—"If we do not steal and buy and sell and manacle human flesh and blood, under a little darker skin than our own, other nations will do it, and enrich themselves by the trade!" Would any enlightened and conscientious man in the world now reason in this manner?

But-how, if the evils of intemperance are greater than those of the slave-trade, can any man permit himself to encourage the former by dealing in spirituous liquors, while he would shrink from every participation in the latter, with the utmost abhorrence? I trust in God, that the time is very near, when our patriotic and conscientious merchants, will no more vend ardent spirits, in the common way of pouring out these streams of fire upon a suffering community, than they would now sell arsenic by the pound, or retail hogsheads of nitric acid for the daily use of our families:—when a respectable tavern keeper will no more think of waiting and bowing in his bar, with a sparkling array of labelled decanters behind him, and plenty of the "blue ruin" before him, than of turning auctioneer in a Brazilian slave market—and when no man of a decent character, will any sooner stand and mix liquors in a dram-shop, than he would use a red hot

branding-iron, to fix the indelible stamp of servitude upon the flesh of a child.

*In the sixth place* ; if intemperance is more afflictive and disgraceful to humanity than the slave-trade, who can justify himself even in the moderate use of strong drink ? Would those respectable and influential men who drink sparingly, lend the weight of their example, for a moment, to perpetuate the slave-trade, supposing it had not yet been abolished ? Would they go into the market and buy at all ? Would they tell us, that much as they abhor a wholesale traffic in human flesh, they see no harm in *trading a little* ; and that nobody can be comfortable without a *few slaves* ? Who does not feel that such reasoning would be sufficient to stamp, either infamy, or the most pitiable imbecility, upon the man who should employ it ?

But wherein does it materially differ, from what is so often and so gravely urged in favour of moderate drinking ? The man who takes his scanty rations, is extremely temperate in comparison with many others, it is true—for where *they* purchase gallons, *he* only fills his small decanter *once*, or twice. What he does consume, however, is the same kind of poison, which destroys its tens of thousands of lives every year. And so long as he buys the smallest quantity, for any other than medicinal purposes ; so long as he continues to drink at all, he lends the weight of his example, to prolong the sorest plague that ever visited our country.

*In the seventh place* ; if intemperance deserves this character, and if the means hitherto employed to stop its ravages have proved unsuccessful, is it not the duty of every temperate man in the community, to take a public stand against the common enemy, by a recorded enlistment? A popular excuse for declining to do so, where temperate societies are formed, has been this. "I drink no ardent spirits, or very little indeed ; and I presume I never shall. Why then should I be urged to sign your paper? What good will it do? You have my example already, and you need no such bond as this to keep me sober."

Now this looks plausible enough at the first glance ; but, my abstemious friend, would such reasoning satisfy your conscience, if the slave-trade was now briskly carried on in all our sea-ports, in spite of every effort to check it? Would you say to the agent of an anti-slavery society, "I purchase no slaves—I never embarked a dollar of capital in the trade, and therefore I see no advantage in giving you my name?" No—you would subscribe at once, and you would consider it the duty of every man to do the same. And why? Because union is strength. And ought you not for the same reason, to unite with those who are now combining, to save their country from the more dreadful thralldom of strong drink?

It is entirely in the power of the temperate and sound part of the community, to drive the mon-

ster from our land. Total abstinence will do it in a very few years. But such is the power of custom and example, that the great object can never be attained without extensive co-operation : and it seems to me, that those who refuse to co-operate ;—who stand aloof from temperate societies, and leave their brethren to go on without them, are answerable to God and their country, for every discouragement and hindrance which may accrue from their refusal. The measures now in train, for redeeming twelve millions of people from the curse of intemperance, cannot fail, but through the criminal apathy of the temperate themselves. And shall they fail from this cause ? Suppose it were equally in the power of the same class of men to remove the curse of African slavery from the United States, and they should leave it still to press like an incubus, upon the heart of the body politic, and stop its pulsations ; how would the benevolent universe regard such a dereliction of humanity and justice. With what indignation would a holy God frown upon it.

*In the eighth place ;* if intemperance is so prevalent, so criminal, and so pregnant with misery, and danger, as has been represented, how can any man feel justified in laying his orchard, or his field of rye, or corn, under contribution to the distillery ? A common excuse is, that oftentimes the farmer can find no other market. Then let him keep his produce. But the plea is not valid. The most

that can be made out, is, that his grain will sell for a few cents more at the distillery, than in any other convenient market. And is this an object of sufficient importance, to justify any man in becoming accessory to the ruin of his neighbours, by furnishing the means of inebriation? Who can believe that the staff of life was ever made to be subjected to the action of fire, and converted into a liquid poison?

Besides: what does the farmer gain, in the end, by the higher price, which tempts him to encounter the fumes and noxious vapour of Pluto's laboratories? To fill his keg, or some larger cask for family use, is almost a matter of course; and when he finds his children one after another becoming drunkards, upon the avails of his farm, as thousands have done before, let him tell the public how much richer he is for going to such a market.

Will the owner of a great and fruitful orchard say, "Providence has loaded every tree with his bounty; it is my duty if possible to save the product;—and as there is no other demand, it can only be saved by sending it to the distillery?" So might the planter say, of his vast and luxuriant cane-field. "Providence has put this great plantation into my hands to be cultivated, and if I do not import more slaves, the bounty of heaven must be rejected and lost." It will be time enough for the thriving far-

\* Or as a shrewd foreign traveller, once more appropriately styled them, "*the Devil's Tea Kettles.*"

mer to talk of gratitude and duty, in converting his apples into brandy, when he has proved that his lands will produce nothing else; or that if he, or his father, had planted an orchard of the *Bohon Upas* and the product were abundant, and the demand for the poison were brisk and urgent, it would be his duty to gather and send it to market, though it should destroy the lives of thousands.

*Finally*; if intemperance is worse than the slave-trade, let every *christian*, every *patriot*, every *philanthropist*, gird himself up to the great work of reform, and never cease from it till it shall be accomplished. A fearful responsibility rests upon the men of this generation; especially upon the influential and the temperate—upon the guardians and teachers of youth in all our public and private seminaries; and above all, perhaps, upon the *young men* of our beloved country. Let this responsibility be deeply felt by my youthful audience. As you have not been backward in expressing your abhorrence of intemperate drinking, and your readiness to co-operate with others in discouraging the use of ardent spirits, let me exhort you to persevere, and never for a moment to lose sight of the great object, which has already so deeply interested your feelings. Some of you will shortly go out to mingle with the busy multitudes, in the active duties of life. Others will soon follow; and remember, that the friends of virtue and religion, have a right to expect much from you, in aid of the efforts which

are now making to purge the land of its foulest abomination.

Wherever you go, in whatever profession or employment you may be called to serve God and your generation, let total abstinence be your own motto,—at home and abroad, in winter and in summer, in the social circle and on all public occasions. “Touch not—taste not—handle not.” Let your constant aim be, to crush the head of the serpent, and never intermit your strokes so long as you can perceive one lingering, writhing sign of vitality in him.

Let this course be taken, by all the liberally educated youth of our country, and by all others of enlightened minds and benevolent hearts—let union and perseverance every where be the watch-words of the sober and the virtuous, and soon a drunkard will become as rare a monster, as he was in the days of our Pilgrim Fathers ; and posterity will look back upon the present ravages and toleration of intemperance, with emotions of astonishment, grief and horror, similar to those which *we* now feel, in reading the most afflictive history of the Slave-trade.

