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BY

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## THE DRUNKARD'S DOOM.

WHATEVER views men may take of the sins of drunkenness, and of making men drunk, God's decision is that they both unfit the soul for heaven.

Drunkards themselves would have you believe that it is a mark of a generous soul to get drunk, at least occasionally; and that drunkards are your "*clever-fellows*," while your sober men are *too stingy* to indulge themselves in a social glass. As to themselves—what do they care for money. It was made to be spent, so, let it go. They affect great *liberality* and *generosity*. And to hear them talk, (for *talking* and drinking is about all that they do,) you would think that all the benevolence in the world is found only in the drunkard's bosom.

I am willing to grant that some drunkards have very generous souls; but no thanks to drunkenness for that. They are generous in *spite* of their drunkenness, and *not* in consequence of it. But still, there is so much that is superlatively bad about them, that all their generosity and goodness are completely neutralized.

If, but their good from bad were freed,  
Then, drunkards might be good indeed;  
Like Pharaoh's kine, the bad I find,  
Eat up the good—leave none behind.

Some drunkards, no doubt, do possess many good qualities; and if the *incubus of Rum* could be thrown off these, so as to allow them to spring up, and bear their proper fruits, the drunkard, too, might stand up, in all the dignity of his nature—a son of freedom, a child of God, and an heir to the kingdom of heaven. But, his drunkenness debases his nature. It sinks it down

even lower than bestial degradation. But, sink the drunkard as low as you can, he is still a *man*. He has a soul. It bears the stamp of eternal being upon it, but, oh! how vile! God ranks him among the vilest of the sons of men, and proclaims in thunder-tones, that such as he can never enter the kingdom of heaven.

Not only does drunkenness *debase* the soul, but, it renders the man one of the fittest instruments that Satan can find to carry forward his purposes of evil. The reason of this is plain. When God at first stamped His law upon the human soul, man had an enlightened understanding, and sanctified reason to guide him in the performance of his duty. These were blighted by the fall. God then proclaimed to him the plan of salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ, and gave him a perfect revelation of his will to guide him, by the aid

of the Holy Spirit, into all truth. But drunkenness bars the heart of the man against the light of revelation itself, so that, wandering about without any certain guide, Satan leads him captive at his will.

There is, however, one person, who is still more the child of sin than the drunkard, and he is the *drunkard-maker*. The man who can keep himself sober, and place the cup of death in the hand of his fellow man, and make him drunk, and that too *for gain*, is acting a part which justly entitles him to the appellation of "*the enemy of God—the foe of man.*"

But as I purpose, the Lord willing, to consider *the character and the doom* of the drunkard maker, I shall confine my remarks, at present, to the sin of drunkenness, and to the condition of the drunkard himself.

My design is to prove to you, that the

sin of drunkenness necessarily leads the drunkard to break all the ten commandments, and that, as a consequence, he cannot enter the kingdom of God. I am aware that he who breaks one of the ten commandments, does, *virtually* break them all. But I mean to show you that the drunkard must of necessity break each of the ten commandments in the spirit, if not in the very letter. If this can be proved then you can easily see the propriety of God's conduct in excluding him from his presence. Surely, he is not fit for heaven.

Before entering upon the discussion of this subject, it will be necessary to make one or two preliminary remarks.

And 1. When we use the word "*drunk*" we mean by it, being overpowered by spirituous liquor—being stupified or influenced by the action of spirit upon the stomach and brain.



By a *drunkard*, we mean one who is given to such an use of intoxicating liquors as to become habitually, or frequently drunk.

2. In the enactment of laws against crime it is not necessary that every particular sin should be specified. The greater sin always includes the less. In the laws which God has given to man He has classed them under *two general* heads, viz: (1) those which refer particularly to God himself; and (2) those which refer to man. Under the first grand head we have four divisions; and under the second, we have six. Each of these, in turn, is subdivided into various parts, each of which has a reference to, or is a branch of the general subject under which it is classed.

To illustrate my meaning. The fifth commandment requires children to *obey* and *reverence* their parents. Under this

general head is included all that respect which individuals owe to their superiors, inferiors, or equals in life.

The sixth command forbids murder. This is the highest offence against the life of an individual. But, the command also forbids anything that would tend to put the life of another in jeopardy, as *anger, hatred, revenge, provoking words, quarelling*, or whatever may tend to the injury of our fellow man. In proof of the correctness of this principle I will refer you to our Saviour's exposition of the law. "Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time—thou shall not kill; and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment. But, I say unto you, that whosoever is *angry* at his brother without a cause, shall be in danger of the judgment." Thus you see, that the Saviour, being the expounder

of his own law, teaches us that *anger* is a violation of the *sixth* commandment.

And so it is with the other commands, for the same principle runs through all of them. And, in this is manifested the beauty and the glory of the ten commandments. An infidel attorney, who was profoundly versed in the knowledge of law, on a certain occasion, took up the ten commandments to examine them, and was so struck with the wisdom manifested in the arrangement of the duties required, and of the sins forbidden, that he exclaimed, "there is a God, and these commandments are divine." Under each head he found that the highest duty was first enjoined, or the greatest crime was first forbidden; and that under each of these again, every imaginable duty, or sin had its appropriate place, (the less being included in the greater,) and he was there-

by so thoroughly convinced that it was beyond the power of man to frame such a code of laws, that he renounced his infidelity, and embraced the truth as it is in Jesus.

Having made these remarks, we are now prepared to enter upon the consideration of the subject before us; viz., to show THE JUSTICE OF GOD'S PROCEDURE IN EXCLUDING THE DRUNKARD FROM HEAVEN, from the fact, that his drunkenness compels him to break all the comandments of God.

This is a solemn subject. If the position we maintain be true, then multitudes in this land—in this city—aye, from the circle of our friends shall never see the kingdom of God.

FIRST COMMANDMENT.

We maintain, then, from the word of God, that no drunkard can enter the kingdom of heaven, because his sin leads him,

of necessity, to break the *first commandment*, which is, "thou shall have no other gods before me."

This commandment requires us to know and to acknowledge God, to be the only true God, and our God, and to worship and glorify Him accordingly." It does, at the same time, forbid all atheism, or the denying or not worshipping God—the omission of any thing due to Him—all forgetfulness, false opinions, unworthy and wicked thoughts of God—all wrong affections towards Him—all slighting or despising God and his commands, and all resistance and grieving of his Spirit. In short it requires the heart, the whole heart for God, to love, to fear, to reverence and to obey Him.

The correctness of our views of the nature of this command is confirmed by the Saviour's own exposition of it. Matt. xxii. 37, 38, "Jesus said unto him, Thou shall

love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the *first* and great commandment."

The heart, then, is for the Lord. He has a right to our love. He claims it at our hand. But, what saith the Scriptures? Hosea iv. 11, "Whoredom and wine, and new wine take away the heart." The moment that the man comes under the influence of liquor, that moment his reason is dethroned; his affections swerve from their proper object; he loses all power over himself; he cannot yield an *intelligent* or *rational* service. God requires him to meditate upon Him, and upon his works of providence and grace. But, what are the meditations of the drunkard? They are like the visions of his brain, *wild, confused, and vain*. He is, also, required to worship Him with a *devout* heart and with *all* the heart, and to glorify Him by bearing

the fruits of the Spirit, as *love, joy, and peace*. But this, it is naturally impossible for the drunkard to do. The fruits of his soul are "anger, wrath, malice, blasphemy and filthy communication."

Again, this command forbids the omission of the duties required. Does the drunkard omit none? Does not his very situation compel him to omit many duties which he owes both to God and man? Is not his memory impaired? And if in the house of God, or elsewhere, he should begin any work, he would be compelled to stop, as his memory would fail, or he would sink into stupidity before the work was done. A short time ago a merchant delivered a valuable package of goods to a man in his employ, charging him strictly to carry them to Mr. —, the purchaser. The man was drunk. He took the goods and left them at the wrong place. Two days after the

purehaser called to know why the goods he had purchased had not been sent home as requested. The merchant said he had sent them. The carrier was called. He said he had taken them, but where he had left them, he did not know, for he had been taking "*a little too much.*" Sometime after this, the carrier got drunk again, and when in that state he recollected where he had left them, and the goods were obtained. It happened well in this case; but what merchant would desire such an one in his employ?

This command forbids all *hardness* of heart, and all *deadness* in the things of God. But who, like the drunkard, is cursed with hardness of heart? All the finer feelings of his nature are seared—yea burnt into a crisp by the liquor which he has drunk. Who is so sure to be dead in the things of



God, as the man who is dead in sin, and oft-times *dead-drunk*?

I spent a night once with a physician, who was in the habit of getting drunk *occasionally*, and when drunk he had more show of religion than when sober. Before retiring to rest he proposed that we should have family worship. As he was unable to read, he requested me to do it. I did so; and then repeated a verse of a psalm. Immediately he threw himself back upon his chair, and with a real bar-room, stentorian voice, roared out a tune. Nobody could sing. His wife wept, and his sisters were struck dumb. He drove through the verse; and then says, with apparent astonishment, "Why don't you sing? Let us pray." And down he fell upon his knees. He muttered a few incoherent sentences—finished his profane service, and arose only to manifest

his folly in talking to man, as he had exhibited his depravity in praying to God.

Is such an one fit for heaven? Far from it. What then must be the condition of the great mass of drunkards? They never pray either *drunk*, or *sober*. And if they should attempt it, they would but imitate this drunken doctor. Such men do not, they cannot love God; respect his authority, or revere his name. "Drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of God."

This command points out to us the *object* of worship, viz. God. He is to be preferred to every earthly good. The heart, the undivided heart, must be given to God. But no man that loves his bottle, can supremely love his God. No man can serve two masters. Religion and Rum demand a different service; and they give a different reward. He that loves the one must despise the other. He cannot serve God and Rum.

No drunkard can be saved. He must be sobered first.

The drunkard cannot enter the kingdom of heaven, because he breaks the

SECOND COMMANDMENT.

As the first commandment points out the *object* of our worship, viz. God; this commandment teaches us *how* He should be worshipped. It requires us to *receive* and *observe*, and *keep pure* and *entire*, all such religious worship and ordinances as God has appointed in His word, as *prayer*, *praise*, the *observance of the sacraments*, the *maintenance of the worship of God*, and the *order and discipline* of His house.

But how is it possible for the drunkard to do this? If all should act as he does, the worship of God would be turned into the orgies of Bacchus; the songs of praises into cursing, and the house of God into a synagogue of Satan. Instead of upholding the

government of God's house, he despises its authority and discipline. And, as to supporting the cause of truth by his contributions, and by his orderly life, the very property that God has lent him, for the advancement of His cause, he squanders upon his appetites and lusts.

How can the drunkard keep the worship of God pure? He is not often found in the house of God; and if he should be, how could a soul steeped in rum breathe forth a pure aspiration, or offer an acceptable sacrifice to God? It cannot be.

The apostle Paul, in Phil. iii. 19, describes this class of men very appropriately, when he tells us that "their God is their belly, (their *appetite*) whose glory is their shame, and who mind earthly things." *Appetite* is the god to which the drunkard bows. At this shrine he continually offers up his sacrifice. How assiduous is he in his

devotions to depraved appetites! the sun has scarcely risen upon the earth ere he is seen wending his silent and solitary way to the fountain of death, to quaff the cup of woe. No *business* stops him in his work. No *weather* prevents him from worshipping his god. No "*previous engagement*" supplants this. He is not a *dry weather* worshipper. No change of seasons can cause his devotion to flag. Heat and cold, summer and winter, wet and dry, are all alike to him. His heart is fixed. His soul is set on earthly things. He glories in his shame. The end of his course is death and woe. Place a *bottle* and a *Bible* before him, and how eagerly will he seize his bottle. The lamp of life he promptly rejects, and would choose it only when his bottle is empty, that he may sell it, and fill his bottle again. A firmness like this no human power can shake. God alone, by the omnipotence of

his truth and Spirit, can break the spell, and set the sinner free.

“Where is my bottle,” said a drunkard whom I once knew, as he addressed his heart-broken wife; “where is my bottle, I say, I want to go to town.” “I have broken it,” she replied. “Oh! very well then, I’ll take the coffee pot.” And so he did. I have lived long enough to see that drunkard, and the man that made him drunk, both pass away into the drunkard’s grave. Their bodies moulder in the same grave-yard, and their guilty spirits have gone to the same judgment-seat.

“Give up your cups,” said I to a drunkard, “You are ruining your family—squandering your property, and destroying your character for life.” “I know it,” he replied, “and I know that unless I quit drinking, I shall lose my soul. If a knowledge of all this will not make me quit it, your advice

will not." I left him to serve the god of his choice. Is such an one fit for the kingdom of God, into which nothing unclean can enter? Judge ye. God decides that no drunkard shall enter his kingdom.

#### THE THIRD COMMANDMENT

The drunkard also breaks. It is in these words, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain."

This commandment requires that the *name* of God, his *titles*, *attributes*, and *works* should be spoken of in a holy and reverent manner. It forbids all *profane* or *irreverent* use of any thing whereby God makes Himself known.

The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it and is safe. But this refuge the drunkard despises. He seems *impatient* and *veiled* at the forbear-

ance of God. And hence his continued prayer that God might cut him off with a stroke, and consign him to endless woe.

Cursing is his delight, and therefore it will come unto him. And awful indeed will be the day of recompense. He is not content in supplicating the wrath of God upon himself, but he prays that the same may fall upon his unoffending wife and innocent children, and upon his friends as well as upon his foes. Yes, poor wretch, he will take you by the hand in token of friendship—smile in your face, and pray God to damn you too! Wretched man! He has sold his title to heaven for less than a “mess of pottage,” and now he is led captive by Satan at his will. Alas! that man, noble man, made in the image of God, should fall so low. Drunkenness has made him the vassal of Satan. He curses the



God that made him, and his fellow man made in the image of God.

Every drunkard is a *profane* man. He will *swear*. I never heard of one that was not profane. I appeal to every man that has been a drunkard,—is it not so? Their uniform answer is, Yes. The man loses all respect for the *people of God*, his *word*, his *house*, his *cause*, his *commands*. He respects no body. He respects nothing. Things sacred and profane are alike to him.

Such an one God will not hold guiltless. And as the prayers he offered up were for the wrath of God, his prayers will be answered. Oh! how fearful will be to him the day of reckoning. He is treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath.

“ Because he always loveth cursing,  
Therefore it shall come upon him ;  
Because he delighteth not in blessing,  
Therefore it shall be far from him ;

Because he clothes himself in cursing as a robe,  
It shall be to him as the cloak with which he is covered,  
And he shall be constantly girded with it as with a  
girdle ;  
And it shall enter into his inside like water,  
And like fat into his bones."      PSALM 109.

Such is the testimony of God in the case. Oh ! how awful is the end of the drunkard ! The wrath of the Lord like a garment encircles him forever ! Oh the curse ! the unutterable curse of the drunkard ! How irreversible his doom ! Eternal exclusion from the presence of God ! Oh hear it, ye that hang upon the brink of endless woe, and escape, ere it be too late. No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God.

#### THE FOURTH COMMANDMENT

Is, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." No drunkard can enter the kingdom of heaven, because he is a habitual violator of this command.

The Sabbath is holy time. God hath set apart one day in seven, not only for himself, but also for man. The Sabbath was made for man. It is designed, in the benevolence of God for the *temporal*, as well as for the *spiritual* good of man. One day in seven to rest from the cares of this world, is essential to health, and long life in man. One day in seven is also essential to man to prepare him for heaven. But the drunkard has *no Sabbath*. His body has no rest, day nor night, from the goad of strong drink. If he sleep, his slumbers are oppressed. The wheels of nature are hurried on at an unnatural speed, and soon they break in pieces, and the man dies before his time.

There is no Sabbath for the *soul* of the drunkard, to him it is not a day of spiritual rest. On the contrary, the Sabbath is set apart by him, as a day of special indulgence,

and riot. So far from making the Sabbath of the Lord honourable, it is the most dishonoured day of the seven. If there be a special day of drunkenness, the Sabbath is that day. Thus the Lord is dishonoured. His *day* and his *name* are profaned, while revelry is praised, and riot is adored.

I knew a man once, who though drunk all the week would not drink on the Sabbath. He went to church, because he thought it added to his respectability to frequent the house of God. Few drunkards have so much respect for themselves. This man finally died a drunkard, as did his father before him.

But drunkards are not alone in the violation of the Lord's day. Not a few of those who profess to despise the conduct of the drunkard imitate him in this sin. Oh ! how the Sabbaths of the Lord are profaned by those who should be the guardians of

this prop of our liberty as a nation—this safeguard of our temporal and eternal welfare. No nation has ever prospered long without the Sabbath. The downfall of our republic will come upon us, I fear, through the violation of the Sabbath. Drunkards and drunkard-makers are bringing upon themselves and others the displeasure of God. This nation must purge herself from drunkenness which leads to Sabbath breaking, or be ruined. Temperance men especially should reverence the Sabbath. A man reclaimed from drunkenness, who does not support the law of the Sabbath, is only *half reformed*. And in this will he show that he is different from the drunkard, who has no Sabbath. Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. This no drunkard ever did, or ever can do. He must, of necessity, violate it and therefore exclude himself from the kingdom of God. He can-

not be a good *citizen*—nor a good *republican*; and much less can he be fit for citizenship in the skies.

We now come to consider the second table of the Law, viz., our duty to man; and we shall find it true that he who does not regard God, neither will he regard man.

#### THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT

Is, “Honour thy father and thy mother.”

This command requires us to obey and reverence our parents. There is a point of time when the *authority* of the parent over the child must cease. The child is no longer in *subjection*. But the time never can come in this life, when the child shall be freed from the obligation to love and respect his parents. Age gives no release here. It is a *natural* as well as a *positive* law of God which is binding upon the child while life endures.

But how does the drunkard keep this

law of his God—this law of his nature? Alas! the miserable man will curse his father to his face, and will wickedly revile his mother. He has lost all respect for himself, and he knows not now how to respect any one else. He honours nobody; neither father nor mother; wife nor child—brother nor sister are of any account in his eyes; he honours neither the laws of the state; the ministers of Christ, and the officers of state are as naught in his eyes. He is, for the time being, a *madman* and a *fool*.—"There, take that;" said a drunken son, as he hurled his bottle at the head of his mother who kindly admonished him for his wrong conduct. It struck her on the temple. She fell bleeding to the floor, and soon after her murdered spirit returned to God! But time would fail to speak of all the *disrespect, contempt, reproaches, cutting remarks, and wicked treatment* which

drunken children heap upon their parents. Let this suffice. No drunkard can by any possibility keep this command. Parents who encourage their children to drink may prepare themselves to drink the cup of sorrow, which God, in his righteous indignation, will put into their hands. They will see their punishment in the miserable life, and Christless death of those, who, otherwise would have been their comfort and their stay. Drunkards shall not enter the kingdom of heaven.

## THE SIXTH COMMAND

Is, "Thou shalt not kill, or commit murder."

This command forbids murder in *fact*, or in *thought*. It forbids every thing which may tend to injure our own life, or the life of another. Under this head we may justly class *sinful anger, hatred, envy, desire of revenge, provoking words, quarrelling,*



*drinking*, and whatever else may lead to the destruction of life.

Who are our murderers? Who excite quarrels in the street, and in the family circle? Who murder their own souls, and destroy the happiness and the peace of all around them? Who use provoking words, and stir up the wrath of others? Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath babblings? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes? Aye, who hath blackness of eyes? Who have battered faces—bruised bodies and broken bones? they that tarry long at the wine, they that go to seek mixed wine.

I ask again, who are our murderers? With very few exceptions, you will find that they are *drunkards*; they are either your *regular* drunkards, or those who have been made drunk for the occasion. If you

will look at the records of crime in our courts, you will find that in an overwhelming majority of cases, they are connected either *directly* or *indirectly* with drunkenness. And if you could open the records of heaven, and see how many murdered *wives*, and *children* are charged to the crime of drunkenness, it would be enough to strike terror into the hearts of all who have any conscience or compassion left, not excepting even the drunkard maker himself.

Drunkards make no distinction between friends and foes. Alexander the Great stabbed his best friend, Clitus, to death; but he was drunk at the time. Two students in a college, a short time ago, were playing cards together. They were intimate friends—they became angry in playing; and one stabbed the other so that he died—but, then, he was *drunk*.

A doctor in Maryland, not long ago, in operating on one of his neighbours, pierced the brain with his trephining instrument, and killed him instantly, but he was *drunk*. The man died *secundum artem*.

In a steamboat in 1832, 120 passengers left the shore in high glee. The Captain ran upon a rock and 100 persons were hurried into eternity; but, he was drunk. Instances of this kind are so numerous that that they are now scarcely noticed.

Drunkenness is a *voluntarily contracted madness*. The laws of England look upon it as an aggravation rather than an excuse for any criminal conduct committed while under its influence. Says Sir Edward Coke, "A drunkard who is a voluntary demon (*voluntarius dæmon*) hath no privilege thereby; but what hurt or ill soever he doth, his drunkenness does aggravate it."

Pittacus, an ancient governor of Greece,

enacted a law, "that he who commits a crime when drunk shall receive a *double* punishment; one for the crime itself, and one for the drunkenness which prompted him to commit it."

In the *Manava Dhurma Shastru*, the code of Hindoo laws by *Menu*, we find the following laws, "Gamesters and *sellers of spirituous* liquors, let the king instantly banish from the land." A slayer of a priest and a drinker of *arek*, (strong drink,) are among the highest offenders. The punishment for drinking is, "to be branded on the forehead with the mark of a rumseller's flag." A pretty good idea. Every drunkard would then carry his own sign board, and people would know whom to avoid.

The law of Moses forbade the priests, while performing the sacred rites of their office, to drink wine, or strong drink. Lev. x. 9.

Among the Locrians, Zelencus made a law that if any one was found drunk he should be put to *death*.

Plato in his laws thus speaks, "Shall we not ordain by law, in the first place that *boys* on no account shall taste wine till they are eighteen years of age." If our young men could be kept *boys*, in that respect, till they are eighteen years old it would be a blessing to them, and to the country, and to the world. "In the next place that wine is to be used moderately till they are thirty. But, when they have attained the age of forty they may attend the feasts." These were heathen regulations, but they show the views which those wise legislators had of the danger of indulging in strong drink.

Lord Bacon says, "All the crimes on earth do not destroy so many of the human

race, or alienate so much property as drunkenness."

Lord Chief Justice Hale said that "*four fifths* of the murders, manslaughters, robberies, and riots result from drunkenness."

What was true of England when these remarks were made is true of this country now. A gentleman, in a country town in this state, noticed in the papers that came into his hands, the accounts of one hundred and nine murders, committed in one year in the United States. This was only a part of the great amount.

The physicians of the Philadelphia Alms House say that four-fifths of the deaths occurring in the Alms House Infirmary are induced by intemperance.

Out of one hundred and nine patients in the Lunatic Asylum in Massachusetts, at one time, ninety-six of them were there through drunkenness. In this city one third

of the insane were intemperate. But time would fail me to tell only a part of the evils of drunkenness under this head I must leave it. Whatever opinions men may form about the sin of drunkenness, God's decision is, that "No drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven," because he is and must be a violator of the SIXTH COMMANDMENT.

#### THE SEVENTH COMMANDMENT

Of the Lord is, "Thou shalt not commit adultery."

This crime stands at the head of the catalogue, and all the violators of purity are placed under it. It requires the preservation of our own and our neighbour's *chastity* in *heart, speech* and *behaviour*. It also forbids all unchaste *thoughts, words* and *actions*.

Now who, I ask, are the habitual violators of this command, and who are they

that constantly outrage society by their total disregard of this law? They are your *polite*, and your *grovelling* drunkards. Whom would you appoint to be the guardian of your neighbour's chastity, in heart, speech and behaviour? To whom would you entrust the peace of your domestic circle? Surely not into the hands of the man that drinks intoxicating liquors. Such an one is, and must be, in the nature of the case, a man of an *impure* heart. He unchaste in *thought*, in *feeling*, in *word*, *look*, and just so far as he can be, in *act* also. Facts speak volumes on this subject. My deliberate advice is, (and in this I am sustained by the word of God and by facts,) NEVER TRUST VIRTUE IN THE HANDS OF A DRUNKARD!

As far back as the fourth century, Jerome said, "I never did believe, or know a drunkard to be a chaste man."



I for one am perfectly amazed at the obtuseness of female delicacy, and propriety in reference this subject, when I see them welcome into their society, and receive the addresses of those, whom they know or might know are drunkards, or drunkards in the bud. Many of them pretend to be shocked at the impropriety of a minister of Christ if in expounding the law of the Lord, he should speak on this subject, and yet they will court the company of the drunkard, and think themselves *honoured* by it; aye, will wed for life *those very men*, whom they know, are a moral pestilence in the land; a living curse to all whom they influence; the foes of virtue, the patrons of vice; the children of the Devil. Are such females under the influence of pure feelings themselves? Believe it, ye who can. I believe that the *female heart* is the grand bulwark of purity in all

the world. It is our fortress of strength, under God, in our warfare against all impurity. It is here that Satan aims his deadliest blow. If this fortress be taken, the world is undone. Resistance is useless.

Therefore it is that I tremble for them, and for others, when I see them tampering with the serpent, as did our mother Eve. I would here lift up my warning voice and say, with all tenderness, that she that is about to wed an intemperate man is planting thorns in her pathway of life, which will pierce her through with unutterable anguish. She is closing against herself every avenue of joy, and opening the flood-gates of woe which may sweep her and her drunken companion together into the flames of the pit. Do not do it.

Has this ridiculous fear of leading a single life seized any of them, that they thus throw away their happiness, and their

peace upon a drunkard's promise? Why should they act so? To lead a life of happiness, of quiet, and of peace in a single state is *glory* itself when compared with the *deep*, the *withering curse* of being a drunkard's wife.

A young lady was once addressed by a drunkard. Her friends affectionately warned her of her danger. She became offended at their interference with her business; and, as she expressed herself to me, she said "I married him to *spite* them!" She was for *four* years the wretched, and abused, and miserable wife of a bloated drunkard, who then died in his sins, and released her from present misery. For the sake of a home, this same woman married another drunkard; and now, she is a wanderer from his house, and seeks a shelter where she can find one among her friends.

This is a drunkard's love and fidelity! Do any wish to try it? Better not.

Said I to a young lady whom I highly esteemed, and who was engaged to be married to a drunkard, "My dear friend, why will you do so? You can honourably break your engagement, seeing that he has deceived you already by passing himself off at first as a *sober* man. You never can be happy with the man who thus deceives you." "Oh! I know it," said she, "I know now that he does drink—his sentiments are infidel too—and I know I shall lose my soul if I marry him—but I must do it. What will my friends say if I do not?" She did do it; and now she is a broken-hearted drunkard's widow. Let me here say to all whom it may concern, that the man, who, to gain the affections of any young lady, will affirm that he is *younger*, or *richer*, or *wiser*, or more *honourably*

*connected* than he is in reality, has *perfidy* in his heart; he is a *demon* in disguise. Trust him not. He is a Judas.

A drunkard may be reformed, for nothing is impossible with God. But oh! how hard it is for those who are accustomed to do evil to learn to do well! From my inmost heart I pity her whose confiding heart hath bound her for life to the man that is a drunkard. He is a curse to her while he lives, and when he dies his name will rot, and his soul will be shut out of the kingdom of God for ever. Let her know, then, whoever she be, that receives the addresses of a drunkard, that she confides in one whose *heart is false*—whose *soul is unchaste*—whose *words will be curses*—whose *breath is pestiferous*—whose *example is ruinous*—whose *society is a nuisance*, and whose *soul and body* will ultimately lie down under the *wrath of the*

*Lord.* Shun such an one as you would the angel of death, or the messenger of woe. Escape from the fowler's snare.

But, who are those who dress themselves in the garb of gentility, and prowl about the abodes of peace to deceive the unwary? They are your *fashionable drunkards*. Who are those thousands of the daughters of shame whose feet take hold on hell? They are drunkards. Who are they that support this wholesale slaughter of souls? They are drunkards. Who is it that laughs as innocence dies, and virtue expires under his torturing hand? The drunkard. Who is he that sports with the tears of the widow as she bends in agony over the blasted hopes of her fatherless child? The drunkard. Surely the man is demonized. He is, as Whitefield justly expressed it, "*half devil, half beast*." Are such men fit for the kingdom of God? Judge ye; God says—no.

## THE EIGHTH COMMANDMENT

Is, "Thou shalt not steal."

Every drunkard is and must be, in the nature of the case, a *thief*. The drunkard maker is accessory to the crime.

In the Bible view of the subject, the eighth commandment forbids whatever doth or may unjustly hinder our own, or our neighbour's wealth or outward estate.

Society has a claim upon every man in the land. He is bound to aid in the support of the government that protects him. If he take his own property and spend it in riotous living he disqualifies himself, (1) from doing his part towards sustaining the government of the country, and throws an extra burden upon the sober man, who is thus robbed to pay for the iniquity of another. But (2) if he render himself unfit by his drunkenness to support himself, he compels the sober man, in addition to pay-

ing the drunkard's quota of the revenue, to support the man himself. And (3) he has to pay for all the expenses of his crimes which flow out of his drunkenness, and pauperism. Political men profess to be alarmed at the constant influx of European paupers, and yet they are *making drunkards* and paupers here by law. Are they unwilling to share the curse of making drunkards with the drunkard makers of Europe that they wish to make them themselves? There is more than wrath enough for both.

Again; if the drunkard have aged parents depending on him for aid, his drunkenness hinders him from supporting them. The burden falls on those to whom it does not belong. It is robbing others. If he have a wife and children, the same thing is true. Who supports the drunkard's wife and family? Not himself, but others. Has his



wife to labour and toil till she finds a premature grave in supporting him in his sins? Then he steals from her, her *sleep*, her *peace*, her *quiet*, her *domestic order*, and the very *money* she hath earned by her toil, to feed and clothe herself and her children. He is a *thief* of the worst kind.

“Father,” said a little ragged boy with streaming eyes, “don’t take that blanket, mother has’nt got another one in the house.” “Hold your tongue you little dog,” cried the monster, “I’d sell you for a glass of grog.” He sold it for liquor.

It is supposed that the amount of drunken paupers in the United States is upwards of 100,000. Now who supports this army of ragged robbers? Sober men. The cost of crime arising from different sources in the United States, says Mr. H., of New York, is about \$8,700,000!! of this amount \$6,525,000, is chargeable to drunkenness!!!

Oh! who can tell the amount of property, peace, happiness, and reason that drunkenness steals from man; and the souls it steals from heaven and bliss! It spoils earth, robs heaven, and fills up hell. Can drunkards then be fit for heaven? There is a palace here for *drunkards* and *rogues*, but there is none in heaven. Banishment from God is their lot. It is an awful thought that our government should be engaged in shutting men out of heaven.

## THE NINTH COMMANDMENT

Is, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour."

Every drunkard must be a violater of this commandment. It requires the maintaining and the promoting of *truth* between man and man. It also forbids whatsoever is prejudicial to truth, or injurious to our own or our neighbour's *good name*. In the first place, every married man who gets

drunk breaks this command. The proof is here. He promised to be a *kind*, a *tender*, a *loving* and *faithful* husband until death. The moment he gets drunk, he has broken this solemn oath, and is stamped with the brand of *liar* upon his forehead. Oh! but says the wife, "he is the kindest man in the world *when he is sober*." Granted: but is he not a husband also when drunk? As to loving his companion that is impossible. Every drunkard is, while under the influence of liquor, a "*voluntary demon*" and a *fool*. What is the love of such an one!

Every drunkard destroys *his own good name* by the very fact of his getting drunk. Who is so likely to take a false oath, as the man whose reason is impaired by liquor? Who is so likely to use scoffing words, and reviling, and rash, and harsh language as the drunkard? Who misconstrues words, and acts, and intentions like the drunkard? Who

uses flattering or vain-glorious speeches? Who speaks highly of himself, and meanly of others? Who exposes his own faults, and those of his neighbour? Who is so apt to break lawful promises, and engagements? Who is engaged in encouraging others to sin against God and man? The drunkard. Not to stop longer on this command, I ask, is it not clear that the drunkard must break this command, in the very spirit and letter? How can such an one enter the kingdom of God?

#### THE TENTH COMMANDMENT

Forbids *covetousness*. "Thou shalt not covet."

The spirit of this command requires perfect contentment with our own condition, with a right and charitable frame of mind towards our neighbour, and all that is his; and it also forbids all envying and grieving at the good of our neighbour.

This command is very peculiar. The others have a special reference to the conduct of men as manifested in their *actions*. But this refers to the *thoughts*, and to the *desires* of the heart. It forbids all inordinate desire of having what is our neighbour's, or of having what will be a mere gratification to ourselves. The language of the covetous heart is, "Oh! that such a man's house and property were mine." Such a feeling this command expressly forbids. It comprises the utmost spirituality of the law of God. It reaches to the inmost thoughts of the soul. All men are prone to break this command, but especially the man whose reason has been dethroned, or his passions inflamed by liquor. His desires are no longer under the control of a sound mind. He knows not what he does, nor what he wants.

Drunken men often desire to appear of

more consequence than they really are. A poor man, who was in the habit of using liquor daily to his great injury, and that of his family, was urged by a wealthy neighbour to give it up. He refused, and gave this as his reason—"You are a rich man, and of course have no need of taking it. You are rich enough, and *feel* rich enough without it. But, I am a poor man. No body likes always to *feel* poor; it is enough to *be* so. When then a man takes a *little*, he *feels* \$500 richer than before; and when he has taken a *good deal*, he *feels independent*, and as rich as a *king*."

Drunken men often covet things they ought not. Two men met in a country town, sometime ago, and after drinking till they were drunk, actually exchanged wives. One of them paying the difference in the bargain, in liquor, which they drank before setting out for home with their new com-

panions. None but drunkards would think of such a thing.

At first sight this command seems to be the most difficult for the drunkard to break, because, by common consent, he has been supposed to possess a soul, which is all *generosity*. But, on second thought, we will find, that this command is the *easiest* of all the ten to be broken. It is the fence which God has thrown around all the others. It guards the *thoughts*, the springs of action. If I have proved that the drunkard does break any of the commands of God, then he must break this, for *thought* must precede *action*. If the drunkard has *wrong thoughts* arising from the liquor used, then he has broken this command. Others he might, perhaps, avoid breaking, but this one he cannot. The moment he becomes drunk, this fence of the law is broken down, and

his soul becomes the sport of every sinful passion—he is driven like the chaff before the wind—tossed like a cork on the ocean wave, and like a vessel without pilot or helm he is wrecked forever more. Such is the result of drunkenness, and if such be the case, then I ask again, how can such an one enter the kingdom of God? It cannot be. Have I not proved to the satisfaction of all, that drunkenness necessarily leads men to break all the ten commands. If so; then woe to the man that gets drunk. Drunkards have no inheritance in the kingdom of God. Woe also to the man that *makes* drunk!

Permit me now to conclude with a poetic summing up of the whole matter. I ask not your attention to the excellency of the poetry, but to the truth of the sentiments expressed.



Oh! who can tell the vast distress,  
Produced alone by *Drunkeness*?  
No angel's tongue can speak its woes,  
Its damning power, God only knows.

Beneath the sun there's not a place,  
But where you may its horrors trace;  
It walks the *earth*—it sails the *sea*—  
Claims universal sovereignty.

Oh for the power, for God alone,  
To speak in Sinai's thunder tone;  
And sketch the monster as it is—  
Parent of woe and foe of bliss.

It weakens strength—it hastens age,  
It clouds the mind of youth and sage;  
It dims the eye—the man defiles,  
And snares the soul in Satan's wiles.

It robs the man—it keeps him poor,  
Then drives him scathed from door to door;  
It smites the strong—pulls down the great;  
Turns purest love, to direst hate.

It loads each breath of heaven's pure air,  
With *sighs* and *groans* and keen *despair*,

That makes men laugh—then steals their wit,  
It is a perfect Jesuit.

It taints the blood—it stops the breath,  
Sends reeling multitudes to death ;  
It first makes *fools*, then *brutes* of men,  
Transforms them into *fiends* again.

It curses *home*—breaks *friendships* up,  
Plants seeds of woe in every cup ;  
It frowns on *virtue* ; sets *vice* free,  
And strikes a blow at *Liberty*.

It bribes the *Judge*—makes *justice* swerve,  
Doth God-like *truth* and *right* unnerve ;  
Confounds *Physicians*, in their skill,  
Then does, by *law*, their patients kill.

It oft invades the *church* of God—  
Turns *Pilgrims* from the heavenly road :  
It smites the *Shepherd*, lays him low,  
And mid the flock spreads shame, and woe.

The parents, sons, and daughters, fair,  
The *rich*, the *poor*, this curse do bear ;  
No *trade* escapes—no *class* is free,  
From its unrighteous tyranny.

It blights the *earth*—dumb *nature* mourns,  
The fruitful *fields* to *wastes* it turns ;  
The heart of *Charity* it chills,  
And every jail with *paupers* fills.

It grieves the spirit—God defies  
And tramples on Christ's sacrifice ;  
It bars from heaven, and opens hell,  
Drives men from God, with fiends to dwell.

Behold yon host move slowly on,  
The father, mother, daughter, son,  
All hopeless—Christless—downward go  
To drunkards' graves,—to endless woe.

They're gone !—In judgment they appear ;  
No friend—no Advocate is near ;  
They stand, and hear their awful doom,  
“ Depart ”—“ Nor to my kingdom come ! ”

They weep—they wail ! But down they sink,  
Engulfed in flames—God's wrath they drink ;  
All hope expires—in woe they're fixed,  
By wrath's eternal darts transfixed.

Cursing they loved—behold ! 'tis come,  
That cursing is their final doom ;

**Through God's unchangeable decree,  
They're cursed through all Eternity !**

**Ye friends of man in church or state,  
Arise, this scourge annihilate,  
United stand, till drunkards be  
Redeemed from endless infamy.**

**Ye "sons of Temperance"—noble band,  
Work with united heart and hand,  
Till all behold, with joyful eyes,  
The "Temperance star" o'er earth arise.**

**Exert thy power, almighty God,  
And save them through Immanuel's blood,  
Then shall we praise in heaven above,  
Thy saving grace and endless love.**

**THE**  
**CHARACTER AND THE DOOM**  
**OF THE**  
**DRUNKARD MAKER.**

**BY**  
**REV. WILLIAM RAMSEY.**

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## THE CHARACTER AND THE DOOM

OF THE

## DRUNKARD MAKER.

“For he shall have judgment without mercy that hath shewed no mercy, and mercy rejoiceth against judgment.”—JAMES ii. 13.

THE word *Judgment* (*Κρισις*) in this passage means *condemnation*. The word “*mercy*” means favour shown to the undeserving, or favours conferred upon those who have no legal claim upon us. If a man to whom I owe \$100 should be in distress for the want of it and should ask me for it, and if I should give it to him and thereby relieve him from all his distress, that act of mine would not be an act of mercy. It would be a simple act of justice,

I owed him the money, and when he received it, it was the payment of a debt, and not as an act of charity or of mercy. It was his due.

But, suppose he was in distress, and had no claim upon me, except what may arise from the claims of humanity, and I should then give him \$400, or perform some act that would relieve him from his distress and render him happy, that would not be an act of *justice* but of *mercy*. It is such conduct as this, that God requires us to manifest towards our fellow men, or as the Prophet expresses the idea, it is "to loose the band of wickedness; to undo the heavy burdens, to let the oppressed go free, to break every yoke, to deal thy bread to the hungry, to bring the outcast poor into thy house, when thou seest the naked that thou cover him, and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh." Isaiah lviii. 7.

It is the duty of all to show mercy to those who may be in distress, or who need our sympathy; we are bound to do so from the principles of humanity, as well as from the fact that God hath commanded it. To the man that does not show mercy to his fellow-man, God declares that he will render to him judgment without mercy.

The expression "and mercy rejoiceth against judgment" would be better understood if rendered—"but the merciful man fears not condemnation," which is the true meaning of the words. The plain meaning of the verse is this—that man shall be condemned by the Lord without any mercy being shown him, who has shown no mercy to his fellow-man; but the man who is merciful, has no fear of being condemned.

We have then a principle of the Divine government clearly stated, viz.: "that he who does not exercise mercy towards his



fellow-man shall receive none from the hand of God." It will be to him judgment without mercy. But, "blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy." Matthew v. 7.

In the application of this principle, I will endeavour to prove to you that the *Drunkard maker* will receive from the hand of God judgment without mercy, because he has shown no mercy to his fellow-man. With the principles here stated no one can find fault. All receive it, but when they come to the application of the principle then they falter. But as it is a principle of God's government, from which He will not depart, let us carry it out, and honestly abide by the result.

That there may be no mistake as to the meaning of the terms used in this discussion, I will briefly explain them.

By the word "*drunk*," as explained in

my former lecture, I understand being overwhelmed, or overpowered by spirituous liquor—being stupified, or inflamed by the action of spirit upon the stomach and brain.

By a *Drunkard*, I mean one who is given to such an use of intoxicating liquors, as to become *habitually* or *frequently* drunk.

By a *drunkard-maker*, I understand, a man whose business it is to sell to or give to men spirituous liquors whereby they do become habitually or frequently drunk.

In this definition, I have no regard to the *motives* of the man that makes his fellow man drunk. They have nothing to do in this case. A madman may cast about *firebrands, arrows of death*, and say I am in sport. But is it sport? It may be sport to him, but it is death and woe to others. Nor, have we any thing to do with the

*standing* of the man in society, or the *estimation* in which he may be held by others. Truth, like God from whom it emanates, respects no man's person. We are to look at *facts* as they come before us, and the *consequences* of these facts; and look at them too, not in the glimmering light of men's prejudices and inclinations, and selfish feelings, but in the light which breaks forth from the throne of God, and is reflected from the page of Inspiration. We are to look at facts, as God looks at them, and then, and not till then, shall we see them in their proper light. The whole race of drunkards are, by the fixed laws, and unchangeable decree of God, doomed to suffer eternal woe. And now, the single question is this, "are the men, who are engaged in fitting their fellows for the worm that never dies, and for the fire that never shall be quenched, worthy to take their

seats, among the blood-washed throng around the throne of God, and to sing the song of redeeming love? Are they fit to be kings and priests unto God, and the Lamb, while the wail of those who have been ruined by them, comes up from the pit borne upon the flames, and the smoke of their torment that ascends for ever and ever? Shall the murdered be condemned, and the murderer live?

O Righteous God! shall drunkards be  
Eternally condemned by thee?

Shall they, in endless torments lie,  
And Drunkard makers dwell on high?

Shall drunkards roll on Hell's dark flood,  
And groan in banishment from God;  
While *Drunkard makers*, clothed in light,  
Shall stand accepted in thy sight?

Jehovah speaks. It shall not be;  
My throne is based on equity;  
The drunkard I have doomed to woe,  
There shall the *Drunkard maker* go.

The man that's pure, and none but he  
Shall, robed in glory, dwell with me;  
But Drunkard makers, graceless race,  
In bliss shall ne'er behold my face.

Let us now consider some of the reasons why the *Drunkard maker*, in the day of his calamity, shall find no mercy from the hand of an offended God.

1. In his *occupation* he is of *no use* to society.

Society is the union of a number of intelligent beings for a temporary or a permanent object. It is divided into two branches, viz: (1) *Domestic Society*, including (1) parents and children; (2) masters and servants; and (3) *Civil Society*, which is the union of a number of families in one state for their present and permanent good.

*Civil Society* always supposes the expressed or implied agreement of the persons concerned to the following things, (1) the

consent of every individual to live in and be a member of that society; (2) a consent to some particular plan or form of government; and (3) a natural agreement between the rulers and the ruled.

Every man as an individual has certain inalienable rights, as for example, he has *a right to live, a right to employ his faculties, and industry for his own use—a right to personal liberty—a right to property, &c.* But he has no right to any of these in a state of civil society, if his possession of them interferes with the rights of others. Mr. A. has a fine ox. He has a right to *keep, fatten, kill and sell him* for his own good and the good of others. But, he has no right to turn his ox into his neighbor's field, and fatten him at his expense.

We have then a principle, which holds true in all circumstances, viz. that no man has a right from the laws of nature, or

of God, to do any thing that interferes with the *rights* and the *happiness* of others.

Again, every man in society is bound to support himself, or to do what he can towards it, and not throw this burden on others. He must feed his own ox, and in doing so, he must not hinder his neighbour in feeding his. This is plain.

I have made these common sense remarks, in this place, because we shall have need of them before we close this subject. When we apply them to the case of the *Drunkard maker*, every one can see, at a glance, their full force and appropriate bearing.

We have affirmed that the *Drunkard Maker* is of no use to society in his occupation. Proof on this point is unnecessary. It is a *self-evident* truth. All that is necessary is to state the fact and every one must assent to it. I have cast my eye over all

the departments of *labour* in society, and over all the employments of men on land and on sea, in the civil and in the military departments. I have looked at all the professions and trades in life, and I find that he is of no *use* whatever to any of them. They all could prosper better without him than with him. His room is better than his company. Nobody needs him.

I asked each trade and every art,  
Do Drunkard makers share a part  
In your employ; and tell me, do  
They counsel, aid, and prosper you?

They all replied with one consent,  
Their aid we value not a cent,  
Their very *name* and *look* we hate,  
Their wicked works we reprobate.

2. A second reason why a drunkard maker shall find no mercy from God in the day of his calamity, is the fact that he is *society's greatest scourge*.



If he did no good, and were a mere non-entity—a perfect cipher in society—a good-for-nothing being, then he might be tolerated. But, so far from this being the case, he is a *positive evil*. He is worse than good-for-nothing.

Several years ago the Plague broke out in Bagdad, and swept off nearly one half of the inhabitants of the town and surrounding country. The governor employed 100 men to go and bury the dead, offering them a large reward. They went, but only four of the 100 survived. They too found their graves. But soon the pestilence spent its force, and all again has revived.

About the year 1830 the Cholera broke out with unwonted virulence in Calcutta. From one to three hundred persons died daily, and the mortality continued till some 15 or 20,000 persons were swept into eternity. But that passed by.

A few years ago the Cholera came to America, and swept over all our land ; multitudes were hurried to their eternal home. It was the first, and it has been the last. It is worthy of notice here, that in many of the towns where the cholera prevailed in this country, scarcely one sober man was affected by it. Things soon resumed their former state.

Whirlwinds have passed over our land, and have laid prostrate many dwellings; and the floods have come and have swept them away, and with them some of the inhabitants. But, they are all past and gone, the peace and the happiness of the survivors were not materially affected by these evils which God permitted to come upon them. No quarrels among neighbours, no vexing lawsuits; no alienation of friendships; no breaking up of the ties of brotherhood ensued. On the contrary, these

very afflictions, though severe, tended to awaken in the soul feelings of reverence and awe of God, sympathy for the afflicted, and in many, they led to the firm resolve that they would seek for themselves treasures more enduring than earth can afford.

But take all the deaths that have occurred within the space of *ten years*, in this land, arising from *wars, famine, pestilence, earthquakes, epidemics*, and contrast them with the death produced directly, and indirectly, proximately and remotely by intoxicating liquors, and you will find that they are as the dust of the balance, compared with the overwhelming multitudes that are swept off through the influence of liquor. Well, who has given them this draught of death? The drunkard maker. A calculation has been made by those who are well acquainted with the facts in the case, as to the number of persons that have annually

found a drunkard's grave, or a premature grave through the influence of intoxicating liquor—and they have fixed the amount, according to the lowest calculation, to be about 30,000 !! This was even after the temperance reform had made great progress in the country. The number is somewhat diminished now, but still it is awful to think of the multitudes that yet find a drunkard's grave. O think of it, something less than 30,000 immortal beings hurried into eternity every year through drunkenness! And who is at the fountain head of all this stream of death and woe? The drunkard maker.—He stands and pours a stream of liquid fire over all the land. The flow is unceasing.

The hurricane swept by in wrath,  
With wars and pestilence and death;  
I asked they would, (if they but knew,)  
Declare what multitudes they slew.

We've slain our *tens*, they each replied,  
*Thousands* by epidemics died ;  
But drunkard makers more than all,  
Have slain their *myriads* great and small.

3. A third reason why the drunkard maker shall find no mercy, is the fact that his works here are the *works of unrighteousness*.

The command of God is "in the sweat of thy face shall thou eat bread." (Gen. 3, 19.)

Paul says (2 Thess. 3, 10.) "For even when we were with you, this we commanded you, that if any would not work, neither should he eat." "An idle man's brain is the Devil's workshop," said one of the old divines. And this exactly accords with scripture and observation.

Again, the command is, "Provide things honest in the sight of all men." (Rom. 13, 17.) That is, provide for your own support

and that of your family *honestly* in the sight of all men, both christian and heathen. Or the command may mean, strive to exhibit such a course of conduct as may conciliate the favor of all men—causing christians to respect you, and forcing the wicked to say that you are one of the noblest works of God, an *honest man*.

Every man then in the community is bound by the *laws of God, of nature, and of society*, to work. And every man has a right to be compensated for his labour according to its real value. No man has a right to take the labour of another without rendering him an equivalent for it.

I go to the merchant and tell him I wish a suit of clothes. He cuts off the cloth and I pay him the price. But, when I come home I find the cloth is *moth-eaten*. Is that honest? No: the honest man would not do it. He would, on the contrary, give

the best he had, that I might have satisfaction in it and be induced to come again.

I go to a shoemaker, and ask him for a pair of boots of good stuff and well made. He gives me a pair, and says they are just the kind I need. I pay for them and return. When I put them on I find the leather is good for nothing, and they have been spoiled in the making, and all their defects are covered over with a coat of paste and varnish. Is that honest? No honest man could do so. On the contrary, he will give me the best he has, or try to furnish me with what may be an equivalent for the price I have paid.

I am engaged in a difficult and important work. I feel weary and my strength somewhat exhausted. A man comes up and says, Sir, I have got the *Elixir Vitæ*. It is a perfect restorer of nature—a *panacea* for human woe. One draught will give

you all the vigor of youth, and make you feel as strong as a lion. He says,

It clears the head, it calms the brain,  
Restores to age its youth again.  
It nerves the arm, cheers up the heart,  
Bids care and sorrow all depart.

A panacea, sure it is,  
A perfect friend to human bliss,  
It's wondrous powers I must adore ;  
One draught's enough. You'll need no more.

Deceived by words—to him said I,  
This panacea I will try ;  
I took *one draught*—It was vile stuff !  
One draught I found was quite enough.

It pained my head, inflamed my brain,  
Keen anguish sent through every vein ;  
It broke my bones—it pierced my heart,  
Made health and joy and peace depart.

Can such an one from wrath be free,  
When God shall judge in equity ?  
No ; no ; responds the God of grace,  
His works are all unrighteousness.



4. A fourth reason why he shall find no mercy is, because he trafficks for money in the *souls and bodies* of men.

No man has right by the laws of God or of society, to be *a vagrant*. He ought to support himself, or at least try to do it, and do it honestly. His business should be such as not to inflict *injury* upon others. But this the drunkard maker does.

What is his business? It is to make money by doing—what? By following his business to be sure. But what is his profession or business? He keeps a house for the public. It is for the good of the public. Why then does he pay a license tax to the government for the privilege of doing good to the public? If the business be followed for the man's private benefit and for the *public ill*—why allow it? But what is the man's business? I answer, he is the Superintendent of the *Public Steam-*

*transforming factory.* What do I call it, do you ask? I call it "the Public Steam-transforming Factory"—Satan is the owner—the Public are the patrons, and the Rum-seller or Drunkard maker is the Superintendent. A description of the establishment, and the character of the work done, may not be uninteresting to you all.

The house from others you can tell,  
Its doors are wide—the gates of hell;  
Red curtains or a cask are shown,  
As signals of the work that's done.

Now enter in—Oh! horrible!  
The fire, the smoke—the sulphur smell,  
The barrels, bottles, glasses too  
Brim full of hell's black "*mountain dew.*"

Men, boys, white, black, commingled there,  
They sing, they howl, they fight, they swear;  
Some sit—some lie—some stupid stand,  
Some reel and toss on every hand.

Some few with frantic madness roar,  
Some loud beneath the table snore;  
Most strange to some these things have seemed,  
But, 'tis the effect of being "*steamed.*"

The work is done; they're now well "*burned,*"  
The *lamb*s are into *lion*s turned;  
Men entered *wise*, and came out *fools*,  
For knaves and rogues the fittest tools.

Some entered *rich*—they came out *poor*,  
And now they beg from door to door;  
Some entered *good*—and came out *bad*;  
Some entered *sane*; they came out *mad*.

The kind their kindness there have left,  
Of every virtue they're bereft.  
How changed their form, their features, size,  
They're demon like with blood-shot eyes!

This is the work, and that's the place,  
Where men are robbed of every grace;  
Satan the founder, the man, you know,  
Just acts *pro bono publico*.

Ye rulers and ye ruled fear.  
God's righteous judgment draweth near—  
The widow's tears—the murdered dead,  
Call loud for vengeance on your head.

5. A fifth reason why the drunkard maker shall find no mercy from his God is because he is "*an oppressor of the poor.*"

"He that giveth to the poor shall not lack; but he that hideth his eyes shall have many a curse."—*Prov. xxviii. 27.*

"He that oppresseth the poor to increase his riches, and he that giveth to the rich shall surely come to want."—*Prov. xxii. 16.*

"He that oppresseth the poor, reproacheth his Maker."—*Prov. xiv. 31.*

"For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, none will arise, saith the Lord."—*Psa. xii. 5.*

Of all persons in the land, there is none that oppress the poor man like the drunkard maker. Whoever may be kind to him

in his distress, it is not he. If it were the last cent the poor man had to buy a loaf of bread for himself and his starving children, the drunkard maker would take it from him. He will take the coat off his back; and the shoes from off his feet—aye, the soul out of his body!

Oh! how often is it that a poor man has fallen into the hands of these thieves—they have stripped him of all he had, and then turned him out of doors and left him half dead. And if it had not been for these Samaritan-like Temperance Societies, he would have been *whole* dead. But why turn him out? Was he not made drunk there? Yes, but it is not *respectable* to hang up a specimen of their workmanship, and to show to the world what is done there. They *make* drunkards, but do not keep them. Their conduct reminds me of a conversation that took place between an

English officer and a Cardinal at Rome. How is it, said the officer, that you have so little religion here at Rome, seeing you manufacture so much? The Cardinal replied, "We make it all for *exportation*, and not for home consumption."—So with drunkard makers, as soon as their work is done, they cast it off. It is for exportation. They have got the poor man's money, and as to what becomes of his body or of his soul they care not. They have no compassion on him.

Compassion ! Oh ! how strange the sound,  
On Drunkard makers' ears to fall ;  
Much more familiar they are found,  
With oath, or curse—or maniac call.

Unfeeling men ! they strip the poor,  
They stop their ears against their cry ;  
Then drive them helpless from their door,  
In want and agony to die.

6. A sixth reason why the drunkard

maker shall receive no mercy from the hand of the Lord, is, Because he shuts up the kingdom of heaven against men.

The express declaration of God is, that no drunkard shall enter the kingdom of Heaven. Who made him so? Who has made the man unfit for Heaven? Will any one say it is the man himself? This is only a part of the truth. He never would have been a drunkard if it had not been for the enticement of the drunkard maker. His decorated room—his sparkling decanters; the viol and the dance; the fair words; the flattering speeches; the winning address at first; the hearty shake of the hand; the gratuitous treat for friendship's sake; the jovial laugh—the invitation to make yourselves welcome—the friendly game at dice or cards—the anecdote—the merry song—these things, and a thousand more, are among the lures which this de-

stroyer of souls throws out to ensnare the feet of the unwary. And when once he is in the fowler's snare, nothing but the mercy of God can save him from a drunkard's grave, and from the wrath of the Lord.

Oh! how many a young man might now stand up, in all the dignity of his nature, an ornament in society—the comfort of his parents, and their pride—the advocate of truth—the champion of his country's cause—the defender of the rights of man—society's prop, and the pillar of the church of God, if it had not been that he was betrayed by the fair words and the soft speeches of the drunkard maker. Ah! if it had not been for that man, how many would now be singing the praises of redeeming love who are doomed to wail in eternal despair? How many are there now in this city who were second to none as *mechanics*, as statesmen, and in all



the departments of life—in wealth, in intelligence, in refinement, in exalted feeling, and in manly virtue, but they are now debased, despised, outcast from society, and aliens from God and Heaven? And how has this happened? Through the influence of the drunkard maker. Yes, he is the man.—He delights in deeds of blood. He spreads his net, and then waiting until some one is ensnared in its foils he rushes upon him without mercy.

I've seen the spider twine his thread  
Around his victim's limbs and head;  
I've seen the little captive fly,  
In anguish struggle—writhe and die.

The drunkard-maker acts just so,  
His den's the haunt of vice and woe;  
His house is built of dead men's bones,  
The air he breathes is sighs and groans.

I've seen him spread his fatal snare,  
I've seen the thoughtless rush in there;

I've seen them caught—have heard their cry,  
I've seen them quiver—gasp, and die.

I've seen the spider in his turn,  
Amid the scorching embers burn,  
Just so, will God, in righteous ire,  
Cast drunkard-makers in hell fire.

“Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink : that putteth thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken.”

“Woe unto you, (drunkard makers,) for ye shut up the kingdom of Heaven against men; for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in.”

As to the final doom of the drunkard maker, that is fixed. God declares that he shall have judgment without mercy. In his calamities that come upon him while here, God appears to have restrained in his righteous judgment, the compassions of his fellow man from flowing out towards him.

Who is sad when a drunkard maker dies? It is a public blessing. They feel it, and they cannot mourn. The wife often wished *he* was dead, or that *she* was—or that he was *out* of the business. And now that her wish has come to pass, not, perhaps, just in the way she wished it, her tears are few—her sorrow is light: Why should she weep? 'Tis better far for her, for all. There are some hearts that do feel—these are the dear children of the household. In their ignorance of the evil their father was inflicting on them, and on their mother, and on the church, and the world, they loved him still. A natural cord is broken—they feel the smart. But soon their childish tears are dried up, and who does not rejoice that another curse is removed from the earth?

In this world God often shows his displeasure toward drunkard makers. Very few of them ever make anything by their

iniquity. If they do, you will find that there is a curse from God upon it. For “the curse of the Lord is in the house of the wicked.”—*Prov.* iii. 33.

“Woe unto him that buildeth his house by unrighteousness, and his chambers by wrong: that useth his neighbour’s service without wages, and giveth him not for his work.”—*Jer.* xxii. 13.

“Woe unto him that gaineth an evil gain to his house that he may set his nest on high—for the stone shall cry out of the wall: and the beam (or fastening,) out of the timber shall answer it.”—*Jer.* ii. 11.

And oh! how often have the very stones of the building in which they lived in riot, been swept away from them—and they have been left in abject poverty, without a friend to sympathise. Yea, how often have the beams or rafters of the drunkard maker’s house, been used as a gallows upon which

he has hung himself! How often has he been his own murderer, after he has murdered others! He may have cut his own throat; or having gone to bed drunk, he has woke up in eternity! How often do his sons follow in the steps of their drunken father! How often do his daughters marry drunkards, or become a living curse to all around! Or, if not, how often do they fall the victims of some one, who is destined to fill a drunkard's grave, and their reputation and peace are blasted forever!

The curse of God is written as with a sunbeam upon this work of iniquity, and yet men will still rush forward against the threatened judgments of God, hoping, that in their case, at least, God may omit to be true to his word. Oh! it is a fearful thing to contend against the *word*, the *providence*, and the *judgments* of God. And at the bar of final judgment, how shall the man

appear? There is no mercy for him there—judgment without mercy is the portion of his cup.

Who mercy show, shall mercy have,  
All such, the Lord will surely save ;  
The merciless condemned shall be,  
Outcast from God eternally.

Having now considered the character and the doom of the drunkard maker, I leave you to think of his wretched case, and beg you to ask yourselves what can be done to put a final extinguisher upon this burning mountain in the midst of our Republic, which is spreading death and woe on every hand? The desolation can be stopped, and it ought to be. The curse of drunkard-making is too heavy for any land to bear. It is a growing curse. The contemptible sum which is fixed by law upon every drunkard maker's business, by way of license for trading in the souls and bodies of

men, is a burlesque upon legislation—an outrage upon all propriety. If men must be licensed to carry on such a traffic in human souls—let one of two things be done. 1st. Either make them responsible for all the evil that results (to the public at least) from their business. Or, 2d. Put a tax of at least one thousand dollars upon each man that trades in it, so as to compensate the public in some small degree, for the evils they bring upon the community.

In yesterday's paper, it is stated, that the tax for pauperism in the State of New York, is six hundred thousand dollars per annum : the greater part of this is through the business of the drunkard maker. What an enormous sum to be paid out of the pockets of sober and honest men !!

In this state the tax is enormous. Oh ! it is time that the sober, the industrious and

the good, in all the land, should arise, and by one solemn act, banish the evil from the land. It can be done. Only make it an indictable offence for a man to be engaged in the business of drunkard making, and the work is at an end. If a man should take a house at the corner of one of our streets, to deal out cholera by the gill, how long would the community allow it? They would raze the foundations, and calling all the sober firemen in the land—they would burn it to ashes—then wash him and it away. If a man steal the property of another, to the amount of a *sixpence*, he may be imprisoned for his offence. Is not a man's soul of more value than that? Why then are not these robbers of the *money*, the *peace* and *happiness*, and of the *souls* of men dealt with as they deserve? They may escape punishment from men ;



but God will not suffer them to escape His righteous judgments.

There is a mode by which this crushing, this soul destroying evil can be banished from our land. The mode is simple, easy to be employed, and will be certain in the result. The Temperance Societies have done much, and are doing a great work. But they only lop off the branches of this deep-rooted tree of intemperance. All that is needful is the moral power, firmness of purpose, and a determination in the strength of God to carry it forward. I have cast my eye over all the field, and I am fully convinced that this plan, and this alone, under God, will accomplish the work.

It is in the power of the *females* in the land to banish this curse forever from the western world. Its awful weight falls heaviest upon them *temporally*, and is

the reason of it, because they are so deeply guilty in the matter? Judge ye.

The plan is this. Let all the females in the land, especially the young, unite *firmly, solemnly and with an unchangeable purpose*, in the following resolves, and the reign of Satan over man, in the shape of alcohol and drunkard makers will, nay must soon die, and the land will be redeemed. Then will it be Emanuel's land; the land of the free, the home of the brave.

1. We will not receive the attentions or the addresses of any who use intoxicating liquor; nor will we be found in their company.

2. We will not be united in marriage to any one who is engaged in the traffic of ardent spirits as a beverage.

3. We, who are mothers, will not allow our daughters, on any consideration, to as-

sociate with, or make companions of the promoters of intemperance.

Let but these rules be adopted and carried out into practice, and drunkenness in America is doomed to die. My dear young friends, will you not do it? The young lady that leads the way in this temperance reform, will immortalize her name. She will be the benefactress of the world. On earth she will have honour, and her work of love and mercy will not be forgotten by the Lord. Who will lead the way?

Rely upon it, you will succeed; for God will be with you. So long as the young men of the land, who do drink, can be caressed by the *rich*, the *beautiful*, the *lovely*, and the *good*, and be received into the most respectable of *female society*, what do they care for the exhortations of ministers, or the thrilling appeals of lecturers?

They dread the loss of your smiles more than they do the loss of the smiles of God. The thunders of Sinai fall not half so heavily on their ears, as does your word of disapprobation.

If you would save their souls, and the souls of others, I pray you seize the plan proposed. Let those who are the wives of drunkard makers, take their stand against the unrighteous business of their companions. If they do not, sorrow and anguish will come upon them. The spirits of the men murdered through their approbation will shriek around their dying pillow, and in the judgment they must stand condemned before God. The judgments of the Lord will overtake them. The displeasure of God they will sooner or later feel, in all its weight. Oh may they escape, and by the grace of God help others to escape also,

from the curse, the unutterable curse of the drunkard and of the drunkard maker.

The drunkard maker's curse! How great!  
Oh! who can tell its depth—its weight;  
Should men their powers with angels try,  
To make it known, they first would die.

If every twig a pen were made—  
Were every man a scribe by trade;  
If into ink should changed be,  
Each flowing stream—the ebbing sea.

If ev'ry leaf, the vault of heaven,  
Instead of paper could be given;  
The pens would fail—the ink be dry,  
The paper full—the men would die.

Ere half this curse revealed should be,  
It would require eternity.  
Lord God of Hosts, may we ne'er come,  
To share the drunkard-maker's doom!



