

## Letter from Dr. Jewett.

We extract the following from a letter from Dr. Jewett, dated Catskill, N. Y., July 8, 1853:—

FRIEND WILLIAMS:—It is a matter of the first importance that the law, as it is, should be enforced with energy and perseverance in Massachusetts. The hopes of humanity hang now on that point. Will Massachusetts be able to enforce the law? is a question now put to me at every turn. If the law is permitted to be a dead letter on the statute book of Massachusetts, woe, woe to the cause elsewhere. The people of our State must be made to feel that an awful responsibility now rests upon them, and it must be met and discharged, if it cost a million of our treasures and a thousand of our heads. There must be no delay, but the friends in every town and every neighborhood, must take counsel together, and bring the law down with crushing weight on every reckless and obstinate violator, until they shall be taught that no law on our statute book, not even those against theft, burglary and murder, are to be more thoroughly enforced than the law against the liquor traffic. The eyes of millions are now turned to New England, to see how laws against grog-shops and tipping-houses work. It is their *practical working* that is to settle the question of their permanency and their adoption by other States. Michigan has spoken in a tone not to be misunderstood. Wisconsin will utter a stern condemnation of the poisoning business on the 8th of November, and the great state of Ohio is now being shaken from centre to circumference, on this great question; but ever and anon they pause in the midst of the conflict, and turn their eyes anxiously toward the east to learn how the battle goes there. What they shall see and hear of our struggle, will depress or encourage them. Oh, what a crisis in the history of our country and the world! Let us but pass this point in safety, and a glorious future opens before us. The giant scourge and curse of our country will be annihilated, and the millstone that has hung about the neck of humanity, will be taken therefrom and cast into the bottomless pit. There are noble spirits battling on the side of truth and temperance in the great West, and they work in a style worthy of the cause and their great and glorious home. No where have I witnessed a more vigorous campaign than that which has just closed so triumphantly in Michigan. Brother Yates, formerly of Maine, has rendered most essential service to the cause there, and his energy, perseverance, sound judgment and entire devotion to the work, has secured for him an enviable place in the affections and confidence of the people. Forbes, of New Bedford, was one of our most efficient laborers in Michigan. Of the kind of service rendered by Hale of Connecticut, Neal Dow of Maine, Gen. Cary of Ohio, and your humble servant, your readers will need no particular description, as they are all pretty well known in New England. The Press in Michigan, with the exception of one daily paper in Detroit, and one influential weekly, took their position in favor of the law, and sustained it nobly. The liquor traffic got its death blow in Michigan on the 20th of June.

With the results of the Ohio State Convention, which met at Columbus on the 29th of June, the press of that State has undoubtedly made you acquainted. That was a glorious gathering of the good and true. The Hon. Chauncey Olds, of Circleville, who presided over the deliberations of that body, is one of the most eloquent orators of the State, and one of the most accomplished gentlemen I have ever met with. Gen. Cary, of Cincinnati, you know. I was pleased to have

unmistakable evidence of his popularity at home. Whenever he arose to address the Convention, he was greeted with a perfect storm of applause. He is the Luther of our great reform in Ohio, while Olds is the Melancthon. Yours in haste,  
C. Jewett.

For the Ohio Organ.

## Moral Suasion without Law.

Mr. Editor:—The present is an age of indefinite improvement and unprecedented wonders. There never was a period in the history of our world fraught with such thrilling interest as the present. The beautiful orb of day never shone upon a more important era in the history of our beloved State, than it now does. The enactment of a law similar to the Maine Liquor Law, is loudly and repeatedly called for by a large majority of the citizens of the State of Ohio. Shall that request be complied with? Is the Maine Liquor Law a wise law? Is it a just law? Is it a good law in its aim—good in the end—and good in its adaptation to the wants of civil society? I answer, yes.

I am well aware that there is a class of vile misrepresenters and aspiring demagogues, who have the bravery to call in question those truths which we hold to be self-evident. They denounce the Maine Liquor Law on the ground of illegal legislation. It has been repeatedly urged by a set of sappy sort of "would be" great ones, "that prohibitory laws are not sufficient to control or effectually stop the evils of intemperance." This I deny. Prohibitory laws have controled, prohibitory laws have effectually stopped the evils of intemperance in the good old State of Maine. Shame upon the minister of the gospel who dares to arise in the sacred desk to anathematize the Maine Law as unjust and fanatical, while others contend that prohibitory laws "cannot prevent the evils of intemperance." If prohibitory laws have not, do not, and cannot prevent the crying evils of intemperance, for the life of me I cannot see what will. Stop, sir, cries one—you should make moral suasion your strong defense. I wonder. Why, sir, do you not know that there are hundreds and thousands in the world, who make the civil law their standard of morals. Now, what are you going to do with this class of degenerate, two-legged animals, for moral suasion will never reach them as long as they occupy the ground they now do.

I believe moral suasion alone, will never, no never rid the world of drunkenness. Moral suasion, without law, will never annihilate the liquor traffic, as a beverage. The glad tidings of the Gospel of salvation have been preached for eighteen hundred years, still the damning stream of intemperance flows through our country.

You might strive with as much success in effectually stopping the Bosphorus with a bulrush, as to remedy the evils of intemperance without law. And in spite of the most blooming anticipations of the most sanguine suasionists, unless opposed by the strong arm of legislation, this river of rum and ruin will flow on to eternity. Did Heaven decree that suasion alone should be the means, and the only means, employed for the preventive of wrong and the punishment of crime? I answer, no. The Gospel openly recognizes and sanctions the civil rule, or law. It is passing strange indeed, but it is nevertheless true, that modern suasionists presume to accomplish more, aside from the law, than was ever achieved in the days of the Apostles, by the power of the laws and the gospel combined.

If moral suasion is the only effectual means of preventing wrong and punishing crime, why the enactment of quarantine laws? Why do you seize

the horse thief by civil power and incarcerate him in the county jail or State prison? Why do you seize and destroy the implements for counterfeiting? I answer, because the public good requires it. All prohibitory laws are based upon the good of civil society. Society has both the natural and moral right to protect itself. This she essays to do, in the passage of a prohibitory law.

One other thought and I am done for the present. The prominent reason why moral suasion has so signally failed in stopping the ravages of intemperance, is simply this—"the use of a luxury that calls for a BEVERAGE." As long as any nation is known to indulge in the frequent use of the abominable cigar and loathsome quid, just so long will moral suasion prove abortive. Citizens of Ohio, if we wish to be a temperate, free, independent and happy people, we must throw away our smoking apparatus and out with our filthy nauseating quids.

Yours in the battle until victory is shouted.

J. G. SCHEFFER.

NEW GOTTINGEN, Guernsey Co., O., August 6th, 1853.

For the Ohio Organ.

## Agitation.

BY SOBRIETAS.

With what utter aversion conservatives regard the word. How does it suggest to their dreamy, distorted fancies, civil war with all its horrors. At the mere pronunciation of it, huge, fierce, fiery, gorgon shapes emerge from the gloomy regions of stygian night, and stride the earth with fearful rapidity. Fraternal hands are uplifted in a belligerent attitude, and the fairest and most peaceful portions of this "mundane sphere" are immersed in a crimson sea of human gore! Dreadful indeed are the visions which they behold. To *whisper* the terror-striking word in these days of partyism and office-hunting, is rank treason; and to *agitate*, is open rebellion to "the powers that be."

I was forcibly impressed with the senseless notions and unjustifiable inconsistency of such persons, by an incident that recently occurred in our community. Our village post-office was the scene. Some forty or fifty copies of a Campaign Temperance paper had just arrived to the address of a Bro. who was distributing them among eager bystanders. After the subscribers were supplied, the remaining Nos. were offered gratuitously to others who were present. Among those to whom the paper was tendered, were a notorious, heartless rumseller and an oily-tongued, professed friend of the temperance cause.

Boniface commenced perusing the little sheet with an appearance of the utmost firmness; but as he was reading a certain dialogue between a farmer and a landlord, I noticed a restlessness stealing over him, which became more and more marked as he progressed through the article. At length, unable to withstand the arguments which the former adduced against his compeer with ponderous weight and stunning force, he cast the paper from him as though it were a thing of life and terror—a venomous viper—and rushing through the door, hied to his den of infamy and pollution as if pursued by a host of yelling, shrieking, infuriated, vengeful demons: and who can vouch that he was not?

But how was it with the smooth-faced, pretended advocate of our cause? Did he carefully read the paper offered him and zealously defend the assertions therein made; thus adding his mite to the side of sobriety, and encouraging his brother warriors while he aided in disheartening their

mutual foe? Far from it. He refused to take the paper, folding his arms with complacent coolness as he did so, and apologetically saying, "I'm as much a Temperance man as anybody, but I am opposed to agitation." The secret of his opposition will not be difficult of comprehension when I inform you that he holds one office and egregiously desires another! SYLVANIA, Ohio, Aug., 1853.

## Is he an Assassin?

The crime of the assassin is one of the blackest atrocities that can stain the page of human nature. We revolt at the very idea; the blood stands still in our veins, or else rushes with impetuosity upon the heart and brain. But we would inquire if the same principle is not largely at work in the heart of that man who deliberately adulterates and poisons beverages in every-day use. The man who would put poison in the cistern of his neighbor, or in a well, would be set down as a wholesale assassin. The law recognizes him as such, and the people look upon him in the same light. We are all agreed upon this point. And in what better light can we view that man who knowingly and deliberately puts arsenic in whisky, or sugar of lead in wine, or other elements of poison in brandy or beer? And yet these things are of known occurrence in this city, and done, too, by men who understand perfectly the dreadful effects produced.

We heard a man positively assert, last week, that he knew men who could and did manufacture whisky in this city at a mere cost of twenty cents a barrel. And this is the stuff purchased and dealt out by planters to their negroes all over these southern states. This is the stuff sold and drank daily by hundreds of black and white.

These men know full well that the vitals of those who use these villainous drinks will be destroyed, and that sooner or later death must be the result. They know that they are stabbing men in the dark, for their customers are not aware, or else do not believe, that it contains such deadly ingredients.

If any of these whisky or rum-sellers should give a neighbor a glass of wine mixed with prussic acid, and death should ensue, without hesitation we should pronounce him an assassin. How, then, does it come to pass that he is stripped of all venality when he puts the poison into his barrels or casks of liquor instead of a single glass? In the one case only the life of one man is in jeopardy, in the other hundreds are exposed to sickness and death. It is a matter of profound astonishment how these men dare lift their heads in respectable society after employing such deadly agencies against the peace and safety of mankind; and yet, strange to tell, they are the very men who are so full-mouthed against the temperance reform, and denounce its zealous advocates as fools and fanatics, and find many sympathizers among respectable people, and even professors of religion.—Sun.

Yesterday we observed a miserably clothed old woman, with a bloated, wrinkled face, and large, eager, hollow eyes, bearing in her hand a crooked and knotty stick, going from grog-shop to grog-shop along the landing, begging whisky. She was rudely thrust from each door, yet she tottered in at each den and plead for the filthy poison most piteously. A more loathsome spectacle never passed our eye, and we trust never may.—*Cin. Commercial.*

Where is there any hope for such a person, if it be not in a prohibitory law?