

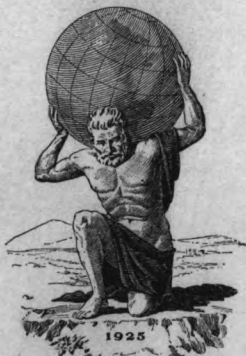
The Cold Water Army.

By Thomas P. Hunt,
The Drunkard's Friend.

Boston:

Published by Whipple & Damrell,
1841.

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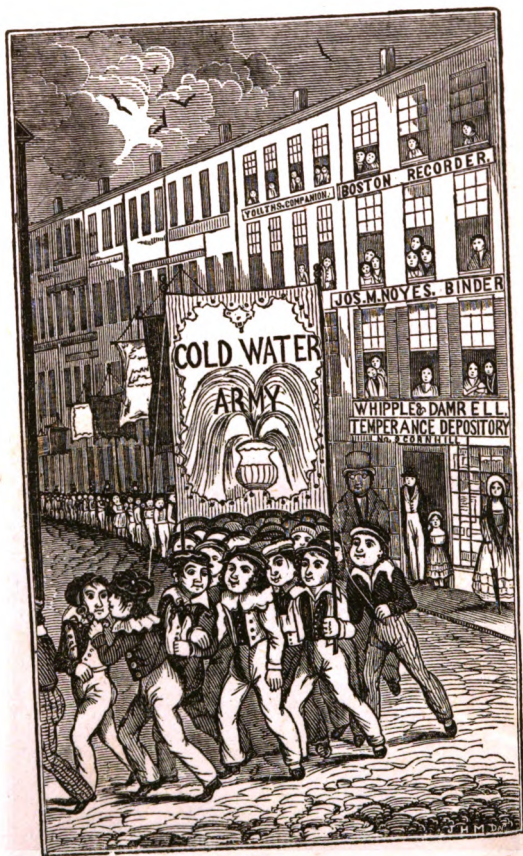
THE GIFT OF
The Heirs of
George C. Dempsey

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THE

COLD WATER ARMY.

“WHAT means that, papa?” said Caroline to her father. “See! there is a company of boys and girls, with a lovely blue banner. Look, father, look! there is another, with a red banner—O, father, here comes another company, with a green one—See, see, there is another and another! How many! Did you ever see so many children? There goes a large white banner borne by four boys. What is that on it? O, I see. It is, **COLD WATER ARMY.** Father, do let us go and see what they intend to do.” Thus spoke a little child to her father, as group after group of children, accompanied by their teachers, wended their way to a large building not far off. Her father told her to go and ask her mother, if she and her little sister Ann would not like to go with them to the meeting of the children.

She soon returned, accompanied by her sister, and they went with their father.

The children all entered the building in good order. They did not stamp, or make a noise, or whisper, or talk while they were coming into the room. Each one took his seat in silence. That is the way good children behave. Bad children often disturb a meeting by moving about, and making a noise.

After the children were all seated, a gentleman arose, and, looking around upon them, as though he loved them, asked if he might pray for them. The children were all willing that he should do so. He prayed that their sins might be forgiven—that they might have a new heart—that they might seek the Lord early, while he might be found—and that none of them should ever disgrace themselves, or give pain to their parents. He also prayed for those neglected children who had none to pray for them, or to teach them what was right, or to lead them to that Saviour who said: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." He also remembered the poor drunkard, and his parents, and his wife and children. He asked God to forgive those who sold liquors to men to make them drunk. He prayed for the moderate drinkers, who stand on slippery steps, that they might break away from the dangerous habit before it should become confirmed.

During the prayer, the children were all attentive. None of them moved, or looked around, or spoke.

After the prayer, the gentleman said: "Children, there is a great army of drunkards in the United States. Somewhere near half a million of men and women belong to it. The liquor-sellers, for money, constantly provide them with poison. So that about thirty or forty thousand of them die every year.

"When a man is drunk, he is poisoned. If I were to tell you that I saw a man intoxicated, would you know what I mean?"

"Yes, sir," said the children, "that he was drunk."

"The word '*intoxicated*' comes from a word that means *poisoned*. And it is the poison or alcohol, that makes men drunk.

"Suppose we had a basket of apples here, and all of you were invited to take as many as you desired; would they not soon all be gone?"

"Yes, sir," said the children, "unless you were to put in some more."

"Just so it is with the drunkards' army. All the drunkards were once young and sober. If they had never joined the drunkards' army, there would never have been any. And if, when they die, no young or old men take their place, there soon will be no more drunkards.

"But there are some persons who say, that they could not get a living, or support their

families, if the drunkard-making traffic were not carried on. If this is so, then some who are now young and sober, must become drunkards. Come, boys and girls, who of you will join the drunkards' army?

"But before you decide, let me tell you what the drunkard has to do in this army of red noses. He has to bring his money to the poison-seller, and give it to him for intoxicating liquors; though his wife has no clothes, and his children no bread, he must not mind that; but tell her to work and get money. After she has got it, he must steal it to pay the poison-seller for poison. If his wife and children cry for bread, he must beat them, or turn them out of doors, or kill them. He must sing filthy, foolish songs, keep low company, curse and swear and lie, quarrel and fight and steal. He must not be too proud to sleep with the hogs, or to be kicked by the grog-seller, or to die in a ditch. He must destroy his reason, and lose his soul. All this he must do, and pay the poison-seller, to help him do it.

"Come, boys, will any of you be a volunteer? I see some of you shaking your heads, as though you did not mean to do it."

The boys said, they would never *volunteer* to join the drunkards' army.

"Well, then, may-be you will enlist. When a man joins the regular army, he gets paid for it. Now, how much will you take to become

a drunkard? A nice new top; or a bag of marbles? What! not a bag of marbles! Will a hat full of money be enough?"

"No, not a mountain of gold," said some.

"Not all the money in the world," said others.

"Well," said the speaker, "if the boys will not join, I must try the girls. Come, girls, will you volunteer, or will you enlist?"

The girls shook their heads. Not one of them would consent to join such a wife-whipping, child-beating set.

The speaker observed, that he had asked hundreds of boys and girls if they would be drunkards; yet had never found one who was willing. He was lecturing once on temperance, when an old drunkard, who was present, became very angry, and shook his fist in the speaker's face, and said: "I let you know that I have drank a great deal. And I mean to drink a great deal more." As he said this, he began to think of the injury that he had received from drinking. The tears came into his eyes. Turning to the young men, he said: "But if I had known at sixteen to what drinking would have brought me, I would have cut my throat from ear to ear, before I ever would have touched a drop." No, even the poor drunkard does not like this army.

"As none of the girls or boys seem disposed to join of their own accord, suppose we see whether their parents and teachers will not

give them to the drunkard-makers and poison-sellers.

“Parents, it will not do to ask you for all your children. But can you not spare one or two? Which may the drunkard-makers have? Do you hesitate? Is it impossible to make the selection? You feel as did Mr. Dustin, of Haverhill, Massachusetts, whose house was attacked by the Indians, in 1697. He ordered his seven children to fly from the Indians. He remained to protect the rest of the family. But he could not do so. He mounted his horse and rode after his children. He did not think he could save them all. But he determined to save the one he loved best. He soon overtook them. He heard their glad voices, and saw their cheerful countenances, for they felt safe under his care. He scanned the group from the oldest to the youngest. He could not tell which he loved best. They were all his children, and all stretched out their little arms to him for protection. He would not let the Indians have one of them. He determined to save all, or to die for all. God enabled him to protect his children, and all were saved.

“So it is with you; you cannot let any of them be drunkards. You would rather see them all dead.

“I was once in a strange country. I went early on Sabbath morning to the church. I

love to spend an hour on the Lord's day in the graveyard. It is a good school. There we see the end of all living. Here is the grave of a little babe, not as large as you. There is the resting-place of a youth. Here manhood sleeps. There old age slumbers. The graveyard compels us to feel that our children must die; that our parents must die; that our friends must die; that *we* must die. In a graveyard the Christian is reminded, that the dead are not dead, but sleep; that they will rise again from the grave in the resurrection; that Christian parents, and children, and friends, will meet again never to part; will live again, never to die, in a world in which there is no sin, nor sickness, nor sorrow. In the graveyard we think of Jesus, who died for our sins, and rose again for our justification; who has conquered death and the grave. The graveyard is a sweet place. Dear children, why should we not love to go to the graveyard? We must all go there, and sleep there, and rise there. If we love Jesus and one another, we need not be afraid to go there while we live, nor to sleep there when we die.

“But I was about telling you what happened at this graveyard. I thought that I was alone. But presently I heard some one weeping. It was an old man. His locks were thin, but long and very white. The wind was blowing them about. He stood at the head of a

grave, about five feet long. Sometimes the tears flowed down his cheeks, as he fixed his eyes upon the green hillock at his feet. Sometimes he smiled as he looked upwards. There was something peculiarly interesting in his manner. It excited my curiosity and awakened my sympathy. I ventured to approach him. I told him that I knew there were griefs with which a stranger had no right to intermeddle; but that it was a Christian privilege to weep with those who weep, and with the hand of love to apply the balm of Gilead to the wounded heart. The old man calmly replied: 'This is the grave of a darling son. He was a good boy. He obeyed his parents, and loved his brothers and sisters, was never ill-natured, but kind to all. He loved the Lord Jesus, and was a praying boy. He was our pride, our jewel. We loved him. He died. I come here every Sabbath to thank God for giving us such a child. When I remember all his loveliness, I weep that he is gone. But, when I think of what our boy now is, an heir of God and a joint-heir with the Lord Jesus Christ, I thank God that he has taken him away.'

"As the old man spoke, a dissipated youth rode up to the church. The old man saw him, and burst into tears. It was his son. 'O, sir,' he continued, 'it grieves me more to see *that* drunken son, than it does to stand by the grave of this good child.'

“No doubt you all feel as he did. Not a child is willing to be a drunkard. Not a parent is willing that his child should join the drunkards’ army. Is it not strange that, while this is true, there should be so many drunkards?

“Indeed, I did not mean to offend, or to insult you, when I asked if you were willing to volunteer or to enlist. If I have made you angry, suppose we *make friends*, as some people do. After they become reconciled, they treat each other with intoxicating, poisonous liquor. You know that some people say there is no danger in drinking a little. Come, then, if you will not join the drunkards’ army, will you not agree to drink a little wine, or cider, or punch, or something of the kind? What, do you shake your heads! not a drop?”

The children all said, “No, not a drop.”

“Ay, you have found it out. Some one has told you about it. I mentioned that when the regular army was raised, it was done by enlisting soldiers; and this was the way in which it was done:—a drummer went up and down the street, beating his drum, on which was placed what was called the bounty money. Any person, who desired to enlist, stepped up and took the money off the drum. He was then taken to the recruiting officer, and if he were a suitable person, he was enrolled in the army. Every person, who ever joined the drunkards’ army, did so by taking the bounty.

You may hear the recruiting officers beating up for soldiers all about the country. The tune they play is, 'Drink a little; drink a little; moderation will not hurt you.' Now, whoever takes a little, has taken the drunkard's bounty money.

'Large streams from little fountains flow;'
Great sots from moderate drinkers grow.

"So, children, if you never wish to be drunkards, never drink a little.

"And, parents, if you do not desire your children to enlist in the drunkards' army, never give or take the bounty money. You, no doubt, feel as unwilling that any of your children should be ruined by the liquor-sellers, as Mr. Dustin was that any of his should be murdered by the Indians. And the liquor-business has murdered more than the Indians ever did; and that, too, in a more cruel way. No Indian can make a mother murder her babe. But drunken women, as was the case in New York, have burnt their babes to death, or left them to perish. And drunken fathers have kicked their dying children out of bed! If, then, you love your children, teach them, by precept and example, never to use intoxicating drinks. **TOTAL ABSTINENCE** is the bounty money for temperance. *Drink a little*, is the drunkard's song and ruin."

The speaker then said, that as none of the children, or their friends, seemed to be willing

to join the drunkards' army, he would invite them to join **THE COLD WATER ARMY.**

He said, that there were very many men, women, and children, already belonging to this army; and that he had never yet heard of any one being injured by joining it. Dr. Rush was in favor of it. Dr. Franklin, whose life every child ought to read, belonged to it, even when a boy. Presidents Madison, Adams, and Jackson had recommended all young persons to join it. You may join the Cold Water Army, and be respected and beloved. You may make all around you happy, be useful while you live, and happy when you die. Temperance, with God's blessing, adds every good thing to its possessor. With it, even the poor can be happy: without it, the richest are miserable. Come, then, children; will you join the Cold Water Army?"

The children said, "*we will, WE WILL, WE WILL.*"

"I am glad to hear you say so. But the Bible teaches us "to honor our parents, and to obey them. We honor our parents when we ask their advice, and follow it. So you must not join the Cold Water Army without your parents' approbation; but as many as will join, if your parents consent, now rise."

The children almost all arose; they felt happy. What a pity that any such children should ever be destroyed or made wretched by

wicked men selling to them or to their parents intoxicating liquors!

The speaker told them to sit down again. They did so, without making a noise, or pushing one another.

"Now," said the speaker, "I have a pledge made for my cold water boys and girls. I made it myself.

"Do you desire to hear it?"

"Yes, sir, that we do."

"I made it for the boys and girls both. Now attend, while I repeat it.

The Pledge for little girls and boys, who join the Cold Water Army.

We do not think
We'll ever drink,
Whisky or Gin,
Brandy or Rum,
Or any thing,
That'll make drunk come.

"See that now, 'NOR ANY THING THAT'LL MAKE DRUNK COME!' How nicely it comes in! How complete it is! My cold water boys and girls do not wish to get drunk. How can they keep from it? Certainly, by not drinking *any thing that will make drunk come.*

"Do you wish to learn the Pledge?"

"Yes, sir," said the children.

"Then let us all repeat it together." The children commenced. Some of them at first spoke almost in a whisper; others only moved their lips. But the speaker encouraged them

to speak louder. After repeating it with them a few times, they all joined in, with a full, clear voice, and repeated it very well.

“Suppose you try to repeat it without my assistance.” The children seemed to be a little afraid to begin. The speaker requested all who were willing to try their best to say the Pledge. Many tried, and repeated it without omitting a word.

“That is well done,” said the speaker. “When you go home, repeat it to your parents, and ask their permission to sign it. Then solicit the superintendent of your Sabbath school to form a Cold Water Society for you; and to become its President.

“He must have a book, in which must be recorded the names and the ages of the children, and the date of their joining. Ask him to let it remain in your Sabbath school library, and to take good care of it.

“In my Sabbath school Cold Water Society we have a beautiful certificate, to which each member is entitled. This certificate can be obtained, for one cent, at the American Tract Society.

“It is a fine picture. I hope that your teachers will procure it for you.

“A lady one day invited me to call in, for a few minutes, as I was passing by her house. I did so. She said, that she wished to thank me for the service I had rendered her. As she

was unknown to me, I inquired how I had ever done her any good. She pointed to this picture hanging on the wall. 'That was my boy's. He is dead. And I have more pleasure in possessing this memento of my child's principles, than I would in knowing that he had been the bloody conqueror of the world.' Your parents may have the same pleasure in case of your death. And if you should live to become a Peter Parley, you may point to this certificate, and say to your grandchildren: 'See, I joined the Cold Water Army when I was a boy, and I have never been sorry that I did so.' Do you not guess, that your little grandchildren would say, 'Do, grandpapa, let us join the Cold Water Army, too'?

"Some people think that little children are too young to understand how to be good, or to do good. But this is a great mistake. Samuel was a very good boy. And so was David, and Josiah, and Joseph, and many others.

"A little girl about four years old came, with her mother's permission, to join my Cold Water Army. As she approached to receive her certificate, some present said, 'Shame! shame! to let such a little child join. She does not know what she is about.'

"Gentlemen,' said I, 'this child's mother ought to be the best judge of the propriety of her conduct. She has consented to her joining. And no child is received without such consent. But let us examine the child.'

“What do you wish to do, my dear?”

“To join the Cold Water Army.”

“What do you intend to drink after you join?”

“Cold water.”

“Nothing but cold water?”

“I do not mean that I will not drink milk, and soup, and such things;— but that I will not drink any thing that will make drunk come.”

“How would you do to keep from drinking, if any one were to offer you any thing that would make you drunk?”

She instantly replied, clinching her teeth, “I would keep my mouth shut tight.”

“There, gentlemen, you see that this child knows more about it than many older persons, who say they would be glad to abandon the habit of drinking; but they do not know how to do it. Let them keep their mouths shut. That is the whole secret. Do you think, gentlemen, that this little child may have her certificate?”

“Yes, yes, let her have it,” they said.

“If all the dealers in liquor could have seen her happy countenance, as she courtesied, and blushed, and smiled, on receiving her picture, I am sure they never would be willing to make her a child of sorrow. But they had aided in making her father a drunkard. Her mother, by her own labor, had to support two children, and a drunken husband, too!

“A man, who sometimes got drunk, was present when she joined. He determined to try her rule. He has kept his mouth shut, when rum was offered, ever since. He is now a sober man, and a member of the church.

“A little boy, who belonged to the Cold Water Army, saw his father drinking toddy. ‘Father,’ said he, ‘give me some.’ ‘Why, John, do you not know, that it will make you drunk?’ ‘Will it, father?’ ‘Yes, my son.’ ‘Father,’ said he, ‘will it not make you drunk, too?’ The father felt the reproof, and it did him good. Out of the mouths of babes and of sucklings has God ordained strength.

“There was once a king who thought that a young person could not do a great deed. There was war between the Israelites and the Philistines. The Philistines had among them a giant. Do you remember his name?”

“Goliath, sir,” answered Mary.

“He dared the Israelites to send out a man to fight him. They were afraid to do so. Every man kept within his camp. Saul, the king of Israel, promised to give a great sum of money, and his daughter for a wife, to any man who would go and fight Goliath. But no one would go. They thought that money and Saul’s pretty daughter would not do them much good, after Goliath had cut them up into mince pieces. By-and-by there came one who said, that he would fight Goliath. The king was informed

of the fact. He was very glad. He ordered the person to be brought to him. When he saw him, he was much disappointed. 'Thou art not able to go up against this man,' said he, 'seeing thou art but a youth!' Do you remember whose son this *youth*, this *stripling* was, and what was his name?"

"Yes, sir; he was the son of Jesse, and his name was David."

"David told the king that, when he kept his father's flock, — you see that he was a shepherd's boy at the time, — there came a lion and a bear, and took away a lamb; that he pursued after them, and slew them both; and that God, who had delivered him out of their paws, would also deliver him from Goliath. When the king saw that David was not afraid, he said, 'Go, and the Lord be with thee!' Did David and Goliath fight?"

"Yes, sir, and David slew him."

"With what did David kill him?"

"With a pebble thrown from a sling."

"Did David get that pebble from a cider-press?"

"No, sir."

"Did he get it from a beer-barrel?"

"No, sir."

"Did he get it from a wine-cellar?"

"No, sir."

"Did he get it from a grogshop?"

"No, sir."

“Where did he get it from?”

“From the brook, sir.”

“That he did. He was a cold water boy. The Israelites were on one hill; the Philistines were on another. Between them ran a stream of water. Out of this David chose his pebbles. Where did he strike Goliath?”

“In the forehead, sir.”

“That was a good hit. If David’s hand had trembled like the drunkard’s, he never would have struck Goliath. I was once lecturing in a city. The drunkard-makers induced some poor drunkards to interrupt the meeting. They threw eggs at me. One egg fell here, another there, but none of them struck me. I said, ‘Come, men, you may stop throwing, for you are too drunk to hit the pulpit, much less me.’ If David could not have done better than the drunkard, Goliath would have killed him.

“Intemperance is a worse giant than Goliath of Gath. It has ruined more nations, killed more men, destroyed more fortunes, caused more suffering and sin, than ever did all the wicked, bloody giants. The great men, the kings, and the rulers of this world are afraid to give battle to this monster. The little Davids, the cold water boys and girls, must conquer it. If they will all join the Cold Water Army, the monster will soon be slain. Ask your parents how there can be any drunkards, if no

one will drink intoxicating drinks. Some say that drunkenness is increasing, and that there are more drunkards now, than there were formerly. Do the new drunkards come from the Cold Water Army? No, not one, unless he deserts, and is persuaded to take the drunkard's bounty money. Break up the moderate drinkers, and drunkenness ceases.

“If I could get all the children to join the Cold Water Army, we would soon knock out the brains of intemperance. But I must caution you, children, lest you make a mistake similar to that of some boys who joined the Cold Water Army. They thought that they must stone the grog-sellers, sure enough. So after the meeting they went out, and began to pelt a grogshop. The poison-seller ran out to shut his door and windows. You may depend upon it, he had to dodge quickly; for the boys had steady hands, and they made the stones whistle and buzz around his ears. As soon as the speaker knew what was going on, he ran out, and said, ‘Boys, boys! you have made a mistake. A poison-seller's brains are not in his skull. You will never knock them out by breaking his head. His brains are in his purse. Throw at that. As long as he can make money by it, he will think it right to murder your father, and beggar you, by selling intoxicating liquor. But as soon as it becomes a losing business, he will think it a very wicked

trade. Do not trade with him, boys. Let drunkards patronize drunkard-makers: but let cold water boys keep away from them.' The boys understood this. And so did the poison-seller. For he complained more of this advice, than he did at being stoned."

The speaker said, "That by poison-sellers he meant the makers, importers, and wholesale venders, as well as the taverner or grog man. And he meant to include every thing that would intoxicate. He could not see any difference. Has God said, The *whisky* drunkard shall not go to heaven? He says, *No* drunkard. A man beats his wife, and abuses his children, and ruins his soul, as certainly when drunk on wine, as he does when drunk on rum.

"How can it be *wrong* to keep a little store of cholera, small-pox, or plague, and *right* to import whole cargoes of the same, to supply the retail shops?

"A lady became offended because I asked her if her husband did not keep a grogshop? 'My husband is above doing such a low, mean business,' said she; 'he sells by the wholesale.' She thought she had mended the matter.

"Boys, can you cipher?"

Several answered, "We can, sir."

"Work this sum for me by the rule of three: If it is a mean, low business to sell a gill of intoxicating liquor, how mean and low is it to sell a hogshead full?"

The boys said they did not have their slates. But the correct answer would be, — As many times meaner as there were gills in the hog's head.

“If ardent spirits cause our brother to do wrong, ought we to give it up? Paul says that we ought. And every friend of virtue and good morals now agrees that men are required, for the good of others, not to use ardent spirits, because it causes so much sin, and all can do without it, and be none the worse, but a great deal better by so doing. Boys, do you know what the thing is called that makes men drunk? I will tell you. It is called alcohol. It was alcohol that made Noah drunk, when he drank wine. It was alcohol that made the loafer drunk, when he drank rum. If so, is it not as much a duty to give it up in the one case as in the other?”

They answered, “Yes, sir.”

“I hope, then, boys, that you will always remember this; that the Cold Water Army wars against the evils of intoxicating liquors, and not against only one thing that produces them.

“Boys, this is a free country. Have men a right to kill themselves?”

“No, sir; the laws of God and of man forbid killing of men. And a man has no more right to kill himself, than he has to kill another.”

“Has a man the right to help a man commit murder on another?” — “No, sir.”

“Has a man the right to help a man murder himself?” — “No, sir.”

“Has a man the right to beat and starve his wife and children?” — “No, sir.”

“Has he the right to help a man to beat and ruin his family?” — “No, sir.”

“How do drunkards get the liquor which causes them to commit so much sin?”

“The distillers, and importers, and sellers, provide it for them.”

“Do they know that their liquors make men do these wicked things?” — “Yes, sir.”

“Does God give men the right to help others do wickedly?” — “No, sir.”

“Is it right to steal?” — “No, sir.”

“Do drunkards steal?” — “Yes, sir.”

“What is stealing?”

“Taking things that belong to others, without their consent.”

“Has not the drunkard’s wife a right to be happy?” — “Yes, sir.”

“Does not the drunkard take away her happiness?”

“O yes, sir, we know he does.”

“Have the drunkard’s children a right to be happy? and does he not take away their happiness?”

“Yes, sir. We have seen many poor little children, whose drunken parents made them miserable. They had nothing to make them comfortable.”

“Have men a right to be paid for helping the drunkard to distress his family?”

“We think not.”

“In order to enjoy freedom and liberty, then, it is not necessary to do wrong. And all who follow the liquor-business do wrong, because they help others to destroy the happiness of man.

“What is the reason that men are sent to the penitentiary for passing counterfeit money? It is because their business injures the property and morals of society. I have gone from cell to cell in the penitentiary, and asked the prisoners these questions: ‘If you had never seen any counterfeit money, would you have come to this place?’

“I never made or passed counterfeit money.”

“If you had never seen a liquor-seller, would you have been here?”

“More than threefourths of them answered, ‘No, sir; liquor has been our ruin, and brought us here.’

“If it were not for the liquor-business, not one half the crimes and sorrows which are daily seen in our country would exist. It makes more widows and orphans, more beggars and criminals, than almost any other thing. Now, children, if it is right to send the counterfeiter to the penitentiary to keep him from injuring society, is it right to let the poison-sellers do worse than any counterfeiter ever did, or can do?”

The children said they did not think it right.

“Is it right to sell poisoned milk, or meat, or water, or flour, or butter?”

“O no. And the market master would soon have such fellows in jail.”

“Can it be right, then, to sell poisons, as a drink, to men?”

One boy said, “If the man wanted to buy it, and would use it, he did not know it would be wrong.”

“Well,” said the speaker, “suppose I had a son, and the liquor-sellers were to force a tunnel down his throat, and make him drunk; would that be right?” — “No, sir.”

“But would it be right to induce him to form a love for liquor, and then sell it to him, because he wished it?”

“No, sir; it would be like helping a murderer, because he loved to kill.”

“Did you ever read about the golden calf, that Aaron made for the children of Israel?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Did Aaron tell the people to ask him to make that calf?”

“They asked him to make it themselves.”

“What did Moses say to Aaron for making it?”

“What did this people unto thee, that thou hast brought so great sin upon them?”

“What reason did Aaron give for making the calf?”

“That he knew the people were set on mischief. Yet you see, children, that he was charged with causing the people to sin, because he made for them the idol. Now the liquor-sellers say the people will get drunk, they will do wrong: therefore we make for them intoxicating liquor. Can you see any difference between Aaron’s sin and that of the liquor-sellers?”

They answered that they could not.

“It was a law among the Jews, that if a man had an ox that would gore, and the owner knew it, and was warned of it, if the ox gored a man that he died, the ox and his owner were both to be stoned to death.

“It would not do for the man to say that bad boys tormented and provoked his ox. This was a good reason why he ought to have confined him; so that thoughtless, bad boys, who loved to plague him, and thought he could not catch or hurt them, might not have been tempted to their ruin.

“Nor would it do for him to say, that some foolish boys plagued him, and yet got out of the way without injury; or that he did not gore every man, woman, and child he met. If the ox gored *one man*, and the owner knew that he was disposed to do so, he was guilty and answerable for it. Now the poison-sellers know that their business ruins many persons. Are they not guilty and an-

swerable for the injury their business causes?"

The children thought they were.

"I am glad to hear you say so. I hope that when you get to be men, you will try to do what is right. Will you let men go on to sell that which does so much mischief?"

"No, sir, we will not license such men, and punish others for doing less injury to the country."

"That is right, boys. I knew that the Cold Water Army could and would conquer the poison-selling Goliath. You will soon be men. And then these men who now help to murder your parents, and to ruin the country, will find an end put to their power.

"I told you," said the speaker, "to request the superintendents of your Sabbath schools to take care of the names of those who join the Cold Water Army. I will now tell you one reason for desiring this. It may be that in the course of some twelve or fifteen years hence, I may return to this place. I shall be anxious to know what has become of my cold water boys and girls. I will go to the superintendent and get the list. A few years will make a great change in the world. Many old men and young men will be gone, and the places that now know them will know them no more. Those who are young will be grown. Some of these boys will be merchants, some masters of vessels, &c. I will ask the

superintendent, 'Can you tell me what has become of James ——?' 'O yes, sir. Did you not observe a new store, as you came along here?' 'Yes, I did.' 'That is James's. He never deserted his pledge; kept away from all liquor-sellers and drinkers; attended to his business; improved his mind; and conducted himself so much to the satisfaction of his master, that when his time was up, he took him into partnership.' I am glad of it. And can you tell me what has become of Jane ——?' 'Yes. She remained steadfast to her pledge — and is now the wife of James ——, and they live very happily.' 'That is cheering. And can you tell me about William ——?' 'Yes: he too is still a real cold water boy; and now is a partner in a large factory.' 'Where is Ann Eliza ——?' 'She is doing very well, and is to be married to William ——, this week.' 'You don't say so! I will go to their wedding. I hope it will be a cold water one.' 'O yes, sir. None of your cold water boys and girls have ever *smelt* like drunkards since joining the Cold Water Army.'

"There were some boys and girls who did not join the Cold Water Army. Bill Bobtail was one of them. Can you tell me what became of him?"

"Bill Bobtail! Bill — Bob—tail! O, I remember now; but I had well nigh forgot him. He went on drinking *a little*, until he

became a drunkard. He grew worse and worse, until he died a homeless vagabond."

"Poor fellow! I am sorry for him. And can you tell me about Dick Guzzle?"

"Yes. He, too, took the drunkard's bounty money. He became very worthless—spent his fortune, broke his mother's heart; and is now in the almshouse, dying with a consumption, brought on by dissipation."

"A horrid end, indeed. I should be pleased to learn something of a girl who refused to join the Cold Water Army. Her name was Sally Snoozle."

"She thought it no harm to *take a little* now and then, and was fond of riding out with young men, who would stop at taverns, and treat her with wine and hot punch. She had no objection to go with such fellows to the confectioners, and drink cordials, and mead, and beer. Well, she became pleased with Dick Guzzle. They were married. They had a real rum jollification of a wedding. Drinking, and dancing, and song-singing, and card-playing, and cursing, and some fighting, and breaking of tables and glasses, formed a part of the celebration. A bad beginning seldom makes a good ending. Dick would get drunk from home, and at home. Sally would sometimes be a little snappish on wine. A quarrel, for which both were to blame, and in which they blamed each other, was no uncommon thing. After a while, a fight would come off

between them, in which both bore the marks of victory and defeat. They had at last to be separated. Sally went from sin to sin. She is now in the work-house."

"What a pity they did not join my Cold Water Army!"

"Now, boys and girls, you may think this is all imagination. And so it is, so far as names are concerned. But I have seen things worse even than these happen in a much shorter time than fifteen years.

"I knew a boy, whom I was anxious to enlist into the Cold Water Army. But he was of a rich family, who drank their wine every day, and laughed at the cold water men. Before that boy was one and twenty, he was found dying in the streets. Among the last things he uttered was a curse upon his mother, for teaching him to drink wine!

"A young lady, not three years ago, who scorned to join the Cold Water Army, was married to a young gentleman. They both thought it vulgar not to have wine at their wedding. They got cooks from the city. Brandy and wine were used. The cooks kept tasting the liquors until they got drunk, and spoilt all the cakes. They were dismissed, and others procured. On the day of the wedding, the hired waiters often tasted the quality of the liquors. They got drunk; became impudent and insolent, abused the bride and the whole family, and went off in a huff. The couple were married.

The wine flowed in abundance, mirth flew fast and thick, and rudeness and ill-nature thought themselves entitled to an invitation, or came without one. The young men got into a dispute — they attempted to fight. The ladies screamed, the old men cried, ‘Part them.’ The wedding party was broken up; and time will tell what became of the new-married pair.

“Now, children, mark what I am going to tell you. If, FIFTEEN YEARS HENCE, THERE BE ANY DRUNKARDS AMONG YOU, THEY WILL BE OF THAT CLASS WHO TAKE THE DRUNKARD’S BOUNTY MONEY.

“If your parents and teachers approve of it, I would advise you to get a little blank book, and write the pledge of the Cold Water Army in it. Then endeavor to persuade all the children you can find to join it. In many places the children meet on the fourth of July, in their respective Sabbath school rooms, and produce their list of members: Every one who tries to get soldiers receives a present of a book.

“Then each school, with its banners flying, — the little boys with blue ribbon on their shoulders, and the little girls with white on theirs, — march to some central place, where they all meet. At this place four large boys are furnished with a white standard banner. On it is written COLD WATER ARMY, on one side; on the other, this couplet:

‘This flag, rumseller, means no harm to thee;
We love as brethren; but we will be free.’

The children then proceed, in regular order, to some suitable place. Their fathers, and mothers, and friends, and teachers, go with them. A few carts, with baskets containing fruit, and bread, and pies, and many other good things, follow on. Arrived at the selected spot, all rest a while, and each one receives a drink of cold water. The boys then give three cheers for cold water, and the girls wave their handkerchiefs. Then some one prays, and delivers a *short* address to the children. After this they all sing a hymn. Then the boys run races, and jump, and play about, as happy as larks. And the girls go in search of flowers, and sing, and amuse themselves very pleasantly. Their parents look on, and feel very happy. The children are then collected. They partake of the refreshments offered. They celebrate the fourth of July in new style, as becomes the day.

“Drunkards have no right to celebrate the fourth of July. They did not gain our liberty. Benedict Arnold, the traitor, who attempted to betray his country, was a rumseller and a drunkard. Three of the most important defeats of the American army, during the Revolution, were sustained by men who died drunkards. Had a sober crew been on board the Chesapeake, the brave Lawrence would never have had to say to his men, ‘Don’t give up the ship.’ Drunkards, and drunkard-makers, the poison-sellers, neither gained nor preserve the liberty of this country. They trample its laws

under foot, and destroy more of their fellow-citizens, and cause them to pay a heavier tax, and render our liberty more insecure, than any foreign enemy ever can do. Drunkards have no right to disgrace our political Sabbath.

“Let our children, on whom the future hopes and glory of our country depend, learn to love the fourth of July, and to understand the true honor and glory of their country, and the country will be saved from ruin.

“Last fourth of July, there were many such celebrations as I am now speaking of. I think, children, that, if you will get your little books, and go to work, you may obtain a great many names. Ask every one to sign your pledge. He who gets the greater number will be known when the books are examined. I think I may promise that your friends will give you a grand celebration on the fourth of July. Now will you all try, and see how many you can induce to join you in the practice of total abstinence?”

The children, every one of them, said that, if their parents would consent, they would all become recruiting officers in this blessed cause.

The speaker then asked them to arise. They obeyed. “Now,” said he, “I wish you all to go out quietly, and in order. And as Saul said to David, so I say to you, Go, and the Lord be with you. And may his blessing greatly increase, and forever rest upon—

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