

JOHN BARLEY-CORN, MY FOE

BY CHAS. FOLLEN ADAMS.

John Barley-Corn, my foe, John,
The song I love to sing
Is not in praise of you John,
For though you are a king,
Your subjects their legion, John,
I find where'er I go:
They were your yoke upon their necks,
John Barley-Corn, my foe.

John Barley-Corn, my foe, John,
By your despotic sway
The people of our country, John,
Are suffering to-day.
You lay the lash upon their backs;
Yet willingly they go
And pay allegiance at the polls,
John Barley-Corn, my foe.

John Barley-Corn, my foe, John,
You've broken many a heart,
And caused the bitter tear, John,
From many an eye to start,
The widow and the fatherless
From pleasant home to go,
And lead a life of sin and shame,
John Barley-Corn, my foe.

John Barley-Corn, my foe, John,
May Heaven speed the hour
When Temperance shall wear the crown
And Rum shall lose its power;
When from the East unto the West
The people all shall know
Their greatest curse has been removed,
John Barley-Corn, my foe!

LECTURE

DELIVERED BY

ELDER MOSES THATCHER,

In the 12th Ward Assembly Rooms, Feb. 6th, 1878.

Written by the lecturer at the request of Bishop W. B. Preston, for the benefit of the Y. M. M. A. of Cache Valley.

OTHELLO.—What dost thou mean?
IAGO.—Good name in man and woman,
dear my lord, is the immediate jewel of their souls.

Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing. 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands. But he that filches from me my good name, robs me of that which neither enriches him, nor makes me poor indeed.

Shakespeare in the play of Othello.

In Utah, the people have, without doubt, advanced materially in wealth and power during the past fifteen or twenty years, yet, in some particulars, I regret to say, we have failed to improve our social affairs. The reason for this may not be obvious to all. I do not desire to take a gloomy view of the subject, nor do I wish to fill the minds of our young people with needless apprehensions, or seek to impress upon their minds that their fathers and mothers possessed all virtues, or embodied within themselves all purity, while their children are possessed of neither, for such a statement, by whomsoever made, could not stand, being untrue.

I earnestly desire, however, by this humble effort to accomplish good, in briefly reviewing the past and comparing it with the present practices of some among us, who claim the fellowship of the Church of Christ.

I came to Utah a little over nineteen years ago; knew something of the ideas and practices obtaining throughout the Gentile world, and was then aware, as I am now, that among many Christian nations, the thief who steals the purse is condemned with more severity than he who robs another of that which he cannot restore—an unsullied name.

In Utah I found that both were held as crimes, punishable under the laws of God and man, but the degrees, as estimated by a healthy public mind, were separated very widely, and the spirit of my subject was fully understood, and the pure sentiments of the people forced a practice corresponding therewith.

The thief who, under the dark shadows of the night, stole the purse of his brother, was condemned by the law, but pitied by the people; for ignorance caused him to unlawfully take trash, in exchange for the confidence and respect of his brethren.

I remember but few, who, in those days of primitive purity, sacrificed so much for so little. And I remember no single instance where any were so lost to the whisperings of the spirit, or who so far strayed from the paths of virtue, as to rob the innocent and unsuspecting of that which, once lost, can never again be restored—I mean the good name of a virtuous son or chaste daughter of Zion.

Why, in those early and happy days, was it thus? Why was the chastity of our girls esteemed to be the brightest jewel possible to possess? Why was the virtue of our boys regarded more highly than the purest diadems worn by the crowned heads of the world? Because, so long as these holy sentiments prevail in thought and obtain in practice, so long also must hope shine brightly in the hearts of our parents, and an ultimate victory over a fallen world be certain.

The growth and success of every great nation has been in proportion to the practice of pure and holy principles by its people. No nation, kingdom, or empire can long ignore these facts, and stand. Their banners may float upon every sea; their armies may fill every land; the busy hum of their industries may make music for every ear; their merchants and bankers may fill the land with glittering gold and sparkling jewels; their statesmen may speak with the eloquence of a Demosthenes; their thoughts may flash with lightning speed around a world; and the whole body politic may appear healthy and strong; but where the social evil prevails, there is death's poison in the heart, and each pulsation must scatter disease throughout the whole system, and the writing will appear upon the wall—"Thou hast been weighed in the balances and found wanting." For an impure fountain cannot send forth a pure stream; death is not life, and the breaking of God's laws demands of all kindsreds and of every people the penalties thereof.

Rome, sitting upon her seven hills, swayed by her imperial power nations who bowed in humble submission to her mandates, and made herself mistress of the seas; she planted her feet firmly upon the shores of England, and waved her banners o'er the conquered heads of Europe. But what was Rome? Her strength grew from the fountains of life, made pure by the preservation in chastity of her children. But how long did Rome continue her sway of empire, after the introduction of vile practices, the corrupting poison of which seared, as with a hot iron, the moral sentiments of the masses? Her days were measured with a span, and her pride was humbled;—the very gates of her cities falling a prey to a horde of Gauls and Vandals, barbarians known before by the Romans only to be pitied and despised. Why, to be a Roman, in the days of her glory, was greater than to be the King of any other nation.

Whence thy fall, thou mistress of the past! Trace the history of the downward course of her people and see; even to glance it over causes the blush of shame to mantle the cheek of the pure. The brutality of their ways was only equalled by those of Sodom and Gomorrah. Clothe language as we may, we dare not name, nay, we dare not intimate the villainy which obtained among them before they perished.

Now mark the rise and condition of modern nations and say, if you can, that history is not repeating itself. In their youth were they not, without a single exception, more noble, more chaste and more pure than now? Was there not a sacredness thrown around the marriage vow that later generations have known only in theory? Go to England, the parent of our own nation, and ask her people what virtue is, and if you do not receive a direct answer, you will soon learn that it is almost a thing of the past.

The starving beggar, driven perhaps by the desperation of hunger to steal a penny loaf, is seized by the minions of the law, and becomes the inmate of a prison house. But he who violates chastity and destroys virtue, pays the penalty, if there be issue, of two shillings and sixpence per week.

Thou Christian nation! thy shores are washed, upon every hand, by the billows of the mighty seas, yet thou art full of all manner of uncleanness! The streets of thy cities, by night and day are the abodes of abomination; prostitution stalks unmantled and unshamed in thy fair places! The hot breath of vice has fanned thy villages, and passed not by thy hamlets! Corruption, disease and death are eating away thy vitals, and none can stay the destroyer! Thy streets are polluted, thy prison houses and asylums are full of the fruits of nature's outraged laws! Flee away from this sad picture,

across the channel, to the shores of sunny France. Visit her magnificent and beautiful capital, the famed City of Paris; admire her structures, her spacious streets, her gardens and groves, and parks and palaces; her halls filled with the fruits of science and art; her monuments unsurpassed in number and in beauty. Read the history of her fame written in her art galleries, by sculptors and painters of renown. Behold her, with her ages of accumulated wealth, nations bowing in humble reverence to the fruits of her ambition and glory! Thou city of chaste beauty! Thy habitations appear fit dwellings for angels, thy people as Saints. The towering spires of thy churches touch the fleecy clouds, and thy perpetuity seems written in golden letters—"Forever." Thy beauty, thy glory, thy greatness shall never die.—Not die? Who hath so declared? Not him who has pierced thy glittering surface, probed deep into thy hidden ways, and found there thy people drinking deeply from the poisonous streams flowing out of the corrupted fountains of life. Thy people are "drunken, but not with wine, they stagger, but not with strong drink;" the shades of darkness are behind them, and coming events cast their shadows before; desolation and ruin mark their footprints as they tread the downward path; and the hand, guided by an All-seeing eye, is writing their fate in the one word "Death," which is, and ever has been the wages of sin.

Now please note the progress of this national disease, the "Social evil," among France's thirty-eight millions of people, and form your own estimate, as to how long that nation, continuing in their sinful practices, can maintain their present financial and political position. In the light of truth they have no moral standing.

In the year 1863 the population of Paris was 1,696,346; and there were solemnized during that year 18,813 marriages, and 62,173 children were born. In 1865, two years later, the population had increased 229,183; notwithstanding which, however, marriages had decreased 2,273, and births 7,077; thus showing an increase in population of over 13 per cent, a decrease of marriages of 12 per cent, and a decline in births of nearly 13 per cent. But the saddest feature of the whole is, that of the 55,096 births during the year 1865, 15,867, or nearly one-third were the offspring of illegitimacy. The fruits of unbridled passion, the heirs of shame and sorrow!

The census of France, in 1861, showed that there were 10,210,000 bachelors, 9,487,000 old maids, and 2,724,000 widows and widowers; and only about seven millions of married couples. Thus indicating that more than half of the adult population had no regard whatever for the marriage relation, the entire population of France at that date being only a little over 37,000,000; and, as I have shown, 22,000,000 were bachelors, spinsters, widows and widowers, and only 14,000,000 married people; thus leaving only 1,000,000 children, or an average of one child to every fourteen married person, or one to thirty-six of the total population. Says one of the French writers: "It has been remarked that families constantly residing in Paris soon become extinct." Who, with a record before them like the above, can wonder that such is the fact? O! France, thou land of waving vineyards, thou nation of glittering wealth, and palatial cities, where are thy statesmen? Can none deliver thee from the rot of corruption which is gnawing at thy social heart? Can none deliver thee from the villainy of thy ways?

Ten short years ago France, then one of the first powers of Europe, gave to the admiring gaze of the world the great International Exhibition; in which, in her display of the arts and sciences, wealth and power, she seemed to be without a single rival. She was the admiration as well as the envy of the crowned heads of Europe; and, to all human appearance, her future was that of world-wide glory; yet, three short years after, she fell to a third-rate place, the victim of her own weakness and folly and crime.

I need not trace this tale of woe to other Christian nations of the continent. The history of the one, in immorality, is the history of all others, varying perhaps a few shades in the grade of sin upon which they move. The waymarks traced upon the pages of ancient and modern history all show one striking fact,

and that is, that out of the decay of corrupt governments have arisen an element of comparative purity, which, at different ages has asserted the rights of government and control. This element has, doubtless, always been brought out under the guiding influence of the Spirit of Him who rules above.

Let us now trace a few outlines immediately connected with the rise and growth of our own nation. It is said that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church;" so also, may we say with some degree of certainty that, persecution has proven the salt of the world, for it has bound the hearts of men together and caused them generally to inquire after God. Witness the Pilgrim Fathers, the founders of our nation, fleeing from the scorching blasts of persecution, kindled against them on the shores of Europe. Their persecutors were unwilling to allow them to worship other than by prescribed creeds and rules; while they, under the spirit of inspiration, were determined to perform service according to the dictates of their own consciences; hence, we find them upon the ocean, borne across the deep by the "Speedwell" and the "Mayflower." They were a prayerful, humble people; virtuous, pure, and comparatively holy. They worshipped God honestly and with the light they had, as best they knew how. They honored the marriage vow and held in contempt the spoiler. Trace their history and find, if you can, for years and years after their landing on Plymouth Rock, the name of the libertine or the fruits of adultery. There was no traffic for unfortunates, and the inebriate was scarcely known. The land of Joseph, for at least a century was not polluted by the follies, fashions, and sins now so prevalent among the present inhabitants of this country. The virtue and purity of the people, in those early days, were well established, and chastity was held as the "Pearl of Great Price." The marriage vow was sacredly guarded, and a commendable state of public morals was the result of a healthy public opinion. The innocent amusements of the young were placed upon a high moral plane made smooth and pleasant by the watchful care and prayerful solicitude of humble and prudent parents.

The destiny of such a people continuing ever thus, must be great; seeking homes as they did amidst the wilderness of a new world, leaving behind them the glittering pomp and show of the old, and laying a foundation strong and enduring upon which posterity could build the bulwarks of freedom and right, for the preservation of purity around life's sacred fountains. Can we wonder, that such a people, untainted by the withering breath of Europe's ulcerating vices, should be the founders of a nation numbering to-day forty millions of people? Can we wonder, that this land boasts of a Washington, an Adams and a Jefferson, who were able, with the aid of their brethren a century ago, to cope with and drive tyranny back beyond the Atlantic and make themselves free, by establishing a government of equal rights under a constitution revered even yet, at least by us, as an instrument of inspiration? How pleasant to dwell in thought upon the rise and growth of a people filled with the elements of moral and physical strength! But alas! corruption vile, with a relentless hand, has seized upon the fabric of our fair land, trailing virtue in the dust, while chastity is hid behind the shame of intemperance and lewdness. The light of purity shines no more, guiding to noble and self-sacrificing deeds, for passion has become the Nation's Ship of State, lost its Rudder, and death its Anchor.

"O! thou land of promise, when wilt thou cease to groan under the burden of transgressed laws, the weight of sin and sorrow? Thy fountains of life are poisoned and are filled with herbs of bitterness. In the hour of thy vain glory and in the shadows of thy power thy doom is written, and He whom thy fathers worshipped upon Plymouth Rock, will laugh in derision at thy sorrow, and mock at thy pains, for, upon thy skirts, thou nation of pride, is seen the blood of martyred prophets! Thy ships may for awhile proudly float upon the seas, and yet a little longer thy armies may persecute and drive with cruel hatred the remnants of Israel—the poor Lamanites, scattering their villages in desolation and ruin,

filling the land with the sighs of the widow and the tears of the orphan. The hiss of locomotives may continue to mark the network of thy national highways, binding as they do with iron bands, the Atlantic with the Pacific. Thy surging millions may talk upon the wings of lightning, and thy statesmen may cry "peace, when there is no peace." Tripartite commissions may, for a short time patch up thy rotting carcass, and bid confidence to rest, and political fever to subside, but the hand is writing upon the wall—"Thou art being weighed and will be found wanting." Thy people are divided, and thy scepter shall pass into the hands of the righteous." Ye statesmen; ye mighty men, can ye seal the vitals, corrode the heart, dry up the blood, and bid the dying man look up and live? Can ye bind the ocean or stop the surging of the mighty seas? Can ye stay the sun on his eternal course or change a law of God? The smiling heavens above, the rolling waters below, each answers "No!" Then, write upon the brow of this priest-ridden, prophet-hating, drunken and adulterous nation, the word "suicide," for, with the light of history shining upon thy path, and with beacons upon every land and planted in every sea; thou art upon the reefs that have wrecked others greater than thee, thou thing of "iron and clay," we are forced to turn from thee in dismay. Oh liberty, where hast thou flown? Oh virtue where is thy abode?

Thirty years ago commenced the repetition of the history of the Pilgrim Fathers, the details of which I need not trace; suffice it to note, that our fathers and mothers, driven before the fierce blasts of mobocratic hate, a thousand miles into the wilderness, found at last a resting-place, amidst the quiet vales of Deseret, surrounded ever by the snow-capped peaks of the everlasting hills, fit emblems of the strength of Zion's sons and the purity of Zion's daughters. Upon the backbone of the continent, locked fast in the chambers of the Rocky Mountains, behold a small people becoming a great nation! see the wilderness made to blossom as the rose! Listen to the hum of busy industry; to the joyous laughter of the innocent—see rosy-cheeked health, smiling beneath the brow of purity; hearken to the song of praise, mingled with the voice of prayer! See the noble bearing, the elastic step of the conscience-pure youth, as, hand in hand with the maiden, spotless as snow, they move in the social and domestic circle, proud monuments of God's noblest work. Gaze upon hamlets, villages and cities springing up as by magic, mark the quietness of their streets wrapt in the shades of night. Where are the saloons? where the billiard halls? The voice of the blasphemer is hushed, the beggar and the "unfortunate dwell not there, the drunkard and the gambler where are they? Such was Utah and her people ten years ago. Alas! the scene is transformed, for the waves of civilized corruption have washed beyond their bounds, and cast sadness and sorrow upon the face of our land. The breath of intemperance has scorched the brow of our youth and poisoned the blood of our maidens. Thou wolf in sheep's clothing! thou devil in every deceitful form! thou destroyer without mercy! encircling with an icy touch the warm hearts of the good and true! As an able writer says: Intemperance not only destroys the health, but brings ruin upon the innocent and helpless, for it invades the family and social circle, spreading woe and sorrow all around; it cuts down youth in all its vigor, manhood in its strength and age in its weakness; extinguishes natural affection, blights paternal hope and brings down age in sorrow to the grave. It makes wives widows, children orphans, fathers friendless, and all at last beggars. It produces fevers, invites disease, and imparts pestilence. It covers the land with idleness and poverty, disease and crime; it fills jails, engenders controversies, fosters quarrels and cherishes riots; it condemns law and spurns order, crowds the penitentiaries, and furnishes the victims for the scaffold. It countenances the liar, respects the thief, and esteems the blasphemer; it violates sacred obligations, reverences fraud, and honors infamy; it defames benevolence, hates love, scorns virtue and slanders innocence. It incites the father to butcher his innocent children, helps the husband to kill his wife