

The following are extracts from an eloquent address by Rev B. E. Tupper, which have been too long crowded out of our columns.

*Extracts from an Address delivered at the 13th Anniversary of the Bagdad Temperance Society, 8th June, 1841: by Rev. R. E. Turner, of the Wesleyan Methodist Church.*

"The very fact, that intemperance exists, through the length and breadth of this fine country—that it stands opposed to the various interests of men—and that temperance associations can, and do, in proportion to their popularity, arrest the evils of intemperance; are sufficient to warrant all your zeal of argument, all the self-denial with which you tax yourselves—all the influence of your example, and all the influence you can possibly secure by association.

That intemperance exists is too much like an axiom to require proof: it is evident at the very mention of it. The practice of grog-drinking obtains in every city, village and township in our country. Intemperance invades the highest ornaments of the learned professions, and obtains in all ranks of society. Suppose now we take an imaginary peregrination through the country: how many shall we find whose sprightliness, and learning, and opportunities in youth, induced their country's hope, that they would rank among the ablest guardians of its liberties and laws, who now present us with nothing but the sorry figures of emaciated—grinning—roeling toppers! Oh, it is fearful when intemperance invades the bar and the bench, and dares to place his dilapidating foot within our legislative halls! May we not then cry out, alas for our country's honour!!

But again. Let us notice those who are the legal arbitrators on their neighbour's rights. There are many among them who hold up to the public view, the trembling nerve, the reddened countenance, and faltering tongue of inebriety, instead of the impersonated sobriety of justice; and who curse the country with the pestilential influence of a *drunken Magistracy's* example. And then again we are shocked to see so many of the medical profession (a class of men whom we regard as the conservators of our health and lives) the victims of intemperance.

But those we have mentioned are only a few of the devotees of Bacchus—in *fiendish sociability* with them are a large company, who, smiling and obsequious, pour out the draught of death, to satisfy the demands of a *tyrant appetite*! We meet with equal poverty, and pitiable want; in short, with humanity in ruins, in almost every lane or street! Intemperance has done this.

But to come nearer home. Are there intemperate ones in your neighbourhood? in your township? Are there any in this township, who, when at Bees and Raisings to assist their neighbours, indulge in such potations of whiskey, as cause their heads to run round, and their reason to reel? Dead-drunk drovers who cannot raise themselves? Can any school-master be found in this township, who indulges in his weekly turns of drinking, until his body has turned so weak that he cannot at all times get to his domicile? And are there plenty of men who will indorse his character for morality and capacity to give direction to the youthful mind? Are there any who cannot go to and return from your places of market or trade, without being taken in the fatal snare? Are there any who carry a full canteen of whiskey along those streets for ordinary drinking? Whoever candidly answers all these questions will applaud your most fervent zeal.

From calculations which have been made, the cost of stimulating drinks to the District of Johnstown in one year, cannot be less than 41,000 dollars! which would improve annually 128 miles of our roads at 5s. per rod; or, erect 34 churches at 1200 dollars each, or build 100 school houses at 110 dollars each; or endow 50 schools with 821 dollars each.

The effects of intemperance on the health of men are more or less apparent to you all. A legion of distempers are sent on the track of intemperance. God, out of tender mercy and compassion to his creatures, says, *be careful*. But when the voice of mercy does not redeem, he proclaims in harsher tones "the wicked shall not live out half their days."

The drunkard lives in the breach of all the duties of mankind. If a father, he is unfaithful to his children. If a husband, commonly unkind, and always improvident. If a Magistrate, with

what dignity can he maintain the honour of the law, when he nods perhaps upon the bench of justice? The intemperate man places himself more completely beyond the reach of Heaven's mercy, in the ordinary communications of grace, than any other class of sinners. Are they not impervious to the operation of argument? dead to the calls of conscience, and lost to the sense of shame? They are.

There is more or less in the case of every drunkard that should move the benevolence of our hearts. There are some of them who would be gladly freed from the dominion of intemperance, but they feel that they have not sufficient resolution to shake off the chain. We have often seen one of this class who had for weeks been contending against his tyrant appetite. The tears of his wife and children, and the admonition of kind friends, had not been without some effect upon him; the unhappy man renews his promises of reformation—he vows that he will rejoice the hearts of his friends by a return to sobriety—he attends to his business with regularity—joy beams in the face of his wife, where it had long been a stranger—his children look up to him with hope and confidence: what they so fondly wish, they easily believe, and trust that their long lost parent will be restored to them in honour. But this dream is soon to end. Business or accident leads the wretched man to the tavern. The bar makes its accustomed displays of liquors—within sits the landlord, like a spider in his den—he watches the unsteady eye of the poor victim—he gloats over his wavering purpose, and hugs himself in delight when he sees him caught like a fly in the meshes of his infernal net. Smiling and obsequious, he pours out the draught of death, joyfully he receives and pockets, not thirty "pieces of silver," but three pieces of copper, the price of a human soul!!! And when his victim has paid him his last penny, he feels no compunction in spurning him from his threshold, to sleep in the streets. The groaning of the miserable family, whose last faint hope he has destroyed, affect him not.

But we are told he is an honourable man, and has law on his side. The law allows him to get gain by selling the poison to those who are ruining themselves and families, and he hesitates not to do so. The law permits him to act as the vile pander of depraved appetite, and he scruples not. Clothing himself in the panoply of law, he stifles the voice of his conscience, and the promptings of his human feelings, and deals out to the miserable creature who daily and nightly throng the bar-room, the draught that he knows will destroy them.

But the vocation of grog shops is by no means confined to waiting upon the drunkard and the sot; their's is also the task of schooling the rising generation in the lessons of intemperance. The temperance reform having in a good degree banished strong drink from families, it falls almost exclusively to grog shops, to train them up in the science of dram-drinking.

God has connected blessing with all lawful avocations. And is it right for a man to amass wealth; by a course of trade, which fills the land with beggars, and widows, and orphans, and crimes? which peoples the grave-yard with premature mortality, and the world of woe with the victims of despair? What if in every part of the dwelling built by the gains of this traffic, from the cellar upward, through all the halls and chambers, babbling, and contentions, and groanings, and shrieks, and wailings were heard day and night? What if the blood oozed out and stood in drops upon the walls; and by preternatural art, all the ghastly skulls and bones of victims destroyed by intemperance should stand upon the walls in horrid sculpture, within and without the building? Who would rear such a building?

What if at eventide and at midnight, the airy forms of men destroyed by intemperance were dimly seen haunting the distilleries and stores where they received their bane—following the track of the ships engaged in the traffic—walking upon the waves—sitting athwart the deck—sitting upon the rigging—and sending up from the hold within, and from the waves without, groans and loud laments and wailings? Who would attend such stores? who would labour in such distilleries? who would navigate such ships?

But Sir, there is nothing, in my opinion, that so much retards the progress of this benevolent cause, as the example of temperate drinkers. I mean the example of those who use intoxicating drinks of any kind. It was forcibly remarked by one, that "the