with death? I say no—unless it is necessary. But the men of Maine mean to protect their children, and it is for the rumsellers themselves to decide what they want. We want no penalties, if they do not; but if they say halter, we say halter. The whole movement is in their hands; nothing but stringent law will answer their demands, and we give it them: it is all a concession to them. We are spending money, health and trouble, and they call us cruel, instead of benevolent. Many years ago, Dr. Edwards passed through the United States, preaching on the topic of the essential immorality of the traffic in intoxicating drinks, though there were, at that time, as good men as any in the land engaged in the liquor trade. I went to the lecture, and while he was speaking of the necessary results of the traffic, I heard him, in his peculiarly forcible manner say, after each exposition, "That's not right—that's not right." This simple but forcible expression, often repeated, made every man feel that nothing should be done but what was right; it produced a great impression upon my heart and conscience, and upon all those whose consciences could be touched at all. Many good men were there, who went home next day, ceased from selling rum, and thus showed they did not want any law. One partner in a large firm, whose profits from it were $5,000 a year, when he went home, asked his wife—how about giving up the rum trade? His wife said do so, I have wished long that you would. "Yes," said he, "but it will ruin our business." "Never mind, I will go out and wash." He gave it up, and he has since said that he never could see that he had lost one dollar from it. Such a man wanted no law. But there is another sort of men, who will speak thus: "Now, it's no use talking about this right and wrong; we don't care for that; we want law." So in 1846, we prohibited the sale of liquor by law, imposing penalties of from $1 to $20.—The same people then said:—"Now look here—this aint no use. Why we can pay all these fines every day, and make money at that. Then we added three months in the States Prison. At that stage the greater number took their hats and bowed themselves out of the business saying they guessed that would do; but the others said they guessed they'd try it. We asked then whether three years or a life in the States prison would be enough for them; because whatever they required they could have, for we are determined to protect our children against their infernal practices, if it takes all the hemp in Kentucky. A few years ago the whole world was electrified by a crime, which never seemed to have been heard of before. In Edinburgh thirty or fifty persons in good health suddenly disappeared—some young men and some young women—and the greatest alarm was felt in the city. At length a student of medicine went one day to the College of Surgery, and while walking up to the table, whereon were two bodies a male and a female, he suddenly exclaimed "Margery Campbell! Margery Campbell! why I met her in the streets yesterday, and then she was well." The body was examined but no marks of violence or disease were discovered, and while the students were proceeding, one of the Professors came in. He had bought the dead bodies from Burke, and Hare, two men, of whom one confessed that they had jointly murdered many persons for the sake of the £10 10s., which the Doctors gave for the bodies. On one occasion they had murdered a mother with her child, an infant, and not knowing what to do with the little creature, as the Doctors would give nothing for it, they agreed to kill it. Burke took it up for that purpose; but the baby smiled in his face and he could not do it. He took some brandy, and again he tried; but again his courage failed him. He drank again, and then taking the child he killed it, by breaking its back over his knee, after which he threw it into the middle of the floor, and left it to expire writhing in agony. Horrible crime! And yet there is no mother nor father if they properly considered it, who would not rather their children should die so, than by the crime of the liquor seller. And yet men of Canada, I have to-night to call on you not to permit your children to be sent to a drunkard's grave, and a drunkard's eternity. If it comported with my position here to-night, I would say to you, men of Canada, shame upon you! Is there not manhood enough in you to stand up and interpose between these helpless, defenceless ones, and those unscrupulous men, who seek gold, and will clutch it, though it be clotted with the best blood among you. Whatever you may choose to do, we, the men of Maine, have resolved that we will not let our children be destroyed before our faces.

There is one other point. Those who object to this law, say it cannot operate favorably, since it is a failure in Maine, and will be so every where else. They would go, say they, for such a law, if it could be successful. We come then to that point, and we say the law is no more a matter of experiment; its success has been demonstrated in Maine. When once the law was passed the wholesale trade in rum came immediately to an end, and the liquor was sent out of the State. It went away like rats from a burning barn. The Municipal Governments usually issued a sort of proclamation, saying that as the law was passed, they would allow a reasonable time to send the liquor out of the State to where the government still permitted it to be sold. That was a Yankee trick, and we are ashamed of it by this time, like a boy of whom a young clergyman once told me a story, without, however, adding, as I suspect was the truth, that he was himself the hero of it. There was a child's party in the town, and at the end of it, the little gentleman said to a little lady, that he should, he hoped, have the honour of seeing her home. The little lady of course assented, and on the way he told her stories of his kites, and tops and marbles, and she probably replied by stories about her dolls. At last having got to her door, he looked up and was pleased to see there was no one looking; so while handing her in—"I say," said he, "don't tell any one you know, about this." "Oh no," said she, "you need not be afraid that I shall tell any one, for I am as much ashamed of it as you are."

Some idea of the complete success of the Maine law, might be gathered from this fact—the law permitted the sale of liquors in the cases in which they are originally imported. A man recently came to Portland from New York, and having brought some original packages of liquors, to the amount probably in all, of not more than ten barrels, he sent his circulars all through the state. He had a monopoly of the business, and as I said, had not more stock in all than about ten barrels; yet so little success did he meet with, that he had in a short time to pull up his stakes for New York, with nearly all the liquors he had brought with him. As to the retail trade—when the law was passed respectable people immediately abandoned it. It was given up by all except the most disreputable of the foreign population, and as far as known now, the only place where liquor was still sold publicly at a bar in the State, was at Moose Head Lake, about forty miles beyond Sunday—a resort for sportsmen and visitors from all parts of the States and Canada. To show how thoroughly drunkenness was exterminated, he (Mr. D.) told a story of a friend of his who had to do with a witness in a case of law who he feared would be drunk when wanted. The witness arrived from a distance and was absent all the day before the trial came on. At length he appeared. "What!" said the gentleman, "so here you are at last, and sober too." "Yes," he replied, "I have been looking for liquor seven miles round, and could get nothing to drink." There are still secret grog shops, there are still some drunkards; but drunkenness has disappeared from our streets. One man kept up his red face as usual after the law was passed. I had missed him for some time, however, and I one day went into a shoemaker's shop to enquire after him—