

see a waggon with a team of oxen, toiling painfully up the steep ascent of some hill, till at length they reach the top and prepare to descend. The driver then takes off a pair of the oxen from the thill, and yokes them on behind; so that by applying their heavy energy in the momentum of the vehicle, they may keep it from rushing too fast down the declivity. Which pair of oxen in such case is most useful, said the speaker—that which draws the waggon forward, where it would go by itself, or that which prevents it from hastily going to destruction? Why, of course, it must be the pair which is what we Yankees call tailing down. When he had done, the other clergyman started up:—"Ah, yes," said he, "that is all very well; but with this load of ours, we have always got a dead pull up hill, and don't want any one tailing down." Most useful reformers, and ideas of progress, have at first met with hostility. When a philosopher first announced that the sun was the centre of our system, and that the rest of the planetary bodies, including the earth, moved round it, you recollect how the wise and good men of that day compelled him, on his knees, and with his right hand upon the open bible, to retract what he had said—to deny what he knew was the truth. Yet on rising from the earth, "it does move, nevertheless," was his whispered exclamation to his friend. So when another philosopher discovered the method of creating a vacuum, by exhausting the air, he was compelled to deny that any vacuum could exist, for God, it was said, abhors a vacuum. I was lately reading an English book of much interest to me, describing the commencement of the English railroad between Liverpool and Manchester. A great array of wisdom and wealth was brought to the consideration of that project, and a Committee of the Legislature was appointed to hear evidence upon it, before which Committee there was brought the first Civil Engineer in the country. He told the Committee that if a railroad were constructed, he believed a train might be driven upon it at the rate of eight miles an hour, and perhaps, he added, of twelve miles. He was a shrewd man, who understood human nature as well as the nature of steam engines, and when he saw the surprise of the Committee at this statement, he hesitated, and then retracted the twelve miles an hour, and said on consideration he should say eight miles would be a safe rate of speed. When the subject came up in the House of Commons, the Chairman of the Committee alluded to this circumstance—the engineer, he said, had at first stated twelve miles an hour as the probable speed of the train; but this he had been prudent enough to retract, and he added, that if he had been imprudent enough to insist upon twelve miles, the Committee would have reported against the whole project as the scheme of a madman. So it is with every project of advancement in the world. It is met with sneers of incredulity, and the men who bring it forward are stigmatized as enthusiasts—as men of one idea who cannot be relied on. Influential gentlemen, educated gentlemen, denounce us as fanatical, as men of one idea. Well, in some sense we admit it. We have one idea, for our only object is to reduce the terrible amount of vice and misery by which we are surrounded. But let us look at one of these men who taunt us—he is a politician!—but what is his idea? Personal aggrandizement is his idea. All his efforts and aims are for this one—the elevation of self; and yet this politician has the blindness, if not impudence, to stigmatize us as men of one idea, whose simple purpose is the salvation of ourselves and our children from the most dreadful scourge that ever swept over our world. Another of our accusers is a business man—a sensible, intelligent, active merchant—and what is his idea? It is the making of a fortune for himself and his family, the heaping up thousands and tens of thousands, and, if possible, hundreds of thousands—the same idea as that which belongs to the Ohio pigs of whom it is said, *how fat they die?* Yet he too will stigmatize us as men of one idea. Another class are the literary men, highly educated and intelligent. They are earnestly endeavouring by all means in their power to create for themselves a name in the earth that shall live after they are no more. That is their idea—thoroughly selfish as are those before named—and yet forsooth these people ridicule as men of one idea those who are striving to relieve all people from the curses of intemperance.

We Yankees are a shrewd people, always, it is said, seeking for money; but we want to see that we are wise men as well as shrewd, and that while we care for money, we have the highest regard for those other things which concern our best interests and national happiness. We come then to the question of absolutely preventing the use of intoxicating liquors, and ask how it may be done. It can be accomplished in that way only by which society seeks to relieve itself from every other evil, by wise Legislation, affixing penalties sufficiently stringent and severe. In Canada the trade in intoxicating liquors is regulated and restrained; so it is in most of the States, and by all civilized governments; and

why? Because the public good requires it; for the same reason as many other trades are restrained, and some prohibited; they do not contribute to the general good. Thus you do not regulate gambling houses or the publication of obscene books; nor do we regulate brothels; you forbid all these. If the liquor trade has been regulated instead of being forbidden, it was because there existed an idea that the traffic was necessary for the general good; but we think we understand this matter better than our forefathers—we do not believe the trade is for the general good; but absolutely inconsistent with it. We therefore wish to change our legislation accordingly, and prohibit where we have hitherto regulated. How then is such a legislation to be procured? Only by sending to the Legislature, men that will give us laws, with processes summary enough, and penalties severe enough to meet the occasion.

But here we are met by a formidable difficulty; it is the objection made by many against bringing this question into politics. That is the outcry in the States; men seem to take it for granted that politics are so corrupt that any good movement being brought into contact with them must necessarily be polluted. But let me ask what are politics? If a politician who had made this objection were asked the question he would, as we say, look seven ways for Sunday, and about nineteen-twentieths of trading politicians, if they answered honestly, would reply: "Office for myself and my friends." The true reason why such people object to our present movement is, that if the question be carried to the ballot box, there would be no way of making the people pull straight in the collar, to employ a figure familiar to us of Maine. In the States we are all Whigs or Democrats, and we are compelled to do what we are required to do by those who pretend to be our leaders, just like oxen or horses, and when we give our vote we have just about as much to do with the job done as the oxen or horses. When told to pull, we pull, and then we look round till we are told to pull again. In Maine we do *not* farm work with oxen, and possess some of the finest specimens that can be exhibited in any part of the world. I have sometimes seen teams of ten such animals, all admirably disciplined, so that when the driver goes into the yard, and calls the ox by his name, holding up the heavy mass of wood which forms the yoke, one end supported on the ground, the ox will come gently up with his clumsy gait, and put his neck fairly into it. His mate will follow him in the same way, and so on till all are yoked up. That is the way in which we are politically trained, and when we have done our work, the politicians, like the drivers, turn us out to graze. Such men have reason for disliking the subject to be brought into politics—they know that it may make us swing out, and as we say of an obstinate mulish fellow, may make us turn the yoke. They know that in that case they must rely on their merits, and that then they will probably be forced to go and work at the plough or the axe for themselves.

If influential men and men of mind and wealth and eminence could be left to make sacrifices for the general good, how easily could that good be accomplished. Are there not men in Montreal, whose voices are sufficiently potent, from wealth, social standing, or some other means, almost by themselves to accomplish what we desire? But among influential men, sacrifice for the general good is not common. It is found much more frequently among the humble. A sailor saw a woman standing on the side walk, surrounded by her children and crying; his heart was touched, for a sailor's heart—witness the gallant men who saved the crew of the *San Francisco*—is always open to the cry of distress; and he said, "Ma'am, what's the matter?" He learned that the landlord was just then turning her out for rent, and bringing her little furniture into the street. "How much does the lady owe you?" said Jack. "Fifteen dollars." "There it is!" and then he came out and gave the woman twenty dollars more, and wound up all by bestowing on the landlord a hearty—what the sailors call—blessing, which I won't repeat; but which you can easily guess. There are many such examples in humble life. On the southern coast of Massachusetts are two large Capes with a wide Bay between them, without any shelter for vessels that may find themselves there in tempestuous weather. Towards the fall of the year, about the period of the equinotial gales, the fishermen of that part of the coast observed a magnificent ship in the offing, with close reefed sails. No ship ought to have been there; it being out of the track of vessels to or from Europe. They continued therefore to look at the ship, which was constantly driving more and more near to the shore, and endeavouring with all her art to claw off the land. Even the wives and children of the fishermen had collected on the beach, and sheltering with their hands their eyes from the driving sleet, they witnessed, in the greatest excitement, the rapid progress of the vessel towards the Haycock, a terrible rock which lies in that bay