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Temperance is the moderate use of things beneficial, and abstinence from things hurtful.

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GRAND CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL OF THE IRISH TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY.

The Very Rev. THEOBALD MATHEW, *President*.
Rev. Dr. SPRATT, *Vice-President*.

This Society held their Christmas tea party in the Rotunda, on Wednesday evening. About two thousand persons were present, amongst whom were many of the highest rank in our city. The round room presented a splendid appearance, being decorated by Mr. Paverelli, of Suffolk-street, and hung round with the banners of the different societies. A very spacious balcony was erected on one side of the room on which the chair was placed, and around which the rank, youth, and beauty of our city, were brilliantly displayed. The conduct and appearance of the working classes who attended was most cheering, and gave the surest proofs of the progress that they were making from wretchedness and poverty to independence. Nothing could exceed the excellence of the arrangements, or the pains taken by the stewards to accommodate and give satisfaction to the company, who also did their part in making the party what it was intended to be, the most splendid ever held in this city, whether on total abstinence principles or otherwise; and we must say it fully realized the expectations of those spirited individuals who got it up.

About half-past seven o'clock Mr. O'Connell entered the room, and took the chair amid the loudest bursts of enthusiasm.

The tea equipage having been removed,

Mr. O'CONNELL rose amid applause and said—Ladies and gentlemen, there is something singular in the mode in which I find it my duty to proceed. In these meetings it is necessary that we should have nothing of the irregularity of excitement, and therefore we drink our tea first, and we give toasts after—it is with us toast after tea. We must reconcile the mode of the proceeding, and instead of a full bumper, I call for silence; and in conclusion, I shall have to ask of you to express your concurrence by hearty cheers (hear). The first sentiment which I call on you to cheer is, that of long life and happiness to our lovely and beloved Queen (great cheering.)

Mr. O'Connell in proposing the next sentiment said that all his life he had been temperate. It was said of him that he drank like a fish (a term of reproach for excessive drinkers); but it was in allusion to his not drinking anything but water: and in that sense he deserved the reproach to the present time (hear, hear). He could only say that he was exceedingly proud to stand there, as the President of the Kilkeenny Teetotal Temperance Society, and to add his testimony, not only to the perfect safety, but to the advantage of total abstinence from all intoxicating and exciting liquors (hear, hear). It was only four months since he had determined never again to taste one drop of intoxicating drink, and he could declare that he had never felt better in health than at the present moment (hear).—It was said that old age required the stimulus of "generous wine," but give him "generous water," which was the best and most wholesome drink that could be taken at the festive board (hear, hear). He could bear his testimony that the use of those drinks, even in a mitigated degree, was unnecessary; and that many who were devoted to their abuse were never the worse, but were considerably improved by the transition to sobriety and total abstinence (hear, hear). But what need of evidence upon a question which was set at rest by the adhesion of five millions of Irishmen? (hear) Father Mathew had invaded the north; the south was with him—the west had joined the cause, and there they were to show that Leinster was not backward—(hear, hear). It was a glorious spectacle to witness, not the edu-

cated and wealthy—not those of high rank or of philosophic mind, or of ascetic virtue, but a whole nation abandon their darling vice—the incentive to crime and guilt—to give up with that vice all those bad qualities which debased the individual, and not only injured his own interest but destroyed that of those who depended upon him for support (hear, hear). Oh, it was a majestic spectacle—not the effort of a village, a section, or a portion of country, but the spontaneous effort of a whole people—(great cheering.) He (Mr. O'Connell) had often been laughed at for his enthusiasm, when he had had occasion to praise their religion and their morality. He was not now called upon to enter on those topics, but he could not but praise the unequalled generosity of the Irish heart—(hear, hear). It was on record that two millions and a half of the people of Ireland were supported, during a great part of the year, by their poor fellow countrymen: the beggar and the wanderer were stopped at the gate of the rich man, but they were fed by the benevolent charity of those who were only less poor than themselves—(hear, hear). It was therefore that he raised his voice of praise to a bolder and louder tone, and said there were five millions of teetotalers—(great cheering). Five millions of poor men who had given up the poor man's only luxury, and who had determined never again to rob their wives and children as men did who dissipated their means in the gratification of their degrading vices. Mr. O'Connell then contrasted the numbers who had become teetotalers in Ireland, with those who created such an excitement in America and England—he would contrast her with "La Grande Nation," and he asked whether either had ever exhibited such a magnificent moral spectacle. France may have produced great heroes, mighty commanders; but to achieve their victories what sacrifices had been made! Many a widow had wept for her son—many a mother bewailed her first-born—many a father, when he read of those triumphs which amazed the world, was told those victories had been gained by the blood of his only son—many a frightful crime had been committed—many a property destroyed—many a family had been ruined, and sin, in every shape, had stained that nation, from the smallest which could affect mankind to the most fearful, which are seen sooner or later to draw down the vengeance of an angry God (hear, hear). It had been said that the time would come when nations would understand that man was not to be benefitted by war—that the horrid custom would be terminated, of terminating national quarrels, by employing a number of men to cut each others throats, leaving the quarrels quite as undecided as they were before—war never decided any quarrel (cries of "hear, hear")—and if ever there was a nation which was entitled to read a lecture to the nations of the earth upon the triumphant majesty of peaceful and virtuous men, it is that nation which numbers five million teetotalers, that I am here representing, and whose moral triumph I am celebrating—(cheers). He could not sit down without congratulating himself and his country, nay, Europe and Christianity, that five millions of men had discarded their vices, and assumed the attitude and the power of virtue (hear, hear, and loud cheers); that, though the public house was deserted, the temples of the Almighty were filled. Oh! the blessing of God must be the recompense of the virtuous and majestic Irish nation (great cheering). There was a man whose name was coupled with the sentiment he was about to give, and who was totally unknown until within a few months, unless within the narrow circle where his religious avocations called him, but who had no more notion of being made a public man than the infant of springing at once into full grown manhood—remarkable only for his meekness, his charity, his modest eloquence in the pulpit, a preaching made more powerfully stimulating by the meritorious practice of his private