

a distinguished niche in the temple of fame, than Neal Dow, of Portland. Honor is given him, and a small token of gratitude has to him been presented, in the form and substance of a gold medal. The New York Banquet, at which the ceremony of presentation took place, was a grand and imposing affair. The speeches were of first rate quality. Mr. Dow's was peculiarly modest, but clear and forcible. He briefly indicates the course Maine took to obtain her law. Let Canadians look to the facts, and pursue the same honest and persevering course. We here subjoin the greater part of what is reported of Neal Dow's speech. A complimentary sentiment was given, "the Liquor law of Maine."

In response to the sentiment, Mr. Dow said: Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen, it will not be expected of me, at this late hour, that I should attempt to discuss the matter of the Maine law. The people of the State of Maine were, perhaps, more exposed to the evils of intemperance than the other States of the community, from the business and trade done in it—lumbermen, fishermen, men engaged in ship building, and others, consuming so much intoxicating drinks—so that they were particularly exposed to the ravages of intemperance. The men of Maine began to inquire whether they should continue to suffer its ravages—whether, if they were constantly protecting themselves from the various minor evils to which they were exposed, they might not also resort to some mode of relieving themselves from this evil. They began to inquire if something could not be done to accomplish this great work, and to relieve themselves from this tremendous evil. This was the question everywhere. The Maine men came to a conclusion that something must be done, and that something should be done, so far as they were concerned, to accomplish that work. The State of Maine was agitated from centre to circumference. Men were constantly engaged stimulating the people in relation to it—to forego all party considerations, regarding all party ties as matters perfectly indifferent as compared with the great work of protecting themselves, their brothers, their sons, and their children from this tremendous evil. During the progress of this work, there was a great gathering of men and women in Portland, on a fourth of July. There was a great procession, and many banners with devices, and in all, it was an imposing spectacle for that little city; the streets were crowded with people, all deeply interested in the work then going on; and in the evening, a great meeting was held in the public hall. During the exercises, a gentleman rose and held in his hand a slip of paper which, he said, had been wrapped round a bunch of flowers and thrown into his carriage. On it was written, "Remember the inebriate's daughter." Some little girl had thrown it into the carriage. The time, the circumstance, the sentiment, all conspired to impress the minds and the hearts of the people there collected, and with great solemnity and with one accord they raised their hands to heaven, and there swore that they would "remember the inebriate's daughter." (Applause.) That they never would forget the inebriate's child—that as long as God should give them life, they would devote themselves to the work of rescuing the inebriate's children from the terrible consequences of the traffic in intoxicating drinks, and in restoring to the child of the inebriate, a sober father, and to his wife, a sober and affectionate husband; and they never forgot that pledge to the present time, and they have kept still on in the work. The men of Maine were in the same position in which you are here, men of New York. They were oppressed by the traffic in intoxicating drinks—they were hunted by this traffic—they could nowhere shelter themselves and children from its consequences; they found themselves attacked everywhere by it, and at last they came to the conclusion they would fly no longer from the foe, but would turn upon his tracks and face him. (Applause.) Men of New York, you can do the same—you can do it—you can do it, men of New York! You are able to do it. God requires nothing of his creatures that they are not able to perform, if they will be but true to their duty. If every man will himself take his share in the work, it can be done. Men of New York, you can do it. Some time ago, I was in a Navy Yard, wandering around to see the wonders there collected; among other matters, I saw lying on the ground, near a rope walk, a hempen cable, prepared for a first-class ship of war; it was a mighty mass of matter, and the thought occurred to me, how is it possible to move this mass

by human hands, for by human hands it must be done; while I was pondering on that question, there came along a double file of sailors; they quietly approached to one end of the cable, passed along its whole length, got the order to halt, stooped down, took the cable, and it were a pack-thread, on their shoulders, and marched away. Men of New York, you can redeem this Empire State from ruin, if every man will but bear his proportion of the burden; but, if three out of every four shirk, it will be very hard for the rest to perform the work; speed, then, Mr. President—speed, then, the fiery cross over this Empire State, from valley to hill-top speed it, summoning every bold and brave and free man, to take share in this great battle now being fought with that terrible enemy of human happiness and human welfare.—(Great applause followed the conclusion of Mr. Dow's speech.)

We should have joined most heartily in that burst of applause.

The agitation for the Maine law, and the manner in which it was executed, is producing a great change of feeling, as to the nature of property in strong drink. The following remarks of the *Journal of the American Temperance Union*, on the "Moral Lesson," of the Maine law, will be read with interest.

We have been much impressed with the moral lesson taught in the operation of the Maine law; we refer particularly to the moral estimate it puts upon liquors as valuable to man. When, in the early stages of the Temperance Reform, Brewster knocked in the heads of his rum-barrels in Georgia, and when, some years after, twenty or thirty demijohns were emptied in the rear of Mr. Delavan's house at Albany, there was a feeling of revolt in the community, and one and another exclaimed, Why all this waste? Why could not this have been kept for useful purposes? Alcohol has been viewed as the good creature of God; and we can see some good men now standing by a Maine sacrifice, with uplifted hands, much as they would by a quantity of valuable dry goods; hats and shoes, and clothes, and furniture, all worth something, though perhaps contraband articles. But the Maine Law has come in to teach the world a great moral lesson, that spirituous liquor as a beverage is vile, is the foe of God and man—should be put out of the way like a wild beast, or a venomous serpent, or a mad dog. Our children stand by and see it run, and get a true estimate of its worthlessness, and of the man who would make and sell it. All see that the world can spare it, and are the better for being rid of it. It is stamped by this very transaction as the servant of the devil, the foul murderer who deserves to be slain for all its crimes, and because, while it lives, it will excite to crime. Now we want to see this great lesson taught in every State, and in all our cities, towns, and villages. Let the vile ardent run down all our streets, and all eyes behold it, and all hearts bless God for the deliverance. Then "we shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace; the mountains and the hills shall break forth into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands, and instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle-tree, and it shall be for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off."

### "Forgive, if not Forget."

Instead of the "continuation" of abuse and misrepresentation promised by the *Canadian Son of Temperance and Literary Gem*, we are favored with a short article headed as above. We are happy to observe some change in the tone of our cotemporary toward ourselves, but there is generally a good deal of hypocrisy and malignity wrapped up in "forgive, if not forget." It is mostly understood to mean revenge the first opportunity. It is well, however, that our brother did not "go into the subject fully," and since the counsels of some good friend of his seems to have prevailed, we trust he will not hereafter expose himself to the rebukes of a friend, which, however, are always better than the kisses of an enemy. Yet even in this explanatory "forget me not," there is a want of candour—a lack of truth. The number of readers and the one year's success were not the matters at which we "took offence." It was the "Son's" arrogating to himself a superiority which he did not possess, and claiming support for the future on grounds which were not tenable, that in-