

deney is from bad to worse; the man who uses them at all is progressing towards drunkenness; it steals upon him unperceptibly to himself, many a one has gone to a drunkard's grave who never mistrusted he was intemperate; thousands will preach about drunkenness, and go to bed drunk themselves every night; like a man he once knew who would swallow half a dozen mugs of cider and then gravely lecture upon the folly of a man making such a beast of himself as to swallow down cider to excess. Drunkenness is a debasing, ruinous vice, and it has no mitigating properties; it is not so with other evils. War, for instance, is an evil, a fearful evil; no one can think without a shudder upon the blood and carnage of the battle field—the wild and furious passions aroused, and the woes and miseries produced by war. Still, some good may result even from war; civilization is sometimes promoted by it, and sometimes it results in liberty—one of the greatest earthly boons. So it is with the pestilence;—no doubt it is a fearful scourge—it walketh in darkness and wasteth at noonday—then the grass grows up in the unoccupied straits—the ceaseless rattle of the gravel upon the coffins is heard, and the continuous cry from the death cart “bring out your dead,”—then terror is depicted in every face—mirth flies—alarm and terror, lamentation and mourning and woe prevail on every head. But the pestilence is not an unmitigated evil, it is sometimes productive of good, when men are led by it to consider their ways and to apply their hearts unto wisdom;—they turn to the hand that smites them, and worship and adore that gracious being whose tender mercies are over all the works of His hand. But what good ever results from intemperance? None. It is an evil, a curse and only a curse, and that continually. Those men who countenance and encourage it are the enemies of their race. He next commented upon that part of the resolution which had reference to the drinking customs of the higher classes. In his opinion one of our greatest obstacles arises from this quarter. While the rich continue to drink, the poor can hardly be expected to abstain. We are creatures of imitation,—there is, depend upon it, a large streak of the monkey in every man; vices are like old furniture, they descend from the rich to the poor, they are preserved with tenacity and kept as a treasure; they retain their shape but become increasingly hideous by old age and occupation. Sad, indeed is it that the rich so often are ranked among the opposers of the Temperance movement; the shield of respectability is thus thrown around the vice of intemperance;—the awful dealer knows how to turn this to advantage, a short time ago he had observed a placard in a window to this effect, “*Manufacturer of Whisky to the Queen.*” Now this was all nonsense, he did not believe that Her Majesty drank Whisky; but, Mr. Chairman, said he, I do believe and fear some of her liege subjects do; I fear there are men occupying high places of authority and trust, and even law makers, who countenance, by their example that practice which more than any other, tends to the violation of all law and order; would that such men would consider what they are doing,—the *rum power* is thus backed by the *money power*. We should learn to look at things in their proper light and estimate them according to their real merit,—why should we respect the wholesale dealer and look down upon the miserable retailer with contempt? What is the mighty difference between the rich inebriate and the poor one?—the difference merely of thirty dollars worth of dry goods; the clothes attached in each case was about all. Dress up the poor drunken man and deposit him snugly in the parlor, put rags upon the rich drunken man and tell him in the gutter, and with the change you transfer all superiority.

I have witnessed in my day, some of the beneficial effects of the temperance movement,—a dress up the sources of grief—it brings comfort to the bosom of the miner—it feeds the hungry, clothes the naked, and instructs the ignorant. Let temperance men then, and temperance women too, carry out their principles, go forward until your object is accomplished. This greeting, I trust, will be the means of promoting the cause, let all the moderate drinkers join us, they do us some amount of harm in the position which they now occupy; they may think it strange when we say their example is more injurious than that of the drunkard; we do not say they are worse, but we do assert that their example in this particular is so. The example of the drunkard is calculated to alarm, and deter men from drinking; they furnish us with our best illustrations and most potent arguments. The moderate drinkers keep the drunkards in countenance, and fill their broken ranks. They complain that we attack them, and so we

do. You tell us you are not fond of strong drinks, then why do you drink them? You say you could abandon the use of them without any great self-denial, then why don't you do so? Give us the proof that you are not entangled in the toils of the deceiver. Alas! you are mistaken, you have already taken one step in the road to ruin, soon you will have taken the second, and the third, and ere you are aware, unless you escape, you will be engulfed in ruin. Flee then for your own sakes, and if not for your own sakes, do it for the sake of others. Every man in some sense his brother's keeper, take your stand on the side of total abstinence, and you will be safe yourself so far as this vice is concerned, and your example will guide others in the way of sobriety. You will be like the beacon you have at the mouth of your beautiful harbor, the mariner looks to it with confidence as he approaches your coast; the night may be dark and stormy, the elements may be roaring and dashing around him, but that light, flashes far out upon the gloom, he keeps his eye steadily upon it, his gallant bark rides triumphantly over the angry billows, avoids the rocks and shoals, and enters the port in safety. But the moderate drinker is a *wrecker's light*; it deceives men, it lures them to danger and ruin. O come then to the rescue. Join our ranks, and let us one and all here renew our pledge, under the bright arch of heaven, in this great dome where the Creator was first worshipped.

The meeting had one specially interesting feature. The noble wife of the Lieutenant Governor, Lady Bannerman, sent a letter to the G. W. P. It was read, and we here subjoin it by way of encouragement to our “Sons” and “Daughters”:—

DEAR MR. ATTORNEY GENERAL—

I regret exceedingly that Sir Alexander and I cannot be present at the Grand Demonstration of the Sons of Temperance, but perhaps you will kindly express to them our united wishes that they may have all the pleasure they anticipate from their Annual Festival. As a decided well wisher to the cause of Temperance in general, and to this society in particular, I have to request you to present to them in my name £5, as a small mark of my approbation, with my most earnest hopes that their numbers may daily increase, bringing joy and peace into many a home where now sorrow and strife reign.

I have been much interested of late in this fraternity by the pleasing accounts I have learned of its success from Mr. Butcher, and a very intelligent man in the employment of Mr. Butcher's son, of the name of Fielding.

Believe me, very truly yours,

M. BANNERMAN.

Government House, 20th June, 1851.

The eating and drinking followed in a fair and easy style; speaking followed, and the company harmoniously parted.

**Burwick, C. W.**—This Division, No. 173, held its Anniversary on the 8th of July. Delegations from surrounding Divisions were in attendance. The procession, numbering 4 or 5 hundred, marched to Pine Grove, a beautiful village on the River Humber, and then returned to Burwick; the ladies of this place having amply provided for the gastronomic wants of the guests. There was abundance of good speaking, and therefore both mind and body were refreshed without strong drink.

**Cornwall, C. IV.**—On the 16th of July, the Sons made a Demonstration in this town. The rain falling heavily prevented many from attending, but there was a large assembly, and quite a number from the south side of the St. Lawrence. The different divisions assembled in the front of the Court House, thence marching to the grove, on the farm of Mr. Mattice, Esq., Mitchell's instrumental band from Potsdam was there, and made good music. There was excellent speaking and singing. Great enthusiasm and general order prevailed. D. W. G. P. Mattice, acquitted himself honorably as the Chairman. Other speakers were interesting, and the Sons of Temperance may be justly proud of the demonstration; it was a gratifying and cheering sight to see so many proudly and publicly avow their fealty to the cause of Temperance, and the encouragement thus held out to others to burst from the vulgar bonds of a tipping habit, and range themselves beneath a banner that, if it led them not to wealth or distinction, will ensure them of a heartfelt happiness they never can enjoy without it.