

was like the old cannon at the barracks, if it was well loaded, and Great St. James Street filled with wine and brandy casks, and this great gun fired at them, what a tremendous crash would be made. It was a real Temperance sword, a Sheffield blade, and one could not be found in all Bryson & Ferrier's store, that would cut so keen. The license, manufacture, sale and use of intoxicating drinks are all a succession of wrings, and heaven knows it. He would leave out Sheffield, and call it a real Jerusalem blade, of heavenly temper. When King David wanted a sword, he ran to the high priest, and said, "Give me a sword?" But the high priest said, he had none to give him, but the sword of Goliath. David took it. This is a Goliath's sword. It is more—it is a real Temperance banner. He would say to the Sons of Temperance and the Rechabites, here is a banner for you. Let me unfold it. 1. License. 2. Manufacture. 3. Sale. 4. Use. O my God, what have we here! What a combination! What a phalanx! I have read in the Gospel, sir, of a man possessed with the devil, that met Jesus. He had his dwelling among the tombs, and no man could bind him, no not with chains; because that he had been often bound with fetters and chains, and the chains had been plucked asunder by him, and the fetters broken in pieces; neither could any man tame him. And always night and day he was in the mountains, and in the tombs, crying and cutting himself with stones. But as soon as he saw Jesus, he fell down and worshipped him. And he asked him, What is thy name? and he answered, My name is Legion; for we are many. The name of each of these in this resolution, is Legion; for, verily, they are many. Let us, sir, call each up and interrogate them. License, what is thy name? Legion. Manufacture, what is thy name? Legion, &c. License, what is thy business? I give legal authority and protection to sell as much as will fill our jails with prisoners, asylums with lunatics, and our graves with victims. Manufacture, what is thy business? To manufacture it. Sale, what is thy business? To distribute it, &c. License law, what is thy object? Revenue. Manufacture, what is thy object? Ditto for myself. Traffic, what is thy object? Ditto ditto. Use, what is thy object? Gratification, to steal, fight, and resist everything sacred, &c., &c. If these were to speak the truth, they could tell of the immense quantity of grain consumed annually in the distilleries and breweries in the city, &c.; that intoxicating drinks are the true source of almost all the evils that afflict humanity, and that intemperance has cost Great Britain more lives than all the other vices put together, &c. The resolution was philosophic, but not only that, it contained facts that continually meet the judge on the bench, the minister in his daily visits, and the benevolent wherever he turned. But it was unphilosophic to expect that these things could be remedied, while the smoke of distilleries and breweries were continually ascending. I read in my Scripture lesson this morning, sir, in Rev. the ix chapter, of the vision which John saw in the Isle of Patmos, of the great smoke that ascended out of the bottomless pit, filled with locusts, to whom power was given to torment men, etc., and I could not help thinking that the smoke of the brewery presented a great resemblance to the vision there described. The locusts that came out of the bottomless pit had crowns of gold on their heads, and truly the great end of these distilleries was to get gold. I have gazed on the smoke ascending from factories and mills, but far different were the emotions excited by looking on them, than on the smoke arising from breweries. In the former case, I thanked God for raising men with heads to plan and carry out these mills, &c., for the benefit of humanity. But in the other case, what misery and wretchedness is entailed by them on humanity. In this resolution there was rebellion. There were statements of wrongs and grievances, which would be continually uttered, until the strong arm of the law should put out the fires of these distilleries, and close their doors for ever; until conscience, with its divine mandate, should put an end to the use of these destructive drinks. But this rebellion was not to shed blood, but to save life. Let Temperance men barricade every avenue where these drinks come from, until the end shall be accomplished. Here he gave a graphic description of the struggle between New England and old England, at the time when the latter attempted to force taxed tea on the former. Let us act like the New Englanders, and make up our minds to drink no more taxed liquors, and we would soon keep the obnoxious articles from our shores and cities. This, after all, is the real cause of the smoke of the brewery and the distillery, for if none would drink, it would be no use to make it;

hence the traffic would cease. He related a circumstance which took place in Wales, shortly after the teetotal movement commenced in England. There was in Wales at that time a most remarkable man, a preacher of the name of Christmas Evans, and he had espoused the teetotal cause with all his heart. One of his acquaintances, a Mr. W. of A., was much opposed to the new principles, and Christmas Evans had talked several times to him on the subject, but without effect. Mr. Evans was to have a great temperance meeting, and he invited Mr. W. of A., to come and hear him. Mr. W. of A., did go, but he took his seat away back in the gallery, in the most obscure place that he could get, so as not to be observed. When Christmas Evans rose to speak, he looked all round to see if his friend was there. After looking in every direction he at last espied him. "Good," said he, "before I am done I shall send an arrow that will bring him over to our side." Christmas Evans commenced his lecture. After talking some time, he said he had a most strange dream last night, and he would relate it. He thought he was in the council chamber of Beelzebub in Hades, and saw him surrounded with his grim companions. Suddenly there was a great knocking at the door, and Beelzebub demanded what was the matter. "They are forming Bible Societies," cried the imp. "Begone," said he, "I will go and see into the matter myself. Beelzebub went and returned soon. All gathered round him to hear the news. "My kingdom is yet safe," said he. "I saw two persons call at the door of a poor woman's house, and give her a Bible. The woman pressed it to her heart, and thanked the donors for the precious gift. As the visitors went away she watched them until they went out of her sight, and then she took the Bible in one hand, and a jug in the other, under her cloak, and soon returned with the jug filled with rum." She had sold the Bible for rum! "My kingdom is yet safe," cried Beelzebub. There was another loud knock at the door. "What is the matter now?" shouted Beelzebub. "Beelzebub! Beelzebub! they are sending Missionaries abroad," was the reply. "I will go and see into this," said he, and went his way. On his return, all gathered round him again to hear the news. "It is true," said Beelzebub, "that they are sending Missionaries abroad, for I saw the embarkation; but my kingdom is yet safe. I saw men rolling into the ship that was to carry the Missionaries, large casks of rum, and gin and brandy! My kingdom is yet safe," Beelzebub shouted, till he made the caverns of Hades echo like thunder. Again loud knocking was heard at the door. "What news now?" cried Beelzebub. "They are forming Temperance Societies." "That is worse," said Beelzebub, "but I must go and see." On his return he roared that his kingdom was yet safe, for the rich folks were allowed to drink wine, and the poor to drink beer. Again there was another and a louder knock at the door. "Beelzebub! Beelzebub! they are forming Teetotal Societies." "In the name of all my imps! what is that?" and he went to see. On his return he related to his assembled imps that it was not so bad as he thought. "There are," said he, "still to be found some to support my kingdom, and are opposing this new innovation. Among them are ministers and men in high standing, such as Mr. W. of A., who stand up for my kingdom." The arrow had found its way—"Hold! hold!" cried Mr. W. of A. "I will be no longer on that side," and down he came and signed the pledge. After a few more remarks, Mr. Caughy concluded.

The meeting was closed by singing and the benediction. On examining the pledge cards left in the seats, it was found that 360 names were added to the pledge. The collection amounted to £6 16s. 7d.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

Columbus, Feb. 19, 1851.

Sir,—Owing to the thinness of the attendance on the first Wednesday in February, the day appointed to hold the annual meeting of the Whity Association for the Suppression of Intemperance,—said meeting was, by adjournment, held here this day,—and though the attendance was not as large as on former occasions, still a spirit of progress was manifested, though not to the extent we could wish. Our office bearers particularly having