

ject 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 count us?—he is a politician!—but what is his idea? Personal aggrandizement is his idea. All his efforts and aims are for this end—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 endeavoring 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 or money; but we want to show 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 our 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 grass. 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 led to make sacrifices for the general good, how easily could that good be accomplished. Are there not men in Montreal, whose voices are sufficiently potential, 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 equinoctial 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 endeavoring 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. The fishermen strained their eyes as she approached the black and threatening spot—Now she seems inevitably lost—No! she has seen the danger;—she has put her helm down;—she is coming about, and for the moment is saved. "Now," said one of the men on the beach, "let us go off to the ship." "No," said another, "that's no use; no boat can live in that sea, and besides, with the wind where it is, you can't get through the Her-ring Gut—as a passage through the rocks is called—to board her." Nothing more was said for some time, till the excitement grew so much stronger, that the first speaker repeated—"Let us go to the ship and offer her a pilot." "Well," said one "if you say the word, we won't hold back, though it seems certain no boat can live in that sea." Then they pushed out under the lee of a ledge of rocks, but when they got into the sea way, it seemed really as if no boat could live; and their friends on shore