

held in some of the taverns. An organised opposition was thus got up, and you may conceive of what character it was. The *Whig*, before the morning of meeting, had a notice, calling upon the "*Physiogs*" a "*Chambers Society*" to attend at the City Hall, and every attempt was made by that "moral nuisance" to disgrace our city, and the result will show how well he succeeded. Oh! liberty! was it come to this that, within a half mile of Morton's Distillery, an investigation into the effects of Morton's proof would be permitted; no, it was determined to use every effort to frustrate the liberty of free discussion. Even barrels of whisky were presented to some of the taverns for their drinking votaries, the manufacturer well knowing its direct baneful effects to excite to murder and crimes; but in one instance a tavern-keeper to his credit *spiritedly* refused it admission to his house. The caucus meetings resolved to proceed even to violence to quash the meeting, but it was evident that no person, having the least claim to respectability, took any leading part in these disgraceful proceedings. When the hour of meeting arrived it was evident that tumult was intended. The Mayor was unfortunately absent on business, but expected every moment to arrive. Amidst the greatest uproar we entered the hall and found the seats well piled up on the sides, and every preparation made by some persons to *accommodate a row*. Mr. Henry Armstrong was crowded into the chair, and Mr. somebody, secretary. Although on the platform I could not form an idea clearly how the business was proceeding. The mob surrounded the platform yelling, hooting, and crowing vociferously; no person could be found of the city authorities to preserve order. A deep responsibility rests somewhere, more particularly upon the instigators of this work. The temperance men were at their post, firmly resolved to maintain their privileges. The requisitionists at this stage of the proceedings claimed their right first to be heard, and several ministers were ready with resolutions, and would then have given way to amendments; but they were shamefully pushed aside by Dr. Barker and his satellites. Dr. Dixon again made an attempt to be heard, and some of the ministers who signed the requisition, but were literally yelled off the platform,—they protested entirely against the proceedings, and retired from the platform, urging upon all firm forbearance. At this juncture the Mayor came into the hall, and it was expected that order would be restored, but the attempt was futile among men infuriated by strong drink.—The Mayor saw the state of things, and declared if Dr. Barker came there to *cause disorder*, he was for *order*, and would maintain it, insisting that Kingston should not be controlled by such a mob. One man, a *social incendiary*, cut the Mayor short, and endeavored to raise the men's passions against their chief magistrate, and most imprudently tried to raise groans for the Mayor.—This same individual threatened to mob *His Excellency* should he have paid a visit to this city, on a late occasion, and, it is believed, is one of the instigators of this opposition. During the tumult a placard was paraded round the hall, bearing this motto, "*The Rights of Man*?" which a poor creature, named Flynn, endeavored with violent gesticulations to advocate, but his eloquence was not heard. Dr. Barker himself could not be heard, his myrmidons could not understand when to yell, and when to leave off; no resolution could be read. Jeremiah Meagher, of Morton's Distillery, with the tag-rag, and bobtail connected with his business, were in the hall, and Jeremiah made himself hoarse, with his fierce denunciations. The opponents of temperance and order are ashamed of their champions; it speaks well for our noble cause, when no better opposers can be found than such as these in a place like Kingston. We have here nearly 200 taverns, one to every 60 of the population. The Ephesians exclaimed by this craft we have our wealth, when their ruin approached; and those engaged in this im-

moral traffic see that *their craft* also is in danger; they are alarmed and show their weakness, and the secret of their clamor. But a better day is dawning—temperance men are shaking off their apathy—those before indifferent express their sentiments unmistakably, which no temperance lecturer has been able to elicit.—The following are some of the gentlemen who were present; and so grossly insulted—all resident Ministers:—*Revs. H. Mulkins and R. V. Rogers* (Church of England); *Rev. A. Loximer*, (Baptist); *Rev. Mr. Burns* (Free Church); *Revs. S. Rice and C. Lorrell* (Wesleyan Methodists); *Rev. Mr. Fenwick* (Congregationalist); *Rev. J. Gardner* (E. Methodist); *Dr. Dixon*; *C. Culvin*, Esq. of Garden Island; *Judge Marshall* of Nova Scotia; *N. McLeod*, Esq., Barrister, and several others—a more respectable array of talent, in favor of a Protective Law, could not be desired. I cannot close this hasty sketch without bearing witness to the gentlemanly conduct evinced by *James O'Reilly*, Esq., a young, but already talented lawyer, for his gentlemanly forbearance and endeavours to preserve order.

A meeting of all friendly to the Total Abstinence cause will be held on Monday, to adopt measures for a public meeting, where the rights of free discussion shall be respected. All are united and resolved not to be put down. We hope that God will be with us, and, leaving the result in His hands, we abide the issue.

Yours very truly,

A LOVER OF ORDER.

London, September 7th, 1852.

SIR,—I have been requested by the members and friends of North Street Division Sons of Temperance, No. 347, to forward to you for publication in your admirable *Advocate*, a few items of information with respect to the progress of temperance principles and practice in their locality. This Division meets in a village called Five Stakes, two and a-half miles from St. Thomas, on the London road. It is little more than 12 months old, and considering the length and extent of old King Alcohol's reign in that neighborhood—the devoted loyalty of his subjects—the number and strength of his garrisons, (3 in a small village)—the amount of his ammunition, and calibre of his guns—they have done much.

Several of the warmest supporters of the *fiery* despot have joined the Division—the prejudices of others are giving way—the garrisons are sorely battered, and the "*Sons*" and their friends are exulting in the hope of seeing a shot from the great cannon of the Maine Law sweep away the last vestige of the tipping system in that neighborhood.

Mr. Wadsworth, I believe, was the first successful temperance advocate who visited the Five Stakes. He stated his principles clearly, enforced them earnestly, used illustrations most appropriate, produced facts and arguments unanswerable; and with persuasive eloquence finally achieved the first of a series of brilliant victories, which have subsequently been gained for truth, sobriety, and Christian philanthropy in that locality. At that meeting a gentleman of the name of Webb, who resides in that section, was induced to sign the pledge, and has not only proved himself a most staunch abstinence, but an active and successful advocate of total abstinence principles. He is a firm pillar of the cause. To him, and the ministers of the Methodist New Connection Church, the cause is principally indebted for its permanency and triumphs there. But the "*Sons*" have now lifted up their beacon light, they have elevated it upon the lofty pillar of truth, and I trust its blaze will be brilliant, steady, and continued as long as one son of Adam there shall be exposed to shipwreck against the jutting rocks of intemperance.

Thank God, there are many homes in that once notoriously