

gaged in it,—the Rev Dr Edwards especially;—and he was once in a public meeting collected in a church, and was urging upon the people the duty and the importance of making personal sacrifices in relation to this matter. He said “this is a tremendous evil; you all acknowledge it; this great country ought to be redeemed from it; how is it to be done? It is only to be done by personal sacrifices. You, gentlemen, who are in the habit of taking your wine and other intoxicating liquors, may do it very safely; nevertheless the influence of your example goes to encourage and sustain all this through the length and breadth of community. You must make a personal sacrifice.” That was the style in which he talked; and at the close he was desirous that gentlemen should come forward and sign the pledge. A very tall man, with his head all white, rose first; but his physician touched him on the shoulder, and said, “Sir, you must not do that; you know you have a complaint for which it is necessary you should take a small quantity of liquor every day; and therefore you must not do that.” This old military officer, for such he was, replied, “I have risked my life a great many times in the cause of my country, and I am not to hang back now.” That is the true spirit. Now there is a tremendous evil in England;—if permitted to go on, it will prove the destruction of the British nation, just as it seems to us that slavery must be destructive in our country. You are sinking such a vast number of your people in poverty, pauperism and ruin; and if this evil extends, as it must, what will be the end, unless the good and wise men of Britain interpose, it is impossible for me to say.

RE-ACTION.

We have had a re-action since the law passed, as we have had re-actions periodically ever since the commencement of the temperance reform. We have always had a re-action every two or three years;—a success, and then a re-action; and then a still greater success, and then another re-action, followed by a success greater than before. I am proud to say that I had the honour of being mayor of Portland at the time of the adoption of the Maine-law. And some of my friends, very excellent men, came to me and asked whether, upon the whole, it was wise to enforce the law with so much rigour as it had been in the city of Portland. They said, “By upholding a course like this you will inevitably move to the very foundation every element of opposition to the temperance reform and the cause of prohibition. On the contrary, if you will pursue a policy a little more lenient, the probability is these elements of opposition will not be combined in such a force, and a re-action probably will not come on next year. But if,” they said, “this course is continued, in all probability the then incumbent of the mayor's chair would be defeated at the next succeeding election, and the ‘rum party,’ as we call it, would come into power.” I answered, “All that has been carefully considered, and, though a re-action might come on, no important results would in the meantime have been accomplished, and then the enemies of temperance and this reformation would say, ‘Here you have had your Maine-law, and the mayor to enforce it, and what has been done? Nothing, and I have always told you so.’” On the contrary. I told my friends that the true policy was to show, during one year at least, what such a

law was capable of accomplishing when it was enforced, the true policy was to write it on the broad face of the heavens in characters of living light, where it would never be wiped out, and there it is the great state redeemed from the traffic in intoxicating drinks. The re-action did come on, the then incumbent of the mayor's chair was defeated, and a man who was avowed to be a friend of the Maine-law, a man very eminent in social and political position there as a statesman, was elected to the mayor's chair, but by the party opposed to that movement, and it was the re-action. But, nevertheless, in the State of Maine the temperance party succeeded as before in the next election of 1854. But in 1855 the anti-temperance party succeeded by a combination of circumstances which I cannot occupy your time, nor would my strength permit me, to explain; but this party was pledged in favour of a prohibitory law, or it could not have succeeded by possibility; this party was pledged to a proper, that was it, to a “suitable” prohibitory law, and it gained the legislative power of the state, the control of the state. The law was repealed, and a license law was re-enacted in its stead, to again let in upon the State of Maine all the horrors of the olden time, drunkenness pervades our state again, and rum-selling as before. But then, in September, 1856, there was another election—the annual election came on. In September, 1855, the rum party succeeded, as I have said. In September, 1856, another election came on, and what then?—the Maine-law swept them all out! So that of all the members of the senate of Maine and the legislature of Maine, who voted for the repeal of the Maine-law, only five were re-elected. We swept them all out, and put in their places men good and true friends of temperance, friends of protection from the traffic in strong drinks. And so, in the city of Portland, the anti-temperance men succeeded in the municipal election in 1856. Perhaps I may say that in 1855 I was again re-elected to the office of Mayor. In 1856 the enemies of temperance succeeded in Portland, and the party opposed to the Maine-law were in power; but on the day on which I left Portland, the 6th April, the municipal election came on once more, and we swept them all out again! So that the State of Maine and the city of Portland, and almost every city and town in the state of Maine, in its municipal and corporate capacity, almost every one are in the hands of the Maine-law men.

“I AM WITH YOU.”

We do not believe in the doctrine of easy blows killing the devil—especially this devil. But there were easy men who thought it better to try timidly, and so they voted for that ticket in the hope that those milder measures would succeed. The men they voted for repealed the Maine-law, and enacted the license-law in the state; and the result was, that intemperance came in upon us like a flood; so that these moderate and excellent men were convinced, with a great many others who had stood aloof, seeing the contrast between the results of the Maine-law and the license-law, they were satisfied, and they told us, in large numbers, “Now we are with you.” It was only a short time before I left Portland, that I was walking down the street, and was stopped by a man—an intemperate man—in a state of intoxication; and he said, “My name is Burns; I am the greatest drunkard in all the world; I never can be

anything else, until the grog-shops are put down; now I am with you.” “Do you mean to say,” I asked, “that you are going to vote our ticket?” “Yes,” he replied, “I am.” A few days before that, a gentleman was coming up the other side of the street, who had always opposed us bitterly, and had not been in the habit of speaking to me; but now he shook me heartily by the hand, and tears came in his eyes, and he said, “I am with you.” I waited for him to say something; else, but he could not; he was choking; he could only say, “I am with you.” I was quite surprised; but I soon learned that that man's son had been brought home the previous night intoxicated—that was it—the gentleman had been opposed to us before, for he had not felt the evil in his own family; but his son had been going on step by step without his knowledge, and at last when he saw him in his house in a state of intoxication, then the father's feelings were aroused, then his fears were excited, and then he was ready to come to the temperance men with tears in his eyes, and say, “I am with you.”

DIRIGO.

Now Englishmen, we have set you the example. In God's name we ask you to imitate it! We ask you to follow us, and you will find perfect protection from this great evil. I was reading in an English newspaper, some time ago, an incident of history—how far it might wander from exact fact I cannot tell—but it was to this effect, that, during the first French revolution, the British government anticipated a descent of the French Emperor upon the coast of Egypt, and a magnificent English fleet was sent into the Mediterranean waters to intercept it. Those waters on the Syrian coast are exposed to heavy western gales, to hurricanes almost. Whilst this English fleet was going towards the Syrian coast one of those gales came on, and the fleet was ordered upon the wind in order to clear off shore; but the wind blew with still greater and greater intensity, and the admiral saw that it would be impossible to keep his fleet off the lee coast if the gale continued for the usual period. But it occurred to him that there was somewhere on the Syrian coast an old port then unused. He did not know precisely its locality, but he thought it was not far off, and he telegraphed to the captains in his fleet if any of them knew where it was, and he received a reply from an English frigate that the captain of it did know where it was. The captain was asked by the admiral if he could take the fleet in, and the answer was in the affirmative. This frigate was ordered into the van, the ships were commanded to fill away and go towards this coast, a lee coast, and though it was nearly dark, yet at some considerable distance. As the fleet were going on the captain of this frigate telegraphed to the admiral that it would be necessary to make more sail in order to gain the coast while it was yet light. The order was given for every ship to pack on as much canvass as it could stagger under, and it was done; and this magnificent fleet was rushing threateningly towards that coast. And as they drew near, the rocks loomed up all white with foam in every direction, with no appearance of a port anywhere. The admiral was appalled at the spectacle, and he said to this captain by telegraph, “A great responsibility rests upon you.” The answer was a proud and noble one—“Follow me!” That was all; no doubt, no hesitation—“Fol-