

TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

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**PLEDGE OF THE MONTREAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.**  
 WE, THE UNDERSIGNED, DO AGREE, THAT WE WILL NOT USE  
 INTOXICATING LIQUORS AS A BEVERAGE, NOR TRAFFIC IN THEM  
 NOR WILL WE PROVIDE THEM AS AN ARTICLE OF ENTERTAIN-  
 MENT, NOR FOR REASONS IN OUR EMPLOYMENT; AND THAT IN ALL  
 PROBABLE WAYS WE WILL DISCOURTEGE THEIR USE THROUGHOUT  
 OUR COMMUNITY.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

Address.....	369
The Pledge Wanted.....	372
Ecce Totum Triumph.....	373
MUSIC—Ecce Totum Army.....	374
EDITORIAL.....	375
Another Testimony.....	"
Improvement.....	"
The Illustrated Family Christian Almanac.....	"
Correspondence.....	376
Canada East Tribe of Rechabites.....	377
Sons of Temperance.....	378
Onondaga Co., N.Y., Sons of Temperance.....	379
AGRICULTURE.....	"
NEWS, &c.....	380

ADDRESS

Delivered by Brother T. S. Brown, P.C.R., to the Independent Order of Rechabites, at the Rechabite Hall, Montreal. Thursday evening, December 6, 1849; by request of Union Tent I. O. of R.

**WORTHY CHIEF RULER AND BROTHERS.**—It is more common and gracious to commence an address with an apology; but I am, nevertheless, excusable in following an often beaten track, occupied as I daily am, from early morning till late night, the dry details of commercial business, I can be little fitted for a task now imposed upon me. The current of man's mind runs in grooves and channels. Once in the groove and all made straight for, we move on finely, but thrown out of the groove and impelled to smooth the way in another direction; staggered and confused we can only make fair progress onward, after time has been allowed to mark our course, remove the obstructions, and lie down upon the track. He whose leisure enables him to vote his mind to exalted sentiments, has only to call upon his thoughts and they rush forth like living flames, each one lighting and beautifying the other; but calling upon the thoughts of me in my position, is like calling spirits from the vasty deep, or, worse, it is like lighting a candle with bad matches, each of which goes out as quick as ignited, before you can touch the wick. In deciding that I should be the speaker to-night, I presume our brethren were under the compulsion of "Hobson's choice." They did not take an address from me or none, and by the same rule all you present must submit to the infliction. Brethren, the cause which induced the calling of this meeting, may be shortly explained. It has grieved the most earnest advocates of our beloved institution, to witness a falling off in that which once animated every member, and in that unity of action which promised great things for the temporal advancement of society. Our numbers are not increasing, our Tents are not vigorously attended, inactive ourselves, we appear forgotten by the public, and what we deemed a noble organization, permanent and powerful for grand designs, appears to be dwindling away to trifling or insignificance. The truth is too evident, and you

have been called together this evening for a full consideration of these things, and, if possible, to devise measures which may animate our faith, renew our zeal, and urge us onward in the furtherance of that great cause to which we have vowed adherence. There is zeal among the Odd-fellows—and we are the same as Odd-fellows, except that we drink no wine; what are we but Temperance Odd-fellows? And there is animation in many other Societies. Is it possible there can be no spirit in an association unless the members first pour spirit down their throats?

Though temperance has been always valued and always commended in all time, Temperance Societies are a modern contrivance. It was not because men were becoming more temperate, that Temperance Societies were established in late years, or that a temperance reform commenced—but it was because intemperance was increasing frightfully from year to year, and men saw clearly that, unless arrested, the whole body politic would become demoralized, degenerated, and finally destroyed. The more intemperate, instead of producing anything for the benefit of society, were found to be only a profitless burden. The use of strong drinks was adding, annually, millions to the more desperate class, and it was plain that unless this evil were arrested, all would soon be overwhelmed in one general desolation; property neglected, run to ruin and waste, would cease to be productive; the untilled earth would cease to return her increase; want would become general; disease would follow want, and mankind relapsed into barbarism, civilization would disappear. Our fertile farms would become like the present deserts of Asia once teeming with population and fertility; and the great cities of our pride would be known only like the Ninevchs and Babylons of old by their ruins, where the fox looks from the window, and the night owl hoots to its fellow. Sober men were the salt of the earth, they alone preserved it against the corruptions of drinking usages.

It was not, I repeat, because men were becoming more temperate, that Temperance Societies were established. No, no, it was precisely the reverse, men would always get drunk, when liquor came in their way, and they had the money to buy; but there were not always taverns at every corner in the towns, and every half mile along the roads in the country; nor was small change so common in every body's pocket; nor was the credit system, by which men could run up tavern scores, so prevalent. Men might get drunk, though tipping, tipping all day long, was not the grievous offense; but drink was now everywhere provided in large quantities, or small quantities, with little money, or much money, or no money at all; and men were becoming habituated to spend every stray shilling and every vacant hour, in a drinking house, which rapidly caused pounds of hard earnings to go astray, and long months to become vacant. Nothing in the world could be procured so easily or so quickly as a glass of grog—it was everywhere at hand. It was in view of these frightful consequences, impending over the whole world, that serious men began to enquire whether they were not drinking rather too much, whether it was not possible to support life with three or four drams in a day, instead of a dozen, and whether it was not possible for poor people to work without rum. The last point was soon determined. What said these good men, to whom the beam in their own eye did not prevent from discerning the mote in their neighbors—No wonder that these people are so miserable—no wonder that there is ruin outside of the house and wretchedness within—no wonder that the wife is emaciated in her misery, or the children squallid in their rags—no wonder the farmer is compelled to sell his land, or the mechanic to sell his tools, or why many families called "genteel" are suffering in the most horrible privations of poverty! Why, these men drink rum and get drunk! Temperance was forced upon society not by choice but by necessity.