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CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE

DEVOTED TO

Total Abstinence, Legal Prohibition, and Social Progress.

Vol. XX.]

MONTREAL, MARCH, 1864.

[EXTRA.]

GRAND UNITED TEMPERANCE CELEBRATION,

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

THE MONTREAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY,

YOUNG MEN'S TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY,

Perseverance and Samaritan Tents, I. O. of R.,

AND THE

HOWARD AND JONADAB DIVISIONS, S. of T.

For a long time back, the friends of Temperance in Montreal had been anxious to unite in a demonstration of their strength, and to make the occasion one of advantage to the cause they have at heart. Many hindrances seemed to interpose, but the chief one was, that having resolved to secure the services of the Father of the Maine Law, it was extremely difficult for him to fix a time for visiting Canada; having to exert his utmost ability in aid of prohibitory legislation throughout the United States. He was, however, at last enabled to say, "I will be with you, God willing, on the second day of February." Arrangements were made accordingly. An efficient committee exerted themselves heartily and generously. Everything was devised with skill. Harmony prevailed, and, therefore, the work was done, without jealousy or rivalry, for the common good. Anxiety there was, lest some railroad apparatus should give way, and a disappointment occur; but we were all most agreeably surprised, when, on the first day of February, it was known that the subject of our anxieties was in the city. It was a happy thought of the Committee, immediately to placard the city with the announcement, "Neal Dow has arrived, and will lecture this evening in the City-Concert Hall." The hour came. The approaches toward the Hall began to be thronged early. It was quite evident that an interest was awakened, and many a Christian heart prayed that God would carry the truth home to the hearts and consciences of that great audience. The Committee were busy in the Hall, assisting in the accommodation of the gathering multitude. The time has arrived for opening the meeting. John Redpath, Esq., takes the Chair. He regretted that somebody more competent had not been selected for the occasion, but he fully approved of the aggressive movement of the day in favour of prohibitory legislation; and urged such a pressure upon the Legislature, as would speedily secure the condemnation of the traffic in strong drink.

The Band then performed admirably, and the Chairman afterwards called up Mr. Dougall. He was delighted with the Hall—with the Band—with the audience—with the standard character of the gentlemen on the platform—but more especially he was gratified that all would have an opportunity of hearing the honored and respected Father of the Maine Law, the Hon Neal Dow. He (Mr. D.) was sure the audience would wish to hear as much as possible from Mr. Dow, and, therefore, he should not detain them by any further remarks.

Mr. Dow was then introduced, and received with applause. His discourse was a continuous and rapid stream of pure thought and pure argument. He is not a man of powerful appearance, physically considered, but rather otherwise; yet if anybody, from his exterior, should suppose him weak, the error will soon be dispelled by contact and observation. There is a strength of nerve and will, and an indomitable courage of heart about Mr. Dow, which has admirably qualified him for his late campaigns. There he stands in the midst of this sinful city of Montreal, like Paul on Mars Hill, reproving superstition. His voice is mellow and distinct—heard throughout that vast edifice. To attempt to report that speech fully would be a vain work.—The reporter of the *Herald* has not given half, and with his material might have published a much better sketch than he did. Many inaccuracies occur—many passages that cannot be understood. We have shaken out some of the foldings, and have added passages from our own notes and memory, and to the readers of the *Advocate*, we commend this speech as a fair record of Mr. Dow's sentiments.

Report of the Orator.

It has been at some inconvenience to myself that I appear before you to-night, but I could not resist the pressing invitation sent me to visit Montreal, and to talk for a little while, upon a subject of vast importance, involving our interests and happiness in all the relations of life. This matter has occupied much of

the attention of the people of the United States for the last thirty or forty years. Next to our personal relations to God, there was no subject of more intense interest. I speak of the protection of the people from the traffic in intoxicating drinks. Those ideas now prevalent and carried out in Maine, are extending through the Union and the British Provinces, even to the Old World.—Every civilized nation has felt the evils of this traffic, and has set itself to limit the ravages inflicted by it. Every civilized government has enacted laws more or less stringent and severe against it, according to the experience of the people, but always ineffectually. The evil has been extending, and the results of the traffic are being experienced with tremendous effect all over the world.

Within thirty or thirty five years wise and good men in the States and Provinces, and in Scotland have endeavoured to create a public sentiment against the use of intoxicating drinks, and three millions have been induced to abstain from them. The cause has been making progress by several stages—each stage supposed by its friends to be the last. The men who began the movement thought only of restricting the people to a moderate use of liquor. Soon after, they announced the principle of total abstinence from distilled liquor, then from wine, and then again from all intoxicating liquors. It was then imagined that intemperance would totally disappear; but how greatly have they been deceived? A new generation was coming on the stage—boys of fourteen or fifteen were becoming men of full age every seven or eight years, totally unacquainted with the reasons on which the reform rested. They became an easy prey to temptation, and being led away by the error of the wicked, and while one generation of drunkards were being buried, another rose up and the ranks were replenished. Intemperance still prevailed. It was necessary to make another movement, and the question now arose, has not society the right to protect itself against the evils of the traffic? This was demanded on every hand, quietly and patiently, till at last the answer came from every quarter—yes! yes! society has the right, and having the right, must also have the duty to extend to the people of the country and to their children, protection against this terrible evil. We now, therefore, come to the last stage (the last according to the light at present possessed, though it is possible we may hereafter find ourselves mistaken, as our predecessors have done) and this last stage is the everlasting extirpation of the traffic in intoxicating liquors.

In the middle of the nineteenth century, how does it happen that we must collect together in such large numbers to stimulate each other thus to protect ourselves? If the influential classes would throw themselves into this movement—if the men, whose opinions are potential, would support it, the whole traffic would disappear like the cloud before the rising sun. But they will not do so, and this has been the case with every movement of reform since the time of Christ. Large masses of the people still think the temperance men mistaken. We say, however, that the reform we advocate is of more importance to the people, and more conducive to their welfare and happiness, than any other question, or all the other questions which can be started, except that single one of our personal relations to our Creator and the eternal world. Great numbers, however, think we are mistaken. If, say they, the temperance men were correct, would not the wise men and the educated men join them with all their power? As they do not, the inference is that the temperance men are mistaken. No! They have not joined us. The great and influential have stood aloof, but the inference is not that we are wrong, but that they are recreant to their duty, their country and their God. But, perhaps, we ought not to be too severe: there are men who are conservative by nature and habit—who shun mingling in the contest, and hesitate opposing the interests or prac-

tices of bad men. They are for going slowly and cautiously, reminding me of something amusing which I will tell you of. Some time ago, in the city of Portland, before the Maine Law had been enacted, we had a meeting almost as large as this, and efforts were made to stir up the people to refuse the use of intoxicating liquors. The first speech was made by a venerable clergyman, the representative of the progressive school. Whilst he warmly pressed on the people his arguments for action, every body could see from the animation of their faces, that he had their sympathies. The next was a member of the conservative School—also a clergyman—but caution and moderation were the burden of his story. He was as sincere as the first; but the people were not with him—you could see it in their down-cast eyes. At last, to illustrate his idea, he said to them—How often is it you see a waggon with a team of oxen, toiling painfully up the steep ascent of some hill, till at length they reach the top and prepare to descend. The driver then takes off a pair of the oxen from the thill, and yokes them on behind; so that by applying their heavy energy in the momentum of the vehicle, they may keep it from rushing too fast down the declivity. Which pair of oxen in such case is most useful, said the speaker—that which draws the wagon forward, where it would go by itself, or that which prevents it from hastily going to destruction? Why, of course, it must be the pair which is what we Yankees call tailing down. When he had done, the other clergyman started up:—"Ah, yes," said he, "that is all very well; but with this load of ours, we have always got a dead pull up hill, and don't want any one tailing down." Most useful reforms, and ideas of progress, have at first met with hostility. When a philosopher first announced that the sun was the centre of our system, and that the rest of the planetary bodies, including the earth, moved round it, you recollect how the wise and good men of that day compelled him, on his knees, and with his right hand upon the open bible, to retract what he had said—to deny what he knew was the truth. Yet on rising from the earth, "it does move, nevertheless," was his whispered exclamation to his friend. So when another philosopher discovered the method of creating a vacuum, by exhausting the air, he was compelled to deny that any vacuum could exist, for God, it was said, abhors a vacuum. I was lately reading an English book of much interest to me, describing the commencement of the English railroad between Liverpool and Manchester. A great array of wisdom and wealth was brought to the consideration of that project, and a Committee of the Legislature was appointed to hear evidence upon it, before which Committee there was brought the first Civil Engineer in the country. He told the Committee that if a railroad were constructed, he believed a train might be driven upon it at the rate of eight miles an hour, and perhaps, he added, of twelve miles. He was a shrewd man, who understood human nature as well as the nature of steam engines, and when he saw the surprise of the Committee at this statement, he hesitated, and then retracted the twelve miles an hour, and said on consideration he should say eight miles would be a safe rate of speed. When the subject came up in the House of Commons, the Chairman of the Committee alluded to this circumstance—the engineer, he said, had at first stated twelve miles an hour as the probable speed of the trains; but this he had been prudent enough to retract, and he added, that if he had been imprudent enough to insist upon twelve miles, the Committee would have reported against the whole project as the scheme of a madman. So it is with every project of advancement in the world. It is met with sneers of incredulity, and the men who bring it forward are stigmatized as enthusiasts—as men of one idea, who cannot be relied on. Influential gentlemen, educated gentlemen, denounce us as fanatical, as men of one idea. Well, in some sense we admit it. We have one idea, for our only ob-

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 twentys 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

when they saw them descend into the hollow of one wave never expected to see them mount another. At length through all the foam and hurricane they succeeded in getting under the lee of the ship—"Do you want a pilot?" "No," was the reply, to the great disappointment of the boatmen; but presently they were again hailed by the captain, who had been below for a moment, and asked to put a pilot on board. A pretended pilot was on board, and it was he who had declined the first offer. It was impossible to go alongside the ship, for a moment's contact with that solid mass in the raging sea would have dashed the boat to pieces; but a rope was thrown and one of the fishermen having tied it round him, was dragged through the surf on board the ship. After a shake or two, "Captain," said he, "what sort of a ship have you got?" "A capital ship." "Does she stay well?" "Yes." "Then away aloft boys, and shake out a couple of reefs." "She won't stand it," said the captain; "but she must stand it," he replied; and when the reefs were shaken out she went staggering through the water, as though every moment the masts would be over the side. "Steady as she goes," said the pilot, as walking forward to the heel of the bowsprit, he looked out on the coast he was approaching. The captain was close at his elbow, saying ever and anon, "is it not time to go about," and he constantly replied by the command to the helmsman, "steady! steady! again! keep her full as she goes!" At last the time came, and then in a voice of thunder, he exclaimed, "now hard down your helm," and the ship coming up beautifully into the wind payed off the other way, and, when the order was given to fill away the foretopsail, she fairly went off on the other tack.—Along that dangerous coast she pursued her way seeming instinct with life, and conscious of the desperate game played for existence, determined that nothing on her part should be wanting to its successful issue. Again as they approached the frowning rocks, the firm voice of the pilot gave the word, "Steady! keep her as she goes! Keep her as she goes!" The seamen standing round with faces blanched by fear, began to whisper that unless he went about quickly it would be too late. The captain by this time knowing that he was in skilful hands did not venture to interfere, and still the order from time to time rose above the blast—"Keep her as she goes!" It was too late to go about, the ship was in the breakers; but covered with foam, staggering like a drunken man, she still pursued her way as the pilot still repeated to the helmsman—"Steady now! steady again!" and in a few moments more she had passed through a narrow passage of the reef into quiet waters, and the vessel was saved! This was an instance of self-sacrifice. If the example of that humble man carrying help to the ship and her gallant crew, at the risk of life itself, were only followed out, how soon we should escape the perils growing out of the sale of intoxicating drinks.

But I have digressed too far, and I return to the question of bringing this matter into politics. An intelligent man would say that politics included whatever involved the interest of the State and people; and, if this definition be true, must it not include the question we speak of to-night? Why, this involves the welfare and happiness of the people more than all the political questions of the times—the salvation of the lives of thousands of men—the salvation of thousands of women from sorrow indescribable—and of thousands of children from sufferings inconceivable to any but the children of drunkards. But then, we are told, "you have no right to enact this law;" and we are asked if we are in favour of destroying the rights of citizens. We are not in favour of it, and the lawyers who make this objection, if they are intelligent, know that no man has any private right inconsistent with the general good. This law is a principle as old as Justice, and is as good a law in England, the U. States, or Canada, now as it was then—*Solus populi suprema lex*—the welfare of the

people the supreme law." And yet they talk of our prohibition being inconsistent with private rights, though the principle that the welfare of the people is the great rule of action—is the foundation of the law in every free country. Perhaps in Russia or Austria it is otherwise. You pay taxes—light ones I believe in Canada, but light as they are, the tax gatherer takes from your pockets just as much as he thinks your proportion of the payment to the general fund, and thus shows in this simple matter, that the whole property of the citizens is held to belong to the State, to the extent necessity may require. You are about to develop the resources of Canada to an extent unknown to any part of this continent, and you will do it by running railroads over every man's land, no matter whether he likes it or not. The public convenience requires it, and the road goes. I remember a story of some half dozen young bucks rowing up the Thames, when the coxswain said to the rest, that he thought it was dinner time.—"Yes," said another, "there is a good tavern just here." "Ah! I did not think of that," replied the first: "I thought of dining with his Lordship there," pointing at the same time to the palace of a nobleman, whose beautiful lawn came down to the water's edge, and terminated with a handsome stone water stair, to which were moored a number of gaily painted barges. One declared they would have an invitation to dine with his Lordship, and a wager was bet to that effect. After some explanation they went ashore, each planting an oar at a certain distance from his comrade, and the steersman making sights along them. Their operations being noticed by some ladies on the lawn, were quickly made known to his Lordship, who, coming down to the water's edge, inquired the occasion which had procured him the honor of a visit. They were making a railway they told him, which ought to pass through his grounds. His Lordship was mortified, as you can easily conceive, at the idea of grounds which had cost him so much money and trouble being thus spoiled, and at the prospect of a railway engine passing daily under his drawing-room windows. He remonstrated, and at last was assured by our coxswain that he fully appreciated his Lordship's objections, and that so far as he was concerned, every effort should be made to find another route. This good nature was so gratifying, that the whole party received an invitation to dine with the nobleman. The whole story turns upon the fact, that the nobleman and the peasant stand on the same ground, if the public interest requires his land to be taken; and yet there are people who pretend that the Maine Law is an infringement of personal rights. Just as if a man had any personal rights at variance with the public good. Then we are asked if the application of our principle is to be without limit? And we say yes. Can a man's family be taken from him?—Yes. Can his fortune?—Yes. There was a man who became intemperate, and the law took away from him both his property and his children; a guardian was appointed, who drove up to his house one day, and handed his two daughters out into a carriage, as if it were merely to take them to dine, or spend the evening; for the public good required that these young girls should not be exposed to the contaminating influence they might be expected to meet in the home of a drunkard. When the father ceased to be the proper guardian, society thrust him out from the guardianship of his children. So in times of great fires, when conflagration is spreading with the velocity of the wind, I suppose you have some authority—in the States it is the Chief Engineer—to direct the destruction of houses. He says, tear them down, and they are torn down. Perhaps the wife or children see strong men laboring at the foundations of these houses; but they must get out, it is imperative, for the house must come down. The Engineer says, put a bag of powder into the cellar and blow up the house. Suppose the owners protest, what matter? When the public exigency requires it, we have proceed-

ings just as arbitrary and despotic as are to be found in Russia or Austria. We have the conscription by which, in time of war, the Executive may cause all persons of legal age to be assembled, and compel them to take knapsack and gun, and to abandon their families, to fight the battles of their country. Is there anything more arbitrary than that? One man comes up and makes the excuse that he is sick—he is told to go to the regimental Surgeon, and get, if he can, a certificate from him. He says he is earning \$16 a month, and hopes the state will pay him as much—\$7 is the reply. The man must go, for the public good requires it. If all men were good men, then, indeed, we should not want many of these stringent laws; but laws are wanted because many men care neither for God nor their neighbour; and society tells these men it will try to restrain them. In the case of passing counterfeit money, or as in that of highway robbery, the offender's personal liberty is adjudged inconsistent with the general welfare; or in the case of setting a man's house on fire, the offender's life is deemed inconsistent with the general welfare, and the law tells the criminal you shall be hanged by the neck till you are dead. Thus you see *salus populi suprema lex*. But we shall be told, well, what of it? What of it?—why, the inference I draw is, that if we may take away a man's property, family and life, we may surely shut up a grog-shop for the public welfare. Our opponents won't admit this—they think they have got us in the position of a man I saw pictured in a comic almanac. He was a very fat man, in a very little chaise, mounted on very small wheels, and he was drawn by a very large horse—rather he had been drawn, for the horse had broken the thill, had got away from the chaise, and was turning round looking at the man. Under the whole was written, *non sequitur*—it don't follow. But I submit it to you, ladies and gentlemen, whether it does follow or not. I think we are right—I think the grogshop keepers on this continent must cease to be the privileged class which they have been. Every other man was held to answer for his acts committed against the general good, but these people knew full well that they could not sell rum without mischief, and asked how can we continue to do it if we are to be held responsible for our acts. Their business they know is to convert good men into bad, good husbands into wicked ones, good fathers into demons; by the principles of the common law they were responsible. How were they to go on? To this our fathers have unfortunately yielded we will give you authority, and then you may go on in spite of the common law, so that the license laws are at variance with common law. I read in the newspaper, of a German in Chicago, whose wife, passing by a garden wall, was struck by a ball that came over it and killed her. The ball was thrown by some persons who were playing in the garden; the proprietor was not present, nor did he know who threw it; but he was held responsible, and the German recovered \$5000. This was the operation of common law; but alas! how many wives are destroyed—how many children ruined for time and eternity by the sellers of rum, and there is no redress. I am inclined to think they have revived in their favor an old English institution called benefit of clergy, by which if any man were arraigned for crime though it might be murder, he was enabled to escape in this way. A book was put into his hand, and if he could but read the penalties were not enforced against him. I think this despot principle is applied for the benefit of rum-sellers, so that supposing any one of them was put on his trial, he may say to the judge, "Please your honour, I am a rum-seller," in which case of course he would be told to go free. I lately read of a man put into the dock who pleaded this benefit of clergy; but when the book was put into his hand, he could not read. However, his counsel raised some quibble by which sentence was postponed, and as the assizes were almost over, he could not be sentenced; and remained in prison till the next term.

Then he came up again, and now sure enough he could read; he had made good use of his time. The judges had never heard of such a case before; but they consulted together, and at last they determined to give the man his benefit of clergy, but to punish the jailer who allowed him to learn to read in prison. By quibbling, rum-sellers try to escape, but the time is coming when all will be in vain—they must give up.

We in Maine hold the traffic in intoxicating liquors to be one of the greatest of crimes; but in Canada you authorize and permit it. You may think us fanatics, but what I tell you is precisely what we say, that the selling of liquor is the gravest crime a man can commit, and that before we have done with it, we will place it in the catalogue of the gravest crimes. I wish to impress your minds with the fact that in this we are right, and you wrong. What is a crime? That which the law makes one, whether it be a sin or not, for there are many crimes that are not sins, and many heinous sins which are not crimes; for instance, it was lately a crime in Maine to pass bank bills of less than \$5; but it was so absurd thus to legislate that nobody thought it a crime to pass a bill of lesser amount. Interference with the happiness of the people is crime, and when Legislatures are called on to make new laws, they never think of enquiring whether the offence is against God's law. They merely ask if it is opposed to the happiness of the people. Apply this rule to the traffic in intoxicating drinks, and I will venture to say, that it inflicts more mischiefs than all other evils put together—yes, more evils in a year, than all other evils for a quarter of a century. If this be true—and, alas! who will deny it?—are we fanatics, if we say we will place this act of liquor selling in its proper position in the scale of crime? I think, indeed, we should be, because in reality it has no proper place—no scale of crime is sufficiently low for it. In Maine we have a place called Downsville, where resides General Jack Downing, once, if we take his word for it, the confidant of General Jackson, but now cultivating his farm, and occasionally writing to the *National Intelligencer* at Washington. Once in describing a cool snap down in Maine, he said that the bark of the trees was rent, and the branches broken down, and the inhabitants alarmed by what at first they took for a rolling fire of musketry; but which turned out to be merely the popping of the nails drawn out of their frame houses by the frost. He said moreover that the thermometer was 40° below zero, and that it would have been colder, only the mercury could not get lower. So it is with liquor selling; it is below the point to which the thermometer can fall—it is below murder, or robbery, or all other crimes put together. We may be asked if we expect to educate public opinion to this point? I answer yes; but perhaps I should have said no, if we had not had, in a matter precisely parallel to it, a trade carried on for many years by good and pious men, but which we now, in England, America and France, stigmatize as piracy and punish with death. How was it with Wilberforce and Clarkson, when they denounced the slave trade? Driven by a mob from Liverpool, they were thrust out of Parliament, on the ground that £3,000,000 of British commerce annually was invested in the business. In England there was one Captain of a slave ship, so pious, that his memoirs have come down to us, and are most interesting for that reason. There was a clergyman, too, in New England, who once sent out a barrel of rum to buy a slave boy, who came over accordingly, and learned to read English. One day, passing through the kitchen, he saw the boy crying, and on asking him the reason, was told that he was thinking of his mother. Then, for the first time, his conscience smote him, and he made the only restitution in his power, by giving the boy a first rate education. In the same way I hope to see opinion changing on the sale of liquor. I may be asked, whether we mean to punish rum-sellers

with death? I say no—unless it is necessary. But the men of Maine mean to protect their children, and it is for the rum-sellers themselves to decide what they want. We want no penalties, if they do not; but if they say halter, we say halter. The whole movement is in their hands; nothing but stringent law will answer their demands, and we give it them: it is all a concession to them. We are spending money, health and trouble, and they call us cruel, instead of benevolent. Many years ago, Dr. Edwards passed through the United States, preaching on the topic of the essential immorality of the traffic in intoxicating drinks, though there were, at that time, as good men as any in the land engaged in the liquor trade. I went to the lecture, and while he was speaking of the necessary results of the traffic, I heard him, in his peculiarly forcible manner say, after each exposition, "That's not right—that's not right." This simple but forcible expression, often repeated, made every man feel that nothing should be done but what was right; it produced a great impression upon my heart and conscience, and upon all those whose consciences could be touched at all. Many good men were there, who went home next day, ceased from selling rum, and thus showed they did not want any law. One partner in a large firm, whose profits from it were \$5,000 a year, when he went home, asked his wife—how about giving up the rum trade? His wife said do so, I have wished long that you would. "Yes," said he, "but it will ruin our business." "Never mind, I will go out and wash." He gave it up, and he has since said that he never could see that he had lost one dollar from it. Such a man wanted no law. But there is another sort of men, who will speak thus: "Now, it's no use talking about this right and wrong; we don't care for that; we want law." So in 1846, we prohibited the sale of liquor by law, imposing penalties of from \$1 to \$20.—The same people then said:—"Now look here—this ain't no use. Why we can pay all these fines every day, and make money at that. Then we added three months in the States Prison. At that stage the greater number took their hats and bowed themselves out of the business saying they guessed that would do; but the others said they guessed they'd try it. We asked them whether three years or a life in the States prison would be enough for them; because whatever they required they could have, for we are determined to protect our children against their infernal practices, if it takes all the hemp in Kentucky. A few years ago the whole world was electrified by a crime, which never seemed to have been heard of before. In Edinburgh thirty or fifty persons in good health suddenly disappeared—some young men and some young women—and the greatest alarm was felt in the city. At length a student of medicine went one day to the College of Surgery, and while walking up to the table, whereon were two bodies a male and a female, he suddenly exclaimed "Margery Campbell! Margery Campbell! why I met her in the streets yesterday, and then she was well." The body was examined but no marks of violence or disage were discovered, and while the students were proceeding, one of the Professors came in. He had bought the dead bodies from Burke, and Hare, two men, of whom one confessed that they had jointly murdered many persons for the sake of the £10 10s., which the Doctors gave for the bodies. On one occasion they had murdered a mother with her child, an infant, and not knowing what to do with the little creature, as the Doctors would give nothing for it, they agreed to kill it. Burke took it up for that purpose; but the baby smiled in his face and he could not do it. He took some brandy, and again he tried; but again his courage failed him. He drank apple, and then taking the child he killed it, by breaking its back over his knee, after which he threw it into the middle of the floor, and left it to expire writhing in agony. Horrible crime! And yet there is no mother nor father if they properly considered it, who

would not rather their children should die, than by the crime of the liquor seller. And yet men of Canada, I have to-night to call on you not to permit your children to be sent to a drunkard's grave, and a drunkard's eternity. If it comported with my position here to-night, I would say to you, men of Canada, shame upon you! Is there not manhood enough in you to stand up and interpose between these helpless, defenceless ones, and those unscrupulous men, who seek gold, and will clutch it, though it be clotted with the best blood among you. Whatever you may choose to do, we, the men of Maine, have resolved that we will not let our children be destroyed before our faces.

There is one other point. Those who object to this law, say it cannot operate favorably, since it is a failure in Maine, and will go so every where else. They would go, say they, for such a law, if it could be successful. We come then to that point, and we say the law is no more a matter of experiment; its success has been demonstrated in Maine. When once the law was passed the wholesale trade in rum came immediately to an end, and the liquor was sent out of the State. It went away like rats from a burning barn. The Municipal Governments usually issued a sort of proclamation, saying that as the law was passed, they would allow a reasonable time to send the liquor out of the State to where the government still permitted it to be sold. That was a Yankee trick, and we are ashamed of it by this time, like a boy of whom a young clergyman once told me a story, without, however, adding, as I suspect was the truth, that he was himself the hero of it. There was a child's party in the town, and at the end of it, the little gentleman said to a little lady, that he should, he hoped, have the honour of seeing her home. The little lady of course assented, and on the way he told her stories of his kites, and tops and marbles, and she probably replied by stories about her dolls. At last having got to her door, he looked up and was pleased to see there was no one looking; so while handing her in—"I say," said he, "you'll tell any one you know, about this." "Oh no," said she, "you don't need be afraid that I shall tell any one, for I am as much ashamed of it as you are."

Some idea of the complete success of the Maine law, might be gathered from this fact—the law permitted the sale of liquors in the cases in which they are originally imported. A man recently came to Portland from New York, and having brought some original packages of liquors, to the amount probably in all, of not more than ten barrels, he sent his circulars all through the state. He had a monopoly of the business, and as I said, had not more stock in all than about ten barrels; yet so little success did he meet with, that he had in a short time to pull up his stakes for New York, with nearly all the liquors he had brought with him. As to the retail trade—when the law was passed respectable people immediately abandoned it. It was given up by all except the most disreputable of the foreign population, and as far as known now, the only place where liquor was still sold publicly at a bar in the State, was at Moose Head Lake, about forty miles beyond Sunday—a resort for sportsmen and visitors from all parts of the States and Canada. To show how thoroughly drunkenness was exterminated, he (Mr. D.) told a story of a friend of his who had to do with a witness in a case of law who he feared would be drunk when wanted. The witness arrived from a distance and was absent all the day before the trial came on. At length he appeared. "What!" said the gentleman, "so here you are at last, and sober too." "Yes," he replied, "I have been looking for liquor seven miles round, and could get nothing to drink." There are still secret grog shops, there are still some drunkards; but drunkenness has disappeared from our streets. One man kept up his red face as usual after the law was passed. I had missed him for some time, however, and one day went into a shoemaker's shop to enquire after him—

"Oh," said the shoemaker, "Thompson always boasted he could get his grog, and that when his could not he would clear out, but he came here at last with his face the same color as other people, and when I asked him how that was, he said he found it such a darned bother to get the stuff, that he had to give it up. In Portland Police Station, there are eighteen cells for drunkards, and before the Maine Law passed, they were always full. Now, they are full too, but instead of drunkards, they are full of the liquor that is waiting to be condemned, and poured into the gutter. A great waste of property, says some one. How so?—It went into the gutter before the law passed, and then it took the men with it; now it goes into the gutter alone—that's all the difference. Our almshouses were once crowded with paupers, so that we had to consider about building new ones. Four months after the law came into operation, whole ranges of that almshouse were empty. In Kennebec, Franklin, Somerset, and other counties, a great decrease has occurred in the jails—in the last, only seven prisoners being found in the jail in March, 1851, against 25 in March, 1852, and of these seven four were there for rum-selling; so that there were really three against twenty-five. Such is the connection between rum selling and poverty, and such the result of the prohibitory law with us. Our present position in consequence of it furnishes reasons which make us think it not at all egotistical on our part to call on you to follow the example we have set. Those who have gained so many advantages may well ask others to tread in their steps.

Maine calls to other States and to Canada, and to all the civilized world to follow her in the career of legislation and success. She is justly proud of her name and motto. We believe that all those States and provinces which follow us will have an advantage experienced by a great fleet from following the wake of one ship whose captain know better than the rest the way to an anchorage. It was during the continental wars on the Syrian coast, when one of those tremendous gales arose, which are common to those seas. The fleet was near the land and the Admiral knew it ought not to be there, and that in case of disaster his government would hold him responsible. He accordingly ordered all the ships to the wind, on a taint bow line, as the sailors say. Nevertheless, they still drove towards the land, and the commander knew that though yet at a great distance off, the coast of Syria would bring them up at last to destruction. He also knew that there was an ancient port in that neighbourhood; but he did not know the way into the harbour, and he accordingly signalled to ask if there was any one in the fleet who could pilot them in. One ship replied, yes, and that one was ordered to take the lead, and the rest to fill away and follow. The captain of the leading ship found that night would come upon them speedily, and that, unless the utmost expedition was adopted, they must be lost, as it would be impossible to enter the port in the dark. He, therefore, signalled to make all sail, and sail was packed on till they could stagger under no more. In this manner they approached closely to the coast. The anxieties of the admiral being awakened, he signalled again, "A great responsibility rests with you, Captain Douglas." There was no hesitation in the reply, "Follow me," was the return signal, and all held on their way, till at length, having attained a projecting breakwater, they turned a point with admirable skill, and entered the ancient port in perfect safety. WITH THE LIKE CONFIDENCE IN HER LEGISLATIVE NAVIGATION, THE PINK-TAEE STATE CRUISE FOLLOWS US. SHE THROWS HER BANNER TO THE BREEZE, AND TAKING THE LEAD SHE EXHIBITS HER PROUD MOTTO, DIRIGO. IF CANADA WILL FOLLOW, SHE WILL FIND PROTECTION AGAINST THE DREADFUL EVILS RESULTING FROM THE TRAFFIC IN INTOXICATING DRINKS.

It is scarcely necessary to say that this splendid oration carried all candid hearers to the highest point of de-

lighted appreciation and conviction of right. The speaker sat down, while the Hall reverberated with the reiterated and hearty applauses of the whole multitude, who for two long hours, (which appeared short), listened to his stirring eloquence, and witnessed the orator's burning zeal for his noble principles. We go to the refreshment tables—so do many, but for nearly half an hour of recess, all the conversation turns on the admirable success of Neal Dow's visit to Montreal. Our warm-hearted friend and coadjutor, Kollogg, was to have spoken, but it was too late to begin such a speech as he can make, and, therefore, after a few words of advice, respecting our future course, from Mr. Dow, the assembly began to disperse, and before midnight, we hope, all were comfortably asleep; none troubled with evil dreams except the few rumsellers who had been there, and heard their business so truthfully pictured.

This visit of Neal Dow to Montreal, will long be remembered. May it be the commencement of a new era of thought and action in Montreal, leading to the speedy suppression of the liquor traffic.

The Canada Temperance Advocate.

As this extra is issued to give a wider circulation to the Hon. Neal Dow's speech, and will most likely fall into the hands of many persons who are not regular subscribers, we avail ourselves of the opportunity of re-publishing our Prospectus for the current year, and thus bring the *Advocate* directly under the notice of a larger number of persons.

This extra is less than one-half the size of our regular issue. The *Advocate* itself is longer, is printed on better paper, 16 pages, and published twice a month, for two shillings and six-pence in advance, and is sent free of postage. It has been well suggested by a contemporary, that the circulation of the *Advocate* is one of the very best forms of tract effort. The matter of each number is equal to that of twelve four page tracts, giving in the year two hundred and eighty-eight four page tracts, or more than eleven hundred twelvemo. pages. Every effort is made to supply matter for reading, having freshness, vigour and variety to commend it. The learned and elaborate papers of the United Kingdom Alliance are now regularly received by us, together with the documents emanating from the many prohibitory associations of the neighboring republic. The *Advocate* will render efficient aid to the Canada League, and all other combinations seeking the advancement of temperance and the Maine Law. We have asked for ten thousand subscribers, and have nearly attained that number. One more generous effort all over the country, and in proportion as the people sustain this unwavering friend of temperance, so will the day of triumph approach.

We also direct attention to the advertisement of "Mapleton," that admirable and useful work on the Maine Law. We have a few copies left; send on your orders quickly, and the cash according to the notice, and prompt attention will be paid. Half a dollar in postage stamps will be considered equivalent to cash, for either the *Advocate* or "Mapleton." Give your address in full, and pay your postage unless you are too poor to afford it, when in that case it will generously be paid here.

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OR,

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J. C. BECKET.

Montreal, September, 1853.

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CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

1854.

TWENTIETH VOLUME. POSTAGE FREE.

When the undersigned assumed the responsibility of publishing the *Canada Temperance Advocate*, he was persuaded that the rapidly increasing hosts of total abstinensers needed, and ought to have, a medium through which to express their views, and by means of which their principles might be extended. It was his conviction that such a periodical would receive the support of those who had the real welfare of their country at heart. The *Advocate* has not been circulated as widely as it ought to have been, but the countenance given it throughout the country has saved the publisher from any material loss, and encouraged him to proceed in what he feels to be a philanthropic and Christian enterprise.

Two things are now to be kept in mind relating to the Temperance movement. First, every exertion must be made and persevered in, that by means of moral suasion and sound argument, the number of total abstinensers may be increased. Secondly, every lawful effort must be put forth to secure a prohibitory law, forbidding the importation, manufacture, and sale of intoxicants, as beverages.

For the attainment of the great objects of the Temperance movement in its progressive development to end the suppression of the traffic, it is absolutely necessary to circulate sound literature; such as the publisher has a right to disseminate for many years past. In discerning and directing the spirit of the age, the undersigned has a growing conviction that duty demands a generous and united effort for the increased circulation of this old, long tried, and consistent friend of the Temperance cause; and he is persuaded that the new volume will have a wider sphere than any of its predecessors.

All are agreed that prohibition can be attained and carried out only by and through an enlightened public opinion; and the undersigned is confident that he can supply the information which Canada needs, both cheaply and correctly. He has made arrangements for the regular transmission from Britain, of the proceedings and documents of the British Alliance, and is in communication with the leading associations of the United States through their recognized organs.

Since the commencement of the *Advocate*, various forms of organization have arisen, and have done good to an extent not easily estimated. The foundations for these valuable institutions were laid solid and deep. Thousands of copies of this paper were gratuitously distributed in every part of Canada; and the original promoters of this form of temperance literature contemplate, with gratitude, the noble superstructure now beheld. While we do not pretend to be the special organ of any particular association, we have always had pleasure in noticing the origin and progress of all, and we have every reason to believe that our usefulness from the beginning of the enterprise, throughout its phases and advances, has been highly appreciated. But, as we said last year, the period has not arrived when either the *Advocate* or its numerous friends would be guiltless if they were to discontinue their exertions. On the contrary, as for ourselves we feel that the enterprise demands a vigor and zeal scarcely known in the past. The crisis is come, and for another year we buckle on our armor, determined to do our duty in conducting the temperance hosts to a victory as perfect as the infirmities of humanity can authorize the most sanguine to anticipate. Compassion for the inebriate will prompt our benevolence, while uncompromising hostility to the traffic will dictate our exposure of its iniquity.

The accomplished Editor of the *Advocate*, who is thoroughly acquainted with Temperance matters on both sides of the Atlantic, will continue to give his attention to the preparation of every article of importance, and the *Advocate* will surpass itself in rigor, taste, and adaptedness to the times.

The Publisher has resolved to improve the appearance of the *Advocate* by lengthening its columns. He is convinced that it ought not to lapse into the mere newspaper form and character, but to maintain the high position of a

SOUND TEMPERANCE MAGAZINE.

The *Advocate* will therefore appear, on the First of January, 1854, in all its essential features as heretofore. Although augmented in size, the price will not be increased. It will be published on the First and Fifteenth of each month, at Two Shillings and Sixpence, and will be forwarded free of Postage.

Considering the great additional expenses which are necessarily incurred by the Publishers in these days of advance in the cost of every thing, each copy of the *Advocate* must be 2s. 6d. in advance; but he offers to agents and friends who may forward twenty subscribers or upwards, with the cash, a copy of that most deeply thrilling and useful work, "Mapleton, or More Work for the Maine Law," free of all charge, and a copy of the *Advocate*.

All who send six subscribers and upwards, with the cash in advance, will be entitled to a copy of the *Advocate*, gratis, for one year.

Our friends in all other British North American Provinces are invited to co-operation on the same terms.

Nobody can get rich on these offers, but all may participate with the undersigned in the satisfaction of doing good.

All orders and remittances are to be sent to

JOHN C. BECKET,
Publisher.

Montreal, 22 Great St. James Street.

THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE is published on the 1st and 15th of every month, at 2s. 6d. per annum—Agents receiving one copy gratis—by J. C. BECKET, Office, 22, Great St. James St.; Residence, Brunswick St., Beaver Hall, Montreal.