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UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

CHAP. XV. (*Continued*)

The vanquished Trunk—A New Orleans Mansion—Mr. Adolph—Master's Welcome Home—Tom inducted Coachman—A Martyr.

There is Miss Ophelia sitting now in her state-room, surrounded by a mixed multitude of little and big carpet.bags, boxes, baskets, each containing some seperate responsibility which she is tying, binding up, packing or fastening, with a face of great earnestness.

"Now, Eva, have you kept count of your things? Of course you havn't—children never do: there's the spotted carpet-bag and the little blue bandbox with your best bonnet—that's two; then the India-rubber satchel is three; and my tape and needle-box is four; and my bandbox, five; and my collar-box, six: and that little hair trunk, seven. What have you done with your sunshade? Give it to me, and let me put a paper round it, and tie it to my umbrella with my shade*:* there now."

"Why, aunty, we are only going up home—what is the use?"

"To keep it nice, my child; people must take care of their things if they ever mean to have anything. And now, Eva, is your thimble put up?"

"Really, aunty, I don't know."

"Well, never mind; I'll look your box over.—Thimble, wax, two spoons, scissors, knife, tape-needle; all right—put it in her. What did you ever do, child, when you were coming on with only your papa? I should have thought you'd a lost everything you had."

"Well, aunty, I did lose a great many; and then, when we stopped anywhere, papa would buy some more of whatever it was."

"Mercy on us, child, what a way!"

"It was a very easy way, aunty," said Eva.

"It's a dreadful shiftless one," said aunty.

"Why, aunty, what'll you do now?" said Eva. "That trunk is too full to be shut down."

"It *must* shut down," said aunty, with the air of a general, as she squeezed the things in, and sprang upon the lid; still a little gap remained about the mouth of the trunk.

"Get up here, Eva!" said Miss Ophelia, courageously: "what has been done can be done again. This trunk has *got* to be shut and locked, there are no two ways about it."

And the trunk, intimidated, doubtless, by this resolute statement, gave in. The hasp snapped sharply in its hole, and Miss Ophelia turned the key, and pocketed it in triumph.

"Now, we're ready. Where's your papa? I think it time this baggage was set out. Do look out, Eva, and see if you see your papa."

"Oh, yes, he's down the other end of the gentlemen's cabin, eating an orange."

"He can't know how near we are coming," said aunty; "hadn't you better run and speak to him?"

"Papa never is in a hurry about anything," said Eva, "and we haven't come to the landing. Do step on the guards, aunty. Look! there's our house, up that street!"

The boat now began, with heavy groans, like some vast, tired monster, to prepare to push up among the multiplied steamers at the levee. Eva joyously pointed out the various spires, domes, and waymarks, by which she recognised her native city.

"Yes, yes, dear; very fine," said Miss Ophelia. "But mercy on us! the boat has stopped! where is your father?"

And now ensued the usual turmoil of landing—waiters running twenty ways at once—men tugging trunks, carpet-bags, boxes—women anxiously calling to their children, and everybody crowding in a dense mass to the plank towards the landing.

Miss Ophelia seated herself resolutely on the lately vanquished trunk, and marshalling all her goods and chattels in fine military order, seemed resolved to defend them to the last.

"Shall I take your trunk, ma'am?" "Shall I take your baggage?" "Let me 'tend to your baggage, missis." "Shan't I carry out these yer, missis?" rained down upon her unheeded. She sat with grim determination, upright as a darning-needle stuck in a board, holding on her bundle of umbrellas and parasols, and replying with a determination that was enough to strike dismay even into a hackman, wondering to Eva, in each interval, "what upon earth her papa could be thinking of; he couldn't have fallen over, now—but something must have happened;" and just as she begun to work herself into real distress, he came up with his usually careless motion, and giving Eva a quarter of the orange he was eating, said—

"Well, Cousin Vermont, I suppose you are all ready?"

"I've been ready waiting nearly an hour," said Miss Ophelia; I began to be really concerned about you."

"That's a clever fellow, now," said he. "Well, the carriage is waiting, and the crowd are now off, so that one can walk out in a decent and Christian manner, and not be pushed and shoved. Here," he added to a driver who stood behind him, "take these things."

"I'll go and see to his putting them in," said Miss Ophelia.

"Oh, pshaw! cousin; what's the use?" said St. Clare.

"Well, at any rate, I'll carry this, and this, and this," said Miss Ophelia, singling out three boxes and a small carpet-bag.

"My dear Miss Vermont, positively you mustn't come the Green Mountains over us that way. You must adopt at least a piece of a southren principle, and not walk out under all that load. They'll take you for a waiting-maid; give them to this fellow; he'll put them down as if they were eggs, now."

"Miss Ophelia looked despairingly as her cousin took all her treasures from her, and rejoiced to find herself once more in a carriage with them in a state of preservation.

"Where's Tom?" said Eva.

"Oh, he's on the outside, pussy. I'm going to take Tom up to mother for a peace-offering, to make up for that drunken fellow that upset the carriage."

"Oh, Tom will make a splendid driver, I know," said Eva; he'll never get drunk."

The carriage stopped in front of an ancient mansion, built in that odd mixture of Spanish and French style, of which there are specimens in some parts of New Orleans. It was built in the Moorish fashion—a square building enclosing a court-yard into which the carriage drove through an arched gateway. The court, in the inside, had evidently been arranged to gratify a picturesque and voluptuous ideality.

Wide galleries ran all around the four sides, whose Moorish arches, slender pillars, and arabesque ornaments, carried the mind back, as in a dream, to the reign of Oriental romance in Spain. In the middle of the court a fountain threw high its silvery water, falling in a never-ceasing spray into a marble basin, fringed with a deep border of fragrant violets. The water in the fountain, pellucid as crystal, was alive with myriads of gold and sliver fishes, twinkling and darting through it like so many living jewels. Around the fountain ran a walk, paved with a mosaic of pebbles, laid in various fanciful patterns; and this again was surrounded by turf, smooth as green velvet, while a carriage-drive enclosed the whole. Two large orange trees, now fragrant with blossoms, threw a delicious shade; and, ranged in a circle round upon the turf, were marble vases of arabesque sculpture, containing the choicest flowering plants of the tropics. Huge pomegranate trees, with their glossy leaves and flame-colored flowers, dark-leaved Arabian jessamines, with their silvery stars, geraniums, luxuriant roses bending beneath their heavy abundance of flowers, golden jessamines, lemon-scented verbena, all united their bloom and fragrance, while here and there a mystic old aloe, with its strange, massive leaves, sat looking like some hoary old enchanter, sitting in weird grandeur among the more perishable bloom and fragrance around it.

The galleries that surrounded the court were festooned with a curtain of some kind of Moorish stuff, and could be drawn down at pleasure to exclude the beams of the sun. On the whole the appearance of the place was luxurious and romantic.

As the carriage drove in, Eva seemed like a bird ready to burst from a cage, with the wild eagerness of her delight.

"Oh, isn't it beautiful, lovely! My own dear, darling home!" she said to Miss Ophelia. "Isn't it beautiful?"

"'Tis a pretty place," said Miss Ophelia, as she alighted; "though it looks rather old and heathenish to me."

Tom got down from the carriage, and looked about with an air of calm, still enjoyment. The negro, it must be remembered, is an exotic of the most gorgeous and superb countries of the world, and he has deep in his heart a passion for all that is splendid, rich, and fanciful; a passion which, rudely indulged by an untrained taste, draws on them the ridicule of the colder and more correct white race.

St. Clare, who was in his heart a poetical voluptuary, smiled as Miss Ophelia made her remark on his premises, and, turning to Tom, who was standing looking round, his beaming black face perfectly radient with admiration, he said—

"Tom, my boy, this seems to suit you."

"Yes, mas'r, it looks about the right thing," said Tom.

All this passed in a moment, while trunks were being hustled off, hackman paid, and while a crowd of all ages and sizes—men, women, and children—came running through the galleries, both above and below, to see mas'r come in. Foremost among them was a highly-dressed young mulatto man, evidently a very *distingue* personage, attired in the ultra extreme of the mode, and gracefully waving a scented cambric handkerchief in his hand.

This personage had been exerting himself, with great alacrity, in driving all the flock of domestics to the other end of the verandah.

"Back! all of you. I am ashamed of you," he said, in a tone of authority. "Would you intrude on master's domestic relations, in the first hour of his return?"

All looked abashed at this elegant speech, delivered with quite an air, and stood huddled together at a respectful distance, except two stout porters, who came up and began conveying away the baggage.

Owing to Mr. Adolph's systematic arrangements, when St. Clare turned round from paying the hackman, there was nobody in view but Mr. Adolph himself, conspicuous in satin vest, gold guard-chain, and white pants, and bowing with inexpressible grace and suavity.

"Ah, Adolph, is it you?" said his master, offering his hand to him; "how are you, boy?" while Adolph poured forth, with great fluency an extemporary speech, which he had been preparing, with great care, for a fortnihgt before.

"Well, well," said St. Clare, passing on, with his usual air of negligent drollery, "that's very well got up, Adolph. See that the baggage is well bestowed. I'll come to the people in a minute;" and, so saying, he led Miss Ophelia to a large parlour that opened on to the verandah.

While this had been passing, Eva had flown like a bird through the porch and parlour, to a little boudoir opening likewise on the verandah.

A tall, dark-eyed, sallow woman, half rose from a couch on which she was reclining.

"Mamma!" said Eva, in a sort of rapture, throwing herself on her neck, and embracing her over and over again.

"That'll do—take care, child—don't; you make my head ache!" said the mother, after she had languidly kissed her.

St. Clare came in, embraced his wife in true, orthodox, husbandly fashion, and then presented to her his cousin. Marie lifted her large eyes on her cousin with an air of some curiosity, and received her with languid politeness. A crowd of servants now pressed to the entry door, and among them a middle-aged mulatto woman, of very respectable appearance, stood foremost, in a tremor of expectation and joy at the door.

"Oh, there's Mammy!" said Eva, as she flew across the room; and, throwing herself into her arms, she kissed her repeatedly.

This woman did not tell her, that she made her head ache, but, on the contrary, she hugged her, and laughed, and cried, till her sanity was a thing to be doubted of; and when released from her, Eva flew from one to another, shaking hands and kissing, in a way that Miss Ophelia afterwards declared fairly turned her stomach.

"Well!" said Miss Ophelia, "you southern children can do something that *I* couldn't."

"What now, pray?" said St. Clare.

"Well I want to be kind to everybody, and I wouldn't have anything hurt: but as to kissing——"

"Niggers," said St. Clare, "that you're not up to; eh?"

"Yes, that's it. How can she?"

St. Clare laughed as he went into the passage. "Hallo? here, what's to pay out here? Here you all—Mammy, Jimmy, Polly, Sukey—glad to see mas'r?" he said as he went shaking hands from one to another. "Look out for the babies!" he added, as he stumbled over a sooty little urchin, who was crawling upon all-fours. "If I step upon anybody, let 'em mention it."

There was an abundance of laughing and blessing mas'r, as St. Clare distributed small pieces of change among them.

"Come, now, take yourselves off, like good boys and girls," he said; and the whole assemblage, dark and light, disappeared through a door into a large verandah, followed by Eva, who carried a large satchel, which she had been filling with apples, nuts, candy, ribbons, laces, and toys of every description, during her whole homeward journey.

As St. Clare turned to go back, his eye fell upon Tom, who was standing uneasily, shifting from one foot to the other, while Adolph stood negligently leaning against the banisters, examining Tom through an opera-glass, with an air that would have done credit to any dandy living.

"Puh! you puppy," said his master, striking down the opera-glass; "is that the way you treat your company? Seems to me, Dolph," he added, laying his finger on the elegant figured satin vest that Adolph was sporting, "seems to me that's *my* vest."

"Oh! master, this vest all stained with wine! —of course, a gentleman in master's standing never wears a vest like this. I understood I was to take it. It does for a poor nigger feller like me."

And Adolph tossed his head, and passed his fingers through his scented hair with a grace.

"So, that's it, is it?" said St. Clare, carelessly. Well, here, I'm going to show this Tom to his mistress, and then you take him to the kitchen; and mind, you don't put on any of your airs to him. He's worth two such puppies as you."

"Master always will have his joke," said Adolph, laughing. "I'm delighted to see mas'r in such spirits."

"Here, Tom," said St. Clare, beckoning.

Tom entered the room. He looked wistfully on the velvet carpets, and the before unimagined splendours of mirrors, pictures, statues, and curtains, and, like the Queen of Sheba before Solomon, there was no more spirit in him. He looked afraid even to set his feet down.

"See here, Marie," said St. Clare to his wife, "I've bought you a coachman, at last, to order. I tell you he's a regular hearse for blackness and sobriety, and will drive you like a funeral, if you want. Open your eyes, now, and look at him. Now, don't say, I never think about you when I'm gone."

Marie opened her eyes, and fixed them on Tom, without rising.

"I know he'll get drunk," she said.

"No, he's warranted a pious and sober article."

"Well, I hope he may turn out well," said the lady; "it's more than I expect, though."

"Dolph," said St. Clare, "show Tom down stairs; and mind yourself," he added; "remember what I told you."

Adolph tripped gracefully forward, and Tom, with lumbering tread, went after.

"He's a perfect behemoth!" said Marie.

"Come, now, Marie," said St. Clare, seating himself on a stool beside her sofa, "be gracious, and say something pretty to a fellow."

"You've been gone a fortnight beyond the time," said the lady, pouting.

"Well, you know I wrote you the reason."

"Such a short, cold, letter!" said the lady.

"Dear me! the mail was just going, and it had to be that or nothing."

"That's just the way always," said the lady; "always something to make your journeys long, and letters short."

"See here, now," he added, drawing an elegant velvet case out of his pocket, and opening it, "here's a present I got for you in New York." It was a daguerreotype, clear and soft as an engraving, representing Eva and her father sitting hand in hand.

Marie looked at it with a dissatisfied air.

"What made you sit in such an awkward position?" she said.

"Well, the position may be a matter of opinion; but what do you think of the likeness?"

"If you don't think anything of my opinion in one case, I suppose you wouldn't in another," said the lady, shutting the daguerreotype.

"Hang the woman!" said St. Clare, mentally; but aloud he added, "Come, now, Marie, what do you think of the likeness? Don't be nonsensical, now."

"It's very inconsiderate of you, St. Clare," said the lady, "to insist on my talking and looking at things. You know I've been lying all day with the sich-headache; and there's been such a tumult made ever since you came, I'm half dead."

"You're subject to the sick-headache, ma'am!' said Miss Ophelia, suddenly rising from the depths of the large arm-chair, where she had sat quietly, taking an inventory of the furniture, and calculating its expense.

"Yes, I'm a perfect martyr to it," said the lady.

"Juniper-berry tea is good for sick-headache," said Miss Ophelia; "at least, Augustine, Deacon Abraham Perry's wife used to say so; and she was a great nurse."

"I'll have the first juniper-berries that get ripe in our agrden by the lake brought in for that especial purpose," said St. Clare, gravely pulling the bell as he did so; "meanwhile, cousin, you must be wanting to retire to your apartment, and refresh yourself a little after your journey. Dolph," he added, "tell Mammy to come here." The decent mulatto woman whom Eva had caressed so rapturously soon entered; she was dressed neatly, with a high red and yellow turban on her head, the recent gift of Eva, and which the child had been arranging on her head. "Mammy," said St. Clare, "I put this lady under your care; she is tired, and wants rest. Take her to her chamber, and be sure she is made comfortable;" and Miss Ophelia dissappeared in the rear of Mammy.

MAINE LIQUOR LAW AGITATION.

Resolutions adopted at a Public Meeting, held at the Temperance Hall, on the 25th March (Good Friday), together with the speeches in reference thereto.

(*Continued from our last.*)

2. Moved by John Arbuckle, Esq., seconded by Rev. Mr. Narraway—

Resolved, That, in the opinion of this Meeting, it is expedient to prohibit by Law all traffic in Spirituous or Intoxicating Liquors, or the manufacture or distillation thereof, for any other than medical or mechanical purposes.

MR. ARBUCKLE.—Mr. Chairman; This Resolution which you requested me to submit, refers to the propriety of endeavoring to obtain the passage of such Laws as shall effectually prohibit, under proper and effective penalties, the Liquor Traffic. But as my sentiments on this subject are well known in this community, I intended to occupy the time now allotted me, in discussing the benefits and blessings resulting from total abstinence, for the illustration and the establishment of this Resolution; and adduce arguments to disabuse the public mind of some erroneous views entertained by many in relation to the Maine Law as a sumptuary enactment: hower, as the Rev. Mr. Narraway has consented to second the proposition, I cheerfully accord to that gentleman every privilege to which I am entitled on the platform on this occasion. Permit me, therefore, Mr. Chairman, to read the Resolution, and then resume my seat.

REV. J. R. NARRAWAY, in seconding the second Resolution, spake, in substance, as follows:—Mr. Chairman; it is almost presumption in me to rise before this audience to-day, inasmuch as the Resolution I intend to second, was placed in my hands only a few hours since; and I have therefore had no time to think closely upon a question that demands both accurate and profound thought. I throw myself upon the indulgence of the meeting. The Resolution asserts, "*That in the opinion of this Meeting, it is expedient to prohibit by Law all traffic in Spirituous or Intoxicating Liquors, or the manufacture or distillation thereof, for any other than medical or mechanical purposes.*" It can never be expedient to perpetrate a wrong,—whatever may be the motive, and whatever may be the result. If, therefore, the traffic in intoxicating liquors be morally right,—if it rests upon the wide basis of benevolence or justice.—it must not only be inexpedient, but *wrong*, to prohibit it, either by Law, or by any other agency. What then is the true character of this traffic? In what relation does it stand to the moral, mental, and physical well-being of this community? Previous speakers have shewn how horrible is the train of unalloyed evils that is produced, necessarily produced, by the use, as a beverage, of intoxicating liquors; and, Sir, that use could not possibly continue, but for the traffic in those fatal drinks. Surely no sane man can engage in this liquor business—in its manufacture, its importation, or its sale, unless the blessings conferred by it greatly counterbalance the evils which it inflicts. Is such the case with this traffic? Does it develope the resources of the country? Does it bring forth the hidden treasures of the land or the sea, to reward the services of diligent exertion? No, Sir! it developes no resources; it discovers no hidden treasure. True, the manufacture secures a market for a portion of the surplus grain of the hard-working farmer, and may stimulate the production of those grains which furnish the chemical elements of, what has been most inappropriately termed "honest whiskey and wholesome beer,"—but that market is the evidence, not of the gainful development, but of the wanton, wicked destruction of agricultural resources. Better far that the whole amount of grain which is yearly raised in this Island for the Beer-vat and Whiskey-still were yearly engulphed in the briny deep. In this case, the loss to the country would be very great; but the evil would terminate with the destruction of the grain, and would soon cure itself. In the other case, where those bountiful gifts of a benevolent Deity are swallowed down by this monstrous manufacture, the first loss is equally great with what it would be, were the grain "cast into the midst of the sea;" but the first loss is the least loss;—the grain is borne to the Distillery, an article of human food, mercifully adapted to sustain human life; it comes forth a terrible poison, with a skill almost satanic, fitted for the destruction of human life; it enters the Distillery a healthful blessing,—it comes out a deadly, wide-spreading curse; and the evils which it produces, are infinite and eternal.

Can it be truthfully urged, that the traffic incites to vigorous enterprise, or leads to industrious habits?—In the absence of the spirit of enterprise and the habit of industry, no country can prosper in any of its material interests. Industry and enterprise are of greater worth to a nation than the silver mines of Mexico, or the golden sands of Australia. If the Liquor Traffic has awakened one dormant energy for good, or cherished one industrious habit, the horror of its desolating march has been alleviated by the presence of some collateral good; but, Sir, this traffic can claim to have been accompanied by no such ameliorating benefits to a suffering people. On the contrary, in precise proportion as the Liquor Traffic flourishes, enterprise slumbers, industry perishes, indolence prevails, and the noble feeling of manly independence dies out of the hearts of men. Let the use of intoxicating drinks everywhere prevail throughout our land; let the manly youth, the hope of the future, become the victims of intemperance, and thereby give vigour and extension to the traffic in those maddening poisons which are extracted from Heaven's best earthly gifts,—let this be done; and your soil may be fertile, your climate bracing, your position favourable to commerce, and your bays and inlets teeming with the untaken wealth of the inexhaustible deep; yet will yours be a land of sluggards, of paupers, and of slaves.

Mr. Chairman; can it be pretended that the importation, manufacture, and sale of intoxicating drinks increase the aggregate wealth of the Colony? The aggregate wealth of a community consists of the united wealth of all its members. If the wealth of one man is transferred to another man, so that one man becomes richer and the other becomes poorer, the community at large is neither richer nor poorer for the transfer. If the house of one man be destroyed by fire, or his uninsured ship wrecked by tempest, or his grain, for all useful purposes, as far as human sustenance is concerned, destroyed in the Distillery, the whole community is, by the whole amount of such destruction, so much the poorer. Now, Sir, for the grain of this Island which is distilled into whiskey, or manufactured into strong drink, no equivalent is returned to the general community,—for, as the intoxicating liquors made from this grain are consumed by the community, it is evident that, whatever may, in the first instance, have been given in payment for the grain, finally and truly the community receive brain-maddening whiskey and blood-thickening beer, in lieu of good life-sustaining grain; and as those liquors are worthless—are no equivalent for the grain from which they are manufactured—therefore, all that precious corn is a total loss, and the common wealth by so much is lessened. Nor is this all,—for the community pay for the labour and capital used in the fatal transmutation of their valuable products into a destructive poison; and men wax rich upon the profits of the devastating traffic. But such riches are to be regarded simply as the accumulation of sums paid by the public for destroying the beneficial qualities of an important article of human food, and for rendering that article, divested of all alimentary value, an alluring and fatal poison.

Nor is the case altered where the intoxicating beverages are imported, instead of manufactured,—inasmuch as these beverages, made more costly by the labour and capital invested in their importation and sale, are useless, nay, infinitely worse than worthless; and therefore the money, or ships, or agricultural produce, which may be exported to pay for the liquor importations, as much are an utter loss, as though they were sunk beneath the ocean wave. Then, Sir, it follows from these indisputable facts, that the fortunes made in this fearful traffic are no additions to the public wealth, for they are gathered from the losses which the public sustains; and that no man can grow rich by this pursuit, save by the impoverishment of others. The traffic that brings Twenty Thousand Pounds to the coffers of one man, takes, perhaps, almost ten times that sum from the pockets of those who, by the consumption of the liquid misery, sustain that traffic. This branch of trade stands out in admonitory contrast to those commercial pursuits which are based upon the honorable exchange of products of equal value;—a righteous and beneficent commerce enriches the producer, the exchanger, and the consumer, and consequently adds vastly to the aggregate wealth; but the Liquor Traffic is a perpetual drain upon the general resources, and a perpetual producer of individual poverty.

We are told, however, Mr. Chairman, that this dreaded commerce in intoxicating liquors brings gold to the Colonial Treasury. It does;—but at what a price! For every pound thrown into the public chest by this terrible trade, twenty are taken out of the pockets of the people. The revenue from intoxicating drinks, is a revenue from the waste, the tears, the misery, and the blood of a suffering though infatuated people. Let it be Anathema!

But, Mr. Chairman, if this traffic destroys rather than developes the resources of the country, paralyzes instead of stimulating the industrial nerve, and takes from and does not add to the general wealth,—perchance it brings comfort to the habitations of the lowly. Ah! Sir, much might be forgiven to this trade if it gladdened the homes of the sweating sons of toil. Alas! it cannot urge this plea. It adds no fuel, and gives no brightness to the "blazing ingle," no furniture to naked walls, no warm clothing to the shivering frame, no food to the craving stomach. These fiery stimulants, we are assured by the best ascertained facts, and by the clearest deductions of physiological science, are never assimilated to the human organism,—never enter into the composition of its wondrous tissues,—they form neither flesh nor blood, neither bone nor sinew. They make the poor man poorer,—poorer in purse, in heart, and in understanding,—for they quench the light of intellect; they petrify the heart's sensibilities; they dry up the sweet founts of domestic love and peace; and produce bitterness, strife, and unutterable anguish. This traffic cannot claim for itself the almost sacred name of The Poor Man's Friend.

It may be, nevertheless, that amid the multitude of evils attendant on the progress of the Liquor Trade, there are some compensating intellectual benefits derivable therefrom. For it often happens that the pressure of human ills—the disruption of holy ties and the storm of social conflicts, arouse the latent intellect of a sluggish race; and there are certain departments of human action which, if they do not prove generally lucrative, yet tend to the developement of mental energy, summon into exercise the higher faculties of the soul, and the more chivalrous instincts of the heart. Hath the Liquor Trade this plea? Sir, we have yet to hear this plea made in its behalf; we have yet to witness the marvels which alone could sustain such an extenuating plea. Up to this hour, all our experience and all our observation negative such a supposition. I grant you intoxicating drinks have stimulated the brain to rage, to fury, to madness,—have tortured it into the frenzy of despair, or benumbed it into the torpor of idiotcy; but it hath no offset of good to depict. This traffic hath dimmed the vision of the Poet's soul, and snapt the chords of his tuneful harp,—it hath palsied the brain, and paralyzed the tongue of the heart-swaying Orator,—it hath smitten down the Statesman in the Council Hall, and subdued the mighty Warrior while yet the wreath was green on his laurelled brow,—it hath prostrated the ermined Judge on the judgment seat, and hath slain the servant of Christ at the Altar of God;—Yes! and it hath strewn the loftiest walk of human life with the wrecks of the brightest and mightiest of human intellects.

This Traffic is sanctioned, is guarded by Law,—protected by its venerable age,—and sustained by the social customs of large sections of the community; but is it right? Can anything be justly urged in its favour? Is it wrong for this Meeting to seek its destruction? Whose is the voice—whose the pen that will attempt the hopeless task of proving that this Traffic is either beneficent or just? Is it right?—Answer, ye wretched victims of intemperance—lost to your kindred, lost to society, lost to humanity, and almost lost to God!—slaves of an appetite ye are powerless to resist; going down to a Christless, unhonoured grave!—your brethren mourn over you, and invoke your answer,—*this Traffic hath wrought all your woe!*—IS IT RIGHT?

Ye broken hearted wives! sad sufferers whose lives for years have been one long-drawn, unbroken agony.