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HISTORY
OF
TEETOTALISM.
BY
F. MORRIS.

Price 3/6.

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D. Thomas

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THE HISTORY

OF THE

TEMPERANCE

AND

TEETOTAL SOCIETIES

IN GLASGOW,

FROM THEIR ORIGIN TO THE PRESENT TIME:

ALSO,

SKETCHES OF THESE MORAL REFORMING INSTITUTIONS

IN GREAT BRITAIN, IRELAND, AMERICA, AND OTHER LANDS;

WITH A DEFENCE OF THE SAME.

BY EDWARD MORRIS,

"Founder and Lecturer of the Glasgow Total Abstinence Societies," and Author of the "Life of Henry Bell," the "British River of Death," the "Glorious Isle," &c.

'Tis serpent drinks that dim our fame,
And send afar our island's shame;
O! Britons! Britons! give them up---
Dash down the foul deceiving cup.

GLASGOW:

PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE OF THE

City of Glasgow United Total Abstinence Association,

37 GLASSFORD STREET.

MDCCCLV.

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TO THE

PRESIDENT, SECRETARY, TREASURER, AND COMMITTEE,

OF THE

City of Glasgow Total Abstinence Association,

AND TO THOSE

AMIABLE AND ZEALOUS LADIES WHO FORM THE VISITING COMMITTEE

AND HAVE DONE SO MUCH TO AID OUR NEEDED FUNDS,

The Author,

WITH EVERY SENTIMENT OF RESPECT AND ESTEEM,

INSCRIBES THIS VOLUME,

IN WHICH HE HAS DONE HIS BEST TO GIVE A TRUE, IMPARTIAL,

AND JUST PICTURE OF THESE TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES,

WHICH ARE THE GLORY OF OUR NATION,

AND REFLECT THE BEAUTY OF VIRTUE.

EDWARD MORRIS.

PREFACE.

We have seen it stated in some biographical writings, that when the charming authoress, Miss Jane Porter, (the glory of her talented family,) had written the last line in her splendid work, "Wallace, or the Scottish Chiefs," she fell in a fainting fit, exclaiming "thank God, I have finished the life of my great hero;" and lay some time on the floor of the parlour, her anxious family dreading the worst: but that beautiful writer of so many delightful works revived to enlighten again by her brilliant pen.

The author of the following history is thankful to the Almighty that his health and spirits are more vigorous at the conclusion of it, than when he commenced its first lines; although he has not spared himself, early and late, in the composition of it—not allowing it to interfere with his ordinary duties as a temperance missionary. Teetotalism, in its strictest sense, is surely conducive to health; yes it is, and every other good. During the writing of this book the author has met with every encouragement, more than he could have anticipated, from the chief leaders of all parties, in Scotland and in England, to proceed; especially from those veterans in the "holy struggle" who have laboured side by side with him from the beginning. He cannot state their names in this preface, but they will appear to the reader as he turns over the pages in the body of the work, with letters from them, extracts from their speeches and writings, which we deemed the best materials to enrich our work, and to complete those which have been in our possession for a quarter of a century; many of them now first put forth as historic links in our movement. Our Glasgow leaders, and the men on whose shoulders, under God, in England, the temperance societies owe their birth and present prosperity, have shown an interest in this work which the author will gratefully

remember through life. It has long been stated, that such a history as this, for popular use, was much needed, especially in Glasgow, the birth-place of teetotalism, and still its head quarters in whisky-injured Scotland.

There are many admirable works from scientific, studious, literary, earnest, eloquent, Christian men, which have been of immense benefit, and carried conviction where there was formerly keen hostility to our cause, and won many over to the sunny shores of temperance. The works of Frederic Lees, Grinrod, Carpenter, Livesey, Buckingham, Parsons, Reid, and others, are in print; still it is said there was a blank in our historic literature, as to the rise, progress, and prospects of temperance, and the names of the men who were its founders in different parts of the world. We needed, it was said, a fire-side volume, of its true history, that parents and children might glean from it, when their daily, useful toils were over, something worth remembering—something that should rise above *mere sectarian views*, into those broad regions of expansive truth which too many human colleges and learned universities (learned in man's wisdom, with his farthing-candle glimmering,) too much overlook. A history, we farther add, was needed, which should not level its shafts at the "disorderly drunken state of the working classes;" and spare, kindly and gently, the brandy, wine, rum, and ale-sipping of the upper classes, few of whom, as yet, come to our aid. Some of our temperance treatises have this fault attached to them, against which we have tried to guard in our pages, we trust, in justice to all classes, which should be the historian's study—careful study, without dread of any one. This is a point on which we have ever been anxious, alike in our humble writings as in our public addresses, since 1830 to the present day; and we know that all our most successful advocates take the same plan.

As several errors have long been floating in Glasgow as to the origin of teetotalism, it is hoped this work will sweep away the fogs while the founders are on life's stage, and that no disputes will be left to be cleared when those who led the first battles shall have gone to their rest. Some will possibly say, this is of little consequence. Friends! we beg leave to differ. History is a mirror, and the brighter it is so much the better for us all—especially in these times of great siftings to find out truth free of error.

There was something like a moral propriety, then, if not necessity, on the part of the author to compose this work, which had been often suggested to him by many excellent men, who have long stood as pillars in our cause.

From the list of subscribers to our work, amongst all parties, including the Honourable the Lord Provost of our City, with several other civic authorities, and clergymen of all shades, whose learning and moral worth we all esteem—it will be seen that the book will find its way into influential quarters, as well as into the houses of our ingenious mechanics and artizans, our shopkeepers and manufacturers—many of whom subscribed to two other works of the author, the "Life of Henry Bell," and the "Glorious Isle," to which this may form a companion. Many have put down their names for this work who are not members of our societies, but lovers of sobriety and truth; and who, properly, read all sides of a question, and can therefore judge rationally where the jewel, truth, lies. The author is happy to say, that in the list of those who have given in their names, is the Right Hon. Viscount Palmerston, M. P., and prime Minister of England, a post which we long thought he was well worthy to fill, and millions in Great Britain and abroad think the same. Where could we find one that Russia hates and dreads more than he does our Palmerston? Is not this "a feather in his cap?"

We were busy with the last sheet of our history, when we received the following letter from our excellent friend, Mr. Joseph Dearden, of Preston, who is so well known in the teetotal world as one of the "lion founders there." The letter is short, and we will give it here as the conclusion of our preface. Though not quite in its place, we are anxious to insert it, as it states the death of a good man, and of a poet too, whose beauteous muse has often charmed our meetings. (Blessed be his memory):—

GUARDIAN OFFICE, 11 FISHERGATE,
PRESTON, *5th July*, 1855.

MR. MORRIS,

DEAR SIR,—Yours I have, and am very glad to learn that you have finished your work; and am much pleased to know, that in health and spirits you are even better than when you began writing it. You will see from the enclosed slip that we have lost another of our early temperance friends, in the death of Mr. Henry Anderton, the temperance poet. He was a native of Walton-le-Dale,

about a mile from this town, which sweet village is also the native place of our old and valued mutual friend, Mr. Joseph Livesey. Henry died on the 21st June, and at his own request, was interred in the family grave in the church-yard of his native village, on Monday 25th June. The following notice of this good man I send you, taken from a paper:—

"On Thursday week, at Bury, aged 46, Mr. Henry Anderton, clerk in the offices of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, in that town. Mr. Anderton, who was a native of Walton-le-Dale, and for many years a resident in Preston, was a person of much poetical talent, and was also gifted with elocutionary powers of a high order. In the early years of the temperance movement in this town he was one of its most effective and talented advocates, and was long a zealous labourer in the cause. He was much respected by all who knew him."

In reply to your letter, my brief history of the origin and success of teetotalism was first printed in 1840—three editions of several thousand copies were printed. —I am, dear Sir, yours very truly,

JOSEPH DEARDEN.

The newspapers of the day announce the death of another great man in our temperance army, James Silk Buckingham, Esq., the well-known author of many excellent works. This truly good and accomplished man died on Saturday, 30th June, 1855, at his residence, Stanhope Lodge, Upper Avenue Road, London, after a severe and lingering illness. He had been latterly engaged writing an "Autobiography" of his adventurous life in many parts of the world. Mr. Buckingham is often alluded to in our work. A finer countenance than his we never beheld—genius, wisdom, and benevolence beamed in his face, and manliness characterised all his actions.

We are requested to say by our friend, Mr. W. M'Allister, that the Calton Teetotal Society was established 30th May, 1837.

E. M.

NORFOLK COURT, NORFOLK STREET,
GLASGOW, 9*th July*, 1855.

THE

HISTORY OF TEETOTALISM, &c.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

"All the crimes on earth do not destroy so many of the human race, nor alienate so much property, as drunkenness."—LORD BACON.

Nations and individuals have their besetting sins—Britain's great sin is Intemperance—the general spread of this dire evil—Foreign Nations admire our many great qualities, but are astonished at our drunkenness—the sum of money yearly expended to feed the vile drinking habits—Omar Pasha, and his sober Turkish Army—the poets Shakespeare and Milton, their writings favour Teetotalism—Burns, Byron, Savage, Chatterton, Sherdian, ruined by strong drink—Burns' beautiful warning lines, his exchanging Bibles with Highland Mary, the spot where the two lovers met known to the author—the antiquity and philosophy of Teetotalism—the sacred writers and the Bible on our side—the greatest writers of Persia, Greece, and Rome, were opposed to these "serpent drinks"—Homer, Hesiod, Demosthenes, and Æschines, amongst our defenders—these drinks war against our physical nature, the laws of nature are infallible, their violation brings ruin on man—Britain a very drunken land—not so bad as Russia, whose tyrant Emperor is the great brewer and distiller of that cruelly despotic nation—our seamen and soldiers in Turkey, their intemperance—Lord John Russell, Drs. Chalmers, and Wardlaw—testimonies for our movement—a poem, by P. C. Dorr, "King Alcohol's doings," &c.

It has been truly said that every man has some one "besetting sin," against which it is his duty and his interest to guard with strenuous mind. We believe it is equally true that every *nation* has some one evil against which a holy fight should be maintained. Fellow countrymen! what is the *giant evil*, shall we say the monster crime, of Great Britain? Is it not foul intemperance. Our renown as a mighty nation—perhaps the mightiest on earth—has gone forth, and is going on the wings of every breeze, into all lands. Millions this moment, perchance on their bended knee, are praying to the Eternal that he would give strength to the British Lion—nerve the arm of brave Britons to punish effectually, and to restrain

for ever the Russian Bear from his vandal tyranny and his brutal despotism over the bleeding nations, trodden under foot by his wicked ambition. But these very nations that look to us with an imploring eye for gallant aid to them, and we trust not in vain, know that we are a drunken people, and are sorry for it. The noble teetotal Turks know this, and Omar Pasha, their great and heroic generalissimo, regrets it.

These foreign lands give us high credit for genius, for learning, for industry, for sublime poetry and magnificent prose, for activity, for energy of purpose, for unquenchable thirst after civil, political, and religious liberty (the right of all men at the hand of God), and other noble qualities which tend to strengthen empires—but still, these foreigners know we are *fond* of the *drugs* that "bite like a serpent and sting like an adder." Are we not? Eighty million *gold sovereigns* per annum are paid by the three nations of the Rose, the Thistle and Shamrock, for these "*fire waters*." An army of seven hundred thousand confirmed drunkards is drugged daily by these wild brewings, which fill our madhouses, our bridewells, our jails, our penitentiaries, our poor-houses, with the wrecks of humanity, the extent of which, and the atrocities, only one mind can comprehend. We say "only one mind" can tell the amount of evil Britain inflicts on herself by these liquids. Well did the great poet and moralist, Shakespeare, exclaim, "alas! that men should be such fools, to put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains." There are many passages in the works of England's immortal bard which show his strong sense and just conception of the evils of all intoxicating liquors; and it would be well if our moral lecturers and Christian ministers would study the pages of the illustrious poet to infuse some of his beauties into their own compositions.

Milton, also, would furnish them with many a glorious gem which goes the length of our teetotal doctrine—the principle is there, though not the *name*. Milton was the brightest genius of his day, deeply read in magnificent literature of ancient and modern times, down to his day; and the Bible, that "book of books," he knew as well, if not better, than any regular minister of his time —his writings prove this. Milton, to all his good and great qualities, was a teetotaller—a practical one. Well would it have been if all our poets had been of his creed in this. We should then have had their brilliant thoughts, their unfading beauties, without sighing over their moral failings: a Savage and a Chatterton, a Sheridan and a Campbell, a Byron and a Bruce and Burns, would have given us more pleasure in culling their great conceptions. Do not say we are unjust to the memories of these great giant men, by dragging their frailties from their dread abode; or that we injure a good cause by such remarks; or that we do violence to the names of Fox and Pitt, and of George IV., when we, lament-

ing it, say these wild Sodom drinks "stung and bit" those three great Englishmen—two of whom were Prime Ministers of the greatest empire in the world, and the other monarch of palmy Britain. Here we shall quote the affecting epitaph which Burns wrote for himself, which who that reads sheds not a tear for the beauteous Caledonian poet*—who was so scarred by the *wily glass* that drives clergymen and laymen alike to madness:—

"Is there a man, whose judgment clear,
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs himself life's mad career,
Wild as the wave?
Here pause, and through the startling tear,
Survey my grave.

The poor inhabitant below,
Was quick to learn and wise to know;
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And softer flame;
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stained his name.

Reader! attend, whether thy soul
Soar's fancy's flight from pole to pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
In low pursuit,
Know, prudent, cautious self-control,
Is virtue's root!"

The author of these pages has more than once stood on the spot, or the margin of that wimpling sparkling stream, where the mighty Scottish songster exchanged Bibles with "sweet Highland Mary," vowing eternal fidelity to each other as intended husband and wife. That was a pure flame that glowed by the old "Castle o' Montgomery," pure as ever knit two loving hearts. They here, "by Coila's stream, tore themselves asunder," but "never met again!"

Byron, too, the greatest poet since the days of Milton, has some warning verses on the folly and madness of using these intoxicating drinks as beverages. At times he heartily laments his own indulgence in them, and felt their serpent tendency—

"In that instant o'er his soul,
Winters of memory seemed to roll;
And gather in that drop of time,
A life of pain, and age, and crime."

He also, at an early age, when his mighty genius was aiding liberty in her glorious struggles against despotism, fell by the fumes, the poisons of those drugs which slew the Macedonian conqueror, the "He-goat of Greece," in the drunken city of Babylon. Where thus the mighty have fallen, ordinary men should surely be on their guard. Those fiery brewings which these illustrious ones—English, Scotch, and Greeks—were deceived by, are good for none,

* The writer of this has conversed with the good widow of the "wondrous ploughman," and trod many a spot the sites of his imperishable songs and poems.

but work evil only to all who love them. Let us, for a few minutes, look at the antiquity and the philosophy of the temperance principles to their utmost limits of teetotalism. We say, these doctrines are as old as creation's birth : we say, that the sacred penmen are unanimous on our side: we say, that the most illustrious Persian, Grecian, Roman, and British poets, moralists, and orators, inculcate our views: that these doctrines of the Teetotalers are not absurd, irrational ideas, kindled up of yesterday, in the fanatical brain. No; they are taught in the universal volume of nature's law. Our physical constitution, formed by the wisdom of the Infinite Creator of all worlds, agrees unerringly with these views, which the true lecturers of these blessed institutions advocate; and the violation of nature's laws, in the drinking of these "foul waters," inflicts manifold evils on mankind. All lands and all ages prove this fact. What ruined Persia? Strong drink. What brought Babylon to desolation? The same agent. What *smote* beauteous Greece, where teetotal Homer sung, and teetotal Demosthenes and Æschines spoke those sublime speeches? It was the "adder drug." What made "iron Rome" bow down in sorrow and sadness—she who had lorded her dominion over so many lands? It was strong drinks. The historic grandeur of these nations is only surpassed by that of Britain; and Britain, too, will *fall*, unless she "dash down the foul deceiving cup." Let not her rulers be blind to these facts. Our present drinking usages *must* be abandoned—our foul breweries, and our poisoning distilleries given up—our *death-drink* shops and hotels converted into sober places, and the men and women employed in these perilous callings—perilous to themselves and to their customers—must look out for an honest, honourable trade, on which they can consistently, and in sincerity, ask God's blessing. Can publicans do this in selling whisky and brandy, ale and wine? Can they, or do they? We have not yet heard their prayers on these *delicate points;* and we think brewers and distillers, with the *Bible* in their hands, and *bestriding* a whisky punchion or a porter barrel, would have *hard work* to utter "words of truth and soberness" in their heavenly aspirations, whilst dealing out the drinks that are ruining millions, as they did Burns and Byron. We ask you, beloved countrymen, to look at these pictures as they *mirror* to us things in their true light! The temperance leaders have no personal or rancorous feeling of malignity towards any strong drink maker or vender—it is the traffic, the cruel traffic they condemn—because it brings misery on our land, and tarnishes her glory through all lands, who wonder at our folly in this destroying pursuit.

Read the accounts in our public journals of the conduct of too many of our gallant seamen and brave soldiers, gone to assist the heroic Turks against brutal Russia. They have carried this ancient *vice* of Britain with them—the vice of drunkenness. Will these men

recommend Christianity by such a practice? A writer in one of the Inverness newspapers lately (in April 1854,) spoke in glowing terms in praise of some whisky distiller in that town, having sent a quantity of his "genuine stuff" to the Turkish captital for the use of the hardy Celts; and the writer had the folly to say, that the noble Turks (the teetotal Turks!) would relish its excellence!! Such a writer should go and offer his services to the bear, Nicholas, who is the wholesale brewer and distiller for all drunken Russia. It was mentioned by an English literary gentleman of rank who visited the Turkish army on the Danube—who have so splendidly driven away the drunken Russians—that their great commander, Omar Pasha, told him, there was not a drunken man in the whole army that he had the honour to command; that every man amongst his gallant thousands would go through flood and fire at the word of their illustrious chief against the Russian invaders; the one half of whose troops, added the Turkish general, are confirmed drunkards, as are the half of the Russian nobles, men and women. Britain is bad enough, but not so bad as Russia, whose Emperor, (a pretended deity on earth!) is the great brewer and distiller of the foul drinks. The general feeling of British society, that existed against the temperance movement and its friends some twenty-five years ago, was very different to what it is now. Our most profound thinkers have had their eyes opened: judges of the land, great ministers of state, and learned Bible expositors, have come over to the right side, and given their hearty testimony for teetotalism. We will give two or three of these from men whose names will adorn the page of their country's glory. Lord John Russell, member for the city of London and president of Her Majesty's ministers, when assembled in council on the high affairs of Britain and the world, said in a speech in 1850: "I am convinced that there is no cause more likely to elevate the people of this country in every respect, whether as regards religion, whether as regards political importance, or whether as regards literary and moral cultivation and social happiness, than the great question of temperance." This testimony comes from a British nobleman who reads, understands, and loves his Bible, and whose life is guided by its precepts. The illustrious Dr. Chalmers, the moral hero of the Scottish "Free Church," says in his "Scripture Readings"—"Let me record my sense of the value of temperance, and my friendliness to temperance societies." The same great and good man, conversing with a friend a few days prior to his death, uttered this sentence, "the temperance cause I regard with the most benignant complacency." The late Rev. Dr. Wardlaw, who had formerly keenly opposed teetotalism, said, at the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance held in Edinburgh, June 1847: "It cannot be denied that abstinence societies have done immense good." The following testimony from the Rev. Dr. James Hamilton of London—a gentleman

who has most laudably exerted his brilliant talents not only in preaching the gospel to crowded assemblies, but has done much by very able public lectures to improve the social condition of the toiling masses—this eloquent man thus spoke on the temperance cause: "Is it not our national madness to spend so much wealth in shattering our nerves, and exposing our characters? Many workmen, I rejoice to know, have been reclaimed by teetotalism, and many have been reclaimed by timely religion; in whatever way a man is saved from the horrible vice which is at once the destruction of the body and the ruin of the soul, therein do I rejoice and will rejoice." The Rev. Albert Barnes, in his beautiful and enlightened "Notes on the Holy Scriptures," has given many an unanswerable argument from the sacred pages, showing how harmoniously these writings defend our principles, and denounce those rude drugs which poison the fountains of health, and bring crime, and disease, and suffering, which no human capacity can describe. Mr. Barnes, when in London lately, it is said by a competent judge, delivered one of the best speeches of the many good ones given at the annual meeting of the London Temperance Association.

We could multiply these valuable testimonies, but our space admits not, nor is it needful. The history we shall now more immediately enter upon will, in its progress, give the names of many men whose opinions, spoken and printed, have strengthened the hands and gladdened the hearts of those who "stand against the bottle," and are fighting vigorously with weapons never tinged with human gore.

Our country has now taken her *lion path* against a worthless and wicked despotism which would, if it could, destroy the liberties of the whole world. We believe and hope that Britain, with her gallant allies, the Gauls, will *snub* the tyrant, and make him quiet in future. Let us British civilians at home put forth our strength for our great nation against a far more deadly enemy than Russia, and one that preys on our vitals night and day—intemperance, caused by *serpent drinks!* This enemy is well described in a poem written by an American author (P. C. Dorr,) some years ago, and was printed in the *Columbia Washington*, a talented temperance journal:—

CONFESSION OF KING ALCOHOL.

Come, Alcohol, pray answer me,
The questions I shall put to thee:
What is thy age? what is thy aim?
What is thy trade? what is thy name?

ANSWER.

"My age it is a thousand years;
My aim to fill the world with tears!
My trade, to kill and make expense;
My name it is Intemperance!

Long have I ruled upon the earth,
To every crime I've given birth;
I'm father to all grief and woe,
I plant distress where'er I go.

My dwelling-place is at the bar,
My customers are near and far;
I fill their heads and drain their purse,
Turn all their blessings to a curse.

I daily breathe a pois'nous breath,
My drink is liquid fire and death;
My business to engender strife,
And tear asunder man and wife.

I visit grog shops all around;
Where evil is I'm always found:
I am Death's waiter day and night;
In wicked service I delight!

My lodging-place is Satan's seat,
My food is filthy serpent's meat—
And those who take their lot with me,
Are sure to sink in misery.

Satan, my captain and my guide,
I stand obedient at his side;
I've killed more men, upon my word,
Than famine, pestilence and sword!

With my deceitful, flattering tongue,
I draw the old, allure the young;
And when entangled in my snare,
I chain them fast, and keep them there.

But temperance men I hate, I dread,
For they are blighting fast my trade—
And if their course should farther go,
They'll quickly work my overthrow.

My much-lov'd breweries, they say,
Are sadly in their temp'rance way—
Distilleries they do abhor,
Against all these they wage stout war."

Thus Alcohol has disclosed to me,
His character and destiny;—
Although a liar from his youth,
He once has spoken out the truth.

Then Temperance friends be wide awake,
The foe begins to fear and quake,
Like blasted leaves from smitten bough:
Strike! on bold Britons, strike the blow!

Strike! one and all, your cause is good;
Nor scorching fires, nor frowning flood,
Shall harm you in this heavenly fight,
To set your drunken country right.

Strike! in His name who arms with power
All who depend in needful hour
On strength Divine to bear them through,
When they a righteous course pursue.

In the progress of this work, the name of the author will have unavoidably often to appear in letters, essays, poems, and criticisms from his own pen, and from the leading friends of the temperance reformation with whom he has occasionally corresponded for nearly twenty-five years. His own life and public labours have been so much mixed up in this great national movement, both in Scotland and England, since 1830, when he joined the friends of this much-needed attempt to stem the madness of our drinking customs, that he could not place before his fellow-citizens and fellow-countrymen a *just* view of its early history—what has hitherto been much mystified, at least in Glasgow—without these personal doings being brought on the carpet, which has not been done in any official statement as yet, except by the Rev. Wm. Reid of Edinburgh, in his very interesting "Life of Robert Kettle, Esq." known to the author of these pages, and beloved for more than thirty years. Blessed be his memory, and may many catch his mantle and tread in his footsteps!

CHAPTER II.

FROM 1826 TO 1829.

America the birth-land of the Moderate Temperance Societies—Britain of Teetotalism—Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher and his family—his greatly-gifted daughter, Mrs. H. B. Stowe—the United States, like Great Britain, fearfully given to drunkenness—great need of these temperance associations in both countries—a beautiful quotation from Dr. Beecher—J. B. Gough coming to Britain—Mrs. Sigourney, the American poetess—the ministers of religion take a strong lead in the American movement—not so in Britain, chiefly laymen carry it on in England, Scotland, and Ireland—some bright exceptions—Hawkins and his drunken companions, an affecting story—Hawkins' little daughter, Hannah—the fine Swedish authoress, Mrs. Frederika Bremner—Mr. John Dunlop, the Scottish founder—Mr. Wm. Collins—great labours of both—monstrous long-hour system of publicans, their keen hostility to all reforms—Rev. William Reid, his "Life of Robert Kettle," a work for all Teetotalers—Rev. Professor Edgar of Belfast, his zealous efforts in the temperance movement—Rev. Mr. Carr of New Ross, founder of the first Irish society—Britain borrows from America—Mr. Dunlop's first lecture in Glasgow, the stern opposition, he overcomes it—Mr. Collins and Mr. Kettle join him, &c.

THE United States of America, the land of Washington and teetotal Franklin, justly claims the honour of originating the first Temperance Society in the world, and to the Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher, the worthy sire of the splendidly-gifted Mrs. Stowe, authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and other beauteous productions, are mankind indebted, under God, for the first step in this great moral movement. Fearful was the state of America, from well-authenticated accounts, when Beecher lifted the temperance banner in that mighty republic—the daughter, and a glorious one, of Britannia. It was difficult to say whether the mother or the daughter went the deepest into the *death-bottles*—we will not discuss or dispute this *nice* point. Both were as *deep* in the "evil drugs" as their bitterest enemies could have desired. We hope both will finally and for ever escape, and go on heart in heart and hand in hand in the teetotal path, now they have tasted some of its sweets, and seen its beauteous charms in many a happy family and reformed inebriate. Blessed be High Heaven for these "first-fruits" of a great coming harvest for mankind, "far as the sun gilds mountain and sea." It was in the year 1826, when Dr. Beecher commenced those labours in the temperance vineyard, whose influence spread so rapidly through the American States, and whose doctrines so quickly spread over the Atlantic into Bri-

tain, to rise in new splendour to bless our island homes in the teetotal radiancy. Let me quote here a fine passage from his Six Sermons, which have been printed in every form, and at prices low enough for the poorest man or woman who can read to possess a copy. The extract will show the spirit and talent of the pious minister of God's word, and proves the panting strength of his heart for his fellow-creatures, the fruit of his love to the benignant Creator. "Let these discourses," says the American preacher, "upon the causes and symptoms of intemperance, be read aloud in your families at least once a year—that the deceitful, dreadful evil, may not fasten unperceived his iron gripe on yourself, or any of your household — and give the timely warning. Thousands thus, every year, by your zealous efforts may be kept back from destruction, by the simple survey of the causes and symptoms of inebriation. And finally, when you have secured your own household, let your benevolence extend to all around you—become in your neighbourhood and throughout the whole extent of your intercourse and influence, an humble, affectionate, determined temperance reformer. I pant not for posthumous immortality, but my heart's desire and prayer to God for my country is, that it may be saved from its deepest curse, intemperance; and that our beloved nation, hallowed to us by so many blessings, may continue free, and become good and great through all time."* Well would it be for Great Britain and her vast dominions—too great for the sun ever to be unseen in some portions of it—if all her ministers of the gospel saw and felt, and spoke and wrote, and prayed and laboured as the good Beecher did, and yet does, in his venerable years, to promote this Heaven-derived cause. He sees the fruits of his labours, and his hearty blessing followed Gough, when that successful, eloquent advocate, crossed the broad waters into the land of the Briton, to aid the subjects of patriotic Queen Victoria to put away the fiery drugs from their dwellings, and to keep them far from their lips. That cause which is scriptural and reasonable in America, cannot be the reverse upon the British shores. Dr. Beecher's talented sons and daughters have well seconded their noble father in his god-like work for the regeneration of his drunken country; the great results a thousand trumpets have proclaimed on every shore. Many, very many good men, ministers and laymen, came forward early in America to aid the first movement, and when (after six or seven years of effort on the moderation pledge,) the teetotal principle, borrowed from Britain, was taken up, the preachers of the gospel in America stood by the new movement almost to a man, while we are sorry to say—but as true historians we must make it known here—that the British

* See Beecher's Discourses, pp. 65, 66. Bradford Edition. Printed for the Manchester Temperance Society.

preachers, in the great majority, turned their backs on the cause, and left it to their lay members to carry on the mighty reformation. They have done it under God, and His banner is over them still.

Mrs. Sigourney, the sweet poetess of America, has struck her magic lyre to good purpose in the teetotal field; and the late Dr. Channing, of Columbia, also has put forth his flood of sublime eloquence on our side. He, amongst many other great sayings said, that the "very monstrosity of the evils of drunkenness would tend to its destruction." This is a philosophical axiom, and cannot be overturned. But it gives unshaken confidence to the temperance advocates to battle on. The light of the temperance reformation, we say, soon spread from America to the isle of Newton and Milton, (both practical teetotalers,) and the *onward* Britons gladly took up the cause as well adapted to bless their drink-smitten nation. We will give here, before we quit our American friends, an affecting description from the pen of a highly-talented Swedish lady, whose pen is almost equal to Mrs. Stowe's. It is entitled, "Origin of the Temperance Movement in the United States;" and appeared in Frederika Bremner's "Homes of the New World," a work of great merit recently published in England:—

"A few years ago there lived in Baltimore a family of the name of Hawkins; they had been in good circumstances, but were sadly reduced through the drunkenness of the father. There was a low public-house in one of the lanes in Baltimore, where every day five or six drunken cronies used to assemble to guzzle all day long—Hawkins was one of this set, and although he cursed it, and cursed himself for his weakness in going there, he only came away when no longer able to stand, for it clung to him like a curse; and late in the evening when he came home, often midnight, staggering and falling on the steps leading to his house, he must have remained lying and have perished of cold or wretchedness, had it not been for his little daughter, Hannah. She sat up till she heard her profligate father coming home, and then went out to meet him and help him up the steps; when he fell, and she was not able to raise him, she carried down pillows and a bed cover, and made him a bed where he lay, doing all in her power to make him comfortable, and then lay down beside him till morning. The wife in despair had grown weary of striving with him; tried all in her power to maintain herself and the other young children by honest industry. Little Hannah, only ten years old, did not grow weary, but watched for her father and devoted to him her childish affection. When he in the morning awoke out of his drunkenness, he used immediately to send his little girl to get him some brandy; she did this when her tears and prayers could not prevail on him to give it up. Every time he got a supply of this poison, it only awoke in him a stronger sense of his misery, and the need there was for him to forget it; he cursed himself for being so unworthy a father to such a child, and

yet compelled that affectionate creature to fetch him drink to drown his misery. When by the fresh draught of fiery liquor he was unnaturally invigorated so that he could stand and walk, he again went to the alehouse to meet his drunken companions. Such was his life for a long time, a lengthened chain of misery and self-accusation, interrupted only by fresh debauch. His family meanwhile had sunk into the depth of poverty, (poor little lovely Hannah with the rest,) and each passing day added to their distress. One morning when Hawkins, ill both in body and mind, ('regrets, remorse, and shame,' teasing him, as the poet Burns has it,) after a drunken carouse of the foregoing day, awoke in his bed, he desired Hannah, as usual, to go out and get him some brandy. But the girl now would not go; she besought him earnestly to give it up. 'Dear father,' she said, 'not to-day, not to-day, not to-day, dear father,' and wept bitterly; the father, in savage anger, bade her quit the room; he got up, and with staggering steps crawled as well as he could to the old public-house, where his companions were assembled before he got there. Here in the meantime an extraordinary scene had occurred, one which is difficult to explain, except by referring to the hand of Heaven. The drunken companions were there with their glasses filled with brandy, holding them up, but not one had tasted it. One of the party said, 'it is very foolish of us, indeed, to sit here and ruin ourselves and families to feed this old rascal,' meaning the landlord of the house. The others concurred in this just view. Some said, 'suppose that from this day forth we were not to drink another drop!' One word led to another. The men hastily drew up an agreement on paper, in which they bound themselves by oath to a total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. When Hawkins, therefore, entered the public-house, he was met by his old companions with the temperance pledge in their hands, and by a strong cry from all, 'Sign it! sign it, Hawkins!' Astonished, overpowered, almost beside himself, he added his name to that of others. Without asking for a drop of brandy he now hastened home, as if from a new sort of carouse. He found his wife and young loving daughter, Hannah, together. He threw himself upon a chair and could only ejaculate, 'It is done!' His paleness and his bewildered aspect terrified them. They tremblingly asked him what he had done. 'I have signed the temperance pledge!' exclaimed he at length. His wife and Hannah threw themselves upon his neck. They all wept tears of 'new delight.'"

This story is touchingly instructive. The Swedish writer did well by giving it a place in "Homes of the New World." The families of these now restored and reformed drunkards would, doubtless, soon find "new homes." We would ask, after reading this affecting statement, would any antagonist of teetotalism, possessed of a spark of humanity or fear of God, dare to advise Hawkins and his friends to return to the *moderate* use of any kind

of intoxicating drinks? We think they would not—could not, without violating every fine feeling of our nature, and every moral precept of Christianity!

This then, is the practical teetotalism of all our societies. Dr. Beecher could well lay hold of the case stated by Frederika Bremner, and the new movement in Britain, to urge forward the holy war against those "drinks of woe," which publicans are so keen to put to the mouths of their customers from five o'clock in the morning till twelve o'clock midnight, (only nineteen hours daily!) if it were not for Forbes M'Kenzie's bill, which (in June 1854) has confined these gentlemen from seven o'clock morning to eleven o'clock at night. All other persons of every calling in life, but the traffickers in maddening liquors, are trying to shorten their hours of business in shops, warehouses, factories, founderies, potteries, and elsewhere, but the "wine and strong drink" men and women howl out against the parliament who have wisely passed the bill, and against all who defend it, for the three hours which it nips from their beloved nineteen.

We now call the attention of the reader to the temperance labours of some of its first friends in the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. John Dunlop, Esq. (late of Greenock,) was the founder of the Scottish Temperance Societies on the moderation principle, borrowed from America; and Greenock was the first town where Mr. Dunlop established the first of these national-reforming institutions, destined to work marvellous good for the human race. Britain will be purified by them, and "Britain rules the world!" Her plans of moral, political, sanitary and social reform, will go with her power into every clime where her ships, her merchants, her philosophers, her patriots and philanthropists, find their way; and where do they not go? What river, what channel, what sea, what port of the known world has not seen "Britannia's rovers of the deep," with their flags of liberty waving in the winds? Long may all lands see this. It was in the year 1828 that Mr. Dunlop, of Greenock, commenced his great temperance labours; that excellent man had long devoted his cultivated mind to the improvement of the wealth-producing classes of the community. Their religious, intellectual, and social advancement, he prosecuted with the zeal of an English Howard; and those who know Mr. Dunlop best have strong reason to say, he took the good John Howard as his pattern when he began his temperance career. The distillers, the brandy and whisky venders, showed their determined hostility. "Prejudice, bigotry, taste, custom, confronted and frowned upon him," says the Rev. William Reid in his well-written "Life of Robert Kettle, Esq."—a work that every Scotch teetotaller should possess for its practical utility, pourtraying the life of a truly good man, and a selection from his best essays and letters on the best reformation in our land, whatever its antagonists may say or think

about the matter. These opponents will ere long see their error, and gladly take the life-boat of the temperance movement for their own safety and that of their children. Many a weary journey had the patient, gentle, persevering Dunlop, between Greenock and Glasgow, before he could accomplish his fond object. Wise men then thought the scheme utopian. None disputed the evils of drunkenness—all confessed its extensive ravages, but to stop it they saw not the way. The preachers of religion, as well as their listening audiences, stoutly defended the moderate use, though not the excess of all strong drinks, and they quoted the Bible, as they erroneously read it, to defend this sad moderation in "biting and stinging" drugs—for, after all, what are these intoxicants but drugs, and bad drugs too. The late worthy William Collins, Esq., a personal friend of the great Dr. Chalmers, was the first person to respond accordance with Mr. Dunlop. These two gentlemen saw the day had dawned when Britain, as well as her "go-a-head" daughter, America, must lift up her voice against the abominable drinking customs, as well as against those fiery liquids which have destroyed countless millions of the human family; and amongst these many of the burning and shining lights of the lands that gave them birth, and of the cities that listened to their glorious instructions. About nine o'clock, one Saturday evening, Mr. Dunlop sat busily writing notices to different ministers, of an intended lecture which he was to give in the Lyceum Rooms of Glasgow. This was in the autumn of 1829. When the pious lecturer arrived at the place of meeting he found at the door of entrance, amongst others, a considerable number of students of divinity, who were giving scope to loud emotions, of something akin to ridicule, at the idea of a lecture to form a temperance society in so grave and religious a city as Glasgow, which has boasted so long and so loudly of its evangelical pastors and its church-thronging people. These students, like others, forgot the fact that Glasgow was a very, very drunken city. This is yet true, but matters are mending. Mr. Dunlop gave a good lecture; his earnest serious manner, the tones of Christian benevolence which characterised his address, and the startling facts which he disclosed of the deep ravages of intemperance, awed the laughing students, and convinced some of them to join his cause; and a number of grave influential citizens formed themselves into a powerful committee to carry out Mr. Dunlop's benevolent object. Mr. Collins was the life and soul of the Glasgow movement. He was of that moral temperament, that whatever he took in hand must be done with energy. These are the men that God raises up, in all ages and all lands, to improve society. The Rev. Dr. Edgar, an eloquent minister of Belfast, soon after this lecture of Mr. Dunlop's, paid a visit to Glasgow, and by his able and zealous services, greatly aided the cause. Greenock, Glasgow, and Edinburgh, in October of this year, commenced their

labours in the formation of societies on the same plan as those of the United States. Mr. Dunlop from the very first strongly inclined to the teetotal principle, and practiced it himself; but could not get others to join on that score, and as Mr. Reid says, in "Life of Robert Kettle," was "compelled to yield that radical point."

Some three or four months after the commencement in Glasgow, Mr. Kettle, ever ready for every good work, put his name down as a member. He was of a cautious turn of mind, but honestly seeking after truth, when he saw it he practically and without fear adopted it in all its tendencies. On the 27th July 1830, Mr. Kettle enclosed some temperance tracts to his friend, Mr. Thomas Chapman of Kintillo, urging upon that gentleman the great importance of this new step in the many reforms of our beautiful country. Mr. Kettle had then undergone a complete change of mind, and he at once embraced the movement with a Christian feeling and a strength of action such as shone forth in the conduct of a Dunlop, a Collins, and a Ritchie, who "went about doing good," like Him who left us a perfect example of all truth and goodness. Mr. Kettle immediately became one of the Treasurers of the Glasgow West of Scotland Temperance Society, and speedily were associated with him Messrs. James Kerr, W. B. Hodge, John Turner, and William Wardlaw, and other well-known persons whose hearts beat for the interests of humanity. These friends, and a number of ministers of the gospel of all denominations in Glasgow and other towns, united their energies against the fiery drugs, and continued members till 1836, when the moderation societies in Glasgow and elsewhere died a natural death, from the inherent defect of the first pledge, both British and American. It could not be otherwise.

CHAPTER III.

1830 AND 1831.

Revs. Dr. Beattie, William Anderson, and Ritchie, enter as friends of Temperance—the weakness of the old pledge of moderation shows itself, and many wish for a new society—they had to wait patiently for strength to advance safely—suspicion of the working classes against the first societies, well or ill founded it did mischief—the author of this work joined 5th December 1830—gave a lecture a few days after uniting—Teetotalism was his creed then in theory and practice—Ireland has 12,000 members, the result of Revs. Dr. Edgar and Carr's labours, with other good and true men who stood boldly against the giant vice of our country—Henry Forbes, Esq. of Bradford visits Glasgow, and unites with the friends there, carrying back the principle to his own town, and planting the first English Temperance Society there—it spread through England—Preston, Blackburn, Manchester, Bolton, and other places, take up the cause—Joseph Livesey, and his friends in Preston, foremost in the glorious movement—the term "Teetotal" coined in Preston by Richard Turner in 1833—Mr. Buckingham's new work, "History of Temperance in Great Britain and the world," extracts from this excellent production—Mr. Buckingham a teetotaler from the ninth year of his age to the present time—when and how he became one.

AMONGST the talented preachers of the everlasting gospel who took a leading part in these early movements, were the Rev. Drs. Beattie, Ritchie (of Edinburgh), William Anderson, of John Street Chapel, and others of note, whose abilities and influence could not but tell well in forwarding the reformation in its first stages. There was speedily engendered, a belief that the first pledge was a kind of artful combination of the upper classes against the toiling portion of the community, by "keeping back whisky from the common people, and retaining the malt liquor, the wine, cyder and perry, for ladies and gentlemen." This idea, though a delusion, greatly kept back the working people, from 1829 to 1836, from joining the old temperance ranks. The author of this work having mingled much, from early life, amongst the industrious millions, and being a member himself, and a public lecturer of the temperance institutions since December 5th, 1830, can speak from certain knowledge, that this feeling of a selfish combination did exist till the *true* standard of temperance was raised, and then the common people joined in thousands; while the ladies and gentlemen, as they are by courtesy termed, abandoned the cause altogether, with a few honourable exceptions; and clergymen did the same, as will appear in the sequel of this history, which its author will strive to complete without any partial leanings, to gratify one class by misrepresenting

others. He has watched the proceedings of the leaders and others, and for twenty-five years has spoken his mind freely, when he thought there was any mere sectarianism in their public addresses, or singling out classes, or parties of men, as the greatest criminals in swallowing these wild drinks, and intimating or insinuating that educated persons, and genteel persons, could all temper themselves. They cannot, they have not; they have no authority from reason or revelation to this effect. The maid-servant can temper herself as well as her silk-adorned lady; and the servant-man can guide himself as well as his fine dashing master, amidst all the serpent brewings that moderationists daily *sip* with their *smacking* lips. To suppose or say the contrary, is to outrage truth, and blaspheme the all-wise, all impartial Creator, who gives to every man alike the power to *resist evil.* This is the *stern* philosophy of the Bible, though it may be but *dimly* taught in some schools called by high sounding names, and even denied in others. The true poet and the just historian, should ever be animated by the noble sentiment of the Apostle of the Gentiles, to "know no man after the flesh," but to declare the full import and sublime independence and universality of God's truth. The temperance principle, especially in its teetotal purity, is a heavenly plant of "God's right hand planting," and it will *never die!* It is the perpetual rose, budding and blossoming in all weathers; nor burning sun, nor nipping frost will injure its beauty, or check its fragrance on every shore.

So glorious is the truth of God,
To bless this earth, and make it shine
Like Eden, when its flowers were strewed
In loveliness by hand divine.

It was from hearing first a very excellent lecture on temperance from the late Mr. Collins (in December 1830,) that the author was convinced of the full importance of these associations; and when that good man, now in Heaven, had done speaking, put down his name on the members' roll, and a few days afterwards gave a lecture himself, in the Rev. Dr. Kidston's Chapel, Campbell Street, Gallowgate. He had been a lay preacher for many years, and had access to pulpits on the week days and Sabbaths, which gave him many opportunities in his travels on business, out of Glasgow as well as in this large city, of publicly advocating that cause to which he was pledged "by all means in his power to promote." He had also, as a regular contributor to the public press, in prose and poetry, an advantage of which he availed himself, of writing many articles in these journals, from 1830 and upwards, occasionally to the present day, which he has reason to thank Heaven have done something to advance temperance in our city, and through the country. Some of these pieces will reappear in the progress of this work, which it is hoped will not detract from its utility, or be unacceptable to the reader, in showing him how we had to battle it out,

through pulpit and press, in the forum and the market-place, this victory over degraded tastes for the foul drinks of our land. No connection in life, no work in which the author has ever embarked, has given him so much pleasure, mingled with *some pain*, as this temperance movement has done. The many excellent men, some of them bright scholars and brilliant orators, actively and benevolently struggling to put their drunken country right; and many women, noble-minded, like their sires, husbands, and brothers, bent by precept and example to follow the same path of genuine sobriety, which implies the giving up, or better, never taking those drinks which drunkard's love. In Scotland, England, and Ireland, persons of these views were found ever ready to aid our common cause, which is not for a *mere sect* in politics or religion, but for the twelve hundred millions of the human race, "Jew and Gentile, bond and free"—all the offspring of Jehovah, Lord of Hosts, who gave water as the proper drink of man to quench nature's calls.

This starting lecture of the author, in the chapel above-mentioned, went into the principle of complete abandonment of all drinks that can cause drunkenness. But we had to wait for others to come up before we adopted the true radical cure for Britain's malady. The innate love of malt liquor, wine, cyder and perry, were too strongly fixed in the tastes of the middle and upper classes of society for the temperance lecturers as a body—those who could manfully, ably contend with an antagonist—to hoist as yet the spotless banner. Private persons in and out of the society acted on the true principle, but not teetotally pledged. It was in July 1829 that the Rev. Dr. Edgar, of Belfast, published "An Appeal," urging the establishment of a temperance society in the sister isle; and on the day when this little work of the pious Professor came out, the Rev. G. W. Carr, of New Ross (Ireland), formed a society in that place, the first of that nature which we know of in Europe. A number of other societies of the temperance movement speedily sprung up in that country, and at the end of 1829, it is recorded in their regular reports that fully twelve thousand persons had enrolled their names as members. Thus we see the Emerald Isle has the start of England and Scotland in following the bright pattern of our Atlantic brethren. About the middle of November 1829, Henry Forbes, Esq., a very respectable merchant, and still better a benevolent patriotic man, of Bradford, Yorkshire, was in Glasgow on business, and there signed the pledge after listening to an able lecture, (I think by the late Mr. Collins,) and on his return to England lost no time in establishing the first society in that kingdom, after which they soon spread into all its chief towns and provincial districts, awakening the best energies of many good and able advocates. Preston, a great cotton manufacturing town of Lancashire, soon highly distinguished itself in the temperance field, led on by Livesey, Dearden, King, and others. "Of

the lion-like movement, Mr. Joseph Livesey, of Preston, was the chief originator," says Mr. J. S. Buckingham, "as he has been ever since the zealous and able advocate; and the singular name given to these societies, and now become fixed and legitimised by long usage, namely, 'Teetotal,' had its origin in this town." It was Richard Turner, once a fearful drunkard, who gave the new society this designation. Turner, after a drinking debauch, and smarting from the sting of the serpent, went to a meeting of the Preston Society, and when giving in his name to the Secretary, said, "We must have a teetotal abstinence from every kind of drink that produces drunkenness, if we wish to get rid of drunkenness itself. 'I must be teetotal,' said Richard Turner, 'or I am a ruined man.'" He signed to give up all (in 1833), and Mr. Livesey gave the name to this new society which Turner coined when he joined and became a new man, and lived to adorn his new connection. What wise man would have advised honest, simple Richard, to return to the moderation bottle?

I have on my writing-table the excellent pamphlet written by Mr. Joseph Dearden of Preston, entitled a "Brief History of the Commencement and Success of Teetotalism," printed by Mr. Livesey of Preston. The work was kindly sent to me by the worthy author, and it is a candid and correct statement of the movement, which, in a condensed form of only forty pages, gives the reader a good outline of a great reformation. In page 21 of this little work we have the account of the first teetotal pledge. It was requested at a meeting of the Preston Society that Mr. Joseph Livesey should reconstruct the old pledge, with which he complied, excluding all intoxicating drinks. This was on Saturday, 1st September, 1832. The first persons who signed this new pledge were Joseph Livesey, cheese-factor and printer; John King, clogger; Thomas Swindlehurst, roller maker; Joseph Dearden, carder; Richard Turner, plasterer; Joseph Richardson, shoemaker; and William Gregory, clothier and tailor. Mr. Edward Grubb soon followed them.

These seven men, the root of teetotalism in Preston, have uniformly stood fast, and done much to aid the cause. It is well remarked by Mr. Buckingham, when speaking of the new Preston pledge in his "History and Progress of the Temperance Reformation in Great Britain and the World," (an excellent work, worthy of his classic pen,) "there was sound philosophy and a thorough knowledge of the weakness of human nature displayed in the remarks of Richard Turner, the Preston labourer, with whom the celebrated phrase originated; it is founded in the true maxim that 'prevention is better than cure.' If we wish to stop the flowing of poisonous streams, we must arrest the fountain at its source; if the *effect* is what we wish to destroy, namely drunkenness, we must destroy the *causes* that produce it, and the cure then is certain.'" As Mr. Buckingham's name, and great labours in every good cause,

will often appear in my work, I will give here another quotation from his book :—"My first impressions of the evils of intemperance were (says Mr. Buckingham) received when I was a boy between nine and ten years of age. At that early period I was a prisoner of war, and had to march with my fellow-prisoners and shipmates through a considerable portion of Spain and Portugal, from Corunna by Santiago di Compostella, Rigo, Oporto, Coimbra, and Santarem, to Lisbon. In the course of this long and weary journey, barefooted, and amidst great suffering and privation, though wine and ardent spirits were almost as abundant as water, we did not see a single drunken Spaniard or Portuguese, but whenever we halted, some of our own countrymen were sure to get drunk, and the result was insubordination, fighting, sickness, accidents, and troubles of all sorts and kinds, from which the sober foreigners among whom we journeyed were free. During all my subsequent experience as an officer and commander at sea, in every quarter of the globe, and in every clime, I had seen that by far the largest portion of the shipwrecks, fires, collisions, founderings, by which so many vessels perish, and so many thousand lives are lost, arose from the intoxication of some one on board, and the consequent neglect of their duty; and the mutinies, floggings, accidents, and sickness occurring among the crews, were, in nine cases out of ten, clearly traceable to the use of these drinks, and I consequently did all in my power to discourage these practices among my officers and men."* This testimony from the honoured President of the London Temperance Societies, in his silvery locks, and still fine bland countenance, is every way valuable. From the tenth year of his age, up to more than threescore and ten years that have passed away of his life, has he nobly testified to the moral, the intellectual and physical benefits of teetotalism, and his pen is still fresh and beautiful as ever, and he is the "old man eloquent." How many of our bright authors were old men, and broken down when only half the years had passed away that Mr. Buckingham has seen! The brilliant author of the "Pleasures of Hope—the sweet poet Campbell—was sadly "bit and stung" by these furious drugs in his declining years, and all his glorious visions of "Hope" for mankind were unable to save him from the ruin of "fire waters." A victory over these would have been his greatest triumph, but alas! he was their victim. I knew this beauteous bard personally, and lamented his closing years. He was no less thrilling as a prose writer than fascinating in his glorious rhymes, whose charms every reader has felt, and the English language has been greatly enriched by his splendid genius. He was once Lord Rector of the Glasgow College, the honoured post that a Brougham, a Peel, a Macintosh, a Jeffrey, also filled, and from whose chair they delivered those magnificent orations, the glory and grandeur of which nor Greece nor Rome

* History, &c. page 15.

ever surpassed from the lips or pens of their renowned men. I heard Campbell deliver his thrilling address to the students of this famous college, and the music of his voice, and the noble sentiments he uttered, never can I forget. Youth of Britain! Ponder over the terrible *fact*. Maddening drink clouded the latter years of this sweet bard (a native of drink-smitten Glasgow) with sorrow and suffering. Let this be a timely warning for you. Campbell, like the poet Savage, lamented by Dr. Samuel Johnson, had the finest "sensibility of soul, could feel for human woe," but the "adder drug" ruined both, and will continue its ruinous effects till these abominable drinks are given up. Mr. Buckingham mentions Campbell's miseries in his "History," for the same purpose now aimed at, namely, to guard others against the *rock* on which this great and kind-hearted man foundered. Where *giants* have fallen, surely *dwarfs* should "*fear to tread.*"

I love the beauteous poets of my country, their glorious muse charms the world, and their liberty-breathing spirit tends to emancipate the human family from every despotism. I loved these bards in my youth, I love them more now in my gray hairs. I love them much, yes, more than I can tell. I do not however believe, and never did, that poets are more given to fiery drinks than other men—than prose authors, or any class of society. But when these sons of shining song go astray, they do terrible mischief by their misapplication of their Heaven-lent powers in the cause of evil, and the spread of intemperance by example and precept. Their power is great. How many Scotch drunkards catch at the thrilling, *whisky-lit* songs of Burns, and drink on at his bidding!

CHAPTER IV.

1831-1833.

The author's travels for Joseph Swan, Esq. of Glasgow, for nearly two years—during these journeys, in different counties of Scotland and England, he becomes acquainted with many of the leaders of the temperance reformation—in the course of these travels on business he delivers about one hundred and twenty public lectures, beginning at Callander in Perthshire, and terminating at Manchester—these meetings tended to confirm him more and more that the moderation pledge must be abandoned—the British river of death—interviews with many good men, their kindness to the author—amongst these Mr. Macpherson of Callander, Mr. James Simpson of Annan, Mr. John Macdiarmid of Dumfries, &c.—letters received from these two gentlemen—Mr. Joseph Livesey of Preston—great meetings there and at Manchester—general reflections.

In 1831, 1832, the author formed a connection with Joseph Swan, Esq., the accomplished Glasgow engraver, who was then bringing out his splendid work, "Select Views of the Lakes of Scotland," with letterpress illustrations of the whole scenery on these celebrated expanses of Caledonia's wonders of nature. These illustrations were written by the late eloquent Professor Wilson, and by Mr. Leighton, still living in Glasgow, two gentlemen who knew the balmy spots of their romantic land, and had fire in their pens to describe these beauties of creation—the magnificence of God's works, perhaps as lovely and varied as those of classic Greece, of liberty-loving Switzerland, or glorious Italy. If our nobility would, like our Queen, travel Britain's isle more, and the Continent less, they would have more vigour of mind and strength of body, more love of British liberty, and less leaning to Russianism than some of them have, not much to their credit, we think. I was employed by Mr. Swan to get subscribers to his great work amongst the nobility and gentry, bankers, merchants, and others of taste, who could spare from five to ten guineas for a copy of his production, according to the size and quality of each. In this canvassing I was successful. After gleaning a good part of Glasgow, I commenced my rural journey from Callander in the Highlands and round all the lakes of those districts, and from thence to Liverpool and Manchester, through several Scotch counties, and many towns and large villages where persons of rank and wealth, and taste for literature and the fine arts were most likely to be found, and to whom I had generally letters of introduction from one place to another. Loch Lomond, Loch Katrine, Loch Vennacher, and Loch Lubnaig, were the sites of

my first canvassing for these fine engravings in the country, and the scenery of those classic waters, rendered such by Scott, Campbell, Wordsworth, Hogg, Southey, and Wilson—bards which to name, kindles a flood of pleasure in the hearts of all who have studied these "mighty sons of the mightiest isle of the universe." Having my time at leisure after five o'clock every evening, I had spare hours to attend to any pursuit wherein I could by any means advance the good of our common country, without burdening any society with expense on my account, being then, and long before that time, a lay preacher and lecturer with fellow-labourers whose memory is dear to me, and whom I expect, should I not meet some of them again on earth, to meet in eternity "without a cloud between"—

> In that fair clime where waters roll,
> No more to vex the happy soul;
> Beneath His bliss-inspiring eye,
> Who doth our every need supply.

Being a member and lecturer of the Glasgow temperance societies, and having access to various pulpits, I made it my study to turn my chief attention to this great national reformation; and during the time I travelled for Mr. Swan, which embraced about twenty months, I delivered fully one hundred and twenty lectures and sermons, chiefly on the week days, in the evenings, and often twice on the Sabbath days, as occasion called for. The towns in which these discourses were given, and many of the names and characters of the good men and noble women which my visits made me acquainted with, rush now into my mind, and seem to say, "do not forget us in your history of our much-loved teetotalism." My honoured, dear friends, I cannot, I will not forget you in these pages—I may not sketch *you all*, but put that down to frail memory, not to my ingratitude for your kindness to a stranger from Glasgow, sojourning for a time amongst you. O could I take the same trips again and renew these teetotal meetings in your presence, how would my heart bound at the thought! But I should find many blanks. Eternity has opened its gates to some of these (I know it,) who were ripe for its glories. In the spring of 1831, I stopped about five days in the sweet village of Callander, Perthshire, a classic spot, where the warring Romans once trod, and where Galgacus, with his brave Caledonians encountered, sometimes successfully, the legions of the "lords of the world." The day before I quitted this sweet Scottish village, I gave a temperance lecture in the large parish school-house, kindly granted for my use by the Rev. Mr. Robertson, the respected minister of the Established Church of that place. The house was very crowded with all parties, and all classes of the village and its vicinity. It was stated as a fact, that some few months prior to my visit a lecturer on temperance had been mobbed by the *gentle* publicans there, and

could not deliver his lecture for the high mightiness of those venders of the *slimy* drugs. When the author waited upon Mr. Macpherson, the schoolmaster there, a hearty friend to the cause, that gentleman sent the scholars through the village, the boys on one side and the girls on the other, to announce that "Mr. Edward Morris, temperance lecturer from Glasgow, would that evening deliver a discourse on the nature and importance of this great movement, in the parish school, to which all were respectfully and earnestly invited to attend." Mr. Macpherson said he preferred this way of intimating the meeting, rather than by bell and drum, as these high-sounding village symbals might have awakened the wrath of the "fire-water" men a second time. I told him that I did not fear the *ire* of the "evil spirit" lads, any more than I feared him who "goeth about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour." The house, as before-mentioned, was greatly crowded. The gallant scholars did their duty better than a drunken drummer, or a whisky-smitten bellman would, or could have done. There, closely packed in a snug corner of the house, sat the "publicans and sinners" of the "smelling drinks," quiet as mice and serious as death. My motto was from Proverbs xx. i., too well known to teetotalers to need quoting in full. I read several other texts, for the bible is our *firm rock*, whatever erroneous men may say to the contrary. After addressing my audience for one hour and a half, I turned my face to these village strong-drink sellers, and challenged them, if they possessed any reasoning powers, to overturn my arguments against all their foul drinks. Five minutes were allowed, during which I told them sternly of their rudeness and wickedness in violently stopping the former lecture, but that they should not stop me. I was a free-born Englishman, and paid well, like others, for my birth-right. The cowards rose not. Their heads had no good stuff stored up. They had neither "wit, nor wisdom, nor knowledge to guide them." I said—"Mr. Chairman, I suppose your gallant-spirited heroes have lost their senses in some of their mountain-dew casks, and there will be no fight this night." A tremendous round of cheering followed this remark, and the drunkard-makers said they had nothing to say.—I do not know whether or not they had got a warning from the proper authorities for their rude behaviour on the former occasion, but they were very meek gentlemen at this time. The fact is, blusterers and unprincipled men are cowards when they are breasted by firmness. They saw plainly the strong feeling of the assembly on the side of the speaker, and it is not unlikely there were sturdy Highlanders present who would have taken every *dram*-man by the cuff of the neck and out with him, had violence been offered to the lecturer. When it was seen that the landlords were not to offer battle, or meet the challenge given to them to discuss the subject of temperance—if they had any brains for fair argument—

a fine-looking venerable man, six feet high, with his honest bland-faced wife, came up to the desk where I stood, beside the worthy chairman, Mr. Macpherson, and shook me heartily by the hand, and exclaimed warmly—"Sir, you have spoken God's truth this night. God bless you and spare you long thus to labour. All the fiends of darkness cannot overturn the truths you have delivered, and these publicans are wise to be silent. They would have only made fools of themselves, or proved they were fools, had they opposed you, as they rudely did a lecturer on temperance last time we had a meeting here." These few words of the good old man told well: the audience gave a warm response to them. He and his wife put down their names, and some twenty or thirty others did the same. The society rose rapidly afterwards, and a gentleman from Edinburgh, a native of Callander, sent them out a present of five pounds to purchase tracts. It has not been my lot to visit that lovely village since, but a recollection of what there took place may induce me, ere long, to go and see them again, and offer fight to the opponents of teetotalism.

I state these facts that our young members may see it was not always smooth waters with the pioneers of temperance. They had to battle it every inch of ground. Such were, and such yet are the ignorant cravings in favour of these ruinous drinks of the horrible liquor traffic, the curse and disgrace of our country. But its end is approaching. God of Eternity! hasten Thou its destruction, and turn the people to better employment than that of poisoning thy favourite creature man, in the "house of his pilgrimage!"

From Callander my route lay through Doune, Dunblane, Bridge-of-Allan, Stirling, Alloa, and many other places, in all of which I gave public lectures, and wrote essays, letters, and poems, in the newspapers where I came, and generally found the editors willing to give a place for me in their pages; and often did these gentlemen themselves report the substance of my lectures, as will appear in the progress of this volume. I have a number of private albums past me of twenty-five years gathering, three-fourths of which, or so, are on temperance principles, and the remainder on general topics of practical utility, which filled up many a pleasant hour to the author while absent from his family in Glasgow, and trying to act a part on life's busy stage to some wise end.

Returning to Glasgow for a few days to see my wife and children, I then set out for my long journey, pressing the same objects. Paisley, Greenock, Largs, Ardrossan, Kilwinning, Kilmarnock, Irvine, Ayr, Cumnock, Dumfries, Ecclefechan, and "bonnie little Annan," on the borders of palmy England, were the towns and districts to which my calling invited, and where I generally met with a very friendly reception from the advocates of our glorious reformation. At some places I planted societies where none before had a footing; others that previously did exist, it is hoped, were

watered afresh, and rose into stronger life. Passing by several of these places, let me call the attention of the reader to the town of Dumfries, where I delivered, I think, three lectures, and found some staunch members of the society in that spirited town, which has produced many ingenious literary men, and where the great poet Burns was buried, and his wife died in her pretty cottage there, at the good old age of 82. I conversed with this interesting old lady in her own house for half an hour, the day after my arrival in Dumfries. Yes, with the once "bonnie Jean Armour;" and the big tear started into the good old lady's eye, as I gave a short recitation, from one of the brilliant poems of that matchless Scottish bard. A few days before, I had met with her third son, Colonel Burns, at the town of Ayr, and had a long and agreeable conversation with him in "auld Alloway's kirk-yard," which overlooks "bonnie Doon," and its sweet flowery braes, the scenery of that beauteous song which is chaunted with enthusiasm by every Scotchman, in whatever part of the world duty or business may prompt his wanderings. In Dumfries I became acquainted with a very ingenious and eloquent man, late editor and proprietor of the *Dumfries Courier*, a journal that did great service for civil and political reform, and scattered far and wide through Scotland much sound information on practical husbandry and domestic economy—Mr. John Macdiarmid is the talented person alluded to—a very kind-hearted man. I had a letter to this gentleman from my friend, Mr. Joseph Swan of Glasgow. The day I arrived in Dumfries there was a great meeting in the town-hall, at which Mr. Macdiarmid acted as chairman, and with great good sense. This meeting was to support Earl Grey, Brougham, Russell, Palmerston, and Durham, who were nobly leading on England's patriotic men for a new magna charta—and they won it—of more value than that wrung by the barons from the cruel tyrant, king John, on the famous field of Runnymede. In that bill the common people were not once thought of. It was kings, and courtiers, and nobles, and knights, and squires, that were everything. The toiling honest working millions were thought unworthy of notice in those times of Popish despotism and tyrannic kingly power, where the masses of the community had no voice, and were treated like the Emperor of Russia's poor serfs, as mere beasts of burden, without one free privilege. Macdiarmid's opening speech at this said meeting was splendid. I sent my card up to him on the platform, and said, if there was an opportunity, I, as a stranger from Glasgow, but a political and religious as well as a temperance reformer, would be happy to get ten minutes to address this great assembly, and tell how well the Reformers in Glasgow were getting on, and how the old Tories were quailing and losing ground every day—my request was at once granted. I said all I could in fifteen minutes to aid the good men and true of Dumfries, in a cause which I had written much

to promote, in the Glasgow papers and others, whose pages were open to justice and truth. Many a tug have I had with the opponents of political reform, as well as with the opposers of teetotalism. I have lived to see great triumphs in both movements, and others greater, "casting their shadows before," are coming to gladden our land. Temperance is now the question of the day. The precious seed has been largely scattered, and is yielding a good harvest, the sight of which will be "marrow and fatness" to all its true friends, and these we number by millions.

Having completed my business at Dumfries, I got a letter from Mr. Macdiarmid to his friend and literary correspondent, James Simpson, Esq. Annan, a copy of which I now insert as a little link of my book:—

DUMFRIES, *November*, 1831.

TO MR. JAMES SIMPSON, Banker, Annan,

MY DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure of introducing to you Mr. Edward Morris, from Glasgow, who travels on business for Mr. Swan, the Glasgow engraver, taking subscribers for his beautiful work "The Select Views of the Lakes of Scotland," which is taking well, as it deserves. Mr. Morris goes to your town for this object, and I have no doubt, from your well-known disposition to do good, you will aid him by giving him a list of names of proper persons to call on in Annan and neighbourhood. You will, I think, do this with a double pleasure, when you learn that Mr. Morris is a zealous and able lecturer on your favourite subject, temperance, and has lectured to large assemblies here. He is also a strong friend to political reform. He wishes to aid your temperance cause in Annan and around that town.—I am, my dear Sir, yours ever,

JOHN MACDIARMID.

Mr. Simpson having read the letter, took at once a most friendly interest, and introduced me to many highly respectable parties in Annan, and from his assistance and friendship my stay in that pretty little town was rendered very pleasant. I have not seen Mr. Simpson since I quitted Annan for Carlisle, but I record these facts to show to that good man that I have not forgotten his attentions, and that of his excellent wife, every way worthy of him, to one who was an entire stranger to both till the delivery of the letter of the Dumfries patriotic editor, which linked us in temperance friendship. From a letter I received from Mr. Simpson in May, 1854, his heart evidently beats as strongly as ever for the good of man and the glory of God. He still holds fast to the temperance cause. He is like countless thousands, a great friend to the American Maine Liquor Law, which we in Britain will have, despite the publicans. Five or six lectures were delivered by me during my stay in Annan, at all of which Mr. Simpson, and his friend, the late Provost Sawyers, (chief managing partner of the fine Calton spining-mill there,) and Mr. Saunders, took a very active interest, and we trust the seed remains to this day and will not perish.

When I quitted that tranquil town, Mr. Simpson gave me a friendly introduction to the Rev. Mr. Hunter of Carlisle, a good man, with a serious congregation of Scottish Dissenters, I think of the United Presbyterian Church. I met with a number of talented friends of the temperance movement in this fine old city, the principal town of Cumberland, which has witnessed many a fierce encounter between the English and Scotch, when these two nations were strangers to the happy Union which now connects them with its silken cords as one people, and it would be a difficult task to say which nation has benefitted most by moulding their interests together. There are peculiar and distinctive qualities in the Scotch and English character which, when blended, tends to improvement. The writer of this, an Englisman, loves strongly as ever his native land, and his birth-town, Shrewsbury, but at the same time is strongly attached to old Caledonia, the land of Ossian and Galgacus, of Wallace and Knox—for here he has had two Scotch wives, and has beloved children by both, which render his state here nothing unpleasant. I had some commercial friends in the busy city of Carlisle, through my long connection as cotton-yarn salesman to the New Lanark Spinning Company, into whose service I entered in April, 1806, and was with that highly respectable company (the fathers of cotton-yarn spinning in Scotland, established by David Dale, Esq., who rose from a poor journeyman weaver to be the first man of commercial note in Glasgow,) till 1825. This Glasgow, or New Lanark Company, had commercial connection with the Messrs. Ferguson & Dixon, Carlisle, in the cotton business, also gentlemen no less esteemed for their benevolence and patriotism than for their activity as British merchants on an extensive scale. With several gentlemen of their counting-house I soon got acquainted, who were friends to this reformation, and Sabbath-school conductors. I was kindly invited to a large temperance soiree, which embraced the youth of all denominations of professing christians in Carlisle, by a request from the united committee. I gave an address at this delightful assembly of many of the best of all parties, urging in my speech the vital importance of Sunday-schools, especially to the youth of our great manufacturing towns, where education is apt to be scanty with those whose active minds and nimble fingers have to work the complicated machinery of these wonderous British Isles, whose influence over all the world has no example in history. I told my friends that all the education I ever got was in a Sabbath-day school, in the lovely village of Hanwood, four miles from my native town, Shrewsbury, and this education was between my twelfth and sixteenth years of age; some three and a half years duration. Had it not been for this Hanwood Sundy-school it was very improbable I should ever have known a simple alphabet, as neither my father or mother knew a letter, and my sisters went with me to the same blessed institution. We were all then employed in

a woollen manufactory close by. Three excellent ladies of the name of Hughes established this school, and taught the children. Their memory to me is fresh and precious, their beautiful practical instructions have been the guide of my life and the solace of my days to the present moment. In Carlisle I gave four temperance discourses in different places, and the people seemed to listen with much earnestness. Twice I lectured in the Methodist chapel, once in the Scotch chapel, and once to the Independents. My course after this was to Coldstream, Penrith, Kendal, Burton, Yealand, Warton, and Lancaster, lecturing at each place, and some villages intervening, at which, sometimes while taking a family tea at a friend's house, the drum or the bell, or both, were quickly dispatched through the place announcing the lecture on the spur of the hour. On several of these occasions we had crowded chapels or school-houses, and at other times, as in Glasgow now, out-door meetings, the speaker taking a chair for his pulpit—why not? Is not truth as good and as sacred in a green field, or the market-place, as in a royal chapel or Westminster Abbey? It would puzzle a man's brains to no purpose attempting to prove the contrary: who will try it? From time to time I was receiving, amongst other correspondents, some excellent letters from my friend, Mr. James Simpson of Annan. These letters, never before published, show the christian philanthropic spirit of that gentleman, and are too good to be omitted, several of them, in this work. They cheered me amidst some severe trials of family affliction, which depressed my spirits not a little. The death of my eldest son, nineteen years of age, when his moral and mental qualities were giving a goodly promise to his family and friends, was a stroke at this time heavy on his father and mother, and his sorrowing brothers. I have already mentioned the kind attention of Mr. and Mrs. Simpson when at Annan. I will let my friend speak for himself, who can do so to purpose:—

ANNAN, *January*, 1832.

MY DEAR SIR—You will, ere this reaches you, find I have anticipated your wish for temperance intelligence. The December number of the *Glasgow Record* I have not, and therefore cannot send it to you. Let me advise the Carlisle friends of temperance, by first post, to write to Mr. Collins, the bookseller of Glasgow, (who has done so much for our glorious cause), to send them 1000 tracts, No. 20 of the *Record*, and as many copies of the Second Annual Report of the Scottish Temperance Society. They can have the tracts ready for your public meetings, and be able to supply the members of committee with the *Record* and annual report, which latter contains a very delightful and full statement of the good cause in Scotland, while it refers, generally, to the progress in England, Ireland, and America. A collection at the door of your Carlisle lectures will, I believe, pay the whole expenses incurred, as your own labours are gratuitous, and therefore the amount of charges for bills, advertisements, &c. cannot be heavy.

In regard to the reading of the intelligence connected with your meetings, I would advise you to request one of the clergymen, or secretary, or president, to do this work for you, to keep your full strength for the lecture. Some of our good friends here, and at Ecclefechan, were expressing their regret that you should have so much to do on these occasions, which bore severely on you. I am sorry it will not be in my power to accept your kind invitation to pass a night with you at Carlisle, or to listen to the energetic and forcible address, such as you gave us in Annan and neighbourhood—but I trust you will believe me when I say that I heartily wish you "God speed."

I feel gratified that, while you are meritoriously employing your spare time for the temporal and spiritual good of others, you are getting on with your subscription list for "Swan's Lakes of Scotland" so well. It is a work that merits large patronage from the lovers of the fine arts. A beneficent providence will not allow his children to labour in vain. Mrs. Simpson joins in best wishes, and we hope soon again to hear from you. With an earnest wish that the Carlisle friends of temperance may adopt your wholesome suggestions, I remain, my dear friend, yours sincerely,

JAMES SIMPSON.

To Mr. E. MORRIS, (of Glasgow), at Mr. Hulls, Painter, Carlisle.

In another letter from the same friendly pen, addressed as above, while the author of this book remained in Carlisle, the reader will see that Mr. Simpson was a *firm* political, as well as a temperance reformer, and as an enlightened correspondent of the eloquent and patriotic Macdiarmid of Dumfries, he aided the Parliamentary reform which was then overwhelming the bigoted and stupid old Tories, who lost, and justly lost all power to misrule our mighty nation any more. The "Russell purge" settled these gentry—thanks be to Heaven for it? It was a great step in the right direction:—

ANNAN, *January*, 1832.

To MR. E. MORRIS, Mr. Hulls, Painter, Carlisle.

MY DEAR SIR,—I was duly favoured with your esteemed letter of 10th instant, and was sorry to learn you had been unwell of an influenza cold. Be cautious of the cold night air, and protect yourself well with warm flannels and other substantial clothing suitable to this winter season. I trust by this time you are up and at your business, and that the grandees of Carlisle are filling your subscription list for the beautiful "Lakes." We note with pleasure the attention towards you of the Rev. Mr. Hunter and his amiable lady. Please remember me and Mrs. Simpson kindly to them. I am looking every day for your appearance on the platform, urging on the great temperance cause by a few energetic and effective addresses in your best style. Scotch audiences, rather unlike the English in this matter, have such an *itch* for compact, well got up artificial addresses, that a stiff formal fool often passes with the multitude for a wise man, or in other words, a neat oration—though it has no fire, and makes, of consequence, no lasting impression on the audience. Earnestness of manner, with solidity of matter, and of course correct grammar, (which speakers should

always study,) will produce great effects, if the subject be one at all interesting to the assembly. As regards subject, a more deservedly popular one than that of temperance can scarcely now be mentioned in Britain. Everywhere societies are forming, or are already formed. Such has been the extent, and still is, of the ravages of intemperance, that no corner of our drink-smitten island can be pointed out as free from the "monster vice," as you justly term our national brand. There is then, alas! no lack of terrible facts for illustrations to the temperance orator. Every one sees the evil, yea and feels it, either in his own person or family, or in those of others nearly and dearly related to him. The "foul fiend" has been, by these reforming associations, dragged before the public and exposed in all its odiousness, if it be possible for pen or tongue to do this. We hope intemperance will ere long be banished from our beloved land. Let all work and unite hand and heart in this righteous cause.

I fully concur in your views respecting the king's speech, which seems to give general satisfaction, as a complete redemption of the ministerial pledge of reform. The concessions made to the boroughmongers—the men of Sarum and Gatton, as you term the enemies of all reform—are designed as a tub thrown out to the greedy whales. However, let us have the reformed Parliament, in terms of the new bill, and no fear that farther grievances will be redressed in this age of uprooting and overturning all useless and pernicious systems, founded in dark and despotic times, and continued by selfish monopolists. Grey, Brougham, Hume, Russell, Morpeth, Lansdowne, Lambton, and Palmerston, have battled well for Britain's welfare, and the nation will stand by them till victory crowns their efforts. This is a bloodless struggle for the rights of humanity—rights given by the Deity, which have been robbed from us by the cruel craft of former rulers, who had little regard to the state of the masses of the people. I shall be glad to hear from you again before you quit Carlisle, and with best wishes from Mrs. Simpson and her sister, I remain, my dear Sir, faithfully yours,

JAMES SIMPSON.

At Kendal, I delivered several lectures, and had the pulpits on the Sabbath evenings in two dissenting chapels, where temperance formed the chief aim, connected with vital Christianity. I found some very zealous friends of the cause here, and had the pages of the two newspapers, viz., the *Chronicle* and *Gazette*—the first a liberal Whig journal, and the latter a determined advocate for the old systems in Church and State. Both were rather friendly to the temperance reformation, and gave full and friendly reports of my lectures, which tended to fill the places with respectable audiences. The following letter was addressed to the editor of the *Kendal Gazette*, who had done service to this movement in his weekly paper:—

SIR,—I will take it kind, and so will the members of the temperance society of your fine old town, your giving place to this article in Saturday's print. I feel already obliged by the friendly notices you have taken of my lectures in Kendal to promote an object which good men wish to see progressing, in all its manifold benefits to man. To persons of all creeds in politics and religion who wish to see virtue and peace in the ascendant, the temperance reformation must be a

subject of deep interest. Our national character is tarnished by our national love of strong drinks, and lands remote wonder at our folly, of seeking solid pleasure by intemperance caused by these drinking customs. Men of intellectual greatness, in all the walks of literary celebrity, have been deeply injured—yes, prematurely destroyed in mind and body, by these fiery liquors, thereby showing that no powers of mental grandeur can save from the "bite of the serpent" or the sting of the adder"—terms which fitly apply to all intoxicating drinks. Dr. Lyman Beecher of America, lamenting with other good men of that vast Republic, (the United States,) entered warmly, some six years ago, into measures for the suppression of intemperance. These good men and Christian patriots had not been engaged more than three years in their godlike work, before the consumption of ardent spirits in America "had been diminished, one-half in New England, and one-third over the whole States of the Union." The preachers of all denominations there heartily entered into the blessed movement, and the work goes rapidly on. Scions from this beautiful plant of America have been nourished in British soil, and their infant buddings promise well. There are many friends of the movement in Kendal, where, I am told, about 240 members have firmly determined to carry out its principles, and the weekly meetings are regularly on the increase. This is as it should be. I am, Mr. Editor, respectfully yours,

EDWARD MORRIS.

A day or two before I quitted Kendal, I got a post letter from William Waithman, Esq. of Yealand, a highly worthy member of the community of Friends, and leading partner of a large manufacturing establishment of that place, wishing me to give a lecture or two in that neighbourhood, and kindly welcoming me to stay at his house for a day or two, if in my power. This offer was responded to as desired, and several large meetings took place, at three of which Mr. Waithman acted as chairman with great ability, and several clergymen of three or four denominations assisted, and new societies were formed in these parts of Westmoreland. Mr. Isaac Wilson and Mr. Jackson of Yealand, took a very active part with Mr. Waithman in making arrangements for the several addresses, to which the people paid deep attention. On one occasion in the Friend's chapel, an impudent country squire, a lover of the strong potations, rudely interrupted me in the midst of my lecture, and said I was a "disloyal man, and an enemy to the Government—that these absurd temperance societies, if allowed to go on, would destroy the revenue and injure the country greatly!" He threatened to write to the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, who were then in power, about our proceedings, which he said "ought to be suppressed." I requested the chairman to allow him to have out his foolish speech, which I would soon answer, and overwhelm him with confusion, as he evidently was ignorant of our principles. As to his threat of writing the Duke, I scorned that; both the Duke and Sir Robert Peel, two very sober men, knew that our cause was good, and that the vile drunkards of our land were its moral pests. The audience

were very indignant at the conduct of my violent antagonist, and when I got up to reply, there seemed a strong approval of what was said. I challenged him to send a full report of my speech to the Duke, and if he would cause it to be printed, and give me a copy or two, I and my friends present would feel an obligation to him; and that I would send one of the copies to Lord Brougham, who a few days prior to our meeting had advised the House of Lords as a body to join the temperance societies, as their members were a "very orderly class of people, which he could not say of all their Lordships, for their conduct in that house was at times anything but sober." Lord Brougham's a great wit, as well as a great senator, and these waggish remarks were in keeping. The squire, after listening a few minutes to my answer, bolted out of the chapel, finding all he said was "as water spilt upon dry ground." He loved his bottle more than truth, and the sound of the hunting-horn, and the baying of hounds in the wild chase, were more agreeable music in his ears than the joy of families saved from maddening drinks. It is likely he would try and drown the grief of his defeat in his beloved ale or wine cup. I never heard of his sending my speech to the big men of London. He got enough in the Friend's meeting-house, and showed not his face at several places in that vicinity where I lectured to great assemblies afterwards, firing away at all the *death-drugs,* and at the drinking customs which pollute our land, and cause countless thousands to mourn for want of bread. This squire, I learned afterwards, was a very fierce but *bull-headed* Tory, in politics, and High-Church-of-England-man, and would listen to no sound argument. He was much in the practice of interrupting meetings, and he here got the cutting up he most richly deserved. I saw from his *red nose*, and other telling signs, that the *serpent* and *adder* were his companions in the cup. I spared neither—why should I? His haughty magisterial *tone* gave new strength to my mind, and only roused my British sentiments as a reformer in every thing to their full tide. Discussion, fair and candid, I always courted during these long-continued lectures, but where rudeness was substituted for argument, I "spoke to fools according to their folly"—and good men sided with me, and lovely women too. They saw and lamented the abounding abominations of intemperance, and were willing to give up their own *small sip* of every kind of *wily* liquor for the sake of example, to win others from their ruinous course of wild dissipation. Few, few families, alas! but have to lament over some one member, or members, smitten to death by following the perilous customs against which it is the glory of teetotalism to war with a valiant spirit.

Preston was the next place of note to which I directed my footsteps. There I first became acquainted with Mr. Joseph Livesey, and his excellent spouse and family. The newspapers on all the line of my journey had taken up the subject, on the occasion of my

various discourses, and about an hour after arriving at this town, *the birth-place of Teetotalism in England*, a message was sent to me, to the temperance hotel where I stopped, from Mr. Livesey, to take tea at his house that evening, and stating that he and the temperance committee wished me to address their Society at their weekly meeting in Church Street that night. I wished to have avoided this, and to have entered their hall and listened in silence to the "Preston lions," but they had already intimated my name, and I could not in courtesy refuse complying to the kind message of a truly good man. A select few of the leaders met me at tea, and we formed at once our plan of battle during my stay in their spirited town, where I attended altogether about a dozen meetings. In no place since I quitted Glasgow did I find the temperance cause so flourishing as in Preston. The teetotal principle was then rising and showing its buds in that town. The friends had found out, as we in Scotland had done, that the old pledge-test was not sufficient to meet the "monster crime" of Britain. The chief drinks of the English are wine, ale, and porter, and these fiery drugs are the principal source of intemperance amongst all classes in that great and beautiful country. I found that Mr. Livesey was the life of the Preston society, ably and zealously supported by Messrs. Dearden, King, Teare, Swindlehurst, and other worthies, whose names, I fondly believe, are "written in the Lamb's book of life." Pleasant were the days of my tarriance in this town, and the vivid recollection of the animated scenes of our meetings in 1832, there, gives fire to my pen, and it may be, to my muse, which will add to the utility of this work. To Preston and its temperance heroes I retain strong attachment. Mr. James Teare has written a short history of the Teetotal Society of Preston which, as far as it goes, is good. But it wants originality, and the dates, in some instances, are incorrect. But, my good friend Teare, I have a word of mild reproof to give you for quoting three stanzas from a poem of mine, written and printed in Preston in 1832! These verses you give, not as a quotation, but as if they were written by yourself purposely for the work alluded to. My name never appears in your work, which of itself is rather strange, as you ought to have known that I am the "founder of the Glasgow Teetotal Societies," which this work will demonstrate, however long the *truth* has been only partially known in some quarters. I will here give a full copy of the poem from which Mr. Teare borrows the three stanzas complained of, without stating they are borrowed—and every poet feels for his own poem like as a father does for his children. He does not like them to be claimed by strangers! Mr. James Teare I believe to be a good man, and I honour him as a zealous teetotal lecturer, but I must claim the right to those productions, whether rhyme or prose, that came originally from my own brain. Candid reader, is not this a right feeling? Now for the poem. It was originally addressed

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE PRESTON TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

What evils, Intemp'rance, with thine can compare—
What wailing and anguish, and wide-spread despair
Abound in thy dwelling! Thy region is death,
And poison comes forth from thy terrible breath.

Ah, cruel deceiver! thou'st smitten our isle,
The red Rose of England refuses to smile;
And Scotia's proud Thistle bows low in the gale,
And Erin's loved Shamrock droops sad in the vale.

But see! a new banner is lifted on high,
Its beauty and glory are seen in the sky;
And Preston, this banner is precious to thee,
Thy sons and fair daughters around it I see.

Thy zeal is enlightened; Oh, on in the fight!
Strike home at the foe, put the monster to flight:
O chase the "foul fiend" from the land that we love,
In strength of that Being who reigneth above.

Ye young men and maidens, join all in this war;
Ye men of all creeds to this battle repair;
The prince and the peasant, the matron and sire,
The daughter and sister—may each catch the fire!

No garments are stained in the war that we wage,
No fields tinged with gore as the foe we engage;
'Tis vice, and vice only, we seek to destroy,
And Truth is the weapon we ever employ.

O listen! the news from Columbia's shore
Is gladsome; the reign of the monster is o'er.
Learn England; thy daughter loud calls on thee now
Her footsteps to follow, this cause to avow.

O Britons, lov'd Britons! can you idle stand,
Nor aid in this struggle to wipe off the brand—
The brand of intemp'rance, so dire in its course,
Too dark to be pencill'd in prose or in verse!

That Being who sits on the throne of the sky,
And bends o'er all creatures a pitiful eye,
Beholds with approval; His blessing we own,
And He more abundant our labours will crown.

PRESTON, 18*th October*, 1832.

The above poem I delivered at the conclusion of one of my temperance lectures in the Cock-pit, Church Street, Preston—Mr. Joseph Livesey was chairman. The hall was densely filled, and many put their names down that night as members. The following morning, when taking my breakfast at my lodgings, I received a very polite note from a talented clergyman, a very liberal minister of the Church of England (if my memory serves me), inviting me to tea that evening at his house. He said he had heard my address the previous evening with much satisfaction, and that the poem interested him much; he added that he knew a tune which

suited it well, and if I would come, we could set it to music by my permission to him to alter "a very few words to suit the air," and with this done, he would come to my next lecture, and bring his church-singing band, a number of young men and women, who would lead the singing at the conclusion of my intended discourse. The reader will readily conceive this was too kind an offer to be neglected. I went to tea, got a most friendly reception from the Rev. Gentleman, an accomplished scholar, and spent a happy two hours, during which he told me that the temperance cause was dear to him—that its principles grew out of Christianity, and that the doctrines and precepts of the Bible were our *chief rock*. This truth I have ever held, and daily does it appear to me with increasing strength and beauty, commending itself to every unperverted mind. The gentleman came with his band as promised. The meeting was advertised by hand-bills and notices in public places; and such an enthusiastic meeting, I mean in the rational sense of the term, I have rarely known. My friend, Mr. Ronald of Glasgow, a well-known singer of good temperance pieces, has a new tune to the above poem or hymn, whichever the reader may like to call it. I believe the Preston friends still sing it occasionally at their meetings. Perchance when they do so, the elder members may cast a "glance of their mind" to the writer, who has often spoken and written since those days of their attention to him while he staid in their town, which is so noted for its excellent cotton manufactures, its ingenious machine makers, and the general activity of its people, and last "not least," is honoured as the town that first hoisted in England the teetotal standard. This will hallow the names of the Preston moral heroes long as sobriety shall be esteemed a virtue, and intemperance a dreadful vice, the plague-spot of Britain. It was in the town of Preston that I wrote my well-known poem, entitled the "British River of Death," in 1832. Its principles are what I intended them, *purely* teetotal—the cream of my lectures in that town, as in Annan, Carlisle, Kendal, Penrith, Liverpool, Manchester, and many other places in this journey. This poem was first printed by Mr. Livesey, in his *Moral Reformer*, a work which spread far and wide much useful knowledge on social and domestic improvements, and scattered deeply into fruitful soil, which is now yielding a glorious harvest, the seeds of genuine temperance. The origin of this teetotal poem was this:—I had been joining at a family tea one afternoon, in Mr. Livesey's house, before going to the public hall to deliver a temperance lecture, when my eye glanced on a page of one of his magazines—for there was always something to *feed the* mind on Livesey's table as well as the body—when a statement arrested my attention, a statistical account of the quantity of spirituous liquors annually consumed in Great Britain and Ireland, and the cost of these filthy drinks, also the extent of the canal which they would

form. I said to Livesey, "My friend! this would be a fitting subject for a strong poem in which to attack all kinds of intoxicating drinks, for we must throw them *all* overboard to save our good ship Britannia," meaning the nation, from drunkenness. Mr. Livesey and I had often conversed upon the absolute necessity of reconstructing the temperance pledge—of making a full end of all the foul brewings which were left in "moderate use," as regular drinks, by the American and the British friends of this mighty reformation in its infant days. Livesey saw this keenly, and he and others quickly combined to make the "new push," which startled the *timid* and half-hearted, but which delighted the morally courageous, and soon told upon the drunken ranks which it alone, viz., teetotalism, could effectually reclaim, and still better, keep the truly sober always so. We made the calculation from the best sources of official information, as to the quantity of brandy, rum, whiskey, gin, wine, ale, porter, cyder, perry, ginger cordial, and all other *body and mind destroying drugs*, which now cost Great Britain and Ireland, annually, eighty million pounds sterling. The quantity thus yearly drank by us with *smacking lips*, would constitute a river three feet deep, thirty feet wide, and one hundred and fifty miles in length! No wonder we are a drunken people—no wonder we have an army of seven hundred thousand confirmed drunkards! fonder of drink than even the drunken Russian army, that Omar Pasha and his teetotal gallant Turks beat so often, and proved they were not so *sick* as the ambitious, tyrannical Russian bear, Nicholas the pretender, wrote in his hypocritical despatches to our government, which by their publicity through the present British Cabinet, has spread the mantle of infamy on the Czar which never will be removed.—This poem has gone through many editions, and I hope and have reason to know, has won not a few to our temperance banner. I copy it now from the last edition, and place it in the year in which it was first printed, that the friends of this movement may see by what humble means the temperance reformation has grown to its present strength, with "*few* smiles from the rich and noble, and *small* aid from the great and mighty" of our drunken land :—

THE BRITISH RIVER OF DEATH.

Britons! look on this stream,
And read your nation's woe;
What thousands madly dream
Where these wild waters flow;
Disease and crime, and death abide,
This river's all-destructive tide!

They tell of Java's tree,
Of Etna's fiery mount—
Of Greenland's icy sea,
Of Lethe's chilly fount;
But this rude British river shows,
A thousand *deeper, darker* woes.

Unlike the Stream of Life
That cheers yon Heavenly land,
Where no unhallowed strife
Can raise the murderer's brand,
Is this wild flood, whose waters roll
To mar our body—blight our soul!

Britain! dost thou not see
Thy guilt and danger here?
From this dread river flee,
It checks thy bright career—
What thousands perish on its banks,
Of lowly and exalted ranks!

O ye that love your land,
And wish its joys to flow—
Will ye not bravely stand
Against this *wily* foe—
To save that isle where Newton taught,
And Locke and Milton nobly thought?

Shall not the widow's wail,
The orphan's *briny* tear,
On Britain's sons prevail,
And make them lend an ear [cause,
To this great cause—the temp'rance
Approved by Heaven's eternal laws?

Ye ministers of grace,
The call is loud to you;
Can ye not sadly trace,
The ills that ceaseless flow
From these *bad drugs* of Sodom's vine,
Which make our *glorious isle* to pine?

Ye rulers of these lands,
Who love your country well,—
Come strengthen ye our hands
A dark foe to repel;
A foe more *dread* than "Russian Bear,"
That Gauls and Britons soon will scar!

O when the battle's won,
And temp'rance shall abound,
And her celestial sun
Shall gild these vallies round—
The Rose will then new fragrance shed,
The Thistle prouder lift its head:

Then, o'er Britannia's isle,
Through palace, hall, and cot,
Truth, freedom, peace will smile—
Our woes will be forgot;
And foreign lands will then no more
Call this the drunken Briton's shore!

Then, He who rules on high,
And bids the waves be still;
On whom all worlds rely,
And angels do his will—
Who doth the hungry sparrows feed,
Will shield us in the hour of need.

The line of my route from Preston was now through Lancaster, Warrington, Wigan, Liverpool, Stockport, and Manchester. In all these places and in some intervening villages, such as Wemslow in Cheshire, I delivered public addresses, which generally were listened to by numerous and truth-seeking persons, who confessed the great need of these efforts. But Manchester, that vast beehive of noble industry, was the great field, and where I gave some twelve or thirteen lectures in different parts of that great town, which in my youthful years (in my sixteenth year of age,) I had visited as a young traveller for a grain and flour merchant of Shrewsbury, my native town. In Manchester and Salford I met with many able and very zealous advocates of temperance, both clergymen and laymen. Amongst these, the Rev. Mr. Stowell was pre-eminent, and Mr. Pollard, a tailor and clothier, greatly aided the movement and early embraced the new pledge. Mr. Brotherton, M. P., was a strong advocate, and Mr. Archibald Prentice, editor and proprietor of the *Manchester Times*, contributed much to forward our cause. I had the advantage of his talented and liberal newspaper for several articles of my own composition, and his editorial remarks did us good, and tended to crowd our meetings for several weeks in that great city and the surrounding villages almost every evening during my stay there. I visited several of the large Sunday-schools, and had the pleasure of addressing the scholars, at one of which the head magistrate of Manchester presided, (Mr. Braidley,) who gave me a book written by himself, containing memoirs of a number of persons who had been educated

solely at these Sabbath-day institutions, where this gentleman himself had received his book-instruction, and from lowly life rose to the high and honourable post of the chief civic ruler of the first manufacturing town of England. This worthy man was a firm and liberal supporter of the temperance societies. Two days before I quitted this ever-busy town, I was invited to a large soiree, which was held in the town hall of Salford—a place, if I remember correctly, nearly the size of our own beautiful City Hall in Candleriggs, Glasgow. Mr. Brotherton, M. P. was in the chair, supported on each hand by eight or nine ministers of the gospel, of all creeds, and many gentlemen of literary celebrity, and commercial rank and talent. In truth, it seemed to be a selection from the moral and mental worth of Manchester, all bent on warring against that drink which wars against our best interests. There were about as many of the fair sex—the "witches of Lancashire"—as there were of their husbands, brothers, cousins, fathers, and grandfathers, present at this life-inspiring assembly, which lasted from seven o'clock till eleven, when all retired, after a solemn and devout prayer from the Rev. Hugh Stowell, who among many others delivered a brilliant and telling speech during the evening. This good man has done much for the best interests of the town. After the chairman and two other gentlemen had spoken, I was called upon to address the splendid assembly "of brave men and lovely women," young and old—and it was requested that I should "sketch my journey from old Caledonia in the Highlands, to the great English town in that merry land—not forgetting to tell them all about Glasgow and its temperance." Never shall I forget the thrill of pleasureable emotion which glowed in my breast when I rose—twenty-five years had fled into eternity, since I first visited that mighty emporium of trade, when I was only sixteen years of age, with my cargo of fine flour to dispose of to the confectioners and others—and was then, as now, an entire stranger to every one there. Now, the town had grown like Glasgow, in giant strength and size, and my visit and my aim was of a moral and mental, a physical and religious nature, not commercial.

It was kindly insisted that I should have a "long rope this night, as it would be my closing speech in Manchester for a time." I tried twice to stop, but the cry was "another Glasgow shot or two, Sir, before you say good night." The men of Manchester are witty, frank, and hearty. This I always found in my many visits formerly to that place. At the conclusion of my address I made a request, through the president, that the meeting should have a voluntary speech from any one in the body of the vast hall, who could tell us what good they or their families had derived from being members of the temperance society. I told them this plan had been acted on in Glasgow, and often elicited striking proofs of the power of our principles, and how Heaven had blessed the labour of good men and

wise women in this movement. The request was hailed with much warmth, and quickly rose a plain-looking, but modest firm-minded man, of the name of Joseph Rimer, a journeyman dyer to his trade, whose employer, a gentleman of a large dye-work, was present. At first he spoke hesitatingly, his feelings seemed to overpower him. He was no scholar. His wife had taught him a little in the New Testament since he joined the temperance cause. He appeared to be about fifty years of age, well clothed, and very clean. His wife also, who was present, was a well-dressed and interesting-looking woman. Joseph was now invited to the platform, and the president shook hands with him, while the audience greatly cheered as he commenced his speech. It was simple but original, and even sublime. He had not spoken five minutes before many handkerchiefs were wiping away the gushing tears from the ladies' eyes, as the reformed drunkard and penitent man was going over the tragic scenes which he passed through, and the sufferings of his "meek, gentle, industrious, and unreproaching wife," in consequence of his twenty-five years' debasing intemperance. It was a terrible picture—a fearful illustration of what Solomon says of the "biting and stinging of the serpent and the adder," in the twenty-third chapter of the book of Proverbs, which every friend of true sobriety should get to memory. For many years prior to joining the temperanee movement he had given little or nothing to his wife to support the house, and not only that, but had pawned all his furniture and bedding of any worth to purchase gin, ale, and porter, while his wife washed and ironed clothes for a number of families to keep herself from starving. Time after time she mildly entreated him to come home on the Saturday evening with his pay, and buy needful things for the house; he sometimes promised, but always broke his promise; then their home, if home it could be called, daily assumed a more gloomy and repulsive aspect. The pawn-shops, those greedy places, swallowed up all, chairs, tables, stools, bedding, wearing apparel; everything of "Rimer *the Devil*," as he was termed, went for the burning drug, called by fools "the refreshing glass." "My house," said the now restored man "was a picture of complete misery. It was hell upon earth, and at length I could not think of a more terrible hell than that which I had made by my drunken habits." He told these terrific scenes with such a pathos and inwrought feeling of soul, as to engross intensely every one present. He concluded the dark part of his history with the following story :—One Saturday morning my long-enduring wife said to me, after I had recovered from a drunken debauch, "now Joe, here is a new clean shirt for you, which I have bought of my own hard earnings; put it on, and when you get your wages this afternoon come home to your own house, and avoid the public house; I will have tea ready, and then we will go to the market and purchase food." He put on the shirt, and told his trembling wife that he would do as she wished him. He went to

his work, and got his week's wages at the usual hour of pay, but coming out of the office, a drunken croney met him, and they both went to the public-house, *alias death-shop*, and drunk away at the cruel drugs till Sunday night—sleeping a few hours at the ale-house during the time. Late on Sunday evening, these two miserable men were returning towards their blasted drink-smitten dwellings, when Rimer's companion said, "Joe, we must have a parting glass!" They both searched their pockets, but not a copper nestled there. Joseph's wages were all gone—drunk by him, or stolen by the light-fingered customers who frequent these drunkeries. They could not get trust from the landlord for their "last gill." The fellow who was worse, if possible, than Joseph, cast his eye on the "new clean shirt," and said, he knew a pawn-shop where they could get a shilling on it. Joseph, after some hesitation, thinking perhaps of the promise he made to his wife on the Saturday morning, consented to go into a field, near Pendleton Pole, (I know the spot) on the banks of the river Irwell, and there took off his shirt—buckled up or pinned his waistcoat as close to his chin as possible, to hide his naked breast, and went with the vile companion and got the shilling, which they quickly gulped in the fiery liquid. Joseph then went home to his broken-hearted wife—quite drunk. She burst into tears when she saw him. The shirt she saw was gone, and he had no money. He took no supper, but lay down "like a beast" till morning, and then the horrors seized him. His wife spoke gently about his broken promise; said she was sinking fast under these overwhelming trials, and that speedily she would be in her grave. He went to his work full of remorse, and pondered over his wretched life all that day. When the dye-work stopped at night, in coming through Bridge Street, he saw a notice of a temperance lecture, and went to the hall, where an eloquent layman gave a splendid discourse, describing in very striking language the misery of the drunkard, but at the same time pointing out the true remedy, giving up at once and for ever *every drink* that leads to intemperance. He was deeply affected by the lecture—two nights afterwards he went to another, and then put his name down as a member. Every night this week he went home sober as a judge, and serious as a returning prodigal. His poor wife, a pleasant-looking woman when I saw her, was delighted beyond description to see his change—she asked him why he looked so *sad* and melancholy. "I may well look sad," said the awakened man, "when I think seriously what a *devil* I have been to thee, my dutiful wife, whom I loved so much when we were young, and *love thee* yet." "Will God forgive me—wilt thou forgive me for all these years of drunken atrocity." The wife replied, "fear not—God is merciful and gracious, willing to pardon through his Son the chief of sinners; I am glad, gladder than words can express, to see my once drunken husband a new man." He told his wife that he had been at two

temperance lectures, and there he saw his duty, felt his sin—and felt resolved in God's strength to turn over a new leaf in his manner of life. His wife was more and more pleased at this, and joined herself as a member, and they had now a happy home, a full, well-replenished house of two apartments, with beef and bacon hanging on the hooks of the roof of their kitchen—and a pig feeding in his own stye back of the house, which in due time was to find its way to the hooks, as the season for killing came on. He turned round and looked at me, saying, "if our friend the lecturer from Glasgow will come to breakfast, to our house to-morrow, my wife and I will feel honoured to receive him; and then he will see I have not over-coloured the picture of my present comforts." I shook him heartily by the hand, thanking him for the invitation ; his heart was full. There was a tide of natural eloquence, and a grandeur of moral truth in his speech, and deep-toned utterance of soul, which made a profound impression on all who listened to plain uneducated Joseph Rimer, the Manchester dyer. I wrote the outline of this address for the Journals, and never do I remember feeling more resolved to battle on for heaven-born temperance than after listening to this simple man, who, though he lacked the rules of school grammar, spoke with a power, an unction, and a sublime christian philosophy, more of which I would like to hear from our regular pulpits, and from our classic scholars. In concluding his address, he pointed with his finger from the platform to his wife, who was sitting with her friends in the middle of the hall—he paused a minute or two, I saw the big tear trickling down his manly cheek—he then broke out: "there is now my happy wife; God bless her! She has been my guardian angel—it is surely her prayers that have helped to save me. O ladies and gentlemen! look at her—she is ten years younger now than she was three years ago. I love her more than ever, and never can re-pay the sorrow I caused her during my profligate life." This was the touching scene in his address—it thrilled the meeting—all eyes were turned on the happy wife of Joseph. When he sat down, the Rev. Mr. Stowell informed the meeting, that Joseph and his wife were both members of his church —and that formerly Joseph never went to any place of worship, but tried to ape the infidel. The master dyer that employed Joseph rose also, and said he had not a better workman in all his large establishment than this reformed drunkard; and sincerely wished all his men were members of the temperance societies—he would in that case have a much happier task in superintending his work, and so would his foreman. Never did I attend a soiree where more pleasure and moral improvement were combined than at this, and many have I assembled in during the last twenty-five years of my connection with this cause.

CHAPTER V.

1832 TO 1834.

The author's return from England to Glasgow end of 1832—finds the old temperance pledge still the test, but sinking in its efficiency—many members feel this and lament it, but there were few able or willing to move on—Messrs. Dunlop, Collins, Kettle, Wardlaw, Reid, Drs. Ritchie, Beattie, and others strove on, but it was uphill work—ale, porter, and wine, are "serpent drinks," and these the old pledge did not give up—letter of the author to Mr. Buckingham, that gentleman's reply—his "motion" before the Parliament, its vast importance to the temperance cause—an address in poetry to Mr. Buckingham—hostility of some of the M. P.'s to Mr. Buckingham on this patriotic occasion—they seemed more attentive to the comfort and training of their dogs and horses than to the condition of the British people—Mr. Buckingham's noble exertions in opening the trade to India to all parties, doing away the unjust monopoly—visits Glasgow—a soiree given to him by the friends of temperance—lectures in our city—steps taken towards a radical pledge—meeting in the Seaman's Chapel for this end, where the author delivers a teetotal lecture.

FROM Manchester I now took my departure for Glasgow, by railway, through Liverpool, only having an hour to wait there, when I embarked on board the steamer *Huskisson*, and had a pleasant passage, borne swiftly along to the chief city of Scotland, where I found the temperance societies doing all they could; but the conviction was gathering strength that the old pledge must be given up. But who would be the efficient lecturers? and who would meet the opposition if we took this step? This was the difficulty. It was generally well known, that few of the clergy would unite in the contemplated new movement; and when that step afterwards was taken this fact was demonstrated—the societies were left to laymen. But God "took these up"—he gave them courage and strength—he made them more than a match for their enemies. Divine truth is *mightier* than Hebrew, Greek, or Latin tongues; living facts attest this. The "babes and sucklings" of book learning were able to meet and *upset* all the opponents of teetotalism, after the new Glasgow society was fairly commenced, as will speedily be made manifest. The Rev. William Reid, in his "Life of Robert Kettle," has well described these primeval victories, and given to God the honour due to His name, for the support he gave to the originators of the teetotal associations, in which we had to fight our way *every inch* of ground. The *shot* and *powder* from the heavenly armour bore us through, although many of the former leaders turned their backs upon us, and finally left the temperance

reformation to its fate. Its fate has been a victory more glorious than Nelson's of the Nile, or than Wellington's of Waterloo—with all the world-wide aplause of the hero of the ocean, and the great captain of a hundred land triumphs, whose names float in every breeze. Mr. Dunlop, Mr. Collins, Mr. Buckingham, and many other leading friends, who planted the American seed in British soil, continued to do all in their power to push forward the mighty object they had in view—which was to banish the drinking customs and drunkenness from our lovely isle. They found, however, that the fiery beverages retained with their Columbian pledge—the malt liquor, the wine, and other intoxicants—were used, perhaps more freely, after the more intense "fire waters," the "evil spirits" were forbidden. Old training of fathers and mothers, having taught their children to love the *little drop* after dinner, or after supper, it was no easy matter to stop the wild current—pledges were broken nearly as fast as they were taken, and the best lecturers were greatly discouraged in witnessing the inconsistency of members.

We come now to a bold step taken by a great man, a "master in our movement." Mr. Buckingham had a seat in the British Parliament for the great town of Sheffield, and his long experience in the great theatre of commerce, politics, and morals, gave weight to his opinions. In addition to this, he was a splendid writer, and of known philanthropy in all his movements. During my tour, already narrated, I had many a time marked with no little interest, his unwearied and truly patriotic exertions to aid the best interests of his country and of the human family. The newspapers teemed with editorial recommendations of his public gratuitous labours, and frequently with full reports of his admirable lectures on temperance, and many other subjects which came within the scope of his genius and the grasp of his benevolence. In the wish of becoming acquainted with so useful and good a man, I wrote him the following letter:—

GLASGOW, 3*d February*, 1832.

TO JAMES S. BUCKINGHAM, Esq., M.P.

DEAR SIR,—I have for some time past, and more especially during my late journey to England, on a literary errand, (connecting with it lectures on temperance,) noticed with much pleasure your unslumbering activity to promote the glorious cause which is also dear to me, which I feel it my duty to defend, by writing and speaking, whenever I have opportunity. I have read much from your pen, and feel a congeniality of sentiment generally with all you have written —free trade, and all other freedoms being properly united in your patriotic studies, of poetry and prose. I have long beheld, with deep sorrow, the wide-spread misery of intemperance in our country, and no rank or profession in the great community can claim exemption from the folly and sin of this national vice. The rich and the poor, the learned and the illiterate, are alike victims of "wine and strong drink,"

which the Bible condemns in every page where the sacred writers have occasion to speak on the subject of intemperance.

I take the liberty, Sir, though a stranger personally to you, of enclosing a copy of some verses of mine, entitled "The British River of Death," which were printed by Mr. Livesey of Preston, in his *Moral Reformer*, and in some of our Glasgow newspapers. Some of my friends in this great city wish this poem to appear in your *Parliamentary Review*, which I get regularly and admire much. I would feel personally obliged to see them in your able pages the first opportunity. Glad should I be, respected Sir, and many other friends of temperance here, to see you in our beautiful city—a city which greatly needs this reformation, and such pleaders as you. We would listen with delight to your eloquent strains, and receive with gladness those instructions you are able to give us, from long experience. You will get a welcome reception, come when you may, from the friends of the cause here. I have the honour to be, yours respectfully,

EDWARD MORRIS.

In the following month I received from Mr. Buckingham a friendly answer to the foregoing letter, which I now copy as a connecting link in this history, and in its proper place, to show our movement:—

MANCHESTER BUILDINGS, LONDON, 17*th March*, 1834.

To MR. E. MORRIS, Garscube Place, Glasgow.

DEAR SIR,—Excessive labour, late hours, and illness, have thrown my correspondence to such arrears that I have been unable to answer your letters till now. I will try to find room for your excellent poem, the "British River of Death," as soon as possible (the poem was printed in his *Parliamentary Review*, No. 9). You will learn with pleasure that I gave notice, on Friday last, in the House of Commons, of two motions, which I mean to bring on immediately after the recess. One for legislative measures to prevent the spread of drunkenness, and a committee to devise the means—the other to put a stop to the murderous practice of duelling. On the first question all the temperance societies in the three kingdoms should be roused, as we shall need all the help they can give. No one can do this better, for Scotland and the North of England, than yourself; and I will thank you, as a first step, that you get a copy of my notice inserted in every Scotch newspaper, and given out from every pulpit you can command. The motion is this—"to move for a select committee of the House of Commons, to inquire into the causes of the great increase of habitual drunkenness amongst the labouring classes of the United Kingdom, and to devise legislative preventions to the further spread of this great national evil." Petitions should be invited from every part of the country, and facts in evidence as to the great number of dram-shops and beer-houses in every town compared with the population—testimonies, also, of medical men, as to the effect of intemperance increasing disease, and of magistrates and others as to its causing crime. All this I leave to you to effect in the north, and I will get other agents to work in the south, as there is no time to lose in this undertaking. I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

JAMES S. BUCKINGHAM.

I immediately took the initiative steps suggested by Mr. Buckingham in the above communication, by handing the letter to my friends and colleagues of our temperance committee; and the leading gentlemen, Messrs. Collins, Kettle, Dunlop, and many others, entered into Mr. Buckingham's views, with a zeal and enlightened energy worthy of the great cause, to support the honourable member for Sheffield, who was thus fighting a glorious battle for broad humanity, irrespective of creed or party distinction, which is the beauty of teetotalism. I think it right to state, that on the receipt of Mr. Buckingham's letter, I wrote that gentleman a short reply, saying how highly I approved of his motion on temperance, with the exception of one allusion. It was confined to the "great increase of habitual drunkenness of the labouring classes." I said in my letter that this wording would damage his undertaking. The millions would think it was an unjust reflection on them, while they knew, and I know it is yet too true, that many, very many ladies and gentlemen are drunkards—they get drink in their parlours and dining-rooms, they then tumble into bed, and the police cannot catch them roaring full on the streets. I respectfully suggested to Mr. Buckingham to alter that part of his motion, and substitute "drunkenness amongst all classes." He replied that he believed I was correct, as to the general prevalence of the foul vice, but said, if he was to word it as suggested, the House of Commons would probably reject it, as including themselves in the drunken list! I submitted, though not willingly, and I have the best reason to know Mr. Buckingham did what he thought best, taking the whole matter into consideration. I still think, as I then wrote, that the clause retained in its original form damaged, to some extent, Mr. Buckingham's noble work. This is a point in the temperance reformation which I have ever been guarded in, when speaking or writing—it is strict impartiality.

Mr. Buckingham's speech before the British parliament, and the "drunken evidences" on which this splendid piece of senatorial eloquence was founded, are well known. He showed in this address the union of the patriot, the philosopher, the moralist, and the christian sage. Some of the *raw heads* in the House of Commons laughed at his sentiments, and tried to *cough* him down, but Buckingham was made of too good mettle to give way to fools and empty skulls. Lord John Russell, and several other members of the honourable house, paid him a very just compliment for the zeal, the ability, and untiring industry he had manifested in that and many other pursuits to improve his countrymen, and that the thanks of the House were due to him for these labours. Many have been the arguments, and valuable the illustrations drawn from Mr. Buckingham's "parliamentary evidences," to supply lecturers and preachers with stirring matter for their temperance discourses. Mr. Buckingham kindly sent me a large copy of them, printed for

the members, and this, with his opening speech, I found of great use. The many excellent men from all parts of the three nations who gave their honest, well-weighed testimony, as to the deep and wide-spread ravages of the hateful vice which he was striving to root out, has stamped an importance on the document which commands the regard of good men, and will for years to come. A new impulse was given to the temperance movement by this bold step of Mr. Buckingham, and a number of persons of influential rank, who had till now stood aloof or hostile, were moved to ally themselves with the great reformation. Glasgow, Edinburgh, Paisley, Dundee, Dunfermline, Dumfries, Annan, Greenock, Perth, Aberdeen, and many other places, displayed more activity, and the teetotal *pear* was ripening fast in these places—but still, the leaders were crying, "be cautious! look before you leap."

I take the following from the Glasgow newspapers of October, 1834, and from the *Temperance Journal*:—"At the monthly meeting of the Anderston temperance society, Mr. E. Morris delivered a long lecture in the Seaman's Chapel, Brown Street, Anderston, Glasgow—urging the adoption of the new or teetotal pledge, then in full and successful operation in Preston, Lancashire, under the able advocacy of Messrs. Livesey, Dearden, King, Teare, Grubb, and Swindlehurst. Mr. Morris dwelt strongly on the vast importance of the new radical pledge, showing how effective it was to meet the giant vice of the nation. The lecturer justly eulogised Mr. Buckingham for his arduous efforts in the temperance cause—especially his late appeal to the British legislature, and for the good that gentleman had done by his beautiful writings on the same subject. The chairman, after Mr. Morris had done, introduced Mr. John Scott, a talented young man from Preston, who followed the regular lecturer in a brief but very pointed address. He approved of what Mr. Morris had said, and then went on to explain the good which resulted in the town of Preston since they hoisted the new banner. He was listened to with earnest attention, and the teetotal principle got a good lift from this meeting." Still there was no society yet formed, though individuals embraced the "new views;" this fact should be borne in mind, because errors are afloat as to the origin of Glasgow teetotalism.

It is high time these fogs should be chased away by the mirror of truth. In November 1834, Mr. Buckingham and his excellent lady paid a visit to Glasgow. Shortly prior to his coming here, he wrote me a letter requesting I would secure for him apartments in a quiet, well-aired part of our city, which I had the pleasure quickly to do. He made a good use of his time in Glasgow, delivering two or three stirring lectures, in which he went into interesting details of the results of his bringing the subject of our drinking customs before the supreme court of the nation, and dwelt strongly on the sin of wasting the precious grain—Heaven's

gift for food—and "turning it into poison," as the Rev. Archdeacon Paley complains of in his "Moral Philosophy." The chapels were crowded at Mr. Buckingham's addresses. He afforded a rich intellectual feast to the lover of beautiful English, as well as a moral feast to the friends of virtue. The man who had travelled through the burning clime of India—had trodden its vallies and ascended its highest mountains, all on the teetotal principle—who had explored, also, frozen regions by sea and land, summer and winter; from early life of youthful adventure, to his present time of full manhood, in its matured prime—who had studied well, and read much of the best of writers, and was now, as formerly, devoting all his rich mental powers to elevate his beloved land—this man could not be listened to, without leaving a salutary impression on all who heard him. In one of his lectures he stated some things concerning the prejudice and ignorance of many members of parliament, and of their utter want of knowledge concerning the drunken state of Britain, not much to the credit of these men of "hereditary wisdom." Several of these M. P.'s were quite strangers to the nature of temperance societies, and their *small-beer wit* was poured upon Mr. Buckingham, for troubling that honourable house with any such subject as the drunken state of all classes and all professions in the empire—the members of that august assembly not a bit freer of the charge than any other party, as many melancholy *facts* staring us in the face, attest! Facts cannot give way; the poet Burns says so, and every other moralist knows it well. Many of these senatorial gentry seemed far more bent on the breeding of dogs and horses for the wild chase, and swift hounds to run down the fox or the timid hare, than of removing the fatal stumbling-blocks from the path-way of millions of their fellow-men, and of training up, by wise preventive measures, immortal beings in the way they should go, "to sobriety, health, strength, and virtue," and therefore to happiness. Miserable senators these! and worse than useless when in places of power. However, their day of rejection is rapidly coming, and "come it will for all their schemes." The stables must be cleaned, and nothing bad left in corners.

A temperance soiree was held in honour of Mr. Buckingham in the Assembly Rooms, Ingram Street—William Collins, Esq. in the chair—surrounded by a number of the leading friends of temperance, clergymen and laymen, who vied with each other in testifying to the value of those services which this gentleman had displayed in behalf of a glorious reformation from the debasing effects of poisonous drinks. Mr. Buckingham's speech on this evening was much admired for its unmistakeable advocacy of the principles then speedily to be adopted here, as well as in Preston, Manchester, and other towns, where the new pledge was in operation. Many good but brief addresses of the several members were given, but the gentlemen did not think just yet, that the teetotal standard could

be raised. Some of us determined soon to try it. The "most influential members" said they "would not go that length." Truth ought not to wait for any man—no, not for the peer, the duke, or the king—so thought some of us at this soiree, and so we resolved to act, however many might draw back. Towards the conclusion of this soiree, the following lines were addressed by me, preceded by a few remarks on the happy occasion—

TO JAMES S. BUCKINGHAM, ESQ. M.P.

On his Visit to Glasgow in 1834, after having brought the subject of British Intemperance before the Imperial Parliament.

I wrote these lines for the *Glasgow Chronicle*, and presented the paper in which they appeared to Mrs. Buckingham, as she sat, a happy spouse, by the side of her husband, zealous as himself in this righteous cause, as women should always be who wish a happy home.

Thee, Buckingham! we warmly hail,
And view with joy thy beauteous plant* —
Its precious fruits shall never fail
To aid that cause for which we pant.

Against this tree wild-raging storms
May come, but it will brave the blast—
Its branches shoot in lovely forms,
To yield for all a rich repast.

Rich dews upon this plant descend,
And heavenly fatness from the sky—
O quickly may its branches bend
With fruits for all, a rich supply!

See how it now unfolds its buds
So beauteous, yielding grateful scent;
Nor scorching suns, nor winter floods,
Shall make its planter ere repent.

No, Buckingham! be sure thy name
In Glasgow will not soon decay;
The temperance friends in thee can claim,
Bold leader wise, and frank, and gay:

One who from youthful days has stood,
A watchman on the lofty tower;
Nor feared the shock, however rude,
Nor skies that with dread vengeance lour.

Afresh our arms we buckle on,
And will not lay our weapons by;
But look to God, the Holy One,
Who will our needful strength supply.

Triumph we shall in spite of foes,
For truth is stronger far than all
That can our doctrines bright oppose;
We scorn opponent's bitter gall.

* Meaning the volume of "Parliamentary Evidences."

The young, the old, the son, the sire,
The daughter, mother, rich and poor,
Beneath our banner may aspire
To serve their land, its health secure.

Adieu, loved Buckingham! To thee
We look this battle still to fight—
Britannia's isle from drinks to free,
Which like vile serpents "sting and bite."

Glasgow will show a valiant front,
Nor shrink from duty to promote
This bold reform, but stern confront
Vile customs, far and wide afloat.

GLASGOW, *4th November*, 1834.

Mr. Buckingham was justly esteemed in Glasgow not only as a powerful advocate for temperance, but he was well known to our enlightened fellow-citizens as a determined political free-trade reformer. He gave many splendid lectures on the vast, almost boundless resources of our East Indian possessions, if laid open to the enterprise of British merchants in general, instead of being monopolised, as they had been to that period, by a greedy, selfish crew of adventurers in Leaden Hall and Lombard Street, London, who were almost as selfish and despotic as Nicholas of Russia, the doomed tyrant. Mr. Buckingham did immense good by these eloquent addresses in England and Scotland, and the public press, in general, took his side, and those who were against him in opinion acknowledged the splendour of his abilities, as teetotalers had done.

CHAPTER VI.

1835-1836.

Teetotalism now gets the ascendancy in Glasgow—the measures taken to form the new society—great discussions in the Lyceum Rooms between the author and Mr. Benjamin Gray, and others, who took a deep interest in these proceedings to establish temperance here on the teetotal pledge, same as in Preston, where Joseph Livesey, Joseph Dearden, and others, were gloriously contending—two letters to the author, written on parchment, signed by the leaders.

EIGHTEEN hundred and thirty-five was, after all our anxious efforts, a struggling time with the friends of temperance—the ship was leaky. The brewers of ales and porters, and the wine merchants said—perhaps they were joking—that the pledge of the first movement did them good, it worked into their coffers. Their liquors, not esteemed so dangerous by many (which was a great mistake) as the scorching brandy, the burning rum, the fiery whisky, and the stinging gin, were in "high repute," and the writer of this work has many a time, in former years, been congratulated by publicans, because he lectured when the old pledge was the test. He did not thank these "fire-water" gentry for their compliments, for he had from the first resolved to war against all the filthy drinks that can possibly cause man, woman, or child to stagger—a war which the laws of nature enjoin, and the book of Divine Revelation inculcates. I would remark here that one thing which kept back our leaders from hoisting the Preston standard, was a fear that the classical scholars, *the dead-language men*, would desert us if we took the daring step. I for one was never afraid of this—I never did *worship* classical scholarship. I think the *living* English tongue is a mightier language than all the *dead* ones that school-men can bring forward. I think Shakespeare, Spenser, and Milton, are nobler poets than ever Greece or Rome could boast of; and that Bacon, Addison, and Johnson, are nobler prose writers than the college-men can show from all their stores of learned ancient lore. I shall give, in the progress of this history, the names of men who have fought our teetotal battles before "lords and ladies," as well as before cobblers and chimney-sweepers—before great professors of our proud colleges—and have been listened to by thousands of toiling men and hard-working women, who had done more for teetotalism than any merely learned men of our day. I will here mention one good man—a noble of nature's formation and inspiration—J. B. Gough! Not that I despise human learning—Heaven forbid it! I wish I and my offspring had

been favoured with more of it. But there is such a thing, even in Britain, as *learned lumber*, and too many men mistake it for useful knowledge. The teetotal reformation will sweep away this delusion in its glorious expansiveness. Thousands of true gospel preachers will God raise up, who have been neglected by the churches—not Hebrew, Greek, and Latin students, it may be—who, while they spread teetotalism over our island, will also spread the "unsearchable riches of Christ Jesus" to millions whom too many great scholars, ministers of God's word, have not been over-zealous of instructing, especially "out of season." There has long been a vast amount of great natural genius—yes, cultivated talent—through the various congregations of our great towns and rural districts, which has been unemployed for any good or Christian object. This talent, this mental genius, is now blooming forth, "not wasting its sweetness in the desert air," as the sweet poet Gray writes, but in active labours for the felicity of the human family. With such services God is always "well pleased." They can be eloquent and effective, like the apostles of old, without the aid of foreign tongues. The great Demosthenes knew no language but his own mother tongue, but that he studied well. Let British youth study the sublimer English—and Burke, Chatham, and Fox, will be good guides as to speaking, with Johnson, Walker, and others, as to meaning of words, their pronunciation and derivation. Grammars we have plenty—amongst these Cobett's should be studied by our lay-lecturers, and these are the men still on whom the societies have chiefly to depend. We will be glad for every accession of doctors of divinity, and learned ministers of Christianity, to our great movement, but dare not, will not *wait* a moment for any great man, or even angel, because God says, "work while it is day," and because drunkards are in danger of perishing everlastingly;" and it is our duty, by every effort, to pluck them as "brands from the burning." We are grateful to God for the few excellent regular preachers of the gospel who have fought our battles so long and so well—but we need help from every quarter where genius, culture, and virtue can be found. Man, universal man, we labour for; not for a *sectarian* party, whose narrow creed was hatched in Rome, in Geneva, or Westminster. The book of Heaven is our true all-sufficient guide. The sun, the moon, the stars, shine for all alike; the dews, the rains, the winds, the fruitful seasons, come to all our race. Christianity is the only *universal* religion—and it will banish all others in due time. The seed is sound, not one grain will die. Teetotalism emanating from it, demands from its defenders a liberality large as the universe of God. Mere sectarian men, of whatever denomination, are of little or no use in these temperance societies, unless it be in their own small party. The age of sectarianism has passed away, and universal brotherhood of feeling is in the ascendant. The times are propitious, and the Christian patriot never breathed so

freely the pure atmosphere of vital truth, as in these days of moral commotion.

We come now to the commencement of membership teetotalism in Glasgow. Up to this month (September 1836,) there was a hanging back, and the old societies were in a very ricketty state—the ship was sinking in spite of its best pilots. Dunlop, and Collins, and Kettle, and Ritchie, and their colleagues, had done all they could, but the breakers-a-head were threatening shipwreck, and so it happened. Wine, ale, and porter, sunk the vessel. On the 16th of September, 1836, Mr. John Finch, iron-merchant, from Liverpool, a very ingenious, eloquent, and intelligent gentleman, who had done much for temperance, called on me at the Canal swift-boat passenger office, Port-Dundas, with a letter from our mutual friend, the well-known Mr. Joseph Livesey, the "founder of teetotalism in Preston," Lancashire. Mr. Finch was at this time a stranger to me, but he knew my sentiments had long been those of the Preston leaders, and that I had given many a lecture on the new pledge before he came to our city. I think it right to state these *facts*, because very erroneous views exist in Glasgow on this subject. I had heard of Mr. Finch before this interview, and seen accounts of his great zeal and able services in the temperance field, and was glad that we should now have his masterly aid to help us to reconstruct the societies of Glasgow, which were in the last stage of a galloping consumption. Mr. Finch said he had seen my name often in the Preston and other Journals, and my writings, in prose and poetry, were familiar to him—especially the "River of Death," and the "Banner of Temperance," both printed by Mr. Livesey. Mr. Livesey's letter to me spoke of Mr. Finch as his abilities well deserved, and his labour in Glasgow made a deep impression. Being then chairman of the temperance society meeting weekly in the Lyceum Rooms, Nelson Street, where many good men contended nobly for truth, Mr. Finch asked me to introduce him at our first lecture, when he would cheerfully deliver an address, telling us of their English success in the "new move." I lost no time in taking the advice of our committee, and bills were posted up through the city, announcing the final resolve for teetotalism, and that Mr. Finch would explain fully the new views. The bills with "teetotal" on them made a stir in the city, and the Lyceum Rooms were crowded. At the appointed hour, eight o'clock, the chair was taken; and I had the pleasure, by a few words, of recommending the intended new society to the audience, whose principles would then be fully expounded by the talented speaker now before them. Well did he discharge his duty—wit, pure and beautiful, such as Addison abounds in—flashed through his brilliant lecture, and arguments, strong as truth could make them, told well on all present. The friends of teetotalism in Preston and Liverpool, and through Lancashire, had given Mr. Finch the title of "king of the teetotalers;"

and he thought he could wear the title bestowed on him by his friends with as clear a conscience as any king, queen, emperor, or empress in Europe could do; which saying was responded to with bursts of honest applause from the great assembly. The lecture lasted for about an hour and a half, during which the eloquent speaker gave some terrible pictures from life, which he had seen with his own eyes, of the tragedies caused by these wild drugs, the bitter curse of our lovely isle. His delineation of the drunkard was very original, graphic, and effective. I shall give part of it here. It told on the audience something in the same way as the pictures of J. B. Gough, in his best orations. Living fire shone forth in the burning words—words such as Shakespeare employs in his great pages. "What is a drunkard?" said the animated speaker, "it is a human being that gets drunk by drinking *foul drinks*, and as often as it gets drunk it is a drunkard—and if it gets drunk frequently, it is an habitual drunkard. Drunkards are of three kinds: poor drunkards, female drunkards, and gentlemen drunkards. The poor drunkards are the most dirty, filthy, ragged, and wretched—the female drunkards, the most disgraceful aud disgusting—and the gentlemen drunkards, the most wicked and dangerous, because they have received more instruction than the poor, and do more evil by their perverted knowledge. Where much is given much will be required by the Deity. What is a drunkard? A drunkard is a monster, in form resembling human, and when it can move at all, generally moves on two legs, but possessing neither the reason of a man, nor the instinct of the beast—that eats when it is not hungry, that drinks when it is not thirsty—that gulps brewer's wash, called ale, porter, vintner's slops, and liquid fire. What is a drunkard? It is the ugliest of all animals, or monsters. See! how fearfully it rolls its red fiery eyes, with the fierceness and cunning of the serpent, the tiger, the hyena, expressed in them—with the low tricks of the fox, and the silliness of the goose—its body covered with wounds and bruises without cause, (as Solomon finely pictures the inebriate in the 23d of Proverbs,) its countenance with blots, scars and blemishes, its big red nose with pimples, its mouth put into all manner of disgusting contortions, and slavering at the chops like a mad dog. What is a drunkard? It is the most self-willed and obstinate of all creatures—more obstinate than the ass, the mule, or the sow. It is the most mean, servile, and cringing of all living things. It will be guilty of all manner of low, dirty, dishonest actions—cheating and stealing, to buy the poisons which the publicans will not give on trust to this drinking thing—it will fawn upon you more than the Spanish hound; it will roll itself in the dust for another stinking glass, and lick the dust of your feet for "one drop more!" What is a drunkard? It is the most irrational, senseless, helpless, hopeless of all living beings. Should it survive till morning, after a carouse, it rises from its bed with an aching

head, a sorrowful heart—'regret, remorse, and shame,' as the poet expresses it, follow its guilty wanderings. It has trembling hands, shaking knees; and as the dog returns to its vomit, and the sow to its mire, so it (the drunkard) totters back to the public-house or dram-shop, to drink, and drink, and drink, till it cannot put the death-cup to its lips; and then, alas! for it—if its money being all gulped, the landlord or tavern-keeper calls it a drunken rascal, or some worse name, and kicks it into the street at the dead of night, winter or summer, leaving it to perish in the pitiless blast! Three awful instances of this kind occurred at Rochdale during the last general election; and during the election at Liverpool, three persons lost their lives from the same cause of shameful bribery, through the agency of maddening drinks. Seven also went to the lunatic asylum, and the awful guilt of all this wickedness still rests on those *gentlemen*—whig, tory, or radical—who dealt out the bribes to the miserable wretches who were their tools in these foul transactions." Mr Finch went on to prove who were the makers of drunkards. They were the brewers, distillers, and strong-drink hotel-keepers, and tavern-owners of every grade. "These," said the powerful orator, "are the manufacturers of moral monsters in the shape of men;" and the destruction of precious grain, which God gave for food, turning it into poisonous beverages, he justly denounced "as a crime against Heaven and against good government." He was right in this idea. There was great cheering at the conclusion of his discourse. No person coming forward to meet the challenge of Mr. Finch to dispute his teetotal doctrines, I had the happiness to recapitulate, as the chairman, the leading views of the speaker, approving strongly of them, as they were in harmony with those I had held from my first joining the temperance cause in December 1830. I then put the motion, that "the old society pledge be abandoned, and the society meeting there adopt the clean pledge of the Preston friends"—namely, "not to take or give any drinks of whatever kind that can cause intoxication." The assembly warmly responded to these "motions;" and no meeting ever held in the Lyceum, showed perhaps a more determined mind to carry out into "every-day life," the principle of temperance now adopted. The following are the names of the members for the new society, thirty-seven in number, who came forward on this auspicious evening, as taken down by the secretary, Mr. Thomas Thomson. Mr. Finch, by suggestion of the chairman, was made an honorary member, as that gentleman was not a residenter in Glasgow, but a visitor to our city and to Edinburgh, nobly aiding the best reformation in the world—next to that of purging away the rubbish that false creeds and fanatical churchmen have mixed up with what they call Christianity, a mixture which has sadly dimmed the "fine gold of the true sanctuary;" and which must be reformed "by letting in living waters from without," as the good and great Lord Chat-

ham once beautifully said of the House of Lords—who would listen to no reason or justice on the American Revolution, and were punished for their obstinacy in fostering the bigotry of George III., whose reign was no credit to England, on the score of political or religious liberty. But a better Sovereign now rules over this glorious empire—his virtuous, liberal, high-minded granddaughter, Victoria the First. Long and happy still be her authority, and may she "overcome all her enemies" who league on the side of tyranny and despotism!

MEMBERS OF THE "GLASGOW RADICAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY,"

Which was the *root* of all the Teetotal Societies now in Glasgow.

1. John Finch, of Liverpool, honorary member.
2. Edward Morris, clerk, Canal swift-boat passenger office, Port-Dundas.
3. Edward Hughes Morris, teacher, Garscube Place.
4. William Scouller, 30 Kirk Street, Calton.
5. Peter Duncan, weaver, Camlachie.
6. John Bryce, weaver, 70 Tureen Street.
7. Mrs. John Bryce, do. do.
8. Marion Bryce, do. do.
9. Janet Bryce, do. do.
10. Agnes Bryce, do. do.
11. W. P. Barron, 21 West Street, Tradeston.
12. Thomas Thomson, 59 Eglinton Street.
13. Murdoch Macleod, painter, High Street.
14. Archibald M'Leay, saddler, Argyle Street.
15. Anthony M'Gill, missionary, Laurieston.
16. James Donaldson, Port-Dundas.
17. Francis Sumner, 20 Nelson Street, Tradeston.
18. John Connie, clerk, 293 High Street.
19. Daniel Morrison, druggist, 4 Main Street.
20. James Callan, sail-maker, 100 Broomielaw.
21. Robert M. Black, 4 Buchanan Street.
22. John Moses, mechanic, Catherine Street.
23. James Harkston, Rutherglen Loan.
24. Peter Anderson, West Milton Street.
25. Elizabeth Dodds, 113 Stockwell Street.
26. John Carroll, 7 Stockwell Street.
27. John Gilmour, North Street, Anderston.
28. Thomas Mackenzie, 6 Gibson Street.
29. Archibald Stevenson, Taylor Street.
30. James Montgomery, Gallowgate Street.
31. David Milligan, Shuttle Street.
32. William Kay, 2 East Maxwell Place.
33. Andrew Oswald, 326 Gallowgate Street.
34. John Cameron, 16 Grammar-School Wynd.
35. Alexander Russell, Greyfriar's Wynd.
36. John M'Andrew, 270 Old Wynd.
37. William Sherress, 20 Steel Street.

These thirty-seven members were the "root, muscle, and bone" of Glasgow teetotalism. The healthy infant, to use another figure of speech, has grown into a brave athletic man. The dark prophecies which the "wise men of Gotham" uttered, when these thirty-seven persons gave their names to start afresh for a clean purging away of the "filthy waters," have all proved as abortive as the *insane* predictions of the old incurable Tories, who said the sun of Britain was *set* when the good Earl Grey carried the political Reform Bill! The sun, moon, and stars, have shone as gloriously over our island since that victory over political bigotry and cruel injustice, as ever they did. The birds in their bowers have sung as melodiously, and the flowers have bloomed as lovely, perhaps more so, as they did when the old rotten boroughs, with but a few hundred inhabitants, sent each two members to Parliament, and these the tools of the Peers; while Glasgow, Manchester, Leeds, Sheffield, and Birmingham, with their tens of thousands of ingenious and wealth-producing men and women, had not one member in the House of Commons! These were the "glorious old times" when ale, and porter, and wine, "drinks of Sodom," were plentifully poured out to gull the people, and from the hand too of men who professed Christianity. Blessed be kind Heaven, better days gladden these years, and brighter are yet arising to our island and the world—brighter than ever the world knew! It will be observed that there are no ministers of religion—I mean college-trained and college-licensed preachers—amongst those thirty-seven names; nor did *one* regularly appointed minister give us a "little finger" to aid in the four nights of keen controversy which speedily followed the lecture of Mr. Finch, which comes now to be described.

It was unanimously agreed by the new committee, that the author of this History should give a lecture in the Lyceum, following up that from Mr. Finch, showing the "commercial, moral, and religious benefits which teetotalism was adapted to promote." It was advertised in the newspapers, and posted bills through the city gave ample publicity to all who wished to attend the meeting. It was stated in the same notices that the lecturer would allow any antagonist to state his objections to the principles of the new society at said meeting, on fair grounds of discussion. This lecture was well attended, and many new names were taken down by the secretary as the fruit of it, which swelled the list of membership and gave fresh strength to our cause. At the conclusion of my address the chairman read the challenge from the printed paper for "any gentleman then present to rise and state his objections to our principles." Five minutes breathing was allowed, but none came against us that night, and the meeting closed with a devout prayer to God for our triumph. A hard battle had yet to be fought. Our antagonists did not then know the strength of our cause, or the weakness of their own.

I will now give the reader, from neutral and authentic documents, what followed in these memorable discussions, which did much good to the new movement. The first article is from the Editor of the *Glasgow Chronicle*, of 18th October, 1836:—"Mr. Morris's lecture on temperance on Monday evening, in the Lyceum, came off with a good deal of spirit. The place was crowded, and though now it is not easy for a lecturer to advance anything new in the form of argument on this subject, Mr. Morris succeeded in keeping up the interest of his audience for a couple of hours. The object of the meeting was to establish a society on the principle of abstinence, not only from ardent spirits, but from the unnecessary use of wine, ale, porter, cyder, and every other liquor containing qualities of an intoxicating nature. Whatever may be the success of Mr. Morris in his untiring conflict with the common enemy, intemperance, we cordially give him credit for both talent and zeal. His exertions in this cause deserve the respect of his fellow-citizens and countrymen." The following letters are a link in these movements:—

57 Nelson Street, Glasgow, 19*th October*, 1836.

To Mr. E. Morris, Canal-Office, Port-Dundas.

Dear Sir,—Being present at your very powerful lecture against drunkenness last Monday evening, I have come to the resolution of accepting of the invitation you so frankly gave, at the conclusion, to any one who might oppose your views, to come forward and dispute the subject with you. As I think in some points you go too far, in insisting on total abstinence—and in others you do not go far enough, in that you do not propose to punish the drunkard as a criminal, which I do—if you will appoint a time and place, we will meet (not with pistols) and settle the points of difference between us by fair argument.—I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

BENJAMIN GRAY.

Reply to the above:—

Garscube Place, Glasgow, 20*th October*, 1836.

To Mr. Benjamin Gray.

Dear Sir,—Right glad am I to see, from the *Chronicle* of Wednesday last, that you have taken up the gauntlet which I threw down at the conclusion of my lecture in the Lyceum Rooms, before an audience which I shall be happy to meet again as soon as possible, with you, in bloodless conflict, in order to prove the relative value and rationality of the "Glasgow Radical Temperance Society" principles, and those which you and other gentlemen and ladies hold, of the moderation school; all wishing, I doubt not, to root out from our nation that "monster vice" which all good men deplore—a vice

> Which smiteth the isle of the Thistle and Rose,
> And sendeth through Britain its deadliest woes.

As I and my colleagues cannot see by what other rational and preventive means than by radical, or teetotal principles, we can effectuate this great physical and

moral reformation, I am anxious, and many in Glasgow think as I do, to strike at the root of drunkenness, and not to nibble at a few of its wily branches, while the "tree of abomination" is left undisturbed by vile drinking customs. I long to see united "good men and true patriots" of every creed, to lend their energies to crush this appalling evil. I am ready any night at eight o'clock, the time I quit my official calling at the Canal office, to meet clergymen or laymen in fair, honest discussion, to prove us wrong if they can; and if they cannot—which I think would be a *tough* business for them—then let them join us, or show us a better plan to bring about this most needful of all reformations. It was truly said by the illustrious Lord Bacon, the profoundest philosopher of his day, "that all the crimes on earth do not destroy so many of the human race, nor alienate so much property, as drunkenness." Let those persons who oppose the true temperance doctrines ponder this great truth of the English philosopher, whose moral views the late Dr. Chalmers so much admired. We will arrange as to the discussion I invited, and you have accepted. Two chairmen shall be appointed, one for each party, to keep good order, see fair play, and allow no partiality.—I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

E. MORRIS.

The meeting of antagonists was immediately advertised, and three night's keen debate took place, amidst the best order; each party put forth their best powers to show their respective remedies to sweep away intemperance from these hallowed shores. The public press of Glasgow took a deep interest in these early teetotal battles, and reporters and editors contributed to make the meetings well known, to swell the numbers who attended, and create a general wish to listen to both sides of the "great question." A few specimens of newspaper notices may be useful:—

The *Chronicle* says, "a question of importance to the friends of temperance is to be debated by two champions of the cause, on Monday evening. An advertisement, stating the grounds of the debate, will be found in another column. As the discussion must afford both amusement and instruction, a full house may well be anticipated." The *Glasgow Saturday Post*, of 27th October, which then took a warm interest in our cause, says—"Our readers will see, from an advertisement in this evening's *Post*, that Mr. Morris and Mr. Gray will resume the public discussion on teetotalism on Tuesday night, and other gentlemen are expected to deliver their sentiments before coming to a division. We are informed that in Paisley, Greenock, Kilmarnock, Dunfermline, and other towns, the same views on temperance are rapidly spreading, which Mr. Morris and his friends are publicly teaching, and illustrating successfully in Glasgow. All they ask is a candid inquiry into the evils and remedies of intemperance." The following is a copy of one of the newspaper advertisements alluded to, and posted in large bills—"In consequence of the intense interest excited, and so many persons being unable to get admittance to the late discussion between Mr. E. Morris and Mr. B. Gray, the subject will be resumed on Tuesday evening, 1st

November, at eight o'clock, in the Lyceum Rooms, Nelson Street, when Mr. Gray will open the debate, and Mr. Morris will reply; after which, other parties are at liberty, ten minutes each, to speak their sentiments on either side. Tickets of admission, twopence each, to meet expenses, to be had of Mr. George Gallie, 99 Buchanan Street; Mr. M'Intyre, coffee-house, Trongate; Mr. B. Gray, 57 Nelson Street; and at the Lyceum hall-door. Glasgow, 27th October, 1836." The *Glasgow Liberator*, of 8th November, had the following friendly note:—"Temperance debate—teetotalism *versus* moderation. A debate has been going on these three last Monday and Tuesday evenings, between the friends of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors, and the moderation principle; when, after a very able debate betwixt Mr. Morris for teetotalism, and Mr. Gray the leader of the moderation school, the vote was taken, and teetotalism was proclaimed victor by an immense majority. The meetings were addressed by several other speakers besides Mr. Morris and Mr. Gray, (who were, as agreed on, the chief moral combatants); one in particular, a Mr. Johnston, a shipper from Newfoundland, North America, spoke well. This gentleman had just arrived in Glasgow, and had accidentally seen the notice of the meeting when going through the streets. He stated a great many various and important facts of the very salutary effects of the abstinence principle, as now triumphant in Glasgow, upon the *workies* in Newfoundland. We sincerely hope Messrs. Morris and Gray will afford another such opportunity shortly."

I give now a more comprehensive detail of this great intellectual struggle, which appeared in four or five of the Journals of this city, and many thousand copies of it were printed as a tract. It was allowed to be an impartial statement. The public lecture given by Mr. E. Morris, and the three nights' discussion on this lecture, which succeeded between him and Mr. Gray, and other gentlemen who keenly took a part in this debate, created a very strong interest, which was kept up to the very last moment. When the vote was taken on Monday evening, three-fourths of the audience held up their hands for the teetotal principle, which Mr. Morris and his friends supported, while only one-fourth, as nearly as could be ascertained by the two chairmen after strict scrutiny, sided with Mr. Gray, and his friends of the moderation in every kind of drink as a beverage. All the speakers in this manly and rational controversy—which was conducted throughout free of bitterness of spirit, and every feeling of an unchristian kind (why should it ever be otherwise amongst seekers after truth?) —acknowledged and lamented the wide-spread mischef of intemperance over these great nations of Britain, whose history is so grand in all other points, though they differed conscientiously as to the best means of chasing away the foul blot of our renowned land. It was a well-fought battle, without sword, or gun, or pistol—

the force of truth, sound reasoning, eloquent illustrations, striking facts, and sketches of character, were the characteristics of this truly interesting discussion, into which the audience entered as keenly as the leading speakers did, who lent their talents against the giant evil of our beautiful country—against that dreadful vice

> Whose hydra head and serpent shoots
> Are seen and felt afar, in fruits
> Which poison thousands, high and low,
> And work Britannia's darkest woe.

We think these public discussions will do much good—they awaken and tend strongly to keep alive, an earnest concern for the drunken state of our nation.

Such meetings, conducted as these were, bring into broad daylight the enormous wrongs—the atrocious crimes caused by our drinking customs. They show the wild rude tendency of those cruel brewings, which are our bane and curse. They show good men of all creeds, that the temperance movement is one above mere sect and party, into which the millions are divided. They tend to bring out the full powers of the mind, unshackled by test, rules of schools or universities, where men's understandings are often cramped, and their genius blighted by dogmatic systems, utterly unfit for the present times. We say such meetings tend to mature, and bring into practical usefulness, the best reasoning powers and the noblest emotions of which our nature is capable. Our readers are aware, that this public debate of three night's duration arose from the challenge which Mr. Morris gave, in the printed bills and newspaper notices, issued by the committee of the newly reconstructed "radical temperance" pledge, in which were announced his leading lecture in the Lyceum, stating that he was ready, any night at eight o'clock, to meet clergymen or laymen, and to defend the teetotal principle on every bearing, whether of political or moral philosophy, of national economy or free-trade doctrine, of intellectual culture and general education—and highest of all, on the genuine principles of morality and Bible Christianity. He would meet any antagonist in the fair open field of argument. Mr. Benjamin Gray, master shoemaker, Nelson Street, took up the challenge, and very crowded meetings took place, when Mr. Morris and Mr. Gray, alternately half an hour each, defended their respective views; and after these two had spoken, ten minutes were allowed to any other parties who were wishful and qualified to speak on the subject. We cannot, of course, go into all the arguments of these speakers for and against teetotalism. They contended stoutly, but in the most urbane and truly Christian spirit. In addition to the arguments of Mr. Morris and Mr. Gray (his chief antagonist), there was a very shrewd gentleman, a Mr. Johnston from Newfoundland, who spoke very strongly on the total abstinence side, and made a corresponding impression, which went to strengthen the new movement here. Mr. Johnston stated

that amongst the extensive fisheries in Newfoundland, where he had resided as an extensive proprietor, a great reform was effected by the teetotal principle, which began very early in that fine colony of Britain. He told the meeting that a trial of strength had been made between the "workies" (as the industrious classes there are termed,) who took spirits, wine, and malt liquors, in the usual way, and those who acted on the new temperance principle, taking tea or coffee, or cold water, at their meals. Those who took the intoxicating drink were unable to compete with the members of the temperance society, who did a third more work and better in quality than those who took the intoxicants. The latter also were unable to come out in the cold intensity of the winter, especially in the mornings, whilst the teetotalers stood all seasons. There was something akin to this experienced on board the ships of Captains Ross and Parry, in their awfully perilous expedition to the North Seas, amidst the tossing of ice-mountains in those frozen waters, and the wild commotion of the frowning heavens. Sir John Ross, who nobly braved these dangers with his gallant crews, gave good testimony to the friends of teetotalism in London, that his sailors who took no grog, but coffee or tea, or simple drinks, survived the stern difficulties of the dread climate immeasurably better than those men who took the strong drinks. Thousands of instances like this could be quoted. There was another eloquent speaker at these Lyceum discussions—we did not get his name—who sided strongly with Mr. Gray and his moderation friends, (we were told he came from the Isle of Man,) and wished much to see intemperance put down. He said, however, the teetotal plan was best to reclaim drunkards, and so far he would wish well to the "radical test," as it was then termed. He quoted passages from the Bible, which he thought sanctioned the use of "wine and strong drink" as a regular beverage. He admitted he might be mistaken. Mr. Morris said, if he wished to try this point still further, he would adjourn the debate for a fourth night, and take him up single-handed on this point, or any minister of the gospel he might wish to bring to the meeting. This challenge the gentleman declined, and said "the discussion had been amply prolonged." This closed the debate, and a show of hands was taken, and a great victory won for the new society. Mr. Morris then repeated the pledge-test, which he and his friends adopted, (which need not be given here, and which rapidly spread through Scotland). Mr. B. Gray then read his pledge, which was—"That they never shall partake so freely of intoxicating drinks as to cause sickness or confusion of ideas in themselves, and that they shall shun the company of all who do so —that they shall (the moderation members) never attend any large promiscuous assemblies, such as public dinner-parties, where strong drinks are used—that they shall endeavour to obtain the passing of a law whereby habit and repute drunkards shall be confined in

lunatic asylums, as being unfit and unsafe to go at large—that they shall be employed at some useful work till they show proofs of reformation, as we think drunkards are treated far too leniently for the peace and welfare of the community of which they are such pests."

The following note was added to the foregoing statement: "We have examined this account of the controversy in the Lyceum Rooms, and consider it as a true statement.

EDWARD MORRIS, for the Teetotalers.
BENJAMIN GRAY, for the Moderationists."

Controversal meetings were very common in Glasgow, and many other places, for nearly three months after the Lyceum fights, and the friends of the new movement "grew mightily in numbers and courage, while the old societies one by one dropped away into things that were. The undernoted letter from a truly good man—the "father of the old moderation society" in Britain—will show that Greenock was afresh buckling on her armour for a new effort into brighter regions of temperance:—

GREENOCK, 25*th October*, 1836.

To MR. E. MORRIS, Canal-Office, Port-Dundas, Glasgow.

DEAR SIR,—The managers of the proposed associatlon for entire abstinence from all intoxicating drinks here, request the favour of your company and assistance at a public meeting, to give us a teetotal lecture on the new movement, within the Seaman's Chapel, on Thursday evening at seven o'clock. Requesting the favour of your reply, to the care of the Secretary, Mr. John Naismith, baker, 17 Hamilton Street, I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

JOHN DUNLOP.

P. S.—You are requested to accept of a bed at my house.—J. D.

I answered this friendly note, saying it would give me pleasure to meet its import, and that my friends in Glasgow were happy to know of this Greenock stir, where Mr. Dunlop had so much exerted himself in the best of causes. Printed bills and newspaper advertisements made the meeting well known, and a full house awaited my appearance in the pulpit—on which occasion Mr. Dunlop took the chair, and in a short impressive introduction, in his own gentlemanly style, informed the people that now they (the friends of temperance) were going to adopt the same principle as those of the Preston and Glasgow reformers. The assembly listened very attentively, and when the lecture was over, the chairman announced that any one present would be allowed to reply, to approve or controvert my views. None seemed prepared then for combat, but a few days afterwards I had a note from Mr. Dunlop, that an opponent had informed the committee that he would meet my challenge. I went down to Greenock at the appointed time

and gave a second address, when my antagonist, Mr. Walker, came forward and fought a tough battle. He was an eccentric kind of a genius—rather glibby, and fond of spouting on every occasion. The place of meeting was crowded. It was pretty evident the *mountain-dew* venders, and the malt-liquor lads, and their waiters of all grades, had mustered well; and these cheered my antagonist while he quoted passages from the Bible, the real import of which neither he, and much less they understood, but which were supposed to go against the non-use, as a beverage, of the serpent and the adder poisons! What miserable Bible interpreters are these! When Mr. Dunlop took a show of hands, it appeared the opponents of our cause had the majority. In this view the teetotalers concurred, and I think justly. But I was told by several competent judges, who narrowly looked round, that the mental and moral worth of the assembled multitude voted with us. Of this view of the matter I have no doubt. So that balancing quality against quantity, the true victory was with the real friends of virtue and truth, whose universal triumph every genuine Christian firmly believes in. How *unfit* are brewers, distillers, and maddening-drink retailers, to give an impartial and just opinion upon the temperance cause! They prejudge the question. Eloquence, bright as an angel's, is lost on them. Arguments strong as eternal light can kindle, makes no impression. It is by these wild drugs they make their living, which kill millions who have become their customers. O how difficult would it be—supposing them inclined to it—for strong drink dealers to go down upon their bended knees, and pray morning, noon, and evening, for strength to sell largely of these ruinous liquors! I tremble in thinking of such a prayer. But the ship-builder, the joiner, the cabinet-maker, the engineer, the shoemaker, the house-wright, the tailor, the haberdasher, the glorious letter-press printer, the dressmaker, the hatter, the tinsmith, the baker, the butcher, the grocer, and numberless others of a rational, useful, needful calling, can and do bow down at the footstool of infinite wisdom and goodness, for health of body, and strength of hand and mind, to attend "life's honest callings." The wily-drink men seem to be outcasts here! Their traffic, their frightful traffic, cannot bear looking at. Yes, Solomon says, "look not upon their wine and strong drink, these will bite and sting like the adder."

In these two journeys to Greenock, and at the end of each address, a goodly number of persons embraced the advanced movement, and a determined active committee was formed, to make the new rules and carry out their principles. The author went down occasionally to aid the good men there, and always found a kind reception. The Rev. Mr. Gilmour took an active and early lead in Greenock, and Mr. Naismith was ever at his post when duty called. Amongst those who stood forward in Glasgow, when the first battles were fought, were—Messrs. George Gailie, James Macnair, Ronald

Wright, Dr. Forman, Ebenezer Anderson, Alexander Morrison (student of divinity), Thomas Thomson, Dr. Richmond (from Paisley), and his friends the Messrs. Melvin (cousins from Paisley), W. G. Moncrieff (student of divinity), the Rev. Robert Gray Mason, John Moses (mechanic)—these were among the active men who pioneered teetotalism, in the Lyceum Rooms, and in Spreull's Court, Trongate, in the first stages of its victories. Afterwards the Rev. Dr. James Paterson, of Hope Street Baptist Church, and the Rev. Mr. Pullar, took a decided interest in the movement. I had the pleasure of being once or twice with the two latter gentlemen at Paisley and Greenock, who were written for to strengthen our principles in those towns—whose leading men were "doing valiantly." I would here call attention to some extracts from a work already alluded to, written by my talented friend, the Rev. William Reid, of Edinburgh, a popular minister of the United Presbyterian Church, a very old teetotaler, who, with his two excellent brothers, Mr. Robert Reid and Mr. Thomas Reid, will live in the temperance chronicles. In the "Life of Robert Kettle," (published in 1853) the eloquent editor (Mr. W. Reid) gives a true account of the Glasgow original teetotal struggles, from which, with that gentleman's permission, I will transcribe, as it is true; and I thank him for his allusions to my own share in these primal fights. In pages 30–32, he says:—"In August 1832, the Preston teetotal society was originated. It was at a meeting of this society that a simple, eccentric, but honest and reclaimed drunkard, of the name of Dickie Turner, said, in allusion to the old system, "I'll have nou't to do wi' this moderation, this botheration pledge; I'll be right down tee-tee-total for ever." "Well done, Dickie!" exclaimed the audience. "Well done, Dickie!" repeated Mr. Livesey, the originator of the new society—"that shall be the name of our new pledge."* It

* Of Mr. Livesey I have frequently spoken. The following letter will show the reader this good man's heart still burns with true fire for the temperance cause. It was in reply to a letter of mine, announcing my forthcoming History of Teetotalism, and requesting information as to the Preston movements from Mr. Livesey and from Mr. Joseph Dearden, (one of their zealous founders,) that I received the wished-for information for my work:—

PRESTON, 27*th November*, 1854.

To MR. E. MORRIS, 37 Glassford Street, Glasgow.

DEAR SIR,—Your kind letter I duly received, the contents of which gave me much pleasure. Put my name down for four copies of your "History." Though very lame and not able to attend many meetings, I still do a little the best way I can. I got out the enclosed temperance book of melodies, a copy of which I send you, in which you will see we retain your favourite piece,

"What evils, intemperance, with thine can compare?"

I think it is the cheapest and the largest book of melodies for a penny only. I have also sent you a sheet of bills, hundreds of thousands of which I have sold to

may be mentioned that the prefix "tee" is sometimes used in Lancashire to express emphasis. Thus a thing irrecoverably lost is said to be totally finished. This phrase, then, became the popular designation of the new pledge, and is now known over the world as such. Scholars and witlings may try to ridicule it, but it will outlive them for ages to come.

"Amongst those foremost in Scotland, and particularly in Glasgow, in this new movement, were—Mr. Edward Morris, well known as the author of several poems of a high order bearing on the question of temperance; John Dunlop, Esq., of whom honourable mention has already been made; Mr. James Macnair, still in all the zeal of early enthusiasm; Alexander Morison, student in divinity, whose generous spirit and cultivated taste did much to advance the new cause, and whose untiring labours soon brought his manly form to the bed of death; and Dr. Richmond, of Paisley, whose skill as a man of science, eminence as a physician, and gentlemanly deportment, disarmed prejudice, and successfully met the most subtle objections; Mr. William Melvin, whose independent mind and unswerving constancy is sufficient to secure success to any good cause; and Mr. James Winning, whose homely arguments and ever-ready wit have given zest to many a meeting. While these excellent men conducted the movement in the west, it found in the east equally able and devoted supporters, in the Rev. Henry Wight, Messrs. Alexander Cruickshanks, William Maclean, and John Fraser, of Edinburgh.

"Of those mentioned, the honour of the championship of the new cause in Scotland, is undoubtedly due to Mr. Edward Morris. In the winter of 1834 he delivered a lecture on the principle of total abstinence in the Seaman's Chapel, Brown Street, Glasgow. During the two succeeding years (two struggling years for the old society) he continued to be the leader of the new temperance party, holding weekly meetings in the Glasgow Lyceum Rooms.

"In September of 1836, Mr. John Finch, of Liverpool, a man of great energy of character, visited Glasgow. He waited on Mr. Morris, at the Canal-Office, Port-Dundas, and agreed there to deliver a lecture in the Lyceum. Mr. Morris acted as chairman at this meeting, and declared that it was high time to reconstruct the temperance society on the Preston plan, and moved accordingly. This proposal was most cordially responded to, and at the close of the

be distributed to promote our movement. Sometimes I hope I may have the pleasure of visiting Glasgow again; when I do it will give me much pleasure to meet with my old friends, and none more than yourself. Yours most truly,

J. LIVESEY.

I can assure Mr. Livesey that, come when he may to Glasgow, he will be warmly received, and his presence will be very gratifying to the author, although twenty-three years are gone since I saw him.

meeting, thirty-seven persons came forward and joined. Their names are before us,* and from the trades to which they belonged, and the localities in which they resided, it appears that God, in this cause also, has chosen 'the *weak* things of the world to confound the *mighty*.' The weaver from his shuttle, the smith from his anvil, the mechanic from his bench, the shoemaker from his stool and awl, the cotton-spinner from his factory, and the clerk from his writing-desk, were among the first in Glasgow and Scotland to declare 'war with everything by which the devil makes drunkards everywhere.' These Lyceum meetings led to a public discussion between Mr. Morris and Mr. Benjamin Gray, a very shrewd and most intelligent gentleman, who took up the gauntlet. During three successive Monday evenings, the Lyceum presented a scene never to be forgotten as long as the original promoters of this cause survive. Although admittance was by paid tickets, hundreds were prevented from being spectators of a discussion which, for manly argument and kindly temper, has seldom been surpassed in the most distinguished hall of debate.

"The principal disputants, Messrs. Morris and Gray, having expressed their views—half an hour being allowed to each—ten minutes were afforded to any gentleman who might wish to address the meeting on either side of the question. Several availed themselves of the opportunity afforded, and from that time it was manifest that our cause had nothing to fear from the most thorough sifting. On a vote being taken, at the close of each night's discussion, the doctrine defended by Mr. Morris and his friends was supported by at least three-fourths of the audience. For about three months the question continued to be earnestly canvassed: Messrs. James Macnair, Ronald Wright, Alexander Morison, W. G. Moncrieff, and Dr. Forman, being amongst the most prominent speakers. Dr. Forman gave several able chemical lectures on the ruinous effects of these wild drinks on the human system, which did much good during these early contendings for the onward society. About this time Glasgow was visited by the Rev. Robert Gray Mason, from England, who delivered several able lectures upon the old temperance principles. Shortly after the Lyceum Room victory he came forward and avowed himself a convert to the new cause. Thousands now flocked to the teetotal standard—societies on its principle sprung up in every part of the town, and wherever opposition showed itself, Mr. Morris was speedily on the spot to meet the assailant." †

* See page 55 of this History.

† Reid's Life of Robert Kettle, a book well worthy to grace every teetotaler's book-case.

CHAPTER VII.

1836-1838.

Mr. Kettle, conversation between that gentleman and the author on teetotalism—Mr. Kettle did not join the first battles for teetotalism, he was of a cautious disposition, and perhaps too timid as a reformer, notwithstanding his many great and excellent qualities—praised by none more than by the author—he saw the old pledge was faulty, very faulty, but was afraid the educated, influential, and what are termed most respectable members, would leave the society if teetotalism was too soon taken up—this did happen so far, but Mr. Kettle joined the teetotalers and bravely met the foe—teetotalism a practical branch of true Christianity—Rev. Gray Mason, after a few moderation lectures, joins the new party—did much good in Glasgow, Edinburgh, and other places—steps taken to abridge the hours of labour in shops, warehouses, &c.—a poem addressed to Daniel O'Connell, M.P.—public lectures of the author, and his address to our authorities on "shop slavery," which tended to intemperance—the Glasgow press take up the subject—Dr. Adam Smith and Archdeacon Paley on the sinful waste of grain to make poisonous drinks instead of good food—Forbes Mackenzie's bill good so far as it goes, though publicans rail against it—Nelson Street meeting well supported—drinks of alcohol contrary to man's nature, moral and physical—Rev. Patrick Brewster aids the temperance cause greatly.

Mr. ROBERT KETTLE, with whom the author was in friendship for thirty years and upwards, did not at first join our new movement—but he frankly admitted the strength of its principles, and their excellent tendency to sweep away the national pestilence. I had many conversations with that worthy man (now in bliss immortal) on our advancing position, and he said, in his usual frank manner, "Your cause is good, my friend Morris; go on, and God will prosper you." I am not sure at what date Mr. Kettle did put down his name, but in 1837 he took the chair on several occasions where I and others delivered regular lectures on the genuine temperance plan. Indeed, Mr. Kettle was too sensible a man not to perceive the weakness of the "old views," and too earnest and good a man to remain neutral, when so many were victoriously carrying the "radical banner" of our reformation through the land. In or about the middle of this year, Mr. Kettle, with some others who, like himself, had not united with the Lyceum movement—which was now in great strength—formed the "West of Scotland Temperance Society," which held its weekly meetings in the Independent Chapel, Albion Street, presided over by the Rev. Mr. Pullar. This society was not so radical in its pledge-card as the Nelson Street friend's test, but there was no unfriendly feeling between

them, and the lecturers of the one aided those of the other, especially at any public soiree. The Rev. William Reid says—"between the two societies the kindliest feelings prevailed; and hence a few months were sufficient to restore confidence, and unite the members of both societies in the most cordial co-operation." Why should it ever be otherwise? Though good men may not at times "see eye to eye" in every point, yet let them strengthen each other's hands in those great points on which they are agreed. The temperance field is a glorious arena of "doing good;" and Dr. Franklin, who was a great moralist and a bold teetotaler, said, "he is the best Christian who does the most good." I know some theologians will still dispute this adage of the American philosopher, and say, "he is the best Christian who has the largest faith"—faith in mere human creeds, not in the "living God." The latter persons should ponder what Saint James has written for our instruction, "faith without works is dead, being alone." This faith "alone," is a barren fig-tree of no value.

Mr. R. Gray Mason was very useful in Edinburgh, and as far as the Orkney Isles, in spreading the principles of teetotalism, after his conversion in our Lyceum. Indeed justice has not been done to the merits of this gentleman. His simple, but striking style of address, suits well the masses; while his correct, grammatical construction of the English language, cannot but satisfy the logician. In January, 1838, there were strong efforts made in Glasgow to establish juvenile temperance societies, as branches of the adult parent institution. The precept of Bible philosophy, to "train up a child in the way he should go," telling us, by the same Divine authority, that "when he is old he will not depart from the right way," is in direct keeping with universal experience. Compare those children who are thus "trained," with others whom ungodly parents or careless guardians neglect, and how striking is the difference of character!

Several of the members of the Lyceum Room "Radical Temperance Society," took a strong interest in trying to abridge the long hours in shops, warehouses, cotton-mills, groceries, and other pursuits which, in their unreasonable and unjust length, only tended to immorality of conduct and imbecility of mind in those persons thus enlaved by these "long-lingering" hours of business—grocers and others from seven o'clock morning till half-past nine at night—haberdashers late in proportion—and "death-shops," *alias* public-houses, why, these fearful places were open then, daily, from five o'clock morning till twelve o'clock midnight—only nineteen hours in the day—belching out their not very delightful scents into the streets, from their front doors and their back doors, poisoning that air which beneficent Heaven designed man should inhale in purity! These latter gentry have been checked a little by Forbes Mackenzie's bill—but none of them, that we know of,

shortened the hours of their "fire-water" trade of their own accord. Compulsion, and very wisely, was applied to these persons by an act of the Supreme Legislature, which roused the *spiritual men* into great indignation. I gave a series of public lectures on the "evils of the long-hour system," on week-day evenings, and several discourses on the Sabbath evenings, to well-attended meetings, on the "sin and folly" of such a conducting of business, which was as injurious to the employers as to the employed, and which entirely prevented young men and young women who were thus situated from attending any of those night-schools, or mechanics' institutions, which many persons were perpetually ringing in our ears as one of the many glories of our fine city. I know these lectures did good, and others will attest the same. Mr. Walter M'Allister and Mr. Ebenezer Anderson, both still active in the teetotal cause, took a strong interest in these lectures on "shop-slavery"—which grew out of our temperance labours—to raise our fellow-citizens in the scale of cultivated life and true enjoyment.

I shall copy here a letter which I sent, in a printed form, to the magistrates, the professors of the University, and the ministers of the gospel of all creeds, in Glasgow and vicinity, and which embodied the principal points of the lectures and sermons which I had delivered in Glasgow prior to sending this epistle :—

GENTLEMEN,—Your rank and calling in society give you great influence over your fellow-citizens, either for good or evil, as you conduct yourselves. I believe you generally desire and wish to promote the welfare of all. I therefore hope, with others who move with me in this matter, that you will lend a friendly ear to this frank address, which, while it does not flatter, is at the same time written in the spirit of "honour to whom honour is due." In this age of bright reform, when bigotry is casting away the scales that have long bedimmed the mind, and narrow selfish prejudices are yielding to Christian patriotism and philanthropic views, it is pleasant to see, in our good city, many men of large hearts and benevolent feelings awake to the evils that nestle in our midst. Few customs are more pernicious in their results than the long-hour system, which mark our varied callings in business. On the fearful demoralising tendency of the publican's nineteen hours per day of dealing out his "fiery stream of liquid death," I need not dwell to show. These are terribly written in the raving, blaspheming maniacs that prowl about our streets by night and day: fathers and mothers bereaved of their senses in these dens, where "serpents bite" and where adders "sting" from every cup that contains these "fire-brewings." But turning from these sickening body-and-soul-destroying taverns, let us see how unreasonable, how unjustifiable, are the early and late hours in the countless pursuits of our busy city.

It has, I believe, been truly said, that no people in the world work so hard as the sons and daughters of Britain. This may seem a bold assertion, but it would try a bold man to disprove it. The countless productions of our wondrous isle—its manufactures, commerce, ship-building, engineering establishments, founderies, potteries, railways, steam-boats, telegraphs, and other glories, show the

activity of Britons. They do not, indeed, "eat the bread of idleness," as the Book of Heaven beautifully states—but live on the fruits of honest industry. But our links are drawn too tight. The hours of toil are unmerciful. These need to be reformed and abridged, as well as our Parliamentary system, which work ill to all but the mere tory boroughmongers, who fought so long against "Russell's purge," which did for them beautifully at last.

The Glasgow newspaper press has done its duty, with one or two exceptions, with respect to this "white slavery" in our every-day business, and our abominable twelve o'clock shop-closing on Saturday night, when our streets are polluted by the sayings and doings of drunken men and women, young and old, fighting with the lamp-posts as they stagger along after falling in the gutters, and lying there, unless the watchman comes and takes them on the porter's barrow, to be tried and fined in the morning, if the *drunk men* have left half-a-crown in their pockets, perhaps out of their week's hard-won wages! Say not this is too highly coloured. It is not, and cannot be drawn darker than the original.

The ministers of religion ought to denounce these tremendous evils often from their pulpits, and warn employers of all grades and all trades, of such crying wrongs on society, which disturb family peace as well as individual happiness. We speak of our mechanics' institutions, we talk loudly of our evening schools, we swell sometimes like turkey-cocks in telling of the many means which our beautiful city possesses of instructing the ignorant and reclaiming the neglected —but amidst all these pompous boastings, our late hours of business afford no time to thousands and tens of thousands of youth, of both sexes, to avail themselves of these famous schools on every hand.

The laws of Britain, and the maxims of society, look too sternly on perishing criminals, and are too backward in preventing crime. Things are rather better than they were. The laws of Draco, written in blood, are giving way to the mild precepts of the "Prince of Life;" but yet much remains to be done, and much to be undone, before society is placed on a truly rational basis. Moral, political, sanitary, mental, social, and Christian philosophy, teach man that to prevent crime should be the unslumbering study of wise rulers; and after all, this would be the cheapest mode of government. O yes, gentlemen! 'tis pure Christianity that utters yet these radiant injunctions to Christian rulers:— "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are good, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are virtuous, whatsoever things are praiseworthy, whatsoever things make for peace—think on these things." Carry them fully out into practical life, in private and public walk and converse. Beautiful words, sublime ideas, glorious precepts, magnificent doctrines, these! Happy Britain, did all thy great men shape their course by such teachings, and all thy million-masses obey these Heaven-lit injunctions! Well, the world is coming to this; and what true-hearted Briton does not pray that our great nation may lead the van, as it well becomes the majesty of her power and the splendour of her position.

It was observed by a talented young man, a manager of one of our large grocery establishments, who took a warm interest in my lectures on "shop-slavery" in chapels and in the Lyceum, that the "upper classes usually make their purchases in the forenoon, those of the middle classes in the afternoon, seldom later than six or seven o'clock, and the working classes at such hours as suit their convenience or inclination, and generally late on the Saturday nights."

Nine or ten o'clock would surely be late enough to lay in the necessaries of life, and enable the employers and their assistants to go home to their families before the twelve o'clock bell announced the Sabbath morning, and intimated its coming solemnities. And who can say, that seven o'clock morning and evening, for ordinary shopping, does not embrace sufficient time for all parties?

Gentlemen, aid us in our temperance efforts, and in all other reforms which naturally spring from giving up those ruinous drinks, which Shakespeare says "fools put into their mouths to steal away their brains"—and in the making of which, from precious grain, Dr. Adam Smith, the great author of the "Wealth of Nations," says, "whatever portion is wasted, takes away the means of employing productive labour. Waste, idleness, and want, are as inseparable to nations as to individuals." Dr. Paley has the same views, in his splendid book on "Moral Philosophy," which teetotalers can read with no litte advantage.—I have the honour to be, Gentlemen, yours respectfully,

EDWARD MORRIS, *Temperance Lecturer.*

GLASGOW, *March*, 1834.

It is encouraging to see the great movement in the right line since the foregoing letter was written, and to see the great change of opinion in the general tone of society for the better. Our princely merchants have set a good example to other trades not quite so high, but still equally worthy of respect, to show that the same quantity of business can be done, and better quality too, within such hours as the young men and the young women can have some spare time in the evenings to improve their mental powers, and occasionally to take a walk into the country to see nature in her rural loveliness and inhale the balmy breeze, which tends so much to invigorate the physical constitution of man. William Campbell, Esq., of Tillichewan Castle, conferred a real boon on the working classes, in purchasing the right for them, in all time to come, of visiting our Botanic Gardens gratis in the magnificent month of July. The reformations in various departments of human progress, are greatly connected with this wise abridgment of the hours of toil. Every British philanthropist must be cheered in seeing the combination of true patriots to aid the mighty work in our all-powerful empire, towards whose shores so many millions of the human race from distant climes, and of every tongue, are looking and longing for succour.

Amongst the ministers of the gospel who took an early interest in teetotalism, it would be unjust to omit the name of the Rev. Patrick Brewster, of Paisley, a gentleman who has uniformly shown a most benevolent interest in the elevation of the working classes, and nobly has he pled their rights against every antagonist. He is a man of fearless moral courage, of strong intellect, and well stored with practical truth. His volume of "Sermons on Miscellaneous Subjects," is worthy of a corner in every preacher's library. Perhaps they are too liberal for the *idolater* of human creeds of superstitious times. Patrick Brewster is an original thinker—but

his originality and manly independent spirit have often brought him into disrepute with the bigots of the Established Church, (of which he is a minister,) and the no less bigots, amongst some of the dissenting clergy, whose narrow-mindedness he honestly exposes. Mr. Brewster has also, for many years, valiantly advocated the negroes' cause; and when many other ministers stood back for fear of the scowl of the West India slave-holders, Mr. Brewster encountered these gentlemen of the trade in human beings, and beat them in every conflict, while the British Parliament was wisely occupied—Wilberforce, Brougham, and Clarkson leading on—in carrying the bill of destruction to the infernal African kidnapping, and afterwards their emancipation and freedom in the British colonies. On these subjects I have written much in my life, and been on many a platform with Mr. Brewster. We have no slaves now in our beloved Queen's dominions but the slaves of foul drinks—voluntary slaves, whose emancipation teetotalers are seeking, and striving to save their children from ever tasting of the *wily* cup.

Mr. John Dunlop, of Greenock, in his work on the "Drinking Customs," mentions the strong taste formed for these drinks by some factory people. A lecturer in the Lyceum, in August of this year, gave us the following statement, authenticated by Mr. Dunlop:—"A spectator once observed an ingenious scheme to get whisky conveyed into a cotton-spinning mill, which was well garrisoned against the wild drug. Standing by the mill-lead, which was very deep and rapid, I saw at a short distance a little girl fasten a stone to the end of a string and tied the end to a bottle, which was thus drawn safely through the water, and concealed beneath her garment. She then turned to the left, where a scout was standing at the door of the women's department, holding up a stick with a white rag at the end of it; the instant this white rag was lowered and a red one displayed in its place, the depositor made a bolt and secured the whisky in the women's room, at the critical moment when the master had gone to another part of the work. At the same place a spirit-dealer's account was found against some factory girls, amounting to five pounds sterling." This is a disgraceful picture of the debasing nature of our unhallowed ways. Young girls thus sucking in the poisonous fluids. No wonder they make bad wives and wretched mothers, as they progress in such a course of conduct. Their race is like themselves, corrupt in blood and immoral in practice. Some try and cast the blame on human nature! O thou reviler of the good Creator, that darest to charge drunkenness to such a source! It is foul blasphemy. Our physical constitution, as it comes from God, is strongly opposed to these Sodom liquids. See how the infant of a teetotal mother would push away the glass of "fire water" with its tiny hand, should a *rude* individual offer it to the unsophisticated child! I have a little daughter ten years of age. She never tasted drink stronger

than water, tea, coffee, or milk. The smell of intoxicating brewings is disgusting to her, and no oratory of these moderation-dabblers could induce her to put these fiery liquors to her lips. "She has been trained to this by precept and example," says the reader. Yes, you are right; my lovely little girl was "trained up in the way she should go," in reference to drinks. She stands fast to her training. Her constitution has not been poisoned. Her nature is as God formed her. The Rose of England—the red red rose is on her cheek; the fire of health is in her eye; and my sincere prayer to Heaven is, that she may never need, that she may *never* take those "wild waters" against which her father has been warning, with all his powers, for a quarter of a century—and rejoices to think "not in vain in the Lord," his strength.

The people in Gorbals speedily followed the Lyceum movement, and with great energy adopted the new pledge. I copy the following from a true document before me:—"At a public meeting held in the Baronial Hall—Mr. Thomas Thomson in the chair—Messrs. E. Morris, Turnbull, Angus, Moses, and others, delivered stirring addresses, which were responded to by a crowded adience with a heartiness that showed how strongly they felt the importance of the new step. A number put down their names to the teetotal pledge, and a committee was then formed to conduct this new society, which was called the Barony of Gorbals Branch of the Total Abstinence Society. The names were—Mr. Edward Morris, president; Mr. James Hoey, vice-president; Mr. Thomas Bishop, treasurer; Mr. Thomas Thomson, secretary; and a committee, consisting of Messrs. Peter Angus, Peter M'Bryde, Ronald Wright, David Johnston, Wm. Morrison, W. Campbell, James Harries, William Renton, James Allan, William Baron, George Smith, and Robert Thomson—with power to add more names as men of zeal, experience, and talent, might come forward in the progress of this new branch of the Nelson Street parent. The Rev. Gray Mason (agent of the Edinburgh Total Abstinence Society, which was now in a thriving state,) visited Glasgow soon after the formation of the Gorbals Society, and gave some stirring addresses, in his happiest manner, which did much good to the cause." From the *Glasgow Liberator* we borrow the following notice:—"Mr. Robert Gray Mason has been very effective in his temperance tour in Glasgow, Paisley, Greenock, Falkirk, Stirling, and the neighbourhoods—and Mr. E. Morris, some two weeks ago, gave a temperance lecture in the New Established Church, Duntocher, the stirring village of Mr. William Dunn's great cotton-works. A large assembly attended Mr. Morris on his temperance visit. Glasgow is sadly smitten with this vice of drunkenness. We lament it much. The introduction of teetotalism rests entirely with Mr. Morris, whose philanthropy and zeal in favour of our working classes is great. His fervour in propagating the abstinence system

of temperance knows no bounds. Whenever a meeting is to assemble, either in town or country, or an antagonist to cope with them, is Edward Morris always ready to assist the cause, and to meet all opposition that can be brought to bear against the general principle. In politics Mr. Morris is a Radical, and as a poet some of his pieces are far above mediocrity. His 'British River of Death' is well known." *

This year, the friends of temperance made great efforts to recommend the establishment of temperance coffee-houses and hotels, with reading-rooms attached to them, where newspapers, magazines, and reviews, of all grades of opinion, might be seen at cheap rates; and at which commercial travellers, and other persons, could find a temporary and quiet comfortable lodging, instead of going to these strong-drink houses, where noise and scents abound, not quite pleasant to a virtuous sober man. At the request of the temperance friends, the author delivered several successive lectures in different parts of the city, recommending these coffee-houses. Mr. M'Intyre and Mr. Whyte were amongst the first to open these houses on the teetotal plan, and they did well.

The meetings of the parent society, which had been held in the Lyceum, Nelson Street, were, towards the end of 1837, transferred to the reforming Methodist Chapel, Spreull's Court, Trongate; the minister of which, the Rev. Mr. Roebuck, an eloquent and worthy man, was a bold teetotaler—as all the followers of the great John Wesley ought to be, and would be if they "trod in his footsteps." But they do not. Many of their present preachers have persecuted the teetotalers; and never, on any occasion, were the Wesleyan Chapels of Glasgow given for the purpose of temperance lectures. These five hundred "Conference preachers," who say they venerate the name of Wesley, have cut a sorrowful figure in the temperance movement. Their "wine and porter" seems to have had more attractions than our glorious doctrines. We can do without them, and shall not be nonplussed for meeting-houses. Mr. Roebuck gave us many beautiful addresses. He was a true imitator of the good Wesley. He had read, in Wesley's Journals, the passages in which that illustrious follower of the Son of God says, that "brewers and distillers, and hotel and tavern-keepers"—the makers and venders of these cruel drinks, "were wholesale and retail murderers of king George's subjects"—that the "blood of the slain from these foul brewings," was "seen upon the garments of the men and women" who "gave the bottle to their neighbour's mouth." "Blood," said the pious Wesley, the meek and gentle Wesley—"is seen in every stone, it cements one brick with another in all their buildings," the fruit of ruined families. Mr. Roebuck on several occasions gave stirring discourses, confirmatory of these terrible descriptions of the

* By the Editor of the *Glasgow Liberator*, a keen Radical Reformer, of great talent.

founder of that powerful body, called after Wesley, although it seems absurd to call any Christian community after the name of a man. It is but a figure of Popery, and yet many who tamely adapt it are fierce against the Roman Catholics. The pious Roebuck passed from earth, in the prime of his manhood, to a "better inheritance" than mortality can give. Yes, he winged his bright way, early in life, to those cloudless regions to which it had been his study and his delight to point others, in his earnest ministrations "in season and out of season"—if it can be strictly "out of season" any time to do good.

The *Temperance Herald*, a Glasgow Journal, gives an interesting account of two or three discussions which took place in Spreull's Court Chapel, soon after removing from the Lyceum to that place. I shall avail myself of an extract:—"The weekly meetings of the Glasgow Total Abstinence Society continue to be deeply interesting. There is an eloquence displayed by some of the speakers—a brilliancy, an originality, a power and closeness of argument, in poetry and prose, which renders these temperance lectures a rich feast to the listeners. The audience seem as much delighted and borne along by the beauty of the language, as they are instructed and enlightened by the truths taught. Some few weeks ago, a Mr. Lister from Barnsley, author of the 'Rustic Wreath,' a fine poem of noble sentiments, attended this meeting, accompanied by his friend Mr. Clarke, from Street, a village near Bristol—both Quakers. These gentlemen had been on a tour through the most romantic and attractive parts of old Caledonia, and were strong friends of the new temperance movement. They were detained a day or two longer in Glasgow than they had planned, by the advice of our worthy friend, Mr. Morris, who introduced them to Spreull's Court, to get the benefit of their cultivated minds in forwarding the good cause. These Friends gave a condensed view of what was going on in England, Ireland, and Scotland—where they had lately been in this autumn tour—during which they had met many of the leading advocates of the movement. The meeting was greatly delighted by the speeches of both these strangers, who proved they were not strangers to the temperance reformation and its great moral worth. Mr. Lister recited, in fine style, some striking passages from his 'Rustic Wreath,' which carried conviction to many minds, of the beauties of Christianity in unison with true temperance principles. In addition to these two speakers, Dr. Richmond, and Mr. Melvin (from Paisley), Mr. James M'Nair, and Mr. E. Morris, contributed to increase the interest of the meeting, by that fearless intrepidity (not rashness) which characterises them. The free discussions are still allowed at these gatherings, and any person keeping to the subject in debate is at full liberty to state objections to what they hear, by fair argument. Many an important fact is thus elicited, and many an

opponent of teetotalism, being overpowered by truth, ends his opposition by putting down his name as a member of the society. The two last night's discussion have turned chiefly on the Bible bearing of the question, which ended in a great triumph for teetotalism—and proved that the teetotalers understood their Bibles fully as well as their keenest opponents, and better than many ministers of religion seemed to know. It was intimated that the Rev. Patrick Brewster, of Paisley, the warm friend of the labouring classes, was to address the next meeting here. On Friday evening last, Mr. E. Morris delivered a lecture in Nelson Street Hall, to a full house—Mr. George Gallie in the chair. The lecturer went fully into his subject, which was 'the importance of temperance coffee and and reading-rooms, as a protection to temperance members.' Mr. Morris, in the course of his lecture, read a splendid passage from the great Dr. Channing of America, who has been a bold defender of temperance from its commencement. Dr. Forman followed Mr. Morris with very striking and useful remarks, approving of the lecture and its objects, and gave some sketches of character which had come under his notice in his medical practice, showing the fearful results of wild drinks. Master Robert Watson (a young scholar of Mr. Hannah, the teacher at Port-Dundas,) then recited with good effect a poem written by Mr. Morris, which was entitled—'The Intoxicating Cup.'" This poem was printed in the Temperance Journals, and some of the Glasgow Papers copied it from the same. The first verse, of which there are ten in all, runs thus—

"How can we save a drunken land,
How wipe this *stain* from Albion's shore;
How free our isle of its *foul* brand,
And health and peace to all restore?
By tasting, touching, handling not
The cup that turns the man to sot."

Temperance Herald, Sept. and Aug. 1837.

The author was occasionally in the habit of writing privately to gentlemen of influence and of literary and religious character. His object was to win men of talent and standing in society to the temperance movement. In several of these he succeeded. Amongst the persons of note were the late Drs. Chalmers and Wardlaw—men who have an historic name not soon to pass into oblivion. These two gentlemen, shortly before their death, gave their testimony that these teetotal societies had done much good. The great Chalmers was very emphatic, and said, "the ministers in his connection should give them every support." This will be found in some of his Scripture portions for "family reading." The other person of great celebrity to whom a letter was written, was the late Daniel O'Connell, Esq., whose influence over the Irish people was then in its giant force. The following are copies of two articles, one in prose and one in poetry, the result (of which the writer

has the best proof) was what he intended in the communication, winning that famous man "to the right side of the question:"—

GARSCUBE PLACE, GLASGOW, 20*th Feb.* 1841.

To DANIEL O'CONNELL, Esq. M.P.

RESPECTED SIR,—Probably amidst your many visitors you have forgotten my name. When I was in Dublin, some years ago, I waited upon you in Merrion Square—when raising subscriptions for my venerated friend, Henry Bell of Glasgow, the "father of steam-navigation in Britain"—and was received politely. I also had the pleasure of dining with you, and many hundreds of persons of great respectability—the good Duke of Sussex in the chair—in the Hall of the London Tavern, a few days after the Roman Catholic Bill was carried, of which great measure I was always an advocate; and was present in the House of Commons, beside the reporters, when the final blow was given to political bigotry and religious persecution, of which Protestants and Catholics have been too often guilty. I joined in the loud, long-continued cheering, in my snug seat on the edge of the gallery of the "great house," when the bill was carried at three o'clock in the morning. I heard Sir Robert Peel's opening speech, and that of his friend, Huskisson, on the side of religious liberty and political freedom—which every human being inherits a title to from his Almighty Maker—he making a right use of this liberty not to infringe other men's privileges.

My motive, Sir, for writing you now, is to call your attention to the great temperance reformation; with a sincere desire that your powerful mind may be practically turned into the same channel where your friend, the Rev. Theobald Mathew, is so actively, successfully, and nobly devoting his energies, to chase away maddening drinks from the beauteous Emerald Isle. I enclose a poem inscribed to you, which I pray God to bless.—I have the honour to be, Sir, respectfully yours,

EDWARD MORRIS,
Author of the "Life of Henry Bell," &c.

TO DANIEL O'CONNELL, ESQ. M.P.

O'Connell! see Mathew now nobly contending
With zeal apostolic in Erin's fair isle;
His footsteps so useful where thousands are blending
Their aid to support—do thou on him smile;
Omnipotent goodness and mercy approve
These labours of wisdom, these efforts of love.

O'Connell! Intemp'rance hath darkly smitten
These isles of the Shamrock, the Thistle, and Rose;
This Mathew deplores for his isle, and what Briton
But sees not, laments not this source of our woes?
But now a bright banner is hoisted on high,
The peace-spreading banner *lit up in the sky.*

O'Connell! a lecture from thee, it would gladden
The heart of vast thousands who struggle to free
These isles of that curse whose endurance doth sadden
Their souls, as its foul deathful-spreadings they see—
These lines are by one who, from pulpit and press,
Hath called on his country these *ills* to redress.

O'Connell! come join us in this mighty battle—
We need thy bold bearing and zeal in this cause;
With hosts who oppose us we need gallant mettle,
In union to combat for nature's great laws—
In Dublin or London, the field it is vast,
Then sound thy loud trumpet—the teetotal blast.

O'Connell! thou know'st well the bright crystal streamlet
Best drink is for palace, for hall, and for cot—
Is best for the city, the village, the hamlet,
For prince, noble, peasant—is best, is it not?
The drink which bland nature in mercy distills
On mountain and valley in musical rills.

O'Connell! these rhymings are meant to enlist thee
A chief in our cause, in brave battle to lead,
Where eloquence mighty bold power doth give thee
To cheer "lorn hearts" by these drinks that have strayed—
Unite, then, with Mathew—the field it is wide—
Unite, and his labours of wisdom divide.

These lands of the Rose, and the Thistle, and Shamrock,
Whose glory is brighter than Greece and old Rome—
Deserve well our labour 'gainst drugs that do mock,
And rage in wild fury to darken our home:
Then up in the battle, O'Connell! 'tis good,
To stop in these islands the wild drunken flood!

E. Morris.

Honorary Lecturer of the Glasgow Total Abstinence Societies.

We know, to the honour of Mr. O'Connell and his family, that they abandoned their interests in the strong-drink brewings, and Father Mathew found, in Mr. O'Connell and his sons, friends to the temperance principles. The foregoing articles were not penned in vain. I know they were not. I did not approve of Mr. O'Connell's agitation for the disseverment of the union between Ireland and Great Britain, because such an act would have been destructive to the "Green Isle," and falsified all his predictions of its great tendencies to improve his country. Nor did I approve of many other of his views. Still he was a great man; and his country he passionately loved, so much so as to be blind to its faults, as many Scotchmen and Englishmen are to the "drunken blot" of Britain. O'Connell had many great and good qualities, and his genius and patriotism compelled the reluctant Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel to pass the Catholic Bill. O'Connell died in May, 1847, in the classic town of Genoa, Italy, on an intended visit to Rome to see the Pope, who, at that time professed to be a reformer, but afterwards basely turned against the reformers, and threw himself into the arms of the rulers of Naples and Austria—those bigoted foes of all improvement. The good Dr. Chalmers died suddenly in Edinburgh soon after O'Connell, which created a sensation. It has been said that Chalmers and O'Connell were personally acquainted, and moreover that these two mighty ones *mutually*

admired each other. Why should they not? Genius is divine, and its attractions unite great men. Chalmers, to his many excellencies, was a lion for Catholic emancipation, though many of the ministers of his connection were as keenly opposed, indeed the majority, on this great question. Time has proved Chalmers right, as it will all other just measures.

Christianity is insulted by persecuting laws to enforce it. The very idea is a "mockery and a delusion." The honest reception of truth must be the result of self-investigation, not the bigot's *cudgel!* Every man who attempts to force his opinions—political, civil, or religious—upon others, any way than by sound, mild argument, is a persecutor, and such conduct is as irrational as it is unscriptural and wicked. It is man arrogating to himself the attributes of the Almighty. Hence the Pope of Rome, and the Pope of Russia, are two humbugs, which the right use of reason and the spread of truth will utterly destroy; and everything in Protestantism, which approaches to this Romish and Russian *humbug*, will be "brought low, even to the dust"—so says the word of light infallible. As men become sober-minded and "temperate in all things," they will see clearly the truth that shines increasingly to the perfect day—and they will have hearts to feel the glory, and understanding to comprehend the beauty and purity of that book of which Locke said, "It has God for its author, salvation for its end, and truth, without any error, for its matter." Newton, Addison, and Milton, had the same sublime views as Locke of the Bible.

CHAPTER VIII.

1838-1840.

Intemperance an old British vice—protest of the House of Lords against strong-drink making in 1736—a beautiful speech of the illustrious Earl of Chesterfield against these maddening liquors—his reasonings unanswerable, and they embrace the glorious American Maine Law Enactment, which Britain must speedily obtain as the final triumph of the temperance reformation—general reflections—Glasgow the head quarters of temperance in Scotland—a saying of Robert Kettle on this point—the liquor traffic—the necessity of putting a stop to the whole trade as being hurtful to the whole community—doing no good to any one, but evil to all—a few ought not to enrich themselves by the destruction of the many—this is the position of brewers, distillers, and wild drink venders—the idea is awfully true—read the 28th chapter of Isaiah, how applicable to Britain are the descriptions of the sublime prophet, "The people, the priest, and the rulers of Israel have stumbled in judgment and erred in vision, and all tables are covered with spewing" from these drinks—Scottish Temperance Union—new plan of operation—delegates from many towns assemble in Glasgow—Mr. Edward Grubb and James Teare visit Scotland—great meetings in London.

THE vice of intemperance has been often exposed, both in old times and in later years, by the most illustrious sons of Britain. Some of the greatest members of both Houses of Parliament have bequeathed to us gems of indignant pleading against Britain's monster vice, and against those unhallowed means which exist to perpetuate the dire evil. The great Lord Chesterfield, the most polished man of his age, a great statesman, scholar, orator, writer, patriot, diplomatist, and a bold friend of British liberty, has left us a splendid specimen of his eloquence against the sin of drunkenness, which, alas! has disgraced many of our members of parliament. Lord Stanhope, in the House of Lords, has indeed uniformly, when opportunity presented itself, stood up for this reformation. The following is the speech of Lord Chesterfield, the brilliant author of "Letters to his Son on the Formation of Character," which are a model of beautiful English:—"Luxury, my lords, is to be taxed, but vice prohibited, let the difficulty in the law be what it will. Would you lay a tax upon a breach of the ten commandments? Would not such a tax be wicked and scandalous? Would it not imply an indulgence in vice to all those who could pay the tax? Vice, my lords, is not properly to be taxed, but *suppressed*, and heavy taxes are sometimes the only means by which that suppression can be attained. Luxury, or that which is only pernicious by its excess, may very properly be taxed, that such excess, though not strictly unlawful, may be made more

difficult. But the use of those things which are simply hurtful in their own nature, and in every degree, ought to be put down by every wise government. None, my lords, ever heard in any nation of a tax upon theft or adultery, because a tax implies a license granted for that which is taxed to all who are willing to pay for it. Drunkenness, my lords, is universally and in all circumstances an evil, and therefore ought not to be taxed, but punished. The noble lord opposite has been pleased kindly to inform us that the trade of distilling is very extensive, and that it employs great numbers, and that they have arrived at exquisite skill, and therefore the trade of distilling is not to be discouraged! Once more, my lords, allow me to wonder at the different conceptions of different understandings. It appears to me that since the spirits which distillers produce are allowed to enfeeble the limbs, vitiate the blood, pervert the heart, and obscure the intellect and destroy all moral sense, that the number of distillers should be no argument in their favour, for I never heard that a law against theft was repealed or delayed because the thieves were numerous. It appears to me, my lords, that really if so formidable that they are confederate against the virtue or the lives of their fellow-citizens, it is time to put an end to the havoc, and to interpose whilst it is yet in our power to stop the destruction. So little, my lords, am I affected with the merit of that wonderful skill which distillers are said to have attained, that it is in my opinion no faculty of great use to mankind to prepare palatable poison; nor shall I ever contribute my interest for the reprieve of a murderer, because he has by long practice obtained great dexterity in his trade. If their liquors are so delicious that the people are tempted by them to their own destruction, let us at least, my lords, secure them from the fatal draught, by bursting the vial that contains them. Let us crush at once these artists in human slaughter, who have reconciled their countrymen to sickness and ruin, and spread over the pitfalls of debauchery such a bait as cannot be resisted but by legislative compulsory means."

This glorious burst of indignant moral oratory was worthy of the finest writer of his age, and my readers will, I hope, think it merited a place in this work. It will hasten a "Maine Law" for Britain—a law which we shall have before my little teetotal daughter arrives to the present age of her father! Mark this, gentle reader! mark it, and strive for its accomplishment by precept and example. The reasoning of Lord Chesterfield is, in the highest degree, logical and conclusive. It is in beautiful harmony with all the known laws of the universe, moral and physical, which the Great Divinity has written throughout all nature for man to read and study. To violate these laws is to fight against God. Who can do this and prosper?

Having given, in the preceding chapters, a general and rapid, but it is hoped satisfactory statement of the early struggles and

individual conflicts of the temperance reformers, with the signal victories on the side of what teetotalers deem human and divine truth, we now proceed with the history, in its various aspects, after the Lyceum battles and triumphs. We shall here give some details of the laudable efforts made by individual and combined exertions to raise the needful, or what economists call the "sinews of war," without which no societies can flourish. In these descriptions we shall avail ourselves of the information which our personal acquaintance with the leading men, the busy actors in this movement have supplied, and from authenticated documents in our possession, amply sufficient for the end contemplated when we began this work, —to us a pleasant one, and we trust it will be to our friends.

The Glasgow Total Abstinence Society of 1836—the parent of all that have followed since that eventful era—has undergone various forms of management, but has continued increasingly its operations up to this year—the end of 1854—and is now well known under the name of "The City of Glasgow United Total Abstinence Association." This parent society has, from its very commencement, exerted a great influence for good through Glasgow and the entire of Scotland. Its whole history gives strength to the remarks of Robert Kettle, Esq. (a good judge in this matter), uttered in our City Hall shortly before his lamented death: "That Glasgow was the first place where the temperance reform made progress in this country, and spread to surrounding districts; and I may say, without disparagement to Edinburgh, that Glasgow is still the head quarters of the total abstinence movement."*

The greatest difficulty of carrying out with success the mighty enterprise of overthrowing the deep-rooted customs in our drunken land, and especially in a city like Glasgow, so attached to the fiery bottle, has been, we say it with sorrow, a want of unity in action amongst the friends. We wish, (it is our duty to be frank here,) with one common faith, with one simple end in view, the outrooting of intemperance. It would be a puzzling task to find another class of men who have manifested in their movements less of common *tact* in wrestling with the dread evil, British drunkenness, than the teetotalers have done. This dark traffic, the strong drink trade, exists amongst us in spite of all warnings of its wickedness from the Christian page, and the denunciations of sound reason. We have been too long cutting off a few of the branches of the tree of poison, whilst we have dealt tenderly with its serpent-roots, and allowed those to nestle in the earth, and to send afresh their strength for mischief.

We were told, and truly told, in the *Edinburgh Review* for the quarter ending July 1854, No. 203, "that 2000 medical men of high note (amongst them is Sir Astly Cooper, Sir B. Brodie,

* See Report of the late Festival of the Glasgow United Total Abstinence Society, 1851.

Sir James Clarke, and others,) have cordially signed a certificate declaring their opinion, that total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors would greatly conduce to the health, the prosperity, the morality, the virtue, and happiness of the human family." The Reviewer in his able article, a long one on the teetotal doctrines, declares on our side, and wishes success to the American Maine Law enactments. What will the timid teetotal friends say to this bold pleading of the great Northern Review? It is surely high time to take a new step, and war with the "root of the evil," the wily traffic. The friends of temperance have never yet, as an united body, continuously exerted themselves against the mode and manner by which drunkenness is kept alive. The breweries, the distilleries, and the taverns have, if thought an evil, been but too much looked upon as a necessary evil—one that must be endured because it cannot be cured! This is a false, an unphilosophic view of the matter.

Beloved friends! You do not know the strength you possess. The cause you advocate is one that cannot be defeated. Your armour is from Heaven. Your aim is the good of man and the glory of the Eternal. Our antagonists cannot say their weapons in defence of their unhallowed traffic in poisonous fumes are from God. The 2500 medical men* of eminent worth, and many since their testimony was taken by the zealous Dunlop, should make the makers and venders of these liquors to tremble for their business. It may yield to them and their families a *fat* living, but ah! how their mere worldly glittering tends to the beggary and ruin of the masses! Could the brewer of ale and porter—could the distiller of stinking whisky—could the publican or the tavern-owner give a public lecture in our City Hall, and tell us of any one solitary benefit their calling confers on man? They would be in the sad dilemma of a certain member of the British Parliament who once rose to deliver, as the world expected, a flaming speech. All the would-be orator could say was, "Sir, I conceive, I, I conceive, I conceive!" He sat down, having conceived, as a waggish member said, "three times and brought forth nothing." So would it be if the gentlemen alluded to were to try their hand at a City Hall lecture, on the moral glories and the mental worth of their fearful traffic. The

* I had this valuable document sent me from London by John Dunlop, Esq. containing the names of from 2000 to 3000 of the most learned medical gentlemen to the truth of the principles defended in this "History," viz.:—1st, That a very large proportion of human misery, including poverty, disease, and crime, is introduced by the use of alcohol, or fermented liquors, as beverages. 2d, That perfect health is compatible with total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks of every description. 3d, That persons accustomed to such drinks may discontinue them entirely. 4th, That the universal giving up of these foul liquors would greatly contribute to the health, prosperity, and happiness of mankind.

trade must be abolished. It is the abomination of our land. They may gild their places ten times more than they have done, but the insides are full of "rottenness and dead men's bones!" The thousands slain by these drugs no arithmetic of man can tell. Eternity will unfold it all. Let the millions then who have nobly united against the use of these drinks as a beverage, in the bond of holy brotherhood, not be content with advising all others in their power to give up such foul liquors, but let them take assistance from every quarter—a leaf from every book that may tend to strengthen our cause, to expose the vicious traffic, to make widely known its atrocious nature; and then this "covenant with death," which intemperance cements, will be for ever broken, and this "agreement with hell," as the great prophet Isaiah, in the 28th chapter of his sublime book expresses it, will be dissolved. A few years of this lion-like union and advocacy would suffice to bring about this glorious result. We say it is quite possible. Will any good man say that such a result is not desirable? Surely not.

The temperance reform has hitherto been generally carried on by means of local and independent associations, who carry out pretty uniform codes of laws, by admitting members on their signing a pledge—the holding of stated meetings for lecturing, soirees, and personal advice of the friends of the cause. In ordinary towns and villages, and country districts, this mode of procedure has resulted in considerable success—but in large cities, where one such society has been considered unequal to the work of looking after the whole, the establishment of these small and independent bodies has been attended with many perplexities and disadvantages, which have greatly circumscribed their usefulness, and often ended in their breaking up. The earnest attention of the leading friends of temperance in this city (they having by far the largest field in Scotland to work upon,) was, from the foregoing considerations, early directed to the superiority of united over society effort. It has always been the anxious wish of the best and ablest friends of this cause in Glasgow, that our central association should represent the whole temperance energies of the city, and sound experience has taught that when this policy ruled the cause, prosperity was the result. Undoubtedly, these associations should be formed on the broad, catholic, Christian spirit of universal man. They should not be hampered with school-creeds, such as was attempted but signally defeated by a certain party, some time after the Nelson Street discussions had led to a very flourishing society, which sent branches far around.

Under the idea of these Unions (for if union "is strength," division must be weakness,) the Glasgow friends, in February 1838, conceived the plan of uniting the whole of Scotland in one great moral army against the drinking customs, by forming a temperance association with the designation of "The Scottish Temperance

Union." The first meeting of this new combination for doing increasing good, was held in Glasgow on the 5th of September 1838, when forty-one delegates from the Scottish Abstinence Societies met in the Reforming Methodist Chapel, Spreull's Court, Trongate—John Dunlop, Esq. the father of the first temperance societies in Britain, in the chair, and J. C. Douglas, Esq. acted as secretary. This meeting was pre-eminently harmonious and agreeable. After adopting a well-matured constitution, founding the representative system, and appointing an executive committee, (of which Mr. Robert Kettle was president, and Mr. George Gallie treasurer,) it broke up, appointing at the same time the first annual meeting to take place in Edinburgh on the first Tuesday of June 1839. At this time the cause of abstinence in Scotland presented a grand spectacle of intense interest. A few good, earnest, zealous, pious, active men, humble and comparatively uninfluential persons, took up a position, and threw down the gauntlet to combat the almost universal opinion, tastes, and habits of the Scottish people. It was a sublime idea. Men wondered how it would terminate. There stood the moral Etna of intemperance, into whose belching asylum were flocking millions of our unfortunate, unreflecting fellow-countrymen; and while the church and the state refused alike, or delayed to come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty destroyer, a few plain-minded men persevered in the right path, and baffled every antagonist who chose to attack them on the true temperance principle, which was the entire giving up of all alcoholic drinks; and this, as Dr. Samuel Johnson truly said in his day, "was the true philosophy of keeping every man and woman sober." It is the common sense of the question, and common sense ought to rule the world, and will ultimately, when practical Christianity, not dogmatism of old schools, guides the pulpit and the press, and influences the millions. On the 17th February, this year, a resolution was introduced into the central committee of the Glasgow Society, moving a sub-committee to consider the best plan of forming a "Scottish Temperance Union." Mr. W. C. Moncrieff, a theogical student, drew out the circular which was sent to the greater part of societies in Scotland, and from this sprang the Union.* Mr. Moncrieff is a man of good abilities, and has often put forth his eloquence greatly on the side of temperance truth, whose foes have felt the "thunder of his power." It was fortunate for this infant Union, thus formed against the "liquid fires of hell," and launched on a stormy sea amidst many adverse currents, that the sagacious and prudent firm-minded Robert Kettle was at the head of its "Executives," and the zealous Robert Reid, then in the height of his untiring labours for the welfare of man, was appointed its secretary. These good men did not wait until large public assemblies would speak out and sanction their speculative measures for

* See Second Annual Report of the Glasgow Abstinence Society.

action, but looking instantly out for the best instruments to be had, they commenced aggressive work against the citadel of drunkenness, and against the dire drinking customs which keep alive and swell the army of the inebriates, the night-mare of British society. At that time Mr. James Teare of Preston, and Mr. Edward Grubb of the same town, were, in the glory of their zeal and in the might of their natural eloquence, carrying all before them in England. Mr. John Law, from Ceres, in Fifeshire, had also much distinguished himself as an advocate of sound temperance principles; and these able men were engaged to lecture throughout Scotland, and were actively at work before the projected meeting at Edinburgh took place. They had also started and carried on with great spirit, the *Scottish Temperance Journal*, No. 12 of which was published and had a wide circulation. The first and the last annual meeting of the "Scottish Temperance Union," took place in the Free-Mason's Hall, Niddry Street, Edinburgh, on Tuesday 4th June, 1839—John Dunlop, Esq. president of the Union, in the chair. From the very first it was quite apparent that unanimity was wanting, and that from a jealousy of where the Executive should be fixed, whether Edinburgh or Glasgow was to be the centre of the movement. A separation was unavoidable; so to save time, and perhaps to economise the outlays of money, it was resolved to form two Unions instead of one—the one to be called the Eastern, and the other the Western Scottish Temperance Union. The delegates from the West, before separating in Edinburgh, passed a series of resolutions substantially the same as those of the original institution, appointing the executive committee, agreed to return to their various constituencies for further powers, and to meet again in Glasgow on the 5th day of August following.

Every real and enlightened friend of the temperance reformation regretted at the time the silly display of party spirit which this memorable meeting exhibited, but we dissent from those who look upon it as *all evil*. It was the means of bringing together, for the first time, many of the most gifted and noble temperance leaders of America. Of these we need only mention E. C. Delavan, Esq. of New York, and J. Dougal, Esq. of Montreal, two gentlemen whose names are chronicled not to be forgotten in the temperance annals. Then from England came Joseph Livesey, Esq. the hero of Preston Teetotalism, and the Rev. W. R. Baker of London, whose pen, as well as his preaching, have shed a steady light on our cause—and John Dunlop, Esq., whose bland deportment, and sound, clear good sense, all felt. The bickerings and warm discussions at this meeting, which ended in the split-up, had their use on wiser minds than those whose aim seemed self-gratification or to fortify them in their sectarian zeal—the slave of which sees nothing good that is not worded in his own *oyster-shell* phraseology, a temper of mind which disqualifies any man possessing it from being a leader in a

cause which embraces, like the temperance, every son and daughter of Adam.

In the summer of 1838 there was a large breakfast party of the friends of temperance, held in Mr. Whyte's coffee hotel, Trongate, when a very strenuous attempt was made by certain *human-creed-loving* men, to manufacture a Confession of Faith for all who were members of committee. The writer of this volume was at the meeting; he listened to a number of speeches, and weighed the arguments of the speakers, who fain would have saddled the societies with something like the Westminster or the Geneva scholastic composition, as the bond of union. This idea the author protested against in the name of Bible Christianity, and in the spirit of the rules of genuine teetotalism. Mr. Kettle and others took the same view, and the creed-men were signally defeated. And may all such schemes be quashed whensoever and by whomsoever the like attempts are made. When will mankind at large learn the valuable lesson, that *one Pope* in the world is one *too many?* The Bible frowns upon all such proceedings of these "human standards of faith." They are worse than paper wasted. They corrupt the mind, and tend to the very essence of priest-spun Popery. Friends of temperance, and friends of Christian liberty! these reflections are such as I have inculcated, more or less, for twenty-five years in my lectures to forward your cause, and the best friends of the movement think as I do on these delicate subjects. The temperance societies, in their combined forms, cannot be ruled like a sectarian Christian community, where the ordained ministers, many of them, are nearly as despotic as the priests of Rome. No doubt the spirit of true Protestantism checks them greatly; so far good. The same evil that has from time to time dimmed the glory of the teetotal reform, has also prevented to this day the adoption of a truly liberal national system of education for the people. Bigotry, fanaticism, anti-christian sectarianism, have done the mischief. Each Doctor of Divinity, or each Reverend Master of Arts, is determined to have his own *little* creed foisted into the national schools, or else let the millions wallow in ignorance, unable through life to read the book of God's inspiration. Is this wise? Is this glorious Christianity? Is it Heavenly philosophy? Is such a spirit worthy of Him who said, "whatsoever ye would that men should do to you do ye also to them." Let these flaming zealots keep in mind what a variety of parties, and their children, need these national schools; and that neither the Romish, the Westminster, or the Genevan *test* of doctrinal views of the Bible, will ever be allowed as the common basis. The idea is monstrously unjust. There is a false idea—utterly false—abroad amongst bigots, that there is no religion taught where a peculiar creed is not dogmatically and systematically insisted upon in schools. This, we say, is a false notion, and one that has kept millions through life strangers to God's own

blessed volume, because the enemies of a liberal tuition were the means of checking the wise intentions of some of our more enlightened civil rulers. The truth is, that our present government, as a body, are more friendly to the temperance movement than the churches and their leaders, and though this to some may sound harsh, it is true, and ought to be told by the faithful historian. This book is written, not as the tool of any party, but as the expounder of universal temperance, which the term "teetotal" symbolises to every boy or girl of seven years old, as a clean sweep of the "liquid fires of perdition." Yes, the term, notwithstanding the learned objections of the *Edinburgh Review* critic, alluded to in a former page, will be sung on every shore long as rivers shall roll to ocean's bosom—long as the stars shall glitter in the blue vault above us. The reformation it implies is the greatest of our day, and its glories are for every land under Heaven, but first for our own:—

> Teetotal! yes, this word will tell afar
> Through every clime, in Albion's tongue it will
> Make known how Briton's waged a mighty war,
> A dreadful monster in their isle to kill,
> Which long had tyrannised, and with a fiendish power
> Spread ruin deep and wide, and blighted every flower!

It may be worthy of notice here, that a marked change for the better has taken place, and daily is becoming more obvious in all classes of society since, in this reformation.

CHAPTER IX.

1840-1841.

A meeting of the Union Societies in procession—Mr. Joseph Livesey, from Preston, delivered a beautiful lecture in the open air, detailing the proceedings of the friends in England—stern hostility to teetotalism of the masses, and of many well-educated men to our cause—some illustrations of these absurd prejudices—discussion was courted by our leaders—it did good—antagonists being beat in argument, joined the cause—they (the controversial meetings,) were now very crowded in Spreull's Court—great procession on the Glasgow Green—sometimes discord amongst the commitees injured our movement—the Rev. William Reid and his two brothers were very active in this city, Glasgow, and surrounding places, viz., Tollcross, Shettleston, Rutherglen, Camlachie, Maryhill, &c.—Rev. Theobald Mathew's great labours—Messrs. E. Anderson, Mearns, Galloway, James Hoey, Peter Ferguson (a zealous able missionary of temperance), Mr. M'Allister, Mr. A. H. Maclean, Rev. James Paterson, Rev. Mr. Pullar, Mr. James Stirling (of Milngavie), Mr. William Logan, and many others, with those leaders formerly mentioned, did great service—about forty-two ministers of the gospel were now aiding us zealously—temperance coffee-houses.

On the first day of the Union, a procession from the Mason's Hall to attend another meeting in the Assembly Rooms took place. When the teetotalers were thus walking, a half-intoxicated porter accosted one of the delegates, saying, "Please, Sir, can you tell me what kind of a procession is this you are in?" A teetotal procession was the answer to the porter. In utter dumfounderment the man cried out, "Ah! feigh, feigh, save us from a pestilence!" The following evening, two gentlemen of the first class were passing through Parliament Square, when Mr. Joseph Livesey, the celebrated teetotal leader of Preston, Lancashire, was addressing an open air meeting. Attracted by the crowd, and the sweet silvery voice of the orator, they stopt and listened with evident interest, but the moment Mr. Livesey pronounced the word teetotal (coined in Preston, and now known in every land), they started as if they had got a shock from an electric battery, or a discharge from one of Napier's Baltic broadsides, passing on seemingly anxious to escape from being contaminated by the foul heresy!

In those days, at the two extremes as well as in the middle ranks of society, total abstinence was not simply unpopular, but it was detested. If true courage bears any relation to the taking up of a cross, and bearing reproach for conscience' sake, few men, we think, have stronger claims to bravery than the early pioneers of the abstinence reformation in Scotland. A little circumstance might

come in, in this stage of our history, which gives a faint idea of the feelings which existed amongst persons of intelligence and worth against our first teetotal struggle; for they were struggles, though victorious ones. The following printed bill was pretty widely posted in Glasgow about August 1837:—"Mr. E. Morris, temperance lecturer, will deliver an address on Monday evening, in Spreull's Court Chapel, at eight o'clock, on the teetotal principles, when the friends of the movement, and antagonists, are respectfully invited to attend. Any gentleman who may feel inclined to impugn Mr. Morris' views, will be allowed time to state his objections." This bill was printed in large characters, and many read it. The notice attracted the attention of a literary friend of the author. He said, "Mr. Morris, have you lost your understanding? I formerly looked upon you as a shrewd, rational, cautious man, but this teetotal bill makes me think you have lost your good sense." He seemed horror-struck at the idea of a clean sweep of the dirty cellar, and of its poisonous casks of many *scents;* and thought, with the giving up these drinks, wholesale and for ever, all social enjoyment would be at an end, and society become a collection of sad and melancholy beings, and that without these *nice* serpent-viands, men would sink into insignificance! This person was a good, accomplished, and candid man. I replied, "My good friend, I am now going to the meeting, go along with me. You shall have half an hour to assail my doctrines, and the assembly will listen to you as patiently and as candidly as they will to me; I will guarantee this." He would not come, he pleaded not being in the habit of public speaking, and was not able to sustain a discussion before so large an audience. I said, "Sir, you see we teetotalers are not afraid to encounter our opponents." We give you leave to attack us at our places, but your ministers and others, who assail us publicly, do not allow us to rise up in their assemblies to meet their arguments. If they would, I and my brother lecturers would gladly meet their attacks. Their fighting is all one-side work. We invite, nay we challenge discussions, showing our confidence in the truth of our teaching. Jesus Christ and his apostles never refused to hear their antagonists. They never cried "Put him down—out with him, out with him!" No; they had better manners, and nobler methods of inculcating the doctrines of the gospel and the truths of immortality. Many cases similar to the above could be inserted, but it were superfluous to enlarge on these points.

Men see now with other eyes, and the opinion is rapidly gaining ground, of a general and universal triumph to our cause. These breweries, these distilleries, and public-houses of the cruel drugs, are all doomed. Oh, may the men and women engaged in them quickly find a better calling than to administer to the ruin of the bodies and souls of mankind! It would be a strange lecture for any of those "spirit-dealing" gentry to give, as a regular discourse on the moral

and religious beauties, the physical and mental excellencies of their "liquid fire" traffic! When will any one have the nerve to do this? Well, it must be a desperate calling that cannot show one solitary rational argument in its defence, nor can any individual put up a prayer to Heaven for his success in it. The words of Jacob in rebuking some of his bad sons—for good men have at times bad sons—are very appropriate here: "Oh, my soul, come not thou into their assembly (the gathering of publicans), with them, mine honour, be thou not united!" These men are not naturally worse than others. It is the traffic that demoralises them. It is listening to the lewd, blasphemous language of their customers, that "corrupt the good manners" of male and female embarked in these bad brewings; and these customers the publicans dare not, cannot rebuke, for their trade is upheld by such incomers. Reader, we do not surcharge the foul picture, you know we cannot! The time we are now writing of, viz., from 1839 to 1843, the temperance enterprise in Scotland had many struggles. Difference of opinion sometimes existed amongst its leaders, but they battled on and kept their armour bright and their powder dry. The men of Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Paisley, were indefatigable, while the moral heroes of the provinces were not a whit behind. "There were giants in those days" in the teetotal world. The various meetings in Glasgow were crowded to overflowing. In Camlachie, Rutherglen, Shettleston, and Tollcross, the teetotal banner waved, and many flocked to it. Meetings were regularly held and well supported in these stirring villages. In these places (Shettleston chiefly) the Rev. William Reid, of Edinburgh, (then a city missionary in Glasgow) did much to arouse public attention to the mighty movement, as he has ever done since by his writings, and his thrilling temperance sermons, to the present day. Had all ministers of religion through Scotland displayed the same untiring and enlightened zeal as Mr. Reid, doubtless our cause would have stood on broader footing and firmer ground than it does. But we must cling the closer to talented laymen, and hundreds of these are coming forward to our help; while we will be thankful to Heaven for as many regular gospel preachers as we possibly can get, in a movement which has its life-spring in the religion of Him who "came not to destroy the world but to save it." Blessed declaration! blessed is its source! it flowed from "the lip of truth?" These words are as imperishable as the pillars of His throne.

In the city of Glasgow during these years, Mr. Robt. Reid, Mr. T. Reid, (brothers of the minister,) Mr. A. Maclean, Mr. P. Ferguson, Mr. Peter Mearns, Mr. Galloway, Mr. James Hoey, Mr. E. Anderson, Mr. W. Logan, Mr. Thomas Trench, and others, were unceasing in their labours in lecturing and visiting the unhappy victims of intemperance. It was officially stated that within three years after the institution of the Glasgow society, upwards of one thousand

individuals had been rescued from the degrading bondage of drunkenness, many of whom had indulged in it for a series of years. The agents of the Union were not inactive in the meanwhile. Mr. Jas. Stirling, a "brand plucked from the burning liquid," and Mr. John Law, who had never *touched* the fiery drug, assisted by many a noble and disinterested advocate through the various provinces, were scattering the truth, and arousing general attention to the temperance reformation, which was striking its brave roots into new and hitherto hostile quarters. Serious men and earnest patriots now saw the field brightening, and the reclaimed drunkards who, as they gave up drink, generally turned in right earnest to mind religion and its vast concerns, caused opponents to stop in their antagonistic conduct. Now and then a rich man came forward, and liberally supported us with his purse—and the tongue of the learned and the eloquent spoke out for teetotalism, that had often strove against it. Truth fought its way. The sun drove off the fogs as he rose in the heavens, and men saw the divine beauty of true sobriety, and felt the necessity of exposing the *foul drink* customs, which work so much misery among all ranks of British society; and it would puzzle an honest and clear mind to say what class or rank of the community has been most injured. All parties have sinned in this terrible matter, and all parties should aid the great deliverance from such tremendous slavery. Is not such a consummation much to be desired? Fellow-countrymen! say is it not?

At the annual meeting of the Western Union, in June 1840, it was truly stated, "that during no former period in the history of teetotalism had their operations been crowned with such marked success. In some places one-third, in others one-fourth of the whole population had enrolled themselves as members. A decided victory had been gained over many old established and pernicious drinking customs, thereby decreasing the strong temptations to intemperance." In November of the same year, it was stated officially, from true sources, that 110 societies had joined the Union, that fifty public meetings were held every month in Glasgow, and that the average monthly accessions to the society was 1500, or 18,000 per annum—that about seventy thousand members in all, including forty-two ministers of the gospel, were then embarked zealously in the great struggle, and very many acting on the same principle who had not as yet put down their names, but who felt the practical good from it. We do not take into account the members of the Roman Catholic Society, who at that time stood 9,000 strong, and who had the energetic and able superintendence of their popular leader, the Rev. Mr. Enraght—personally known to the author, and who was called a second "Father Mathew." This gentleman went to America soon after Mr. Mathew, with the intention of throwing his whole soul in aid of the illustrious Irish-

man who contemplated and accomplished it—visiting every large town and populous district in the land of teetotal Franklin and the good Washington, the fathers of American Independence.

The coffee-houses in Glasgow amounted to about twenty, which afforded good accommodation to temperance travellers, tourists, and others, who were regularly increasing in number, and sighed for a quiet temporary home where they could breathe a pure atmosphere, unpolluted by the fumes of the "death-shops"—and sit down calmly to write an epistle to a wife, a mother, a father, a sister or brother, of the beauties they had seen in their peregrinations since they quitted their "own fireside"—bidding adieu, for a little, to a loving friend or a bosom companion. These coffee-houses and temperance hotels well merit the support of all who wish our land to be rescued from its wildest stain.

The Union gave a new life and increasing animation to the societies by the employment of additional talented agents. Mr. A. Wallace, (now Rev. Alexander Wallace, of Edinburgh), Mr. Sime, Mr. Fraser, and Mr. Samson, (now Rev. J. Samson)—four gentlemen whose glowing eloquence and manly arguments gave a sturdy impulse to our movement—and who, when they encountered an antagonist, knew well how to meet him, and often to cause such to put down their names as members, after they had been beaten by our friends in fair discussion, which we courted from the beginning and will to the end. Truth we seek after, and its value "is far above rubies."

The second annual meeting of the Western Union took place in Glasgow, 15th July, 1841, when perhaps the cause of abstinence was never in a more healthy state in the three kingdoms before or since—Glasgow still keeping a steady sturdy march at the head, as it becomes her greatness. In Ireland, Father Mathew was in the meridian blaze of his astonishing popularity—millions were bending at his nod—dukes, lords, and senators of the land smiled upon him, and kings and princes invited him to their palaces, as if some moral charm had seized them, had spell-bound them. The world was stirred up by the sound of his name, and the press, in some cases, brought fire into their pages by describing his doings. It was not, however, all pure gold that flowed from his labours, but much good was done by him to the reformation. In England the good work was progressing with giant strides; while Glasgow, as the head quarters of teetotalism, kept her brilliant post. This meeting of the Union was held in the Bazaar, Candleriggs, when several resolutions were moved and warmly adopted. One of these, which, on account of its showing the opinions then entertained by the leading friends of temperance upon the great question of the present day, was moved by my greatly esteemed friend, Mr. James Mitchell, (whose honoured name will be for ever linked with the temperance history for long enduring and great services done to promote it,) who then lived at Burnfoot—a voluntary lay-preacher

of the gospel as well as a temperance lecturer—who, after rendering assistance of no ordinary kind for several years to the societies in Stirling, glorious Bannockburn, Alloa, and other quarters, was now for the first time to appear before a Glasgow audience. His first speech in our commercial metropolis fully met the expectation of all who listened to the powerful address. Amongst these was the writer. He was shortly afterwards destined to exert an influence in this city in the holy cause of temperance and domestic happiness, which will mark him out as a great benefactor to Glasgow. Yes, thousands will bless his memory, and he who writes these pages rejoices in calling him his friend. These resolutions, in which Mr. Mitchell took a very prominent part, bore—"That inasmuch as the various official authorities of Great Britain have given it as their opinion, that three-fourths of the crime, misery, disease, and premature death in this country, result from intemperance—that this meeting regard it as the duty of all who wish well to mankind to search diligently the foul source of these national evils—and that, irrespective of political or religious sectarian differences, we unite for its overthrow; and that inasmuch as the ordinary use of intoxicating liquors are admitted to be the instrumental cause of intemperance, and that the entire disuse of these liquors by the community alone would accomplish the removal of the evil—this meeting solomnly protest against the manufacture, sale, or use, of these dire intoxicants." Mr. Donnan, editor of the *Ayr Advertiser*, (a very enlightened man, full of zeal for human happiness,) seconded the resolutions, which were all unanimously carried. It was on this auspicious occasion that the great procession took place on our beautiful Green, the first of these telling displays in favour of this reformation. It was on this occasion I wrote the following poem, which a valued friend wished me to copy here:—

THE GREAT TEETOTAL MUSTER IN GLASGOW,

On Saturday, 17th July, 1841.

In grandeur rose the star of day,
And sent his beamings far away,
O'er mountain, moor, and stream,
While birds in glorious "wood-notes wild"
Melodious broke—sweet flow'rets smiled—
All praised the Great Supreme.

When thousands flocked from distant vales,
From hills and glens, whose fairy tales
In lofty song are found.
To Glasgow marched these happy bands,
With gallant hearts and active hands,
And music's blissful sound.

From Campsie and her "bonny glen,"
Shaws, Airdrie, Kilsyth, Rutherglen,
And beauteous Maryhill;
From Denny, Stirling, Bannockburn;
From Hamilton, bold men who spurn
Vile drinks, for nature's rill.

From Kirkintilloch, Cumbernauld,
From Wynford, Falkirk, hosts unawed,
With ardour, sped their way.
From Partick, Govan, Levenside,
From Renfrew, Bowling—sons of Clyde
Came, with their garlands gay.

From Busby, Doune, and Carron-shore,
Duntocher, Renton, Fintry-moor,
Teetotal bands appeared.
And last, "not least," came Paisley's sons,
And Greenock's chiefs, both faithful ones,
With Dunlop, their revered.

These thousands came, with banners bright,
With mottoes, bearing truth and light,
To Glasgow's princely Green.
See yonder gallant Rechabites;
What heartfelt joy—what pure delights
Within their tents are seen!

Hail, Glasgow Chiefs! upon your brow,
I see the laurels circle now!
Heaven has your labours blessed.
You long have battled in the field,
With sword of truth, and God your shield;
Who can despoil your crest?

Men of all creeds are mingled here,
In brother bands they now appear,
The *bigot's hate is gone.*
They strive to render *home* more bright;
They strive—but in this *sacred fight*
No widows—orphans—moan.

This cause is strong, yes, stronger far,
Than mighty ocean's billows are,
Or Niagara's flood,
Than Etna's belching hills of fire,
Or rending earthquakes, that inspire
Awe in the bad and good.

Teetotal! yes, the sparkling streams
Whose murmers soothe—whose poet-dreams
Have charmed our boyhood's morn.
These blissful rills will show their strength
Through Britain's isles the breadth and length,
When to these drinks we turn.

Who doubts it? look at Erin's land,
Where Mathew lives—apostle bland,
The great Teetotal chief.
See how he hurls the giant's blow
At those wild drugs, our country's woe,
And millions find relief!

England in moral might will rise,
And Scotland aid the enterprise,
These glorious isles to save
From that foul brand—our deepest stain—
Our bitter curse—our ancient bane,
Join, all ye wise and brave!

The critic cries, "what vulgar word,
Is this Teetotal—mean—absurd;
Why do ye to it cling?
It is not in great Johnson found;
Its syllables, how harsh they sound?
No bard its praise can sing."

Stop, gentle friend; when thou art gone,
And all thy wit and wisdom flown,
This word will grace the page
Of some great Shakespeare who will come,
And "godlike Milton," to illume
And mould the coming age.

Some Addison, and Burke, will tell,
Some Campbell, Scott, and Channing, dwell
With pleasure on its birth,*
Reveal the poor man's humble name,
From whose warm lips with zeal it came,
Its meaning, grace, set forth.

This poor man, smit with grief of soul,
Cried out,—*Tee—to—tal*—take the whole,
"*Take these foul drinks away!*"
He signed—still lives—and lives to praise
That Being, whose are all our days,
Who guides in righteous way.

GLASGOW, *Sept.* 1841. BRITTANICUS.

GRAND PROCESSION OF THE TEETOTAL SOCIETIES OF GLASGOW AND NEIGHBOURHOOD, ON 17TH JULY, 1841.

According to previous agreement, the various Societies in this place gave ocular proof of their existence by a public procession on the Saturday of our Fair. At an early hour the country and district Societies gave intimation of their movement by the sweet heart-stirring sound of music, and after forming themselves into order they marched into the Green, where it had been agreed the whole body should muster. By ten o'clock the Green furnished one of the finest spectacles ever witnessed in Glasgow. A troop of the 17th Lancers had been at exercise, and just as the Rechabite division of the teetotal army was entering, the gallant soldiers were slowly retiring, apparently enjoying the sight of their new associates in preserving the peace and honour of the country. To a devout and imaginative mind, the scene seemed to point to that happy period in human affairs when "swords shall be beaten into ploughshares, and spears into pruning hooks." The Catholic body of teetotalers met on the south side of the Green, the Protestants on the north. The mass of human beings on each side, together with the flags flying in the air over their heads, had a warlike appearance. The parties were like two hostile armies about to engage in mortal combat; but nothing could be more at variance with the reality. The most kindly feeling pervaded both sides; their opposing creeds were for the time forgotten; and as teetotal brethren, united in one grand moral confederation against the common

* The history and origin of the term "Teetotal" is curious and interesting. It was formerly stated by Mr. Livesey of Preston, the great and excellent teetotal advocate of Engiand. Some years ago (I write from memory), a labouring man of the name of Richard Turner, who had been a dreadful drunkard for many years, came to a temperance meeting. He listened with deep and earnest attention to the speakers—felt his desperate condition, and was convinced of the soundness and goodness of the cause these eloquent defenders were explaining. He went in to put down his name; but asked, first, what he was to give up. "All spirituous liquors," said the Secretary. "Ah, sir," replied Richard Turner, "this will not cure me—I must be Tee—to—tal,—tee—to—tal only, can save me—all intoxicating drinks away!" He signed the Teetotal pledge, and still lives to give good evidence of its power and efficacy; added to which, he adorns the Christian name by his general deportment in the world.

enemy, they were animated by one spirit, and by one fixed purpose—the extermination of alcoholic influence. Bigotry had either gone to bed from pure vexation, or was seeking elevation to its sunken spirits in some dark den of inebriation. It dared not show its ill-omened face on such an occasion. We saw here and there a son of the Green Isle with party badges, but these were so few and so unlike other Irishmen, that they only excited the smile of pity. Thousands of our fellow-citizens were spectators in the Green, and as the cavalcade proceeded through the streets—and in no case did we see any other feeling manifested than delight and satisfaction—all looked on with deep interest, and some could not restrain the tear of joy. The Rechabites in full dress, with the insignia of their order, led the van, and from their uniform and respectable appearance, bespoke a favourable feeling for those who followed. The executive committee of the Western Union, and the delegates of the different Societies in connexion, came next in order; then the town and country Societies, each headed by bands of music, and their ranks adorned with splendid flags, with appropriate mottoes and devices. The Roman Catholics brought up the rear, headed by Mr. Enraght, the Father Mathew of Glasgow, a gentleman who holds a high place in the affections of the Irish teetotalers, and deservedly so. They far outnumbered the Protestants, and having their treasurers all mounted on grey horses, they produced an imposing effect.

The great gathering on the Green, splendid as it was, and so well adapted to check fanatical bigotry, did not entirely accomplish this. The author was then a clerk in the Canal-office at Port-Dundas (as formerly stated), and had several good opportunities of ascertaining the general feeling amongst religious people of all parties, relative to the mingling of Protestant and Catholic teetotalers on this happy day. One minister, calling himself "an evangelical preacher," (a cant name, which men of sense and enlightened piety will soon give up,) said to me in my office, "Are you, Mr. Morris, going to encourage the popish Jesuit, Father Mathew, on the Green of Glasgow to-day?" I replied, "No, Sir, I am going not to do that, but to meet a good man, a philanthropist, a patriot, a friend of humanity, one who has nobly laboured in a glorious moral reformation, of which I have the honour or the disgrace to be 'the founder in Glasgow.' I am going, Sir, to prove, with thousands of my Protestant brethren and temperance friends, that this mighty movement, Heaven-derived in its principle, in spite of all you can say to the contrary, (for he was a stern enemy to teetotalism,) is one in which wise men of all creeds can unite for the good of each." The bigot wheeled upon his heel, took his ticket from me, and went into the swift-passenger boat, telling some of the people outside the office, "that he had caught a Tartar when getting his ticket from the clerk," (meaning the author,) in talking of Father Mathew. This person was the Rev. Mr. D——, then a minister in a place not a thousand miles from Kirkintilloch. I do not know where he went to afterwards, but I hope he has got more of the "gentleness of Christ Jesus," if he is now in the land of the living, and that he

than the Corn Laws, with all their cruel injustice, for augmenting the price of the poor man's loaf, by destroying as much grain annually as would feed, for the same period, from three to four millions of persons with bread. Talk of political economy, and allow this, ye rulers of Britain! Tell us, you believe in the doctrines of Adam Smith, and the great Paley, and yet connive at allowing the brewer and distiller to waste away, in their smoky pestiferous establishments, the "golden grain!" O, how can such legislation be wise and Christian! They would shudder to do this in Mahometan Turkey, and yet gospel-professing England sees but *little* harm in this *great* sin of our drunken land!

The third annual meeting of the Union was held at Glasgow, on the 14th and 15th of July, 1842, and on this occasion a trip to the Land of Burns was projected, and most successfully executed. At the hour of starting, viz., 10 o'clock, Saturday morning, 16th July, the friends of sobriety mustered in great strength, in number and respectability—filling a line of forty carriages, nearly a quarter of a mile in length—which quickly afterwards started under the united power of their locomotive engines; a grand display of the mechanical genius of Britain, in thus sending her sons and daughters at half the speed of the eagle, borne safely along by those "fire-horses" that never *tire* by hard work, but like dauntless giants finish their tasks for the health, pleasure, and delight of tens of thousands daily, who traverse this wonderous isle—and which would be manifold degrees more glorious and happy if these foul viands were all away. The sight of these well-filled carriages was highly picturesque, full of moral beauty. Thousands of admiring spectators lined their course as they careered on to that land, with whose associations the name of Burns, the great ploughman bard, will be as lasting as the flowing of "Coila's stream," or the roaring of Clyde's foaming cataracts. Every town, village, and hamlet the processionists passed by, the assembled multitude were awaiting to give them a hearty welcome. There is a sublime moral in such sober yet stirring scenes as these. They touch the springs of our mental capacity, and they tend to improve our moral nature, and arm us with new power and inclination to discharge, with increasing vigour, the duties of life. They tend to unite man to man in brotherly concord, and to show all how bountiful is the good Creator, in thus "filling the earth" with sources of pure enjoyment, without any of those draw-backs which drunkenness, and every other vice, never fail to curse the thoughtless with. The friends at Ayr were waiting to receive the Glasgow visitors. A procession was formed, with four bands of music, which pervaded the fine old town, and from thence to the "banks and braes o' bonnie Doon," passing in its way "Alloway's auld haunted kirk," now a roofless ruin, with an old bell hanging in the gable end, whose sound is like that of an old kail-pot *cracked* in fifty places. The famous brig, whose "key-stane" was of such

service to the drunken "Tam O'Shanter," but which, on passing, his mare, Meg, lost her tail, (stolen by the witches). These were spots of classic and poetic interest, on which many an eye was rivetted, of those who have read the poems of Burns, and who think of his "Highland Mary." There are few sons and daughters of Scotland who are not familiar with this marvellous poet, who is read ten times more than Sir Walter Scott, with all the genius and school-lore of the author of "Waverley," and the "Lady of the Lake," Scott's finest poem. In a large park on a rising ground, at the side of a vast aged thorn, an immense assembly of happy teetotalers listened with deep interest to addresses from Messrs. Calvert, Howarth, ("slender Billy,") Greig, Edward Grubb, and others, whose lively imaginations and flowing language were greatly kindled amidst the lovely scenes of this beauteous neighbourhood, which could not fail to make salutary and lasting impressions, from the pure moral and intellectual enjoyment of this fine trip.

At five o'clock, a splendid soiree took place in the Rev. Dr. Renwick's church, at which the former speakers—the great English leaders of temperance—were joined by Mr. James Mitchell, of Burnfoot, second to none in zeal, mental vigour, and an inwrought earnest conviction of the worth of teetotalism. Mr. Mitchell delivered a masterly speech on the general merits and the domestic bearings of temperance, which he and his happy family had so much felt. The position of Mr. Mitchell was one of a peculiar nature. He was then, and had been for many years prior, in a very responsible situation as an officer in the Excise Department, under the British Government, and knew all the crooked ways and the ruinous effects of the strong drink traffic, by being of necessity an eye and ear-witness of its abominations. A vote of thanks having been passed, the steam was raised, and the "fire-horse" gave intimation that he was ready and able, as in the morning, to return with the hundreds who were seated in his swift chariots to Glasgow, through the same charming natural scenery which Ayrshire, in its rich Autumn adorning, always affords to repay a visit there. No accident occurred to cloud the joy of the party.

The practical results of this teetotal demonstration were most gratifying in their kind. The local newspapers declared that nothing so morally striking to the beholder had ever been witnessed there, where such a vast assemblage had been; and no solitary case of disorder in the whole multitude of young and old, husbands and wives, fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, young men and their sweethearts, friends and companions—all in serious soberness, but no angry feelings and no *cutting* words, fruits abundant where the evil drinks are used. These were the characters and these the happy effects of this "monster procession," which may be proudly contrasted with those scenes which take place at horse-races, bull-fights, cock-fights, and other occasions of fairs, and fox-huntings,

and hare-chasings, where our nobility and gentry—the supposed conservatives of our laws, our religion, and our freedom—take the proud lead; and thousands think, but foolishly think they do right to imitate the great, and to drink the drinks that these "lofty ones" take to make them jovial and merry. There was true merriness and plenty of it at this temperance railway trip, but no madness! It would be well if we rightly considered the distinctive differences between these two states of mental and moral condition, and so acted as not to lose sight of them. The Ayr newspaper editorially says: "This great temperance demonstration gave universal satisfaction, the public being unanimous in their praise of the excellent manner in which the whole affair was conducted, and the gentlemanly bearing of every individual who took the managing part; which were the leading members, the presidents, secretaries, and others of the combined committees of the Glasgow societies. Upwards of three hundred individuals joined the Ayr Abstinence Society, as the fruit of the deep impression made by this truly delightful excursion."

It was on the 13th of August, 1842, that the great leader of the temperance movement in Ireland, the Rev. Theobald Mathew, landed in Glasgow, and was received by all parties of abstainers—Protestants and Catholics emulating each other with every mark of esteem and approbation, for the great good he had done in the Emerald Isle. A strong invitation had been sent to Ireland, some weeks prior to his arrival here, to meet the combined Protestant and Roman Catholic teetotalers, at a grand entertainment now to be described. Three days after the arrival of this able friend of temperance, viz., on the 16th of August, the abstainers of Glasgow and many other places in Scotland, celebrated the event by a procession through the city; and in the evening a splendid banquet to his honour, was held in the City Hall, which told well. Robert Kettle, Esq. ably filled the chair. Addresses from the Western Union, and nearly all the societies in Scotland, were presented to Father Mathew, by Mr. Kettle, the president; to which Mr. Mathew returned a very feeling, pathetic, and truly liberal reply, in which, amongst other sentiments, he uttered these:—"I do not meet you, my friends, in the character of a Roman Catholic clergyman; but I come, at your kind invitation, to aid you, on common ground for us all, in a mighty moral enterprise on which the God of Heaven smiles, and whose blessing we all seek. I meet you as the friend of humanity, virtue, and happiness. I meet you, gentlemen, as philanthropists and patriots, to check and outroot a dreadful evil from our country—destructive intemperance. I rejoice in the harmony I witness here," (bursts of long-continued applause arose from all parts of the spacious hall, decorated with flowers, when these noble sentiments were concluded). The procession and the great soiree had a most striking effect, and gave a new impetus

to our cause. Men of all professions and all ranks turned out to witness and to participate in the felicities of this day. The only exception was the publicans, of whom it was remarked by a shrewd observer, that not one was to be seen at their doors or at their windows. Teetotalism seemed to have kept the *spirit*-men close in their *bins*—where good air seldom comes, but where the fumes of their traffic are never absent. May kind Heaven soon prepare a better calling for these, our fellow-citizens and countrymen, than they now have. O may the day quickly arrive, when the 2500 strong-drink houses of this magnificent city shall be converted into places of honourable employment, and the inmates and owners acting for the general weal—which they are not now, and never can in this wily traffic, the disgrace of humanity!

The various Glasgow newspapers gave in substance the following account of Father Mathew's visit, and its results:—"On Tuesday, the arrival of Father Mathew was celebrated by a great procession of teetotalers from all parts of the country. The day was delightful. A brilliant sun beamed from the heavens, and a gentle breeze moderated his heat, as the procession moved along. A special train brought nearly 1000 friends from Ayrshire, while numerous parties arrived by the Edinburgh Railway, the fares on that line being much reduced for the occasion, owing to the great numbers. The canal swift-boats also contributed well to swell the vast multitudinous gathering in Glasgow. The various abstinence bodies and the Rechabites mustered at their several halls, and preceded by bands of music, poured into our spacious public Green. By eleven o'clock, the hour of meeting, the scene was one of a magnificent description. After the various bodies had been arranged by the marshall, the procession moved off, headed by Father Mathew and other gentlemen, lay and clerical, of all denominations, in open carriages; Catholics and Protestants mingling in this holy war—truly such—against intemperance as 'brethren;' the van being brought up by the Rechabites, in their splendid new uniform. After walking through the principal streets of the city the procession returned to the Green, and Mr. Mathew proceeded to the Cattle Market, where he administered the pledge to 10,000 persons." The *Glasgow Chronicle* remarked upon this demonstration:—"We think, upon this occasion we speak the sentiments of every unprejudiced spectator, when we say a more peaceful, moral, and pleasing exhibition than was afforded yesterday, by the procession of teetotalers through our principal streets, it has not been our happiness to witness. The neat, clean, and orderly appearance of the men composing the procession—their blythe looks and gay adornments—the air of manly dignity and honest self-possession which many of them exhibited, added to the beautiful flowers and spirit-stirring music by which they were animated, formed a scene both pleasing and attractive, which must have left the best impression

upon thousands of onlookers. Taking into account the number of teetotalers present on this occasion, the unanimity and good feeling which characterised the whole proceedings—the towns represented by deputation—the numbers who received the pledge from the hands of the great Irish teetotal reformer—we must frankly acknowledge that it was truly a great and magnificent day for the cause of teetotalers, and one well calculated to gain converts to their cause, which we understand it has done greatly." So it did; for before Father Mathew left Glasgow, on Wednesday evening, upwards of 40,000 had taken the pledge from his hand, to give up those maddening liquors which had cursed Ireland, marred Scotland, injured England, and damaged the world at large, more than any single evil since creation's birth. The author had the pleasure of being introduced to Father Mathew by Mr. Enraght, and received a neat silver medal with the teetotal pledge on it of the Irish Societies. I had corresponded with him at Cork before he visited us, expressing a wish, with my other friends, to see him in Glasgow, and sent him at the same time a copy of each of my poems, "The British River of Death," and "Banner of Temperance," printed on stout boards, with the one copied as under:—

TO THE REV. THEOBALD MATHEW,

THE IRISH APOSTLE OF TEETOTALISM.

Who returned a letter of thanks expressing a strong interest for our success in Glasgow.

Mathew! in thy peaceful slumber
Pleasant dreams will visit thee,
Of disciples, vast in number,
Now from wily drugs set free,
Battling in a righteous cause,
Armed by Heav'n's eternal laws.

Mathew! Erin's sons and daughters,
Dwellers in the beauteous isle,
Saved by thee from poison'd waters,
On thy holy labours smile;
Bards thy doings will extol
Long as Liffey's waters roll.

Mathew! lasting joy and gladness
In ten thousand homes abound,
Where, of late, dark grief and sadness,
Want and woe, were ever found:
Songs to God now ardent rise,
Songs recorded in the skies.

Mathew! Yes, the crystal streamlet,
This is best for every clime—
Best for city, village, hamlet—
Ever sparkling in its prime—
Drink which God for man distils
From a thousand, thousand rills.

Mathew! wags and wits may chatter,
Point their puny shafts at thee—
What avails their foolish clatter,
"Lovers of the barley bree:"
Patriots do thy labours bless,
Angel hosts thy worth confess.

Mathew! welcome to our nation—
Welcome o'er the briny wave—
Welcome here, a friendly station—
Aid us Britain's isle to save;
Men of every creed will join
In a labour so divine.

Mathew! England's temp'rance leaders
Joy to see thee on their shore—
Firm, like thee, those water-pleaders
Bless that God thou dost adore—
They combine to save their land—
Battle on at God's command.

Mathew! He who binds the ocean—
Bids the waves to keep their place,
Made all worlds, and keeps in motion
All their workings by His grace,
Will our temp'rance cause defend—
Be its everlasting friend.

Mathew! still urge on the battle,
Britons hail thee in the fight—
Foes we have, but their weak mettle
Cannot stand against the light
Beaming from God's peerless throne,
Who our doctrines all doth own.

Mathew! every good attend thee!
In this war, for weal of all,
May God's mighty arm defend thee,
Moving to His gracious call.
When these isles from drinks are free,
O what bliss we then shall see!

The following two letters, relative to the illustrious Mathew, come appropriately after the poem, the purport of which they tend to unfold:—

REV. THEOBALD MATHEW—CHRISTIAN CANDOUR AND CHARITY.

To the Editor of the GLASGOW SATURDAY POST.

DEAR SIR,—By the kind permission of my friend, Mrs. Carlile, the excellent lady to whom the subjoined letter was addressed, and who has been labouring so zealously in Glasgow for many weeks past, I send this beautiful composition of Father Mathew to you for insertion, requesting you to publish it with this introductory note, as I know the epistle will give great satisfaction to the friends of temperance Societies, Protestant and Catholic alike, in this great city, the fountain of teetotalism. It breathes the genuine spirit of the gospel—bright and expansive as those "tidings of great joy" which the angels announced to the wonder-stricken shepherds on Bethlehem's plains. I wish, Sir, we Protestants always evinced a spirit, in our deportment, which this friend of Ireland and mankind displays towards a Protestant lady of great abilities and great moral worth, labouring like Mathew for the good of all.—I am Sir, yours truly,

E. MORRIS.

No. 6 CAMBRIDGE STREET, 2*d Sept.* 1844.

CORK, 31*st August*, 1844.

TO MRS. CARLILE of Dublin.

MY DEAR MRS. CARLILE,—Your kind letter was indeed a surprise to me, but an agreeable and a delightful one. It cheered me in the midst of many difficulties, and I deeply regret that I have not been more frequently favoured with your truly Christian communications. The fault perhaps is mine, but when you reflect that I am in correspondence with the whole Christian world, (on the subject of temperance,) you will excuse the irregularity of my replies. I often call to mind the happy evening I passed in your edifying society, at your amiable sister's at Coathill. Since that period, I have frequently heard with thanksgiving of the great increase with which the Lord of Heaven has blessed your labours in the temperance reformation. May you continue to prosper in the strength of Jesus Christ. I, too, have been in Glasgow—and I cherish a fond recollection of the truly Christian spirit, of the brotherly welcome I met from the virtuous, high-minded, and disinterested citizens of all parties. All Scotland extended its hand to support and co-operate with the humble being who came to their country in the name of the great Jehovah, Lord of all! Say, Madam, where or when shall I have the happiness of seeing you once more, before our eternal meeting in the presence of the great God. May the blessings of the Heavens above, and of the deep things that lie beneath be yours, until the desire of the "Everlasting Hill" shall come; and may your fervent prayers ever ascend to the throne of mercy in behalf of your affectionate friend and fellow-labourer in Christ,

THEOBALD MATHEW.

In the year 1842 and 1843, the author delivered many discourses on the peculiar and intimate connection of teetotalism with all the high principles of Christianity. From the first day he joined the temperance ranks as a member, he saw clearly that the Bible

throughout denounced these drinks. He fears no antagonist, no learned doctor of divinity, who chooses to be the assailant. Having such men as Moses, Isaiah, Daniel, Solomon, Jeremiah, Luke, and Paul the eloquent, on his side, he feels, and ever felt, that the Bible was his great rock. Being long a lay preacher, and having access to pulpits in different denominations where Christian freedom existed, he had many opportunities on the Sabbath-day, as well as through the week, of the use of pulpits for the inculcation of temperance principles on the Bible teaching. Of these he availed himself in connection with his literary works. Knowing this, and wishing to strengthen my hands, the chief men of the Glasgow total abstinence movement wrote out on parchment, for durability, the following three notes, which I was requested to insert in this History by some of our best speakers and writers, as a legitimate part of this work, showing how we had to grapple, even with some of the churches who were not with us, and are not yet. These "notes" were probably too panegyrical towards the individual for whom they were penned. This he grants, but as they were written by others to aid in a great work, at a time when he was bringing out some of his own literary undertakings, the candid reader will see, perhaps, the use of them in this temperance production. The Rev. William Reid had copies of these "notes" past him when he completed his excellent "Life of Robert Kettle," (whose praise is in all the temperance borders,) and his name is affixed to the testimonial note:—

(NOTE NO. I.)

GLASGOW, 2*d Sept.*, 1842.

To MR. E. MORRIS, Clerk, Canal Office, Port-Dundas, introducer of Teetotalism into Glasgow.

Mr. E. Morris has been a member and honorary lecturer of the Glasgow Temperance and Total Abstinence Societies for upwards of thirteen years; and during that time has delivered many hundreds of public lectures on week days, and occasional sermons on the Sabbath-day evenings, in the churches and chapels of *all* denominations of Christians, in England and Scotland—including the Established churches of both kingdoms. He is now delivering a regular course of lectures in this city and neighbourhood, with the object of proving how *beautifully* these moral-reforming societies harmonise with the glorious doctrines and precepts of the life-giving gospel of Christ Jesus. He solicits, in his own name, and in behalf of the Glasgow Temperance Societies, the use of the various places of divine worship, in Glasgow and surrounding towns and villages, to prosecute this great object; and he trusts that those ministers, elders, and trustees of these places, as well as the proprietors of town halls, who grant his request, will, as heretofore, see no reason to regret doing so, though they should not themselves be members of these temperance associations.

Signed in behalf of the Glasgow Total Abstinence Societies.

ROBERT KETTLE, *President.* RONALD WRIGHT, *Treasurer.*
ROBERT REID, *Secretary.* JAS. ALEXANDER, *Clerk of Society.*
GEORGE GALLIE, *Bookseller.* A. M. FORMAN, *Surgeon.*

The above note was from the Glasgow Parent Temperance Society, and was useful to the author in his travels and applications for places to spread temperance principles, built on pure practical Christianity; which will, he hopes, be his study while health, and strength, and life are granted by benignant Heaven. Some twelve months after the foregoing note was given him, the Committee of the Cowcaddens Total Abstinence Society, which was then in great prosperity, and held its crowded weekly meetings in the Mechanics' Hall, Ferguson Street, off Cambridge Street, granted the author the following letter, signed by two of their chief office-bearers:—

(NOTE NO. II.)

COWCADDENS, GLASGOW, 4*th Aug.*, 1843.

Testimonial for Mr. E. MORRIS, from the Cowcaddens Total Abstinence Society, Glasgow.

We write this letter to certify, that the Committee of the Cowcaddens Total Abstinence Society feel deeply sensible of the many valuable services rendered to us by that able and talented gentleman, Mr. Edward Morris, who has been an honorary lecturer of the Glasgow Temperance and Total Abstinence Societies for upwards of fourteen years, and is the "founder of Total Abstinence in Glasgow;" and in the course of these labours he has addressed upwards of two thousand public meetings, or more properly speaking, has given this number of regular lectures in the cause of true temperance. Our Cowcaddens Society, having marked his unwearied exertions in the cause of suffering humanity, and in accordance with divine truth, held a public soiree in honour of that gentleman, on Wednesday the 28th June, 1843, so that his friends and the citizens of Glasgow might have an opportunity of expressing their warm regard for him as a man and a Christian. This soiree is briefly reported in the *Glasgow Temperance Journal*.* Mr. Morris also wrote the poems entitled the "British River of Death," the "Banner of Temperance," and "Lines to Theobald Mathew," &c., all of which were published in the English and Scotch magazines and newspapers friendly to temperance. He has now completed his "Life of Henry Bell," introducer of the steam-boat into Britain, with an outline of the History of Steam Navigation, which work will be published. We, therefore, deem it but justice to say, that Mr. Morris's long and able services are too well known in the cause of temperance to need our eulogy; and therefore, as a brother-labourer and a member of our committee, we, in name, and by request of the Cowcaddens Total Abstinence Society, assembled for the purpose, do strongly recommend Mr. Morris to all the societies in Scotland, England, and Ireland, wherever he may, in God's goodness and providential guidings, find an open door to make known the principles in the three kingdoms. In closing this memorial, we, the undersigned, in our own name, and in that of all the members of our committee, bid Mr. Morris "God speed" in his labours for the good of mankind.

ROBERT WALLACE, *President.*
JAMES BURNETT, *Secretary.*

* See page 291.

The next note, from the same flourishing branch of the general City Parent Society, which had many able zealous men at its head, is dated—

(NOTE No. III.)

COWCADDENS, GLASGOW, 21*st Sept.*, 1844.

At a meeting of the Committee of the Cowcaddens Total Abstinence Society, held in the New Hall, Ferguson Street, on Thursday, 26th September, 1844, it was unanimously resolved to elect Mr. Edward Morris, (founder and honorary lecturer of the Glasgow Total Abstinence Societies,) an ex-officio member of our committee, from a sense of his long and *gratuitous* services in this glorious moral reformation, for upwards of fifteen years. By order of our committee, we sign this parchment document, on the first page of which are stated, by the leading officers of the Glasgow Parent Institution of Temperance, his claims to the foundership of the first teetotal society in this city, to which attention is requested.

WILLIAM MACNAIR, *President.*
JAMES BURNETT, *Secretary.*

It is hoped these documents, from the fountain of teetotalism, and from those good men, Kettle, Gallie, and Robert Reid, at their head, will settle for ever the question as to the "foundership" in Glasgow. The Rev. William Reid, and Mr. James Mitchell, than whom it would be difficult to find better persons for a verdict, have given their testimony, corroborative of the truth of these parchment statements. These eleven gentlemen have studied much and laboured nobly to promote the temperance reform, and have thus "set to their seal" in my behalf. Who will undertake to dispute their verdict? I can show any friend who wishes still more light, the four or five volumes of original matter which I have past me—some poetry, but mostly prose, of twenty-five years collecting—from which I drew most of the facts for this work. From the year 1838 to 1841, I was unwell—and was forbidden, by my medical friends, to speak publicly. Domestic affliction, the loss of a beloved wife, and lowness of spirits following that event, put a temporary stop to my lectures, but not to my writing for the newspapers and periodicals of various names, to push on teetotalism. In 1841 I began afresh, taking an active leading part in the great movement; and in inserting the poem penned by me for the great muster on the Green, of 17th July, 1841, my late friend, Mr. Robert Kettle, has a foot-note in the *Temperance Journal*, in which he says editorily, "we are glad to see our water muse on the teetotal field again."

The early members and friends of struggling teetotalism will duly appreciate the propriety of these observations. They can remember *how* we had to meet our foes—but they cannot remember any defeats we met with from our logical assailants and our biblical enemies. The providence of God *seems* to have reserved it for my humble pen to give the full and true story of this moral

movement.* I am anxious that every party may have impartial treatment at my hand. I will not imitate some others in their treatment of me, who may live to regret it.

* In answer to a letter in November 1854, which I wrote to Mr. Dunlop, now living in London, the following very friendly reply I copy here, as no man knows better than this gentleman the true history of the temperance cause, from its dawn to the present day:—

17 Priory Road, Kelburn, London, 8*th Dec.*, 1854.

Dear Sir,—I have received your kind note of 21st ultimo. I am glad to find you are still, in the course of divine providence, enabled to assist in that excellent cause which you long ago engaged in so zealously and successfully. I participate in the satisfaction you doubtless enjoy, in the circumstance of a great national advance in real temperance since I saw you last in Glasgow. I well remember, with great pleasure, and I may say gratitude, that effective stand you made for teetotalism in 1835-6, and shall always account the community as greatly indebted to you at that period, and ever since. You had then a task of overwhelming difficulty to perform, and men's minds were much more alienated from our cause than at present. I perceive, from my notes of January 25th, 1837, that out of a meeting at Greenock, proposing entire abstinence, and consisting of 800 persons, you had only one-tenth of these favourable to your true temperance principles, as put forth in your lecture. The upper classes here are becoming more favourable. The exertions of our American friends, and their success with the Maine Law, and other restrictive enactments, is telling a good deal and favourably in London.

I have been, for some time past, chiefly engaged in advocating "anti-usage" operations, and the advance of the "medical department" of temperance. Dr. Mudge, of Cornwall, is at present here, occupied in lecturing on the latter subject at the desire of the London League, and with decided success. I request you to send me a copy of your History when published.

With kind regards to Mr. James Mitchell, I am, dear Sir, yours respectfully,

John Dunlop.

To Mr. E. Morris, Temperance Office,
37 Glassford Street, Glasgow.

CHAPTER XI.

1843-1844.

The fourth annual meeting of the Western Union—application of the Eastern Union (of Edinburgh) to be joined to that of Glasgow—Mr. James Mitchell, late of Burnfoot, near Balfron, who had laboured so nobly in the country for the temperance cause, now comes to Glasgow, and these societies are mightily benefited by him—interesting extracts from some of his graphic speeches—new steps taken to raise a temperance fund for the purpose of extending the societies—the fund was called the "free-will offering," and that very zealous and talented friend of the movement, Mr. Robert Reid, had the merit of originating the idea, in a beautiful letter in the *Temperance Journal*, to which letter Mr. James Mitchell responded, and strongly urged Mr. Reid's benevolent scheme—some extracts from Mr. Kettle's writings—expressions of his wish for a cordial union and warning against "going backwards"—the three brothers, Reid—Mr. A. H. Maclean's great services in this reformation—the parchment documents, which carry the truth of the origin of teetotalism in Glasgow, speak for themselves, and the men who signed them were my much-esteemed colleagues, and knew what they so frankly attested—these documents my family will cherish when I am gone.

THE fourth annual meeting of the Western Union was held in Glasgow, on the 12th of July, 1843; and it was at this meeting where the first application was made by the Eastern Union for admittance into the Western Union—the former institution having all but ceased to exist. The Western Union might be said, at this time, to be at its zenith of strength and beauty, of utility and favour. Mr. James Mitchell, of Burnfoot, who presided over the meetings, justly observed in his concluding remarks: "that it had been a season of refreshing to all who had attended, and must have inspired the friends to prosecute with new vigour the benevolent work." This opinion was fully borne out by the next great public movement of the teetotal body, giving effect to a proposal, first started by that zealous and able teetotaler, Mr. Robert Reid, who had been active in originating soirees and public excursions.*

* To the three brothers, ROBERT, THOMAS, and WILLIAM REID—three old teetotalers:—

These three, these three, these active three!
Sprung from one root, did early see
The worth of the teetotal plant—
And for its growth did bravely pant.

Never, oh! never did they cease
The temp'rance army to increase—
And 'neath its banners they have fought,
As patriot-heroes ever ought.

This proposal of Mr. Reid was to raise one thousand pounds for the temperance cause, to be presented to the Western Union at their fifth annual meeting, in July, 1844. The first public announcement of this proposal, was an address penned and signed by Robert Reid, and published in the December number of the *Temperance Journal.* This address gave a graphic description of the temperance enterprise, and some of the means by which we might carry it more fully out to all its higher results, with a stirring appeal to the generous feelings and Christian sympathy of all friends of universal sobriety. The noble enthusiasm created by this appeal was so great, that next month's Journal announced that upwards of seventy societies had signified their ready hearty willingness to contribute to the great temperance scheme; and a spirited letter in the same Journal, from Mr. James Mitchell, of Burnfoot, (who was then in his full strength of teetotal labours,) was addressed to his brother leaders, which did much to enlarge and quicken the zeal of the friends of temperance, in reference to this extra movement, suggested first by our old valued friend, Mr. Robert Reid. The moral results of this proposal were cheering. The great cause rose in new splendour; and talented men coming from England, Ireland, and other places, whilst, by able discourses, they kindled new energies here, quitted Glasgow with an abiding sense of the great influence which this first of all the Scottish towns for magnitude, riches, genius, and commercial enterprise possessed—as emphatically the head quarters, the mainstay of teetotalism in this northern part of our island—in that kingdom of which the ingenious poet, M'Neil, truly says, in his pathetic ballad of "Will and Jean," "whisky mars it most of all the evils it endures"—and this evil is self-inflicted by its own voluntary free-will. None will, we think, be so fool-hardy as to say, there is a dire necessity to take this "enemy into our mouth to steal away our brains," as Shakespeare lamented in his day of my countrymen; and though he is dead, he yet speaks in those immor-

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Their names, when they are gone, will live,
And to their friends rich pleasure give;
Their writings and their spoken words,
Give rapture such as truth affords.

Sweet home! sweet home! to gladden it
They laboured hard, and it is fit
Some bard, or moralist, should note
How they the temp'rance cause promote.

Reids! these few rhymes to you convey
My inmost thoughts in simple lay.
Accept them, as they come from one
Who knows what service ye have done,
When we had few to lean upon.

tal precepts of proverbial wisdom scattered through his great pages, from which teetotal lecturers might enrich their language, and ennoble their doctrines greatly:—

Shakespeare and Macneil, to duty
Bravely urge our footsteps on—
Cowper, in his strains of beauty,
Fights for us, and says "well done!"
Bright Montgomery does the same,
In his page of brilliant flame!

Milton, Raleigh, in their bold tomes
Plead for us, and Johnson too;
Men whose writings meet broad welcomes,
Through all lands rich gems they strew—
Gems of mental worth, to guide
Millions through the angry tide.

Then, we glance at Grecian Homer—
Hesiod, bards of thrilling views—
Æschines, that son of thunder,
Glorious are the flow'rs he strews
With those poets of his land,
For our cause in pleadings bland.

This new effort of the Western Union showed its good fruits in various ways and from many quarters. One able correspondent writes to Mr. Reid:—"Already are some of the moral results of the 'free-will offering,' beginning to show themselves in restoring animation to some heretofore half-dead societies. One, for some time almost lifeless, has sent for me to come and speak to the 'dry bones' —giving me for a text, 'the free-will offering,' or who should sleep when the world is awake." Amidst all this zeal, however, there were not wanting signs of a state of matters existing in the movement calculated to sadden and depress its best friends. It was observed by shrewd and keen-seeing men, that at the annual meeting of the Union there was a disposition, in many of the representatives of the societies, to indulge more in speculative resolutions than to adopt practical ones. Men of mercurial, unsteady minds, not over-blessed with solid judgments, created an unpleasant feeling amongst the more rational enlightened leaders of this good cause, which had won so many victories. The editor of the *Journal*, with his usual sagacity, noticed this by saying—"May we be allowed to remark, that we have contracted a dislike to resolutions, and we cannot account for it in any other way than from their having so frequently deceived us."

These resolutions always remind us of the heroes of Manhattan, who took council by smoking their pipes, and fought their battles by proclamation. They are a very fitting medium of giving expression to opinion, but there is a danger of resting there, under the opinion that we have discharged our duty when these resolutions are carried. Should our friends be spared to meet again by another year, we recommend the reading over, *seriatem*, all these resolutions

of this meeting, and the production of the amount of doings that have issued from them. Our motions are too often like the movement of a water-wheel that is disconnected from its appropriate machinery. Let each delegate put on the coupling-box in his own locality; set every teetotaler in motion in extending our principle, and then, and only then, will we do credit to our convictions of duty by its diligent and faithful discharge.

CHAPTER XII.

1844, 1845.

Remarks on Mr. Kettle's writings—his wit is gentle, but goes deep by its obvious good sense—reasons for candour and forbearance in the great temperance movement—a reaction following Father Mathew's efforts—this no argument against our principles, but it shows the deep-rootedness of the drinking customs—reactions ought not to be overlooked by the historian—truth is his motto—Mr. Kettle laments this "going backward," and suggests good remedies in the *Temperance Journal*, under his editorship—the inconsistent free trades using intoxicating drinks in a soiree in the City Hall, where grave ministers and pious elders steer in the dangerous currents—Cobden and Bright should have protested against this folly, when their object was to cheapen food for the millions—the temperance movement begins to improve—the new constitution—delegates' meeting—Mr. Ronald Wright and Mr. Robert Reid—Mr. A. Maclean makes a motion—the Scottish Temperance League, its great influence—Rev. William Reid, of Edinburgh, chosen president.

THERE is a terseness, a beauty, and yet a gentle moral *irony* in these remarks of our lamented friend, Robert Kettle, that cannot but strike the dullest readers. There is a quietness in them, yet a keenness, which ought to instruct the living, now his pen is laid aside, and the tongue we have often listened to with pleasure is silent in the grave—but his spirit is on high. Shallow waters make a noise, but cannot bear a heavy burden, and noisy men are often *little* workers. Committees and important societies are often broken up by mere prattle, and sound schemes prevented from being carried to their ultimate utility by a few individuals who, neither able to write wisely, or to reason justly, are still capable of doing mischief. The writer of this has often been vexed with such proceedings. With Mr. Kettle he always found it a pleasure to act; and if he differed at any time from that gentleman, the difference never tended to interrupt the friendly feeling, or to mar the strength

of the temperance battle—for a battle it was, a battle it is, and a tough battle it will be to the end. We shall beat the Russians (the publicans, brewers, distillers, and others) signally at last, for not one sound argument can the persons engaged in this terrible traffic advance in its defence. The maniacs which it daily creates are a dark living commentary against it, to close the tongues of its defenders, and calling in ten thousand thunders for the American Maine Law for our drink-injured country.

We are inclined to think that the disposition to run riot in resolution-making is a failing inherent in the "delegate" system itself—or to say the least, is always found to accompany it; and it was this tendency, coupled with some other matters more connected with the management of the "Union," which led to a proposition to alter its constitution, by inserting a money qualification for membership, and substituting individuals for societies in the representation. Had this wise proposal been met as it ought to have been, in the spirit of love and kindness, and a compromise entered into, as was afterwards done in the Scottish Temperance League, by giving individuals as well as societies a vote, the Union would have been spared, and years of wrangling and divided effort been avoided for good to all. At this time there was cause for mutual forbearance, and strict investigation as to the right working of the temperance enterprise. The sudden bound which the success of Father Mathew in Ireland, and his brilliant reception in Glasgow, as well as in England, had given to the cause, had been followed by a reaction and a lifelessness which the true historian cannot pass over in silence, and ought not. It was truly painful to contemplate this declension, which almost stupified our best lecturers, and caused them to "hang their harps upon the willows, lamenting for the slain of the people," through their rekindled madness for these *abominable drugs*. This painful reaction, for a time, seemed mainly attributable to a want of cordiality among the societies forming the national organizations, which proved the necessity of doing something speedily to remedy these defective constitutions. An unworthy narrow sectarianism, which injures many good things in Glasgow, was too busy at work. This disgusted some of the most enlightened and useful leaders in the glorious cause. We could state some additional facts here, by no means pleasing, but we forbear severity, as we would by oral speech, as well as by pen, do what we can to conciliate, not exasperate—to unite, not divide our forces against the common stern foes, the defenders of Sodom's brewings. We, my beloved friends, need this cordial union. We should take example just now of the Britons and the Gauls, those ancient rivals and *bitter* enemies to each other, now gloriously and valiantly combined by land and sea, in a righteous movement to repress and to punish as wicked a tyrant (or all history is false,) as ever disgraced the name of king, emperor, autocrat, or czar—

Nicholas the pretender. We think past experience will teach the temperance leaders the high duty and great value of united action for our bleeding land—dearer to us as it is becoming every day by the lion-front it is now showing to the foes of political, civil, social, and religious progress through the wide world, of which Russia is the despotic foe. The very efforts which were making at this period to raise large sums of money, with a view, partly at least, to relieve the national institution from debt, called for investigation, and seemed to suggest a more stable method for raising a revenue to meet the case, than that of trusting, as hitherto, to uncertain voluntary contributions of societies as such. As proof of this state of matters, of which we are now treating, we quote some pithy remarks of Robert Kettle, Esq., whose pen, tongue, and purse were ever liberal. This extract is from the *Temperance Journal* of February, 1844, of which he was the clear-headed, single-minded editor, and is entituled—

"*Going Backwards.*—At this season of the year we were wont to be gratified by the pleasing intelligence of the growing improvement throughout the country, in the mode of celebrating the new year—and although from some places, where the friends of our cause stand firm to their principles, the accounts are still cheering; we regret to say, that from many other quarters where at one time the *demon* of drunkenness was made to hide itself by the might of the temperance reformation, the old spirit has again taken possession of the place, and scenes of the most loathsome nature have been exhibited. A few years ago we regarded the county of Fife as almost our own—for which we have a natural partiality. In the north our prospects were equally bright. South of the Forth we had the most encouraging success, and having Edinburgh and Glasgow as the heart of their respective localities, we looked forward with confidence to the complete establishment of our great principles in these quarters at least, and the speedy downfall of those destructive and disgraceful customs which accompany the new year in Scotland. We have been sadly disappointed in all these respects. In Glasgow, we trust the improvement is continuing though slowly, and in Edinburgh the friends of sobriety are also progressing. Indeed wherever we find an active teetotal society, with a firm united committee, there they are advancing, and an improving state of morals is seen; but in many places the old friends of temperance, wearied out by the fatigues of singularity, and carried away by the tide of evil custom, have fainted and fallen away to the enemy, and are now swelling the ranks of the devotees of the intoxicating cup."—These cogent remarks are at once honest, just, and manly, such as a true-hearted, well-instructed editor of a temperance work should ever display.

At the tenth annual conference of the British Association, the following resolution gives indication of the same "going backward"

in England, which Mr. Kettle lamented of "many places" in Scotland. It was moved by Mr. John Andrews—"That while this conference hails with great pleasure the progress of the temperance cause, it laments that want of cordiality of feeling, and co-operation of effort which, on the part of many societies, has been a great impediment to success to that extent which otherwise might have been the case; that we earnestly recommend to the auxiliaries, as well as to other societies through the country, the strict cultivation of friendly sentiments, and a generous, frank surrender of every trifling difference, resting assured that it is only by union and perseverance, that they can create and keep alive an enlightened public opinion in favour of the temperance movement, in all its happy results, and subdue the common foe to religion, social order, and domestic peace and comfort."—Man is sadly *prone* to look at his own personal importance, and to drive for it, through *thick* and *thin*, rather than for universal truth, and the welfare of mankind, irrespective of school-creeds which, to say the least, are best when forgotten. As an evidence too of the decreasing influence of public opinion at this time, we give the following as a fact:—One Sabbath day, in Glasgow, November 1843, a tradesman entered the place of worship of a respectable dissenting congregation during the time of divine service—mounted the pulpit stair—took out a bottle of *death*-drink, called whisky, from his pocket, poured some into a glass, drinking it up, toasting "the crown and the congregation." We regret we cannot add, that this barefaced impudence of the drunkard turned the mind of the pious preacher to our holy cause. He never, to our knowledge, spoke a word in our defence, and we only know one of his elders who zealously takes our side, and this gentleman has had several *tugs* with the session of said congregation without effect. We may notice, also, that at this very time in Glasgow, notwithstanding of Messrs. Cobden and Bright's known strong temperance principles, and the former precedent before their eyes of a free-trade soiree being preferred by these talented gentlemen, the free trades in this city invited them to a banquet in our splendid hall; and decided that "when Messrs. Cobden and Bright should be honoured by the men of Glasgow, they should once more see the graceful movements of the veteran bands of the bottle-batallion, in taking off their glasses, and hear the sweet sounds of the whisky-kindled 'hip, hip, hurra, hurra!' from the smacking lips of moral philosophers, political economists, Christian elders, gospel ministers, and members of Christian churches, in one of the most drink-cursed cities of the whole world." How does such a scene as this appear to the eye of the Divinity, and how will it tell in the day of eternity? We leave the enlightened reader to judge. Notwithstanding these discouragements, which love of truth compels us to notice, the real friends of the cause nobly struggled on—they knew they had God's truth on their side. The juvenile movement, in particu-

lar, was beginning to take strong hold of the minds of youth of both sexes; and it is worthy of remark in this place, that many parents, who were themselves rather hostile than friendly to temperance societies, had no objection whatever that their offspring should join the reforming bands of teetotalers. How does such a fact speak with trumpet-tongue for our glorious cause? If good for children, it is so for parents. Are our physical and moral natures different? Let it not be forgotten the boy is father to the man, and the girl mother to the woman, all the world over!

At the annual meeting of the Union in 1842, Mr. Somers, of Newton-Stewart, Ayrshire, (now the gifted Editor of the *Glasgow Daily Mail*,) called the attention of friends to the formation and extension of juvenile societies, as one of the best means of giving new life to our movement, as so many nurseries to feed its onward course. Amongst other wise measures recommended on this occasion, the Union requested Mr. James Mitchell, of Burnfoot—who was ever a bold onward man—to write a tract, addressed to parents, showing their solemn duty in this great cause. In reference to this tract (which we are sorry is out of print just now,) Mr. Somers wrote next year to the President of the Union: "To get the children enlisted under our banners before they are prejudiced against our cause by the influence of custom and habit, is a task which, in my opinion, is at once practicable and of the highest importance. Indeed I cannot see how we can finally effect the triumph of our principles without it. In accordance with these views, I have urged the subject on the notice of the Newton-Stewart society. We distributed a copy of Mr. James Mitchell's address to parents* to every family, calling in a day or two afterwards and soliciting the names of their children. In very few cases did we meet with a refusal. Indeed I may say we have the *whole* juvenile population, or nearly so, of Newton-Stewart." The greatest excitement, however, of 1844, was the thousand pound scheme—this free-will offering to be presented to the Union at their annual meeting in July, which, in its moral effects in rousing the dormant energies of some, and increasing the zeal of every society in the Union, was attended by the most salutary results; and it was under the most ardent anticipations of growing good that the delegates assembled in Glasgow, on the 10th July this year. John Dunlop, Esq., the venerated president, occupied the chair, and called upon Mr. James Mitchell to open the meeting by prayer. After the usual routine business of reading the yearly report, passing accounts, and reading letters from some who wished to be present, but were prevented by illness or other occurrences, Mr. Robert Reid submitted a draft of a new constitution for the Union, whereby the individual societies might be enabled to consolidate, and thus move efficiently to secure the overthrow of intemperance in their respec-

* Tract, No. 21.

tive localities. To accomplish this great point, and enable the Union, as an independent association, to help the societies in their labours, it was proposed that the Union should consist of all such persons who adopted the abstinence principle pledge, and subscribed annually to the fund of the Union a sum of not less than five shillings each. This was the chief feature in the new, as distinguished from the old constitution. Mr. Reid's motion, to send this draft to all the societies in the Union for their consideration and adoption (if approved of), was seconded by Mr. James Mitchell in an impressive speech, showing the advantage of a certain over an uncertain income, to carry out more energetically the great movement, and to prevent those financial difficulties which paralyse many beneficent institutions. Meantime, a deputation from the Eastern Union having come from Edinburgh, a motion was made that a small committee of delegates present be appointed to consider the proposal, and the statement of the Edinburgh deputation, previous to coming to a vote on Mr. Robert Reid's motion. The following active gentlemen were then unanimously appointed, to report proceedings at the evening sederunt, viz., Messrs. James Mitchell, William Melvin, Robert Reid, Thomas Reid, William Logan, and Messrs. Greig and Ballantine, of Edinburgh. At the evening meeting, it was announced that the select committee had agreed to recommend that the proposal be sent to the societies, with an explaining letter, requesting an answer by the first of December; and providing that two-thirds of the societies were favourably disposed, that a special meeting of delegates be called as soon as convenient for the completion of the constitution, and making the necessary arrangements for this object. Mr. Robert Reid moved the adoption of the report of the committee. Mr. Ronald Wright moved that we deem it inexpedient, at present, to remit it to the societies. The motion of Mr. Reid was carried by one of a majority. Before separating, Mr. A. H. Maclean (who had long been a very able lecturer, and active as a leading member of the teetotal cause in Glasgow and other places,) read a proposal for an effort, a strong one, on behalf of this great reformation throughout Scotland, during the whole of the ensuing year of 1845. The great end contemplated by Mr. Maclean was to induce all classes of the community in Scotland, neither to use, nor sell, nor to manufacture intoxicating liquors; and in order to accomplish this great object, it was proposed, by systematic organization, to engage all the strength, the talent, and zeal, of all the abstainers in this northern kingdom. It is curious and delightful to the patriotic and christian mind, to observe what a change has come over the public sentiment, and revolutionized men's dreams on strong drink and drinking customs, during the last ten years, and how far ahead temperance reformers have advanced during this period. The arrangements for this national effort, and the modes by which it was to be carried out, embraced about fourteen different

measures, not one of which, however, had any reference to the legalising of the traffic itself in these direful drugs of death, nor any appeal to government, although the avowed object of the movement was to induce men neither to make nor to sell intoxicating liquors! This proposal was highly approved of, and its adoption unanimously carried; but next year witnessed its death and funeral without accomplishing the hundredth part of the good it might have done, had it firmly taken up the true position of enlightening the people of Scotland on the great sin, the deep disgrace, the political insanity of allowing men to manufacture and sell that wily drink, which is the sole agent of all the intemperance of Britain, and every other land which uses it as a beverage; and in a voice of thunder called for a law to suppress at once, and for ever, the foul, infamous traffic in these "poisoned waters." The new constitution, with an explanatory letter by Mr. Robert Reid, having been transmitted to the various societies, Mr. Ronald Wright chose to supplement it by a communication of his own penning, condemning in no measured terms the whole scheme, if not the honourable advocate of teetotalism who proposed it. To this letter of Mr. Wright's, Mr. James Mitchell, of Burnfoot, replied in a calm, rational, christian manner; which was again answered by Mr. Ronald Wright, in a letter teeming, to say the least, with offensive personalities, to which Mr. Mitchell, as became his character and principles, paid no attention, except merely reminding him of the king's commandment in another place, of railing accusation, "Answer him not," (Isaiah xxxvi. 21). There is little doubt, however, that the bitter spirit displayed on this occasion by parties who, like Alexander of old, had not learned to master their own passions, tended to the injury of the temperance movement, and was the cause of dividing the friends for a long time, and the evils of which, we think, remain to this day. We state this fact with sorrow and regret, and with a strong sincere desire to "heal the breach." Our position, we humbly hope, gives us some right thus to speak out. We do it to strengthen the army of teetotalers against all their foes—and these are neither few nor small. One thing is certain, however, viz., that strongly as the friends of the new constitution desired its adoption by the Scottish abstainers, as in their opinion the best plan for promoting the great reform, not one of them sought to check or derange the plans on foot during the time allowed for the deliberation of the subject.

In forwarding the preparatory movement for the year of effort they wrought hard, and during the whole year did the same; and although they could not but feel, as honest men, the personalities—the unjust and groundless misrepresentations which some parties indulged against their motives and their actings, they, like apostolic men, never retaliated. I have been thus circumstantial in this, I am aware, delicate matter, not only because justice to my beloved fellow-labourers demanded it, but because out of these circumstances

arose the "Scottish Temperance League," an institution which has exercised very extensive and very beneficial influence upon the temperance enterprise throughout Great Britain and the world—although, like all human systems, it may have had and has its defects. The result of the proposal to adopt a new constitution, as sent to the various societies, was announced in the *Scottish Temperance Journal* of December, 1844. Fifteen societies voted for, and twenty-five against the change. Only forty societies seemed to think the matter of such importance as to vote at all on the question. As might reasonably have been anticipated, this decision led the friends who had proposed the new constitution to form another organization—the name, the wide-known name of "Scottish Temperance League" still progressing (in 1854)—the prospectus of which appeared for the first time in the same number of the *Journal;* the friends and founders of which, however, never once showing any hostile feeling, but rather friendliness to the old Union—a display of cordiality which contrasts nobly with some transactions of the present day. The old Union, having in their possession the whole proceeds of the thousand pound scheme, which now amounted to £800, was thus enabled to commence the year of effort with great spirit; but from the first it was evident that the withdrawal of so many of the active friends, who had mainly raised extra funds for sustaining the great effort, soon rendered it impossible to prevent its downfall, which accordingly took place eighteen months afterwards, (say 17th July, 1846,) by a voluntary deed of its own; dissolving the union, "with a view, as their minutes express, of co-operating with the new League, on the plan proposed by them, for uniting the abstainers of all broad Scotland" in one great national confederacy against the wild drink customs, so ruinous to our beauteous isle. The honour and glory of originating the "Scottish Temperance League" are shared, and justly, jointly and severally, between Messrs. Robert Reid, A. H. Maclean, James Mitchell, and a few other kindred spirits, who felt keenly alive to push forward the great temperance principles on their own anti-sectarian footing, for the good of men of all creeds alike. This is a disposition of mind which mere sectarian men are strangers to—they mar every generous and expansive scheme built on the broad firm root of Christ's religion, by intermixing with it, as far as they can, their own crotchets, which noble minds cannot but abhor—because such proceedings are the death-blow to all wise institutions; and we cannot but remark here, that these *little creed-men* are always as useless in their public advocacy as they are mischievous in their private committee squabbles. It were useless to multiply proofs of this. It is a pity that such persons should be counsellors to any noble institutions. But still they get in, or as Lord Byron once said, "they crawl into places of trust for which nature never designed them." This remark of Byron was made in speaking of

that bad minister, Lord Castlereagh, the pet of the old Tory school, and of Lord Sidmouth, no better.

The gentlemen, whose names I have given, exercised their best judgment in concocting a plan for this bold new step in the temperance career, to render their scheme as efficient as possible, and to accomplish the mighty work they were now resolved on. They passed it with true courage. They well knew the difficulties they had to encounter, but in this, as in other perhaps more stern fields, "success attends the brave." Cowards always imagine there is a lion in the way, but bold men think of the glory and value of doing good, and lions they toss aside. Look at Howard, how he trod the unfrequented path of danger, in diving into the human dark abodes to dry up the tear of misery, and to remember the forgotten sons of woe, as Burke beautifully says of that English philanthropist in his noble speech in the House of Commons, speaking of the labours of John Howard. The day of eternity will show many John Howards, who have stood forth in the temperance front ranks. Their value was not known by the men of this generation. Thousands have been raised from the darkest abyss of intemperance, and countless thousands preserved and prevented from tasting that "bitter cup," which all these associations in our land are earnestly seeking to put away for ever. The business of the "Scottish League" was at first under the direction of a "board of control," scattered all over the country; but as the mode of conducting their affairs, after a year's trial, was found defective, the whole management was centered in an executive committee residing in Glasgow—the great centre of true teetotalism in Scotland. The Scottish Temperance League, from its commencement, has had an extensive influence on the general movement of temperance throughout the world, but as its operations are different over the whole nation, and have always had less to do with the cause in Glasgow than the Union had; and as we shall have ample opportunity of adverting to its history, in the chapter of this work dedicated to the agency and the literary department of the temperance reformation, I shall not pursue this subject any farther here.

Our cause in Glasgow, in 1845 and 1846, was in a struggling condition. Its bravest friends were sorely tried. Oft did the writer return home, after delivering lectures to the best of his abilities, and to which the people seemed to listen with deep attention, lamenting the little good that seemed to follow his own efforts, and those of his fellow-labourers, whose tongues, pens, and prayers were unceasing. Things were now in an untoward position. The circumstances which gave rise to the Scottish League, and kept up the Union, divided the friends whose energies had hitherto been united; and while the new zeal which opposition always awakens was felt for good, throughout the country, by the agency employed both by the Union and Scottish League, yet the cause in Glasgow

rather went back as progressed. The Scottish League directors certainly made it a point to select men of a scientific capacity, and of good literary powers, to go through the country to lecture on the evil nature of all intoxicants on the human constitution, showing how these fiery drinks warred against our health of body, as well as against our mental powers. These lectures tended to draw men of intellectual culture to our movement, and by doing so to strengthen our cause. The Union lectures dwelt much on the moral and social evils of these maddening viands, whose excellency poets have sung, and moralists too often attempted to defend as a regular needful beverage. Nay, even ministers from their pulpits have sided against us, but not victoriously. We repeat our conviction, that the temperance lecturers as a body—we mean those duly appointed to lead the societies—understand the Bible teaching on the subject of temperance fully as well, and are fully as free of prejudice in every point, as the ministers of religion, taken in the aggregate. I state this fact from an extensive knowledge, formed by long experience of both parties; and believing it, from matured conviction, it is just to all parties to state it in my present work; as I have again and again in my public addresses and printed articles for many years. Why should I not? This is a free land, our pens can write what our tongues are prompted to utter, of truths fitting to improve mankind. No man should be overawed of giving what he thinks useful to his fellows. The intellect and the morals of the world have been enormously checked and sullied by select bodies of men taking on themselves the attribute of pretended infallibility, and thereby presuming to be the only true interpreters of nature's laws, and of the doctrines of Christianity. We say mankind have been for ages, in every land, greatly crushed, injured, blighted by these false views of erring schools. The "day-star" of better times is now bright in the heavens, and in our own brave isle it is most resplendent.

To elevate the temperance movement by improving the character of its literature, and the general work of its advancing measures, and in particular by devising and vigorously carrying forward great national efforts against intemperance suited to the improving public opinion, was now the firm resolve of the leading friends in Glasgow. They had beat their antagonists in every encounter, wherever and whenever the opponents offered battle, by fair argument, keeping to the bull's eye of our subject in all its varied and benignant results, when practically carried out. And Christianity itself is only valuable and beautiful when it becomes our life-spring—agreeably to the beautiful lines of one of the best preachers and best Christians that ever adorned Britain:—

> "Ye different sects, who all declare
> Lo! here is Christ, and Christ is there—
> Divider proofs ye still must give,
> And show me where the Christians live."

What the enlightened friends of our cause were now aiming more strenuously for, was to show that *moral duty*, not mere expediency—that *do or not do system of trimmers*—was our stronghold. It has been from the days of our Lyceum victories, and will be till every manufactory of the *liquid-fire* is given up—and every vending-shop, in horror, abandons the stupifying, brutalising drinks of every kind.

CHAPTER XIII.

1846.

Rev. William Reid elected president of the Scottish Temperance League—its great ability and powerful aid to teetotalism—waste of grain in drink-making, its sinfulness—indifference of the clergy, as a body, to temperance societies—their position not in accordance with Christianity—temperance lecturers love the bible, and give its practical, and oft-neglected lessons, free from narrow sectarianism—the London World's Temperance Convention—names of leading delegates—quotations from their able addresses—voice of the public press for and against us as interest or inclination prompted—the *Times*, *Morning Chronicle*, &c.—the traffic in strong drink—Nicholas, the great drink-maker in Russia—his drunken soldiers—Dr. Beecher and his friends from America—anecdote of Sir Isaac Newton—the ten years of experience—general reflections on the mighty moral worth of this movement—the Maine Law act a wise measure—South America, Peru, Mexico, and British Guiana—Germany, Poland, Holland, Sweden, Denmark—James Mitchell's speech.

A PROVISIONAL committee of active men having been appointed on November, 1844, and the preliminaries having been fully arranged, the first general meeting of the Scottish Temperance League was held in Edinburgh on the 16th of March, 1845, at which our much-esteemed old teetotal friend, the Rev. William Reid, was warmly and unanimously chosen president of this great national institution, the child of our glorious cause, and destined to become a bright luminary in the temperance enterprise. The trade of the country at this time was greatly revived, and the patrons of strong drink amongst all classes, tempted their fellows more largely to the death-bottles. The public-houses seemed to blaze with fresh brilliancy of gas, and the landlords appeared to think, "now is our harvest time." It was distressing to see how the bounty of Heaven, in sending us a plentiful crop, was abused, and the divine goodness lost sight of, by thousands who afterwards, in stern adversity, had time to reflect on mercies thrown away—worse than thrown away—

misapplied to the pursuit of intemperance; moderation-men countenancing the vile drinking customs at dinners, suppers, births, baptisms, and burials. The fire-drug, like the slimy serpent, its representative in Solomon's view, was everywhere too great a favourite. The Union societies and others were in the meantime up and doing; within doors and out of doors the voice of their lecturers was heard, and adhesions to their membership rewarding their labours of love. Throughout this year extra efforts continued. Still we cannot conceal the fact, that in many places which were formerly instinct with life on the temperance subject, a deadness had crept in and supervened to a great extent. The continued stern hostility of the great majority, and amongst many of these even religious and good men, damped the zeal of the leaders; and more especially when they saw so many ministers of religion either keenly hostile, or maintaining a stout neutrality on teetotalism, these advocates of our cause fell back and were discouraged. Mr. Kettle and other writers often advert to this in the *Temperance Journal*, and were continually giving kindly advice and wise instructions to encourage their friends in the work, not to grow weary in well-doing. Nothing, however, could retard upon a broad scale, or stop the mighty movement. Its root was watered by the Eternal. Its christian-minded, well-instructed pioneers kept on their armour, and with a true British spirit fought on. Foes might multiply, and some friends fall away—others might waste their time and nullify their usefulness by sectarian disputes, and words and trifles light as air. Still the temperance chariot went on, and its beauty could not be hidden, nor its worth disproved. God stood by the single-hearted leaders, and gave them victory in every battle where the foe offered fight.

The gentle rill of 1836 had now swelled into a river—a river of life, whose waters were fertilising the British isles, and a teetotal temperance pledge-card of membership was considered as a sufficient guarantee, or passport, for any one who bore it to get employment in the various industrial callings for which the individual was otherwise duly qualified; and when these members of our associations acted in the spirit and letter of the test-pledge, they were sure to be respected, even by employers who were hostile to our principles, but could know how to estimate the value of true sobriety.

The National Temperance Society, an institution which was established in 1842, and had its seat of management in London, resolved to call a World's Temperance Convention in London, in the month of August, 1846. This great convention of the leading temperance friends from many lands was announced in the *Teetotal Times*, a publication that spread much sound information, in the following abrupt but hearty terms:—"Yes, it is decided—we are to have a world's temperance convention. This is as it should be. Scarcely could any movement have been hailed with more genuine

delight, or excited higher anticipations for good to man, than this wise resolve of the committee of the National Temperance Society, of a great gathering of teetotal champions from all parts of the world in the month of August next. We appeal to temperance men throughout the world, and more especially to those of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland—the birth-land of teetotalism—and ask them if they do not determine to make common cause with this national society, and to take care that this movement shall be the most signal and important that has ever taken place in connection with the temperance reformation." The eloquent editor's wishes and anticipations were not in vain. The World's Temperance Convention was a "great fact"—a great moral demonstration of wise and good men assembled for a glorious object, in by far the mightiest metropolis in the world, "above all Greek, above all Roman fame." The friends in Scotland went keenly into the affair, and sent their best men from the Union and the Scottish League, as delegates, while many individuals went as private members at their own expense. Through foreign countries a great interest was created by this gathering.—The *New York Organ* says: "Among the delegates from America to the World's Temperance Convention in London, on the 4th of August next, it is expected will be the Rev. Dr. Beecher, Muzzy, Olive, Paton, Smacker, Pohlman, Cox, Baird, and Brainard; General Riley, J.F. Leary, E. C. Delevan, and S. Leggett."—As the great day drew near for this assembling of the friends of the slaves—the voluntary slaves of Britain's *bitter* drug—the most lively hopes were excited in the whole temperance community, and even the interest it created in the general public, proved to demonstration that our cause had struck its roots deep as the oaks of our renowned land, which fear not the winter's howling storms. This great meeting in London showed that the temperance reformation had taken its sublime position amongst the noblest institutions of our land—and its place in history will be a proud page, not to be blotted out.

On Tuesday morning, 4th August, 1846, this illustrious Convention opened its sittings in the Literary Institution, Aldersgate Street, in the British capital, with delegates and friends from almost all parts of the world, to the number of about 400, on the first day of their meeting. Samuel Bowley, Esq. of Glocester, was, on the motion of Dr. Lyman Beecher, (the father of Mrs. H. B. Stowe, and the founder of the American Temperance Societies,) called to the chair, which he nobly filled. The Convention had regular sittings during Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, and at each assembly much valuable information was elicited, practical and wise plans were adopted, and a general rational enthusiasm enkindled, which has told to this day, and will yet tell for good in the destiny of millions yet unborn. There was an array of learning, eloquence, zeal, fervent piety, and heaven-born philan-

thropy, amongst these "good men and true," which, while it rebuked the enemies of this cause, gave new and mighty courage to its friends, far and near—God smiled on their proceedings. Many persons, who had hitherto looked upon the temperance cause rather in the light of some fanatical scheme of *hot*-brained men, than as a great and rational plan, changed their views to that of decided co-operation with its friends. The American talent—racy, original, and arousing by its power—which these gifted men displayed, showed what stirring life there was in teetotalism, and the term was now acknowledged as proper, even by grammarians and logicians, since the millions understood by it the giving up of all that could cause intoxication, the darkest disgrace of our nation. The light and truth which this mighty meeting unfolded, spread into many foreign lands. The British newspapers and magazines, those messengers of glory, bore the tidings and diffused the beauties of this assembly of the wise, the eloquent, and the good, to "earth's distant shores."

Looking back, however, from the height which we now occupy (October, 1854,) upon the resolutions passed and the topics introduced and discussed freely at this memorable convention, we are struck, and we confess it, at the very meagre share of attention which was bestowed upon the legislative aspect of the temperance enterprise, which America has recently so gloriously carried out. The strongest admissions were freely made, and unassailable arguments advanced as to the poisonous nature of these alcoholic liquors, by whatever specious name they were termed. The criminal nature of the wild liquor traffic, and the heavy burdens which it entailed on the general community, in the shape of taxes for poor-houses, bridewells, jails, and other evils that drunkenness brought upon the nation—all these damaging statements were made against the foul-drug trade, yet the only resolution that could be passed on the subject, and that moved and seconded by American delegates, was the very harmless one (to the bad traffic), viz.:—"Resolved, that the late signal triumph on the license question in the State of New York, America, wherein lay a trial of ballot-box, an overwhelming vote of electors of that State have decided that no license for the sale of intoxicating liquors shall be granted in five-sixths of the towns of that State—loudly calls for our grateful acknowledgment, and affords an assurance that civil society is in a state of progression towards an entire relief from the great burden of taxation, pauperism, and crime, now entailed by intemperance on society." This was breaking the ice—it was preparing the way for a brighter era, which teetotalism will win for universal man, in spite of all the *small* predictions of *shell-bound* prophets who, from the first, have thus exercised their *little wits*. They may prophecy on, we shall advance. We will! The great success of the American temperance reformers, in respect to the bold legal suppression of the liquor traffic, affords the men and women of old England,

who wish well to their gallant land, a proof that society is rapidly throwing off its old abominable fetters, of moral, political, social and religious bondage—and the majestic tide will roll on till every shore bursts into light and life. Those who disbelieve this, believe in nothing that is morally noble and religiously sublime. Well! but how did the American reforming champions bring about this advanced state of things in the opinions of civil society? Simply, we reply, by wisely attacking the wicked traffic, calling it by its proper name, and not glossing it over by silvery terms and gilded phrases, but by dragging it before the public tribunal in all its atrocities, if this were possible, and working unceasingly to obtain its entire legislative suppression. What steps did this resolution recommend to British temperance reformers to take, that public opinion here should have its eyes opened to the truth, and progress to the desired point? This was left a blank, with all the other good things contended for by the brave British and American spirits that graced the London convention. We might pass a resolution like this every week, till doomsday, without making a single step towards obtaining the overthrow of the traffic, which the resolution itself allows to be the cause of the "great burden of taxation, pauperism, and crime now imposed on society by intemperance," kept alive by the unholy destruction of grain, Heaven sends for food, into poisonous liquids. We say resolutions like this, however oft repeated, will not stop the obnoxious breweries, will not arrest the air-infecting distilleries, will not cause the death-cup to fall from the hand of the publican who dreams only of gain. This omission at looking on the root of the evils of intemperance, has been the great mistake of almost all our speculations regarding the foul traffic, and not looking at it aright has tended not a little to retard our advance. But whilst we make these remarks, we are well aware there were several talented gentlemen, British and American, at the Convention, who were out-and-out advocates for some legislative measure to stop the murderous trade. Amongst these foremost men, stands prominently our old lion-minded friend, Mr. James Silk Buckingham, who has been a teetotaler from the tenth year of his age, firm and undeviating to the present hour, and bright as ever! We, with pleasure, appeal to his many excellent publications for confirmation of this, and especially to his "History and Progress of the Temperance Reformation in Great Britain, and other Countries of the Globe," now on our writing-table, as a safe guide on several points for our humble pen. Was it a dread of the stern opposition, and the powerful antagonistic interests to our temperance cause, that has so long kept back some of its able advocates from casting their fire-bolts, their sky-rockets, at the dread manufacture of these drinks of perdition? Was it the idea that we have many members of parliament who, some of them, profess to be political and free-trade reformers, but are great brewers

and great distillers, and "very respectable men?" It would not do yet to run against their bucklers and to denounce their trade! Away with these ideas! Though Whitebread was a good and great patriot, and Fowell Buxton equally so, and both mighty brewers, that does not make the traffic any better—their drinks were and are as evil in their nature to man, as those of the worst of men. Evil is its only tendency—ruin for time, darkness and despair for eternity. Teetotalers! Never forget this in all your preaching and lecturing, in all your poems and essays for man's emancipation. This traffic stands as a wall of fire, of *liquid fire*—or, to be more plain, a deep "fiery stream," to check our success; and it exists—to use another figure, yes, a Bible figure, and therefore a true one—as a tempting devil, to seduce from us some of our best trophies of hard-won victories—victories gained by as much courage as ever a Drake, a Marlborough, a Nelson, a Collingwood, or a Wellington and Napier displayed for their own and our beloved liberties, on the mountainous billows of the dark waters, or on the broad lands where the banners of unflinching Britain were hoisted for the freedom of the world. We can sympathise with our warriors for freedom's cause, and our heart at this moment beats for success against the great brewer and distiller of Russia, Nicholas the cruel, who will be smitten in the fiery blast opened on him by the combined power of Britain and her gallant neighbour France. Thanks to Lord Palmerston for aiding this union, but stronger still be our thanks to Heaven for the close-knit alliance of these mighty nations, which for ages had wasted their fires in destroying each other, but not in advancing the rights of humanity as they are now doing; for whose success millions in all lands are lifting up their souls to Heaven to grant them victory. Our work, however, is of a moral nature; but the reader will excuse a passing remark, which is only to show how our political pulse beats for triumph in other fields as well as that of our favourite temperance progress.

The treasurer of the London Convention said, that "we must first shut up those avenues of temptation, the gin-shops, the public-houses, the sources of dark crime and misery—that was our first duty;" and so say we, and had we begun right manfully sooner to beard the lion in his den, and demanded the legal suppression of the traffic as a British *right*, as well as a *necessity* for our final triumph, our cause would have made greater progress than it has done to this day. We are aware this is a tender subject, a delicate point to descant upon, and that some, for whom we have high esteem for their mental powers, and love for their Christian worth, will say, "Wait a little longer—don't hurry the teetotal chariot too fast, lest you should weaken its springs by too quick driving. We rejoice with you to know, that civil society is in a progressive state towards an entire relief from the dire evils of intemperance." Yes, friends, but we want to hasten this glorious consummation. We wish to stir up

the public mind not to be always "waiting," but to imitate our wise American friends, and keep telling our countrymen what we know about this dark traffic, as well as what we want to be done with it. It stands in our way more terribly than the granite walls of Russia did against the thunder from British and French fire-driven ships.

One important resolution of the Convention we will not omit, more especially as it has been carried into full practical effect in several places, and in Glasgow to the benefit and blessing of thousands. This resolution was moved by the Rev. H. Morton, missionary from India, and was to the following purport:—"That this Convention, fully impressed with the great value and importance of domiciliary visitation, and having good reason to believe that this instrumentality has been signally blessed to thousands, in snatching them from the depths of vice, degradation, and misery—strongly recommend to every temperance association the necessity and advantages of employing home missionary effort, both by regular agents and individual members of teetotal societies." A number of large evening meetings were held during the Convention week. That in Covent Garden Theatre, which took place on Friday, 7th August, was by far the largest and most influential; and the speeches there delivered were every way worthy of the great movement which brought these high-minded men to the British metropolis. G. W. Alexander, Esq., presided on the occasion; and the meeting was addressed by the father of the first American temperance society, Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher, Rev. Dr. J. Marsh, Professor Caldwell, and Dr. Patten (of New York), Rev. Wiliam Reid (of Edinburgh), and other gentlemen of earnest minds in the mighty work. In regard to this Convention, the public press, now not improperly termed the *Fourth Estate*, came out for the first time, pretty generally, either for or against the temperance reformation, according to the fancies or principles of the editors and proprietors—for we know that mere interest, or supposed interest guides some journalists, while nobler views prompt others in their editorial capacities. The writer has had a good deal of experience for the last forty years with editors and others of the press, and could state some queer things in relation to these ingenious and deserving men, for whom, as a class, he has long had a high respect. He knows that many of the editors are more inclined personally to our cause than they are at liberty to express; and also that in England many of the metropolitan newspapers, and not a few of the provincial journals have the sinews of strength, in the shape of golden sovereigns, supplied by the brewers, distillers, and hotel-owners—all up to their ears in whisky, brandy, wine, ale and porter casks. These papers cannot be supposed to side with teetotalism. I can mention one paper that did. This was the *Kendal Chronicle*, which, in 1832, admitted several of my articles,

prose and poetry, into its pages, pleading teetotalism, and that paper was the property of the head innkeeper of Kendal. This was a great favour surely—for my shafts have ever been levelled at the making, the selling, and the drinking of all these "fire waters." The editor of the paper, I understood afterwards, joined our cause. He said to me when in Kendal, "Mr. Morris, my heart is with you, and I wish you much success." He was a young man of an honest mind, ingenious and liberal in all his views; and I think of him yet with satisfaction. I wrote the leader for his paper one Saturday, which he said was just his own views on the subject. My article was chiefly on the powers of Lord Brougham as a political reformer, then battling well for the great Parliamentary Reform Bill. I wrote that paper because the editor had done the temperance cause good service, and had reported a number of my lectures in that town and neighbourhood, as formerly stated in this work. We shall now glance at the opinions of some of the London editors, as these "eloquent ones" claim to be at the head of the *Fourth Estate*, and perhaps justly, though I have the pleasure of knowing some of their provincial brothers who need not bow their heads to the London stars for wit, wisdom or comprehension:—

Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Paper regretted "that he could only give a brief account of this meeting—a meeting which he had no doubt would be cited hereafter as an historical fact—a beginning of a good and a happy end." Why not? So far Mr Douglas Jerrold predicted wisely. We have "cited" that Convention as a great and beautiful display of noble talents put forth for a heavenly object. We are sorry to say that, admiring as we do Mr Jerrold's fine abilities, on general subjects of literature and enlightened politics, his pen has done nothing for the temperance cause that we have seen or heard of, but rather played into the coffers of the men of "wine and strong drink," whose business is Britain's moral pestilence.—The *Patriot* "congratulated the business committee on the encouraging degree of success which had crowned their arduous labours."—The *Universe* says, "We state, on belief, that an impulse has been given to the cause of temperance which will never die, and that many minds have been impressed with a deeper conviction than they ever cherished of the solemn importance of the subject, of the responsibilities of individuals to labour for its promotion." These observations of the *Universe* are just and true, and they were timely made.—The *Morning Chronicle* (once a lion-reformer in our boyhood years, but "fallen, fallen from its high estate" in its politics,) says, "he had determined to pass the matter, of the temperance Convention, over altogether, but changed his mind, and had resolved to tender us a *bit* of his advice," which was, among other things, "that he did not think that any good is to be gained from collecting together the reformed sots from the four quarters of the globe, and inviting them to describe, in glowing colours, the miseries of their former

condition. You see at a glance that all this frenzy of self-restraint will be used as a mere stalking-horse for treating resolution to their pot." The reader of these remarks of the sapient *Chronicle*, cannot avoid for a moment seeing the weak folly of the "*bit* of advice" from the editor's brain. There was no danger of his pen setting the *Thames on fire.* Think of "reformed sots," in such men as James Silk Buckingham, Esq. a teetotaler from his early boyhood, and a beautiful writer, in poetry or prose. Think of the Rev. Dr. Beecher, who never loved the "wily drug"—he a "reformed sot!" Think of Dr. Cox, of Rev. William Reid, on whom the breath of suspicion never was known! "Reformed Sots!" We might mention many names in addition to those above whose uniform sobriety, from early life, as well as their splendid abilities, should make the *Chronicle* blush. But enough of this once reforming Journal. I knew its editor when it was in its glory. He was a wise man.—The *Weekly Dispatch* utters his *Solomonism* thus, "we consider that the teetotalers are making a desperate effort to prop up their falling institution, and sad to tell" (poor Bell!) "it has been an *awful failure, and cannot* do otherwise than hasten its dissolution." One would almost think these *sublime* predictions were written on the strength of a pint—at least of brandy. They smell of the "adder" stuff. The writer could say something more on this funny opinion, but he leaves the *Dispatch* to meditate over his own prophecy *falsified.* Teetotalism never was in brighter array than when this work was composed. Yes, in every land it is hailed by the wise and good as the ally of freedom, virtue and true religion.—The *Daily News* rose from reading the report of the speeches as from a *drinking bout*, (poor man! there are too many like him)—with his ears in a tingle, and his thoughts in a whirl, (very like the whisky pot); with a strong impression that there has been a general substitution in the discourses of cause for effect," (all drunk men get bewildered). We would affectionately recommend *all writers* of newspapers, all poets and orators, all preachers and teachers—to imitate Sir Isaac Newton, when he was striving to "think wisely, to write clearly and for immortality"—to put away the wine as he did, and leave their decanter of water on their desk or table; as that good man and great philosopher ordered his servant John (a faithful domestic,) always to have good water, and water only, for his beloved master to drink, when composing those mighty works which shed a deathless lustre on his hallowed name.—The last editor we shall allude to is friend Punch—we do not *mean whisky-punch*—but a very clever witty boy, a brave boy, who has of late teased the Pope, and Cardinal Wiseman, and the Emperor of Russia, without measure; but we think he did that work better than when he blotted his manuscript paper in speculations on temperance. *Punch* is a fish out of the water; he flounders for a little, but teetotalism is not his element. It is *too dry.* "Fire waters!" these give bril-

liancy to mind and grandeur to thought! So think, or so write *shallow* men, but we demur to their views. Millions of facts prove the opposite. Sir Isaac Newton is on our side, with a host of others, great like him, whose opinion should make small men tremble for their love of the *stuff*, because it is their enemy, the worst on earth, that can injure men of every rank, calling, and sect. *Punch* had his joke about the "water-spouters playing at Covent Garden."—All this did good, and although something might be done at this Convention which tended to no profit, yet it was a gathering of brethren in noble league for man's welfare, and amidst all differences of opinion which prevailed on some points, a spirit of harmony and good feeling pervaded all their proceedings. A body of more devoted and high-minded men it would be difficult to name, and the noble spirit which they brought to the Convention purified, elevated and invigorated all their deliberations, and is a sure pledge that no opposition will be able to crush the onward course of the good cause; and that the world, yet, must acknowledge their principles, and adopt their practice to sweep this drunken abomination from the dwellings of man.

Ten years and upwards had now sped since the spotless banner, of entire abstinence from all intoxicating liquors, had been unfurled as an institution in the Lyceum Rooms, in the great city of Glasgow; and in the first decade of this beneficent movement, it may be quite in place to pause and take a leisurely glance at the position it now occupied throughout the "wide wide world." And turn we first to America, that great country of rapid, healthy growth, whose leading men and free institutions are chiefly from the British isles. America is the cradle of the infant Hercules which is one day not only to crush the cruel serpent-tree, but to cleanse the Augean stable of our whole drinking abominations—yes, "abominations of desolations"—which a swift coming age will look back to with more horror in pondering over than my pen can describe.

We are frequently urged to answer the question, who it was who first gave the world the god-like idea of temperance associations; or in other terms, who had the honour, for honour it is, of first promulgating the doctrine that the temperate members of the community were the chief agents of originating and perpetuating all the drunkenness of the land? This is the very philosophy of the question. We defy the opponent to disprove this point. The infant was not born a drunkard, but thousands have been trained to be such by the mother giving herself up to the fiery drug when nursing her child. Its first life-food was saturated by the drink of its parent. British mothers, think of this fact! If you doubt us, as historians, we refer you to any skilful, honest surgeon for confirmation of this terrible truth. We cannot say, and we wish to be plain and frank in the matter, who was the happy individual, or where he lived, who first conceived a temperance society. The case

is quite analogous to the invention of the steam-boat—engineers, historians and patriots, have disputed eloquently about the question "who invented the first steam-boat?" I have gone pretty deeply into that question myself in composing the "Life of Henry Bell, of Helensburgh," the "father" of the first practical fire-driven ship. But I have not said positively, because I did not know who was the man that first spoke confidently or schemed rationally, to drive a vessel on the river and sea by steam, in place of wind. The temperance society principles, perhaps, belong to no one single individual, but are the result of many experiments by different persons, which at length assumed an organized form. It would, however, be an act of base ingratitude in us not to state who it was, in America, that originated the first temperance society, viz., the Rev. Dr. Beecher, who still lives to bless God for moving him to the good work. To this good and truly great man, under the Almighty's direction, do we and the world owe the first regularly appointed association for the suppression of the world's curse, intemperance. This is the great fact of our movement—and, Beecher! blessed will be thy name, honoured will be thy memory on every shore, for this glorious enterprise. The sweet poets will strike their soul-stirring harps, moralists will unfold their treasures, and philanthropists pant to imitate thee, as ages pass away when turning to a recollection of what thou hast done for that republic, whose rapid growth in material greatness and national grandeur has outstripped that of every land that the historian has chronicled to mankind, from the dawn of the world. We have more than once, in this work, said that to America we are indebted for the starting of the temperance societies, with their limited pledge, which the good men there soon found to be defective—and Great Britain did the same; her best lecturers defended teetotalism before the term was used first in glorious Preston, its birth-place. To England we owe, therefore, the first teetotal society, and speedily the new principle passed to broad Columbia, and sturdily have our American friends borne its banners till it now blazes in effulgent beauty in the Maine Law enactment, which the British teetotalers will never rest till they get a similar law against the foul trade. The American leaders applied this term to the traffic in strong drink, which is a "mocker and deceiver," a "stinger and biter" to death of mankind. This is the Bible teaching of our leaders. They wisely engrafted this idea in their pledges, they made it a part of all their temperance teachings; it runs through their stern, healthy, comprehensive, pithy writings. Read Dr. Beecher's "Six Sermons," an introduction to which was written by our highly esteemed friend, the Rev. William Reid—a beautiful little work,* of which Dr. Johnson would say, were he amongst us—"the philosopher might

* Sold at the "Scottish Temperance League Office," 52 Queen Street, for only one penny!

read it for its wisdom, the orator for its eloquence, the scholar for its richness, and the saint for its piety." No foolish, squeamish, imbecile idea of undue intermeddling with politics, tending to lower the power of moral suasion, ever disturbed the breast of these American temperance heroes—they looked upon their high enterprise as one affecting man's interests, in all the complexities of his condition through life—in politics, in physics, in morals, in religion, through all ranks and professions of society. Those who cannot look upon the temperance cause in all these aspects, know nothing rational about the subject—and it is by not looking at our movement in the above philosophic aspect, that many persons of good abilities, ministers and laymen, have spoken in the dark, and written in error against us. This evil is still working, but the temperance friends will triumph over them all—truth is our rock.

Dr. Beecher, we repeat, declared at his very outset, "the traffic is wrong—the poisoning-drink traffic—and should be given up as a great national evil, which produces no good" to counterbalance all the atrocities which it causes. Dr. Ketteridge said, "I believe the time is coming when the gambler, the slave-dealer and rum-seller, will be classed together." We have no doubt of the worthy doctor's correct estimate of these three criminals—their day is coming. Thus we see clearly, America boldly declared to the world, without mincing the matter, that the monster hindrance to the temperance reformation—that boon to humanity—was the traffic in the foul beverages; so foul and wicked that we do not see how any engaged in it, either wholesale or retail vender, can or dare fall down on their knees to Almighty God, and implore Heaven's blessing on their labours. Publicans! whisky distillers! can you pray for a large trade in your cruel stuff. The more you sell, the more you spread poverty and woe around! We dare not wait (we, who see this drunken ruin) till public opinion, like a mellow pear, is fully ripe, and which would induce men to give up this lucrative business voluntarily. No, we feel it to be a solemn duty to do all we can to form right views of the nature of these fiery brewings, that all may forsake them—the makers, the sellers, and the consumers, for their mutual good. In consequence of these enlightened sentiments of our Transatlantic friends, in 1846, the question of no license was making triumphant advance. Earnest minds and splendid writers, in the land of Franklin, were rousing the States to a sense of duty to God and man, in disabusing their country of the deep wrongs inflicted by this murderous traffic. In the great and vigorous State of Ohio a law passed the Senate, giving power to the majority of legal voters to put down license for retail; by remonstrance and other means to control the action of courts and city councils. And while this virtuous legislative zeal was thus burning with a light and heat which threatened the speedy destruction of the traffic, it in no ways tended to the abatement of the moral efforts of

our American temperance brethren, nor turned any aside from pursuing every measure, by speech and writing, to bring to a maturity this blessing for mankind.

In New York, a meeting had been called to take measures for forming a juvenile society, which should aim at enrolling all the children and youth of that large city—the first sea-port perhaps in the world—in one strong confederation against the use of alcohol in all its forms. Indeed, everywhere throughout that mighty continent, the true temperance principles were spreading as on the wings of lightening, so powerful in their moral grandeur, as to rule and regulate the conduct of ministers of religion, ministers of state, judges, lawyers, representatives, and the whole body of the people. They saw the glorious fruits rising up on every hand, where the Sodom drinks were laid aside and the *death-shops* closed; so should it be in Britain, the fatherland of vast America, and so it will be speedily. In South America, beautiful Peru, and flowery Mexico, teetotalism has struck its healthy roots. In British Guiana there was, according to the missionary report, about ten thousand consistent abstainers. In Germany, Poland, Holland, Sweden and Denmark, there was a spreading interest in these temperance triumphs; and in all the British colonies, in every part of the globe, the moral wave was rolling for good, and in no place more than in Canada and Newfoundland, as we have mentioned in our early pages. In England—especially in London, Preston, Bradford, Rochdale, Bolton, Manchester, Birmingham, and Bristol—the cause had assumed a footing which neither wit, wealth, scorn, nor evil-speaking could put out of countenance. Its friends turned the shafts of the enemies, from whatever point they came, back into the breast of all who threw them—they stood to their posts, remembering they had a country worth contending for—a cause smiled upon from the throne of Eternal Wisdom.

In Ireland, Father Mathew was carrying all before him, and had administered the pledge to half the population of that whisky-cursed island, while some of her warmest patriots, who formerly opposed this liberal-minded Roman Catholic priest—among others, Daniel O'Connell, had taken the pledge, and most, if not all his family. These facts show the strength of the moral resolution, and are of a nature sufficient to give new courage to our friends, while they tend to convince the gainsayer. In Scotland, as we have seen, the cause had taken sturdy root, and was producing fruit in quality and quantity corresponding to its heavenly origin. No Christian man, no patriotic man, no lover of freedom and prosperity to his nation, can contemplate the peace-giving fruits of this god-like principle, without feeling in his bosom a glow of gratitude to God, and himself rising in the moral strength of his beloved country, owing to the introduction and success of teetotalism in every part. At the same time, we think no rightly constituted mind can withhold astonishment

when he looks at the fact, that in Great Britain, that land of high pretentions to religion, such slender support was given to temperance by the preachers and the "Church of the Living God," and by the educated, or what are called "the respectable classes of society" —(this word respectable is a sadly abused term). At the time we are speaking of, the number of ministers of religion who were known as connected with the temperance cause in Scotland, was *one in eight* of their whole body, and of medical men only *one in forty*. How could the noble, toiling, wealth-producing working men and working women, young and old, who thus stood in the battle-front against a foe so mighty as strong drink, and its unholy customs, endure the struggle, while they thus beheld their spiritual guides and medical advisers, eight to one and forty to one, deadly pitted against them, in one of the most glorious movements that ever came from Heaven to bless this world? We tell these gentlemen, not in anger but in loving truth, that their position is an utterly false one, and better men will speedily take their place unless they wheel about and aid the temperance ship. What did the people of Toronto say to the Rev. Dr. Burns, (of Paisley,) who went as a Free Church minister to that city in 1846? "Doctor, are you a teetotaler?"—"Not yet," he sad, "but I might be, for I approve of its principle." "But you must join the movement, Sir, or you need not attempt to preach to us." No tippling man of the wine bottle was allowed to open his mouth as a preacher to that congregation! The good man did put down his name to the pledge, and has been active in our cause ever since. The author had the pleasure of personal acquaintance with this zealous preacher. Oh! if all our congregations were thus determined, like the Toronto people, to shut up these *death-bottles*, thrice blessed would be our island in such a state of things! God stood by the leaders of true temperance. He gave "power to the faint," and strength to the tongues of plain men. Though many of them could not boast of much school-lore, they had that fire within them that colleges cannot give or take away. We need not wonder, indeed, that many fall away who take the pledge, and we think our opponents have little to exult in when they behold this. Let such look at the temptations, on every hand, which stare weak humanity in the face; which the foul traffic holds out, early and late, to trap the passenger and prevent him going sober to his own family; while the lukewarmness of the church operates on the minds of thousands who, perhaps, have not much manly independence to think and act for themselves.

The following extracts from the journal of one of the American delegates to the World's Temperance Convention, written after returning to his own land, are beautiful, truthful, and deeply instructive:—"Having completed our attendance upon the World's Convention we resolved on a visit to Father Mathew. Quitting London by the Great Western Railway, we first stopped at Oxford,

that renowned, ancient seat of learning, and found its venerable structure full, as well as encompassed with all manner of spirit, beer, and cordial shops—'evil spirits,' as was our Alma Mater, in Connecticut, before the dawn of the temperance reformation. We concluded (and very justly too) that our good cause had no patronage here, and wonder not so many students should be wrecked, by that which had ruined Sheridan and destroyed Byron.* In the evening, we turned aside to visit our highly esteemed friend, the Rev. B. Parsons, author of that admirable work, 'Anti-Bacchus.' We found a large temperance tea-party ready to receive us—a fine gathering of country farmers, with their wives, sons and daughters, all thorough teetotalers, through his influence and the fruit of his long able efforts. At Bristol, we found some of the most active and liberal friends of the cause in the kingdom, friends who had sent £150 to help the London expenses of the great Convention. We spoke to an audience here of upwards of 1000 persons, and were glad to find that the no-license victory in New York was received with loud cheering—and we asked if the good folks of Bristol would license a slave-dealer? They answered with deafening shouts, 'No, no.' We then asked, 'Why then license a spirit-dealer, who made men worse than slaves?' We found Father Mathew in Cork, a fortunate circumstance, as he is seldom at home, being almost continually out on temperance excursions. That very morning he had been at Limerick, and given the pledge to 7000 people. We found him all unexpected an open-hearted, benevolent, energetic man, throwing his whole soul into the great movement, free of a sectarian spirit. We saw much poverty here, but no drunkenness. In Cork, 50,000 have taken the pledge already, and his roll-book contains *six million of names altogether!* From Cork we travelled to Dublin, through a beautiful, richly cultivated country; but the miserable habitations of the people, the poverty, and almost nakedness of the poor Irish, is appalling to the eye of humanity. We, however, saw but one man on the way who gave evidence of drunkenness. The potato crop is entirely destroyed, and there must be great suffering here.—We left London again, on the 27th August, on a northern excursion. During our stay in the English metropolis, we had mixed with a great assemblage of talent, eloquence and Christian piety, of all shades of opinions.

* This seat of musty learning—where few but the sprigs of aristocracy are able to get the classic lore, seems to be deadly set against every kind of reform. The old worn-out useless forms, stiff as double buckram, are kept up—pomp and ceremony take the place of rational systems, and youth quit the place often ill qualified for active useful life. (See Mr. Beverley's account.) Cambridge is very much alike in its training. Oxford may be reckoned famous for its learning—but for the philosophy of utility, and the morality of teetotalism, it has little to boast. Such men as Newton, Milton, and Locke, to breathe freely, had to go *outside* the teachings of high professors—who seem greatly alarmed if they see any son of true genius have the courage to think for himself. The political and theological creeds, and teachings of that school, we have no sympathy with.

"But, alas! British ministers and British Christians are still, to a lamentable extent, bowing the knee to that moloch which is annually devouring from 60,000, to 70,000 immortal beings. At the dinner table of each successive day, most of the clergy took wine, porter or ale. God grant that they may have their eyes opened to the tremendous evil of these drinks, and to their own consistency of conduct! We were thankful that the American ministers, by their example and by words, openly and strongly rebuked these strong-drink men. Before leaving the south, we visited R. D. Alexander, the founder and publisher of the *Temperance Record* and the 'Ipswich Temperance Tracts,' so saturated with pure principles for man's best concerns. No *ten men* in England have done more for temperance, and his exertions put into the shade whole associations, who boast of what they have done! In three years, Mr. Alexander has published and sent into active circulation, 7,343,000 pages of temperance tracts, *beautifully written*, and full of strong arguments for the cause. On our way to the north we visited York, the seat of the British Association for the Promotion of Temperance. This association takes high ground, and its active secretary, F. Hopwood, is a thorough-legislation reformer. A petition was sent from this association lately to Queen Victoria, for the closing of all drinking-houses on the Sabbath day. This petition was 400 yards in length, and had 70,000 signatures; the heading was prepared in York in a most beautiful style, on vellum. Not a single minister in York is an avowed abstainer, (alas! poor York!) At Edinburgh we met the Rev. William Reid; with this exception, and two or three others, none of the Edinburgh clergy appear to be abstainers, at least they give no support to its advocates. In the city of Edinburgh, so famed for the beauty of its site and splendour of its buildings, we were not privileged to speak publicly on the temperance question. From the Scottish capital we proceeded to Glasgow, where we staid at the Eagle Temperance Hotel, Maxwell Street, kept by Mr. Alexander Graham—an old teetotaler—in a style of neatness and elegance second only to the Delevan House in our own country. Glasgow is one of the greatest commercial cities in Great Britain. It contains nearly 400,000 inhabitants, all busy as bees, with very few idle drones—and none more active, we are sorry to say, than the numerous panderers to the appetite for strong drink! In this beautiful city there are not fewer than 2700 licensed drunkeries—one to every fourteen families, or one to every sixty-six persons, including all ages. I was told that besides vast quantities of wine, ale, porter, cyder, perry and ginger cordial, there is annually consumed 1,500,000 gallons of ardent spirits, costing, as retailed to the people, £500,000—say half a million pounds yearly—or 25*s.* each, for man, woman and child! The public-houses are nearly all opened on Sunday—many of them nearly the whole of Saturday night! These shops were almost all

full of men and women spending their wages, and were continually pouring out numbers of intoxicated individuals. We saw a mother dragging her drunken son out of a grog shop, a most painful spectacle; and yet, with this mass of drinkers, this disgraceful waste of the hard earnings of working men, and an amount of pauperism and crime at which humanity stands aghast, (the direst result of these death-shops of the publicans,) the British government continues to license, the churches and the ministers drink on; while the temperance men themselves are not acting as they ought, to rouse and enlighten the public mind to the horrid iniquity of the liquor traffic, the most deadly enemy to the temperance reform! In Glasgow, out of more than one hundred ministers of all parties, not more than eight or ten are teetotalers. The clergy here quote the bible, and strive to make it defend their practices. A noble band of temperance reformers, however, exist in Glasgow, who have for many years been doing their best. Many drunkards have been reclaimed, and numerous families delivered from the curse. Still, until the traffic is assailed and destroyed, the cause will languish, and new drunkards be daily thrown upon society. We addressed a large meeting in the Trades' Hall, Glasgow, and had the pleasure of giving an account of our temperance progress in America. At this interesting meeting, in the greatest city in Scotland, and the centre of teetotalism, Mr. James Mitchell, an excise officer, but an ardent able lecturer and writer on teetotalism, who has done great service to the cause, moved a vote of thanks to us at the conclusion—a custom which, it seems, is common in this country on such an occasion. The people of Scotland, as a whole, seem however to have no proper conscience on the matter of strong drink. They need to have a temperance John Knox to arouse them from their delusion, to teach them to dash their bottles to pieces."

These remarks of an American stranger, of a christian philanthropist, and a keen observer of all he saw in Britain of our social condition, are highly deserving of our approval. They are pictures of truth, sketched by the hand of kindness, and a well-wisher to Britain. The period at which our history now dates we have availed ourselves of the best sources of information, as to statistics, which we can get. We find that the pledged members of these societies in Great Britain—(not including Ireland, of which we have already given the numbers)—will stand fully two millions; very many of whom have become sincere and consistent members of Christian churches, who formerly never darkened with their presence the house of worship, but who despised the Bible and blasphemed God. What else can a drunkard do? Fully one hundred thousand reformed drunkards are the estimate of the teetotal labours up to this time—some of these of desperate character, and of fifteen, twenty, twenty-five and thirty years inebriety—amongst whom the author

could mention by name, men of great abilities, who are now powerful lecturers in the temperance field, honoured by all. We might ask here the question, when will ministers of the gospel, by their doctrine of moderation-drinking of strong drink, convert to sobriety and religion a hundred thousand drunkards? We say never.

A most important and decided change had now taken place in public sentiment regarding the nature of alcoholic drinks. Men do not now attribute qualities to these liquors wich they in former years were accustomed to do, but confess they are unnecessary, and in many respects dangerous. The public journals are gradually coming round to the same views. The *Morning Advertiser*, the acknowledged organ of the publicans, says—"It is a question whether it will not be criminal and suicidal to sacrifice nearly eight million quarters of *nutritious food* in the production of *innutritious* drinks, at a time when famine stalks through Ireland, and its approach is hourly expected in Britain." Ten year's zealous agitation had swept away a vast amount of long-cherished but injurious prejudices as to these drinks, which have left so many dark memorials behind, of ruined families and ruined individuals. We look back with thanksgiving to God for these moral and physical victories, won by His truth over very powerful opposition from all kinds of antagonists, who fought till all their powder was gone, and every gun spiked by their teetotal victors. These are facts, not fictions. We cherish the animating belief, that should we not (the founders and pioneers of these societies) live ourselves to see their final triumph, our children will, and their children still more so.

CHAPTER XIV.

1847.

Active measures taken to arouse females to a sense of the great stake they have in the temperance cause—a series of lectures given in Glasgow and other towns to promote this—poem of the author of this work to the female members of the Cowcaddens Temperance Society—the great influence of women, all history praises it—a few names of those ladies who distinguished themselves in Glasgow—Bible females, their glorious worth—strength of different liquors, from the *News of the World*—chemical experiments valuable—the tenacity of religious men in clinging to old moderation customs—do such good men ever think how many they may have been the cause of becoming confirmed drunkards by their example of taking the "fire waters" moderately into their stomachs?—the custom shows a depraved habit, contrary to nature's teachings and wants; for the God of nature says, through His prophets of old, in one harmonious voice—"look not upon wine and strong drink."

The Glasgow leaders turned their attention greatly, in 1846–47, to the duty of females, who can do much in behalf of this cause. They had regretted that the women of Britain had shown a great backwardness in the temperance reformation; whereas in America, wives vied with their husbands, sisters with their brothers, who should battle most to aid their country in her struggles against the monster evil. In Glasgow, Messrs. Robert Reid, Robert Kettle, James Mitchell, Thomas Reid, Rev. Dr. Paterson, and E. Morris, delivered a series of discourses, to awaken in the fair sex a spirit of virtuous emulation to do what they could to aid in forwarding the great work. The author contributed his best, with his able friends, whose efforts were not in vain. At the different public soirees, where the ladies generally muster beautifully to assist their friends, ample opportunity was afforded to tell these fair ones their duty. The following is one of several poems written to meet these points. It was composed for the Cowcadden's branch, which had done much, and had then, with its "candle brightly shining," a good working committee:—

TO THE FEMALE MEMBERS OF THE COWCADDENS TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY.

Wives, mothers, sisters, sweethearts, lend
  Your earnest aid—this, this we need;
Come with new vigour to contend
  'Gainst Britain's foe—O come with speed!
Intemperance mars our beauty most,
Howe'er we of our country boast.

Wives! you have power; "sweet home is yours,"
There temperance has its loved abode;
When there it reigns, O how it pours
Bliss in your cup—true bliss from God—
To charm our life its ills to bear,
Nor winter's frowning blast to fear.

Mothers! Oh, by that hallowed name,
So honoured in your glorious land!
We look to you, from you we claim
A firm, a bold, a helping hand
In this dread battle, to destroy
Foul customs which our isle annoy.

Sisters! you see your brothers slain,
Your fathers dying, day by day—
You know, you feel your nation's bane,
Strong drink doth countless millions slay—
Then join with us—our banners wave
Your brothers, fathers, friends to save.

Sweethearts! you wish one day to be
All happiness, and mother's wise—
I know you do—then why should we
Not have you in this enterprise?
Yes, have you all to join our band;
Come then—swift come at God's command.

Teetotal charms! Oh, who can tell
What glories yet upon our shore
Shall cluster richly, to dispel
Those evils which we all deplore—
The drunken woes of old and young,
Not told in tragic poet's song.

Your line of duty, fair and bright,
God's finger surely pointeth out;
O listen to His truth and light,
The foe of Britain quick to rout;
These maddening drugs we must give up,
They are our country's cursed cup.

Loved female friends! your help we need,
You all do wish a happy home;
Then banish drink—its ills you read
In broken hearts, in tears and gloom—
In poverty, in vice and crime,
Which brands our name through every clime.

Great Ruler of ten thousand lands,
And starry worlds that beam afar;
Lord of the billowed floods, whose hands
Are filled with good we all do share!
Shine on our cause, for it is thine—
This temperance—on our labours shine!

The spark was litted up in Heaven,
It glanced first on Columbia's shore—
And Beecher caught it—then was given
This light to Britain, bliss to pour
On million homes, foul drinks to drive
From Albion's isle, that health might thrive.

These appeals of the lecturers were not made in vain. The fair ones to whom they were addressed buckled on their gentle armour,

and in proportion as they did their duty, "in season and out of season," the societies assumed a healthier aspect. It is always pleasant to see a wife putting down her name with her husband, and sisters coming hand in hand with their brothers; to see young men bringing with them those loved ones they honestly intend wooing as their future wives—who, in their turn, become the mothers of a new generation. Mr. Gough, the great American orator, shows in beautiful colours the irresistible influence of females, for the weal or woe of man, as they act wisely or foolishly on life's varied stage. His mother was a noble mother. Search all history, search all lands, we find female *power great.* Look at their pictures in the sacred volume! See how the glorious Miriam assisted Moses and Aaron in the wilderness, and by the Red Sea, by her magnanimous and heroine deportment. We have many Miriams in Britain. Yes, we have many Miriams in our teetotal bands, who "have done virtuously," and rescued not a few drunkards from fiery ruin in both worlds, under God—and saved others from the awful vortex—and by it have mightily strengthened the hands of the sterner leaders. We give a few names; we wish we had room for all. Mrs. B. Arneil, Mrs. John Smith, Mrs. C. D. Douglas, Mrs. James Mitchell and her daughters, Mrs. Robert King, Mrs. M. Welsh, Miss Mary Dunn (now Mrs. Williams,) Mrs. Robert Smith, Miss Smith of Kelvin Grove Terrace, Mrs. Stirling, Mrs. Archibald Livingston, Misses Hymers; and all those ladies who gave our societies such an impulse in the magnificent soiree of 1852, which gave success to our missionary efforts, and has tended greatly to awaken a spirit of interest amongst ladies in what are termed the upper ranks of society. May these female worthies of our cause see daily more and more the greatness of the movement. The song which Miriam and her companions so rapturously chaunted, showed the power of women—odes, such as that majestic one which flowed from her soul, and came beautifully from her lips: "And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances. And Miriam answered them, sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea!" The spirit of these Hebrew women, and which they so virtuously manifested, is a pattern for British females, who have an enemy nestling in "all their borders," more dangerous to us than "Pharoah and his host" were to the brave Israelites. Theirs were physical foes, ours are moral ones, of every *deadly cast.* Doubtless the women greatly animated the men in their wilderness trials. We have all the same human nature; and the God of Moses, Aaron and Miriam, is our God, and by Him we shall beat all the Pharoahs of teetotalism. The excellent women whose names are given, are never tired in this work. The appalling cases of dire misery rising from the vice of intemperance, which

they daily behold, is to them a voice crying from the abyss of wretchedness, "come and help us or we perish." The makers and venders of these savage drugs, which work this *red ruin*, may shut their eyes to their horrible traffic, but Heaven will mark all its curse. Think of this, dealers in the death-brewings! We shall battle on to aid you into a better trade than that of "poisoning, wholesale and retail," good Victoria's hardy subjects. You may not see this, my friend, for I am not your enemy because "I tell you the truth." You ought to see how terribly destructive is your trade. If it yields you a "fat living," it gives lean ones to thousands through life, whose closing hours, if you were to witness them, would shatter your nerves, though they were made of double steel and tempered by the Castilian's skill.

Great exertions were made, from 1847 to 1850, to organise Youths' Temperance Associations, and mighty were the results to our cause from these labours. Amongst the many who have taken a deep, enlightened, and truly Christian interest in the temperance of youth, stands pre-eminently my much esteemed friend, Mr Thomas Brown, of Ebenezer Field, book-keeper to the Canal Company, Port-Dundas. The youths' society under his charge, and of the worthy young men who so nobly supported him, has long been and yet is (Oct. 1854) in a flourishing state. The very best order is kept up, and good singing is taught in songs and hymns which breathe the essence of temperance principles, many of which the young people have committed to memory, and by doing so their teetotalism is the more likely to be as enduring as their lives. The author is often delighted, in his attendance at the Temperance Office—where, amongst other duties, it devolves upon him to give membership cards—by the calls of many young persons, of both sexes, some from amongst the first families in town, who are our pioneers, and get many of their youthful companions to join in the good movement. We could mention the names of some, were it proper, who have shown a zeal that might raise the blush of shame on the cheek of others of an opposite character—who have been the means of getting scores of pledged youth who, but for these noble pioneers, would perhaps have embraced the moderation-doctrine of drinking, and from those slippery paths have become confirmed sots, and died in a mad-house from the effect of these worse than useless liquors. It is a perilous thing to begin these drinks in the morning of life, and it is a dreadful practice for parents, at their dinner-board, to toast "healths a-piece" round to their children, and to call upon their offspring to do the same. Eternity will tell a tingling tale to many parents who deemed themselves sober persons through life, because they were seldom *seen quite* drunk, but who, nevertheless, ruined their children by their daily evil habit of "taking a little." The boys and girls, after that *little*, got to the snug cupboards where these viands were kept, and helped them-

selves to more *on the sly!* The author has seen much of this in his travels of former years through the three kingdoms; and seeing these wily transactions, they tended to make him, nearly at the first temperance movements, to take his part with the friends, and not keep foul-liquor bottles in his dwelling to tempt his children, and in this his wife concurred. He is anxious, daily, more and more, for all fathers and mothers to do the same. There is absolute safety in the pledge as long as acted on, and if we break it, ours is the folly and the crime. I have met with none who broke their pledge that ever said they were the better for doing so, but the contrary. The serpent is a dangerous creature, it cannot be trusted.

For the benefit of these self-confiding persons, especially of those who move in "upper life," as the proud term goes, we copy and request them to ponder the following, taken from a London paper, *News of the World*, for 24th September, 1854:—

"STRENGTH OF DIFFERENT FERMENTED LIQUORS.—Ten glasses of cyder or porter, seven glasses of claret, five glasses of Burgundy, four glasses of champaign, three glasses of port, sherry, or Marseilles; are equivalent to one glass of brandy, or three quarters of a glass of rum. It appears that a pint of porter of sixteen ounces, is nearly equivalent to an ounce of brandy in fifteen ounces of water, or to about an ounce of alcohol (a deadly poison) in fifteen and a half ounces of water."

These chemical experiments are of great value. They form so many tremendous texts for the temperance lecturer to show on what strong ground teetotalism stands, and that it has nothing to fear from scrutiny. Nothing but depraved appetite, and irrational destructive customs are arrayed against us; defended, indeed, or attempted to be defended by talented men, whose range of words and sophistry of argument gull the simple, and often keep back honest men. But the steady eye of honest congregations is fixed upon the conduct of their preachers, and the Bible proverb is realized in many cases, "like priest like people." All candid men will see the force and truth of these reflections. We have mingled largely, from our youthful years, in the busy world in all its varieties of beliefs, sects, ranks and callings. We believe independent thinkers are very scarce, even in Britain. We are yet too creed-tied to others. God says, however, "search all things," (all systems and opinions, sift them to the bottom,) "hold fast that which is good"—the smallest particle of precious truth from all these varieties. "Call no man on earth master;" Christ alone is our infallible guide—he will save us.

CHAPTER XV.

1848.

The King and Queen of Sweden friendly to temperance—Bernadotte's son, Oscar—eighteen million of teetotalers throughout the world—Nicholas of Russia the drunkard maker—wretched state of his serf-armies in the Crimea and Sebastopol—anecdote of the black sheep—the dialogue, in ryhme, between a father and son—great distress of 1847-48—Government petitioned to stop the waste of grain in making poisonous drinks, and to close public-houses on the Sabbath-day—such measures just and rational—this profligate system cannot last much longer—Lord Palmerston in Glasgow—a beautiful extract from Rev. Dr. Guthrie's tracts, which have done much good.

Amongst the monarchs on the Continent who have shown a friendly interest in the temperance cause, it would be wrong to omit the name of Oscar, king of Sweden, and his virtuous Queen. Oscar, as our readers know, is the son of the celebrated Bernadotte, once a mighty general in the armies of the renowned Napoleon, first emperor of the French, whose nephew and heir is now the bold and friendly ally of England against the wicked tyrant of Russia, whose doom is near at hand. Bernadotte was elected by the gallant Swedes, (who are warmly attached to England) to be their king, and his conduct as a king was good, as his martial bravery was great. "Oscar was named by his father after Oscar, the son of Ossian the Caledonian poet, the grandson of Fingal the heroic sire of Ossian, whose kingly virtues that ancient bard sings with great power and beauty. Bernadotte, it was said, was a great reader of Ossian, as was also Napoleon I. A copy of these poems, with those of Homer, were found, if we mistake not, in the carriage from which he fled, after the wreck of his army and his hopes at gory Waterloo by his mighty rival, our own Wellington. Bernadotte's son, Oscar, the present king of the Swedes, warmly assisted by his consort, the Queen, gave their personal sanction, attention, and attendance at the meetings of temperance societies in that country; and the King employed, at his own private expense, missionaries to traverse his kingdom, to convert drunkards and moderate drinkers from their injurious habits—and he offered compensation to those who would close their distilleries and shut up their drinking shops; and it was thought that other monarchs in Europe might be induced to follow this example,

if their attention was called to the subject. At this period (1846) there were believed to be above 100,000 members of temperance societies in Sweden; in Norway, 20,000; in Denmark, where the King was also favourable to the cause, 80,000; and throughout Germany, about 1,000,000; all earnestly devoted to the promotion of the principle in others as well as themselves." Mr. Buckingham, from whose valuable "History of Temperance" I extract the above, was requested by the World's Convention in London (where he acted a most influential part) to write an address, accompanying copies of the Parliamentary report, to all the crowned heads of Europe, through their ambassadors at the British court. This address is worthy of the author, and of the cause for the promotion of which he composed it, to move the rulers of the nations to action against these drinks. Mr. Buckingham shows, from ancient and modern times, from the stores of prophets' teaching, from the faithful records of Greece, of Rome, of Assyria, Persia, Babylon—how these drinks we call "refreshing," brought to ruin those great empires; and how Alexander the "Macedonian madman," (as Dr. Johnson termed this warrior-king,) "assassinated his bosom friend, the honest, virtuous Clitus, in a fit of drunken frenzy at a Persian banquet," where he truly displayed the madman, and justified the term used by the great English moralist.* This gentleman sets down the aggregate number of teetotalers throughout the world, as pledged members, at eighteen millions. To America he gives seven millions, to Ireland, five millions—three millions in England and Scotland—three millions on the Continent of Europe, and in the British Colonies in both Hemispheres. These 18,000,000 of moral warriors against these wild brewings, and all those direful customs connected with them, are the salt of the nations for the coming sober generations. We know how the practical conduct of the primitive Christians affected the nations who saw their conduct. The "world was turned upside down," by the doctrine of the Apostles, and by the moral beauty flowing from their preaching in the lives of their followers. When teetotalers act on their pledge—and they deserve not the name unless they do thus act—others will see in them the good effects on every hand.—In Mr. Buckingham's splendid address, mentioned before, he says :—

"Rulers of nations, and protectors of the people committed to your care! If you desire to prevent their labour-created wealth from being destroyed—if you wish to see the resources of their noble industry fully developed—their golden harvests of grain husbanded for the good of man—your population preserved in vigorous health and industry—the youths well instructed and morally trained—the men sober—the women chaste—the public authorities just and temperate—your subjects happy and obedient; and the great duties of morality and religion cheerfully and willingly performed, under the influence of love for their excellencies

* See pages 100 to 103 of Buckingham's work, already mentioned.

and a hearty participation in their enjoyments, rather than from a fear of punishment that awaits their neglect. If these be the objects of your high and noble ambition, O Rulers and potentates of the earth! we entreat you, in the name of the London World's Convention, now assembled together in friendly union from the varied countries that have sent us here to represent their feelings, hopes, and desires—that you unite with us in doing whatever in your wisdom may seem best to arrest the progress of intemperance in your respective dominions—to encourage all societies, institutions, and measures for abolishing the strong-drink usages and customs of your people—to honour, by your influential presence as well as patronage, (as their Majesties, the King and Queen of Sweden, have recently done, by attending in person the great temperance convention in the City of Stockholm, held in July, 1846,) for the same objects we had in view in London. By thus taking a generous interest with subjects of your own realms, you will draw down upon your own heads the blessings of all your people, and the grateful homage of the heart from millions yet unborn. By thus encouraging within your dominions a new moral reformation for the improvement of mankind, you will move in harmony with the everlasting gospel, the end and aim of which is to promote 'glory to God, on the earth peace, and goodwill to men.'

(Signed) "J. S. BUCKINGHAM.

"LONDON, 10*th August*, 1846."

We do not know what response was made to the above sensible and brilliant appeal from the high quarters to which it was sent. We are afraid not many of the continental emperors, kings, princes and dukes, are very ready to take the part which the good Oscar, king of Sweden, did. We fear he stands almost "alone in his glory." Should it be otherwise, so much the better. We shall rejoice to hear of it. Kings and emperors are not generally reformers. They study chiefly their own power and wealth, and their courtiers are busy fellows, who, to curry their master's favour, will aid all their schemes of aggrandisement. It was right, nevertheless, for Mr. Buckingham to write this honest epistle to them, reminding them of their duty to God and man, as the prophets of old did to the kings of Israel and Judah, though many of those ancient rulers of Jacob's race remained unchanged. I know Nicholas of Russia heeded not Buckingham's letter. He still brews and distills those fluids which yield him a large revenue to support his manslayers, who are so cruelly dragged from their homes to fight his lawless battles. The avenging tide is, however, rolling against him, though alas! thousands of brave men, of many lands, have fallen, and will fall before the despot is "done up," and his "power taken from him," by which he has so long abused the bleeding nations—Turkey, Persia and Poland—with a stern diabolical intention of striking down the liberties of the Western nations; but the Almighty, in wondrous adorable Providence, has bound France and England together, as the "rod of His justice," to punish Russia, the "evil power"—the wholesale brewer of serpent "fire waters," the foul profits of which he takes to feed his carnal lusts.

Teetotal friends! See in Nicholas the personification, and the combination of woe to man. Oh, could the widows and orphans of Russia speak out, what would be their story against their "cruel king!"

We have spoken in former pages of the mighty advantage to youth of these teetotal institutions. We have mentioned, amongst others, by way of distinction, the excellent association of juveniles under our friend, Mr. Thomas Brown of Port-Dundas, (meeting now, 1854, in the Free Church school-house, Renfield Street). We shall advert to other kindred institutions which have done well and struggled valiantly amidst many discouragements and stern opposition, even from quarters professing great zeal, at least for the outward forms of religion. The Anderston Young People's Juvenile Society of Teetotalers, with Mr. Robert Haxton and the Messrs. Ness at their head, now meeting every Saturday evening in West College Street, well deserve a graphic notice. Many a time has the author been both delighted and instructed in listening to the extemporaneous addresses, as well as to the beautifully-written essays, read with fiery eloquence by the young men of the "Youths' Improvement Society" of the Anderston young friends. Yes, there was pith and beauty in their compositions. They showed, by their essays, a familiarity with Addison, an acquaintance with Johnson, a love of Milton and Shakspeare, and a knowledge of our best modern literature, prose and poetry, which some of our high dignitaries in learning and the classic languages would be the better of, if they studied the "illustrious Britons" a little more, and imbibed that pure love of human liberty, which is the glory of British authors. This Anderston meeting seems never to lag—the fire burns brightly summer and winter, and teetotalism is in its beauty there. Oh, to see these young men thus employed, when the honest toils of the week are over, and to contrast them with the pursuits of others of their age, and perhaps similar callings on life's industrial stage, but spending their evenings in death-shops, gloating over those days "of many hues;"—we say, to witness these opposites, is surely a logical argument on the side of unmistakeable temperance! Comparisons like these do us good—they give strength to our pens, and they yield power to our lecturers, which bear down all antagonism. The amount of cultivated talent which the temperance reformation has brought out on the platform of broad humanity, is great indeed, and we think the quality is equivalent in moral beauty to the quantity. We put the question here to those ministers and elders of the different churches, who have not, as yet, seen it their duty to join the temperance ranks—to look at those members, young and old of their congregations, and say if the deportment of such has not improved since they became the disciples of teetotalism? Did not these gentlemen find growing attachment in such persons to "pure and undefiled religion?" Did they not notice their earnest

attention to the "Word of Life," and their adornment of it? These facts tell with Heaven's voice.

Many delightful incidents which have come under our own eye, could we give of young boys and girls winning over to the temperance ranks fathers and mothers, some of whom had gone deep into the deceiving cup. The well-known story of the father who treated each of his sons with a *black sheep* who joined our movement, is instructive. The boys had all joined but the youngest, and each had got his *black sheep* as promised by the father—it then came to his youngest son to enlist, who, it appears, was a sagacious little fellow. When the parent came to him and spoke of the reward for joining, beside the safety in the pledge-keeping from intemperance, the boy said, "but, father, would you not treat yourself with a *black sheep*, and be the better of it, by uniting with me and my brothers in the temperance ranks?" The father paused for a little, saw the force of his child's question, and went and put down his name with them. What dutiful father and mother can long resist the mild, guileless, honest entreaty of a sensible child, to unite with them in behalf of associations which can now speak of from eighteen to twenty millions of all ranks and all professions, and amongst these some of the sweetest and boldest poets, orators, and preachers in the world, and moralists of sublime capacity, who glory in the name "teetotal." The author was lately taking tea at an old and esteemed friend's house, two miles out of Glasgow, when the two youngest sons, one ten years old and the other twelve, expressed a wish to unite in the temperance cause. Their parents expressed a ready approval, and the two boys got their membership cards. The youngest boy, turning to his father, said, "Papa, I wish you would put down your name with us, and Mamma too, for I think that temperance is best for us all." The father said, "I shall very likely soon put down my name as you are doing, but let me see you act consistently to your pledge." The virtuous mother of the boys said she would do the same. These two youngest sons will, we doubt not, induce the whole family to join, which are nine or ten in number.

A remarkable case occurred some time ago, the particulars of which were narrated to the author by a young boy of about twelve years of age, who having united with the Cowcaddens temperance society, then meeting in Ferguson Street Mechanics' Hall, was the instrument of reclaiming a very drunken father, his mother, and all the family, who had occasionally, as well as the father, showed a strong liking for strong drink. I drew up some rhymes, embodying the substance of these pleasant facts, which, with a few corrections, I transcribe for this work—hoping some parents who may read it will receive good from the perusal:—

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A DRUNKEN FATHER AND A TEETOTAL SON.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

SON.

My father, I have joined that band,
Which in Cowcaddens meet,
Whose speakers utter doctrines bland—
And bards high truths repeat.

There I have learnt a lesson wise,
Strong drinks not to partake—
I love the glorious enterprise,
From it I will not break.

FATHER.

What band, my son?—tell me its name—
That makes you look so glad—
For which you so much credit claim;
Show me its worth, my lad.

Tell me the names of those who speak,
Are they all college-trained—
Have they all studied Latin, Greek,
Since you they have enchained?

SON.

I do not know their classic lore,
But this I know full well,
They have bold eloquence in store—
In good sense they excel.

Brave Stirling, and bold Robert Reid,
And Galloway and Mearns,
Speak well, it is by all agreed,
And others in their turns.

Macnair and Webster, Burnett stand,
Wallace and Thomas Reid—
And strangers oft, in speeches grand,
Make listeners take good heed.

FATHER.

My son! but that teetotal word
You seem to glory in,
Now give it up, it is absurd—
'Tis not in Johnson seen.

SON.

We had a speaker keen last night,
James Mitchell is his name;
He roused our hearts with views most bright;
Teetotal was his theme.

He told us how that word arose,
In Preston's famous town—
Where Livesey gives those heavy blows
'Gainst drinks of ill renown.

And other speakers followed him—
That word they did defend
In spite of college learning grim,
On which men time *mis-spend*.

FATHER.

My boy, son Tom, you puzzle me,
You have so many names,
To fight your battles valiantly—
Their zeal my homage claims.

Of ministers ye have but *few*,
But yet the work goes on—
The speakers steady course pursue,
Nor heed the world's dark frown.

But water only! Oh, that's cold
On winter's chilly day!
Cold is that cup, though pleaders bold
'Gainst strong drinks bear the bay.

Water! and only water take
To quench the thirst of man;
A *little* whisky mixed would slake,
This sure is Nature's plan.

SON.

O father, father! why will you
God's gracious gift despise,
And sip those drugs of wily hue
Which blind your mental eyes.

See those bright streams that gladsome roll,
And gush from out the rock;
Their music, how it charms our soul,
Dare you these streamlets mock?

What could we do without these streams,
Should God dry up their springs—
Where then would be the drunkard's dreams,
Whose joys the dotard sings?

FATHER.

Ye *hit* me hard, my boy—I feel
Your words like burning blades,
They do my drunken crimes reveal,
In all their hellish grades.

SON.

O how my heart exults to hear
You, father, thus confess
Teetotal truth—come join us, where
You will its value bless.

Tom won his father to the cause,
His mother, sisters, joined—
And now they love God's holy laws,
And to His house inclined.

The years 1847 and 1848 were memorable years of human suffering. Famine and pestilence thinned many families, and snatched away suddenly parents from their weeping children, and wives from their husbands, never more to meet on this world's stage. Large meetings of the friends of temperance were held in all parts of the kingdom to direct public attention to the wicked destruction of food in the production of poisoning drinks. Glasgow took a strong lead, followed by Edinburgh, Preston, Leeds, Manchester, and other towns, where large assemblies passed strong resolutions on this *vital* subject, and petitions were also sent to Government and church courts, and to magistrates, on this sinful waste of precious grain, while thousands in the three kingdoms were perishing for lack of food! These petitions loudly called upon the proper authorities, in the sacred name of justice, to stop distillation from grain, and to close the public-houses on the Sabbath. In the course of these very important meetings, and the addresses delivered by many of the most talented advocates of teetotalism, statistical facts were brought boldly before the public mind of the most astounding character, as to the nature and extent of the waste of human food in the manufacture of strong drink, at the very time, too, when millions were sinking for want of bread. In miserable Ireland three millions, and in the poverty-stricken Highlands and Isles of Scotland 300,000 of the people had been suddenly deprived of the usual means of sustaining life, by the failure of the potato crop! On the 9th of February, it was stated in the House of Commons that 5000 adults and 10,000 children had already perished from sheer famine, and that 25 per cent. of the whole population would perish unless the House should afford effective relief. Amidst all this present misery and gloomy prospects for the terrible future, the distilleries and the breweries were smoking on, and destroying yearly seven million quarters of the best barley to make those foul drinks which bring only ruin—alcoholic poison! Surely there must be something morally *hardening* to the feelings of humanity in this dread traffic, that men can look coldly on and see their mash-tubs bubbling up consuming the food, while their fellows are dying for the want of it. O God! how long wilt thou suffer thy creatures thus madly to fight against all thy righteous laws! Rulers of Britain! Listen to the "voice from the excellent glory," and put an end to this infernal traffic. Do it speedily, or a blow may come from a *dread quarter* which none can resist—no human skill turn aside. God will not always keep back His rod. The cry of hunger is a fearful cry—ere now it has been the herald of bloodshed. The eloquent Burke said truly, "you need not reason with hungry bellies, fill them with food, and then argue your matter." There was deep philosophy, there was divine morality in that illustrious British senator's saying. Hunger has made whole nations mad, preparing them for anarchy and crime.

The bloody outburst in France in 1789, was hurried on by the starvation of the people and by a profligate aristocracy, who would listen to no reason. We have brighter hopes for our beloved country, though we think it right to glance at the history of former times, as a wise monitor for future conduct. Our present rulers are wiser than many of some former periods, and we hope they will come soon to see that the temperance reformation, fully carried out to the extent its advocates are aiming at, will confer a greater boon on our country, than all the reforms in the land for the last fifty years, of every one of which the author has, to the best of his abilities, been the defender. His country is dear to him, and no labour for its good is irksome. Why should it? Fearful then must be that infatuation which continued a system of such profligate destruction of bread-stuff, at a time when famine was stalking amongst us, and like a hungry wolf from the frozen wilds of Russia, destroying young and old. As might have been expected, these remonstrances all proved ineffectual. The work of destruction went on. Brewing and distilling paused not, though our newspaper columns were surcharged with appalling tales of the dead and the dying, through want of the staff of life. God cares for sparrows. He provides food for young ravens. He feeds the fishes of the sea. He gives support to every finny creature that sports in gladness through our brooks and rivers. This is Bible philosophy. This is the doctrine of the Son of God. Then, does not Heaven provide for men? Yes, for all men abundantly. It is our folly and sin, not God's decrees, that causes starvation. Ministers of religion! Why don't you preach these Scripture doctrines in your regular discourses? Some of you do so, but many do not, and you mislead the people. Read Lord Palmerston's Christian Epistle of 1853, and you see his views correspond with ours. The sober people were taxed to make up the ruin caused by the strong-drink traffickers.

It is reported that Viscount Palmerston saw some of the close, dirty, drunken Wynds of Glasgow, when that active, virtuous, British minister was in this city, that gave him supreme disgust—and saw there men and women living in dense bad-aired places, in which his Lordship has too much humanity to allow his pigs or his dogs to abide! These at least would have had clean straw, good air, and proper food. The Home Secretary wrote his well-known letter from beholding scenes like these—a letter which some of the clergy keenly attacked—but those reverend gentlemen would have been better employed had they united with the temperance friends to aid a righteous movement. Palmerston has nothing to fear from such arguments as these, which were used against his epistle. The strong-drink traffic is, in every sense, irrational and wicked. That which law has established, must be, by a new law, for ever abolished. What right had our ancestors to bind us in cords of sin? Let us break their bands asunder, and merge into the virtu-

ous liberty which Christianity, fully developed, calls on all to secure. Nine out of every ten of the old school systems are worn out, but bats cannot see this. It was no wonder, then, that these meetings and their petitionings proved abortive, or that the more advanced, enlightened temperance reformers, gave but slender help to such quack remedies, as the mere stopping for a season the distillation from grain, while it gave liberty to make alcohol from sugar, or any other valuable material—valuable when properly used. This was like cutting off a few branches of a poisonous tree, but carefully feeding the root,—or, like attempting to stop the fountain of a foul river, by stemming its current fifty miles from its rise! The drinking customs we have to contend against and root out—and we shall, with Heaven's blessing, succeed—are deep and dreadful. The following picture, not overdrawn, is from the pen of a very able and worthy minister of the Scottish Free Church, who has done good service to teetotalism:—"Drunkenness—most damnable vice! What precious souls, what tender hearts, what dear affections, what happy household homes, what sweet hopes, what early promises, what rich and costly sacrifices have been offered at thy accursed shrine! Happy shall they be that lend a hand to lay it in ruins! Thousands shall rise up and call them blessed,—and to this holy work we call on all who love their God, their kindred, and their great country to come."* This Free Church minister is a man of a very original genius, and of an ardently benevolent spirit. The zeal he has manifested in behalf of "Ragged School" institutions, of which he is the "founder," redounds to his praise.

* Dr. Guthrie's Plea, page 31, a graphic production, well worth the attention of all men.

CHAPTER XVI.

1849.

Manchester Conference of ministers in April, 1848—ours is a moral battle, but requires great courage in its leaders—the Glasgow spirit-dealers' meetings against Forbes Mackenzie's bill for limiting their hours of wicked traffic—moral survey of Glasgow by the teetotalers—Archibald Livingston, Esq. President—Address to the Queen, signed by Robert Kettle, Esq.—Her Majesty's visit to Glasgow, in August 1849—a suggestion of Mr. Livingston, to address the young Prince of Wales—meetings of the juvenile temperance societies—speech of Master Alexander M'Innes, Queen's scholar of Normal Seminary—number of the clergy who abet teetotalism—reply to the address to the Queen—Mr. Thomas Brown of Port-Dundas, and his activity in the juvenile department—general reflections—the great exertions in England generally to aid the movement—Manchester and Preston take the lead—Mr. James Mitchell, of Burnfoot, comes to reside in Glasgow—his activity as a writer and speaker.

THE year 1848 was rendered memorable in the great temperance movement, by a Ministers' Convention, held in the City of Manchester (which has nobly distinguished itself in this reformation, as in many others for good to man,) on the 11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th of April, 1848—when upwards of 200 teetotal ministers of the everlasting gospel of Christ Jesus, from all parts of Great Britain and Ireland, were assembled together, and a deep feeling evinced on this occasion to forward the cause. Amongst other important statements made at this Convention of gospel preachers, of all Protestant parties, it was officially announced that—"it is now *certain* (in 1848) that there are in Great Britain nearly 2000 teetotal ministers." Speaking of this Convention some time afterwards, one writer states—"This Manchester Conference was all that the warmest friends of the cause could reasonably expect or desire. The resolutions and addresses adopted by the meeting were worthy of the good men now assembled. All breathed a spirit of earnest and faithful attachment to the principles of *true temperance*. We do not remember to have heard the somewhat questionable doctrine of expediency once mentioned—all was taken up on principle or moral duty. This Conference must do much to lift the ministerial character as regards the temperance movement." We are sorry it is not in our power to say, as faithful to our history, that we fully concur in the eulogium of this writer. We have watched anxiously for twenty-five years, the movement of the clergy in the collective, and taking the numerical number at what the above writer has

stated, namely, at two thousand, who steer in our ship and help her on the arduous voyage, still only one in ten take an interest whether or not the temperance vessel sinks or swims—for there are twenty thousand ministers in Britain, of all sects—which shows eighteen thousand who are, we may presume, hostile to teetotalism. Laymen, then, under the fostering hand of Heaven, are our captains to steer through all difficulties. We doubt not they will be faithful as the needle to the pole, and we will endeavour to lay our hands on the best men of all denominations who have heart, and cultivated, sanctified talent to fight our moral battles. We have broken up the fortifications of the Baltic and the Crimea—the Bomarsund and the Sebastopol that frowned upon our teetotalism; while not a Frenchman, a Briton, or a Russian, has been killed by the muskets, swords, and cannon shots of our well-disciplined army. The land is now before us, with the batteries of our antagonists all useless—so we think. Let them speak against us at our public meetings, and they shall have fair play for any flaw they may detect in the doctrines and reasonings we use to chase "the foul fiend from our shore."

Whilst the friends in England were thus nobly putting forth their united energies to bring the abstinence principles into the full blaze of the public eye, and to win the general mind to the right side, the bold Scottish leaders were not sleeping. In addition to the meetings and petitions already adverted to, the friends in Glasgow renewed their exertions in right earnest to expose the intemperance of that city, which is so much crowded with splendid places of divine worship and boasts of its gifted ministers, which we admit to be true; but no less is it mournfully true, the "Queen of the West" is unenviable for the quantity of these dire drugs which morning, noon and evening, are dealt out to all most zealously by men who call themselves "licensed victuallers," but as they should be called "legalised death-drink dealers."* On the 29th of October, 1848, being the Sabbath evening of the general sacrament, thirty-nine of the Glasgow abstainers cheerfully volunteered their services, and were well arranged for the object, namely, to take a "moral survey of the city," to ascertain the actual number of public-houses which on that night were dealing openly in strong drink, and busy as bees in giving it to their customers. To the shame we say of a city which bears upon its arms—"Let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the word," it was found that one thousand and ninety-seven public-houses were thus found openly engaged! This exposé created at the time a great sensation, and called forth the attention of many good men to the iniquity of the liquor traffic. It may indeed be truly affirmed that this "moral survey" of our drunken city, was the origin of the present advancing legislative aspect of this question.

* See the speeches of Glasgow spirit dealers, in Trades' Hall, August, 1854.

On the occasion of the Queen's visit to Glasgow in August, 1849, where she was so rapturously welcomed by all parties, the members and friends of the Scottish Temperance League, in the city, held a banquet in the Trades' Hall to address Her Majesty. Archibald Livingston, Esq. the zealous and able president of the Gorbals Temperance Society, presided—and the following address was unanimously adopted by the meeting:—

ADDRESS TO HER MAJESTY.

The Scottish Temperance League held a banquet in the Trades' Hall on Tuesday evening, to adopt an address to her Majesty. The chair was occupied by Archibald Livingston, Esq., writer; and after tea, &c. had been served, he opened the proceedings in an appropriate address. On the motion of Mr. A. H. Maclean, seconded by the Rev. Fergus Ferguson, the following address to her Majesty was unanimously agreed to:—

UNTO THE QUEEN'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY,

May it please your Majesty,—The Temperance Reformers welcome your Majesty to your ancient and loyal city of Glasgow. They are glad of your Majesty's safe arrival, and rejoice to know that your Majesty is well. They sincerely wish your Majesty both health and happiness, although they do not associate those blessings with beverages which they believe to be destructive to both. They pray that your Majesty, during a long life, may be loved both as a mother and a Queen, and that you may be sustained in the duties of your exalted station by the cheering prospect of national prosperity.

The Temperance Reformers beg to assure your Majesty that they are not the less loyal because their attachment to the throne is expressed without the aid of intoxicating liquors. They are hindered from honouring the loyal toasts, not by want of loyalty, but by the desire to free social intercourse, and the expression of opinion from dangerous auxiliaries, and to prevent your Majesty's name from being associated with what they believe to be the curse of the people.

They congratulate your Majesty on the high position Providence has assigned the British power, which, rising like a rock in the ocean, affords a secure resting-place to the ark of liberty; and guarantees, amid the storms of Europe, the permanence of freedom in the old world. They also congratulate your Majesty on the blessings bestowed upon the empire whose Chief Magistrate you are. While other monarchs are living in terror of their subjects, the bonds of affection between your Majesty and your Majesty's people are growing stronger and stronger; and while other nations are distracted by internal dissensions, and harassed by foreign invaders, the millions who are united under your Majesty's sceptre are engaged in the peaceful pursuits of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce.

Though your Majesty's subjects are thus exempt from both foreign invasion and civil commotions, they are exposed to enemies more subtle than the sword. Against intemperance, the most formidable of these, they, who now address your Majesty, have leagued themselves together. They are determined, with the

blessing of the Almighty, to drive this national enemy forth from your Majesty's dominions, and to lend their aid to expel it from the world. For this purpose, they abstain altogether from strong drink, and exert themselves to induce others to follow their example. Armed with moral suasion and the excellence of their enterprise, they have raised the Temperance Standard in every part of the Empire, and tens of thousands of all classes of your Majesty's subjects have already rallied around it.

The Temperance Reformers beg again to assure your Majesty of their loyal regard; and to pray that your Majesty's reign may be marked, not by the deeds of war, but by peace, progress and prosperity.

For the Scottish Temperance League,

(Signed) ROBERT KETTLE, *President.*

At this banquet, Mr. Livingston, the chairman, in a speech distinguished by good sense and gentlemanly feeling, expressed a hope that the juvenile abstainers of Glasgow would take their fathers' example, and by and by present an address, in their own name, to the Prince of Wales, the expected future king of Great Britain and Ireland, should he outlive his excellent mother—the young prince being known to be a teetotaler. May all his brothers and sisters be such, and their offspring, through all coming generations. This wise suggestion of Mr. Livingston was carried out.

A public meeting of the juvenile abstainers of Glasgow, of all parties, was held in the City Hall on the 10th of September, 1849, when nearly four thousand young persons, male and female, voted the following beautifully composed address to England's future king —that magnificent country, on whose beauteous shore every man is free, from whatever land he may come, and whatever his colour or his former condition in life. The British soil will never be trodden by hostile Cossack-serf, or his cruel despotic master. The following is a true statement of our juvenile friends of the temperance movement, on this joyous occasion, with the two beautiful addresses of young Master Stewart, an ingenious youth, who penned the address to the English prince, and the classic address of my esteemed young friend Master Alexander M'Innes, who is now a Queen's scholar in the Normal Seminary in Glasgow, and has lately delivered many able lectures in Glasgow and other towns to promote temperance. He has a fine taste for the beauties of the English language, but the speeches of both these youths will be their testifiers of ability. May our youths copy such models as these two young men hold out!

The account is taken from the *Glasgow Daily Mail*, a newspaper of great merit and growing circulation, that has diffused useful knowledge of every kind to improve mankind in their physical, social, intellectual and moral condition. The friends of the temperance movement have often been obligated to the conductors of this only daily newspaper in Scotland:—

JUVENILE ABSTINENCE DEMONSTRATION.

Address to the Prince of Wales.

On Monday evening, at eight o'clock, an aggregate meeting of the Juvenile Total Abstainers within the limits of Glasgow, as also a band from Rutherglen, was held in the City Hall. They marched, many of them with their little peaceful banners, to the place of meeting; and all the different societies were conducted by adults. There were, perhaps, nearly 4000 present, from sixteen years of age down to six. They were all well dressed, and many of them decorated with ribbons, sashes, temperance medals, &c. The onlooking adult part of the audience were crowded into the two side galleries. A more numerous, lovely, and happy assembly has rarely, if ever, been witnessed. Archibald Livingston, Esq. so well known in the temperance cause, occupied the chair. The Rev. Mr. Borland offered up prayer; and the immense assembly sung part of the 23d Psalm. The Chairman addressed the children in the most engaging manner. There are 6,870 juvenile members in the Glasgow Association. He introduced Master James Stewart, one of themselves, an exceedingly intelligent and good-looking boy, who had prepared the address to be proposed for adoption, and who acquitted himself like a practised orator. We quote the speeches from the *Daily Mail*:—

Master Stewart said—Mr. Chairman and friends, many loyal and congratulatory addresses have been presented from various parts of the country to Her Majesty and her beloved consort, Prince Albert, occasioned by their friendly visit to this part of the country. It has occurred to the friends of the temperance movement amongst the young, that this would be a befitting time for them to adopt an address to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, for the purpose of bringing the subject of abstinence under his consideration, and should he feel inclined to patronize this movement, we believe, Sir, incalculable good would be the result; and might, by the blessing of God, be the means of stemming the fearful torrent of crime and juvenile depravity which at present threatens to overspread our beloved land. (Great cheering.) I have drawn up an address, which, with your permission, I will read to this meeting for their consideration.

The following is the address:—

"To His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales," &c.

"May it please your Royal Highness,—We, her Majesty's loyal and faithful subjects, the Juvenile Abstainers of Glasgow and neighbourhood, feel anxious to express our cordial welcome to your Royal Highness on your return to our native land, and your own Highland Home.

"We therefore avail ourselves of the present opportunity of presenting our sincere regard for your welfare, and our hope that your Royal Highness may be long spared, and abundantly fitted for the high station which, in the providence of God, you may yet be called upon to occupy.

"The Association with which we are connected has been instituted expressly for the purpose of opposing the drinking usages of our country, which, if allowed to continue their influence as at present, are certain to destroy the happiness, honour and reputation of our highly-favoured land, and fill it with disease, misery and crime.

"It would be difficult for us to say how far the temperance movement has been successful in stemming the current of vice and immortality; but its past history bears evidence to the fact that not a few thousands of her Majesty's subjects, whose moral character had been destroyed by the use of alcoholic liquors, have, by the blessing of God, through the medium of Abstinence Societies, been reclaimed, and are now classed among the useful and respectable inhabitants of our country; while many thousands more of the rising generation have been kept from acquiring habits in every way prejudicial to the interests of society.

"May it therefore please your Royal Highness to think favourably of the cause; and that the Most High may spare and lead you safely through the dangerous paths of youth; honour you at a future, and we trust distant period, with the Crown of the British Empire; and at last bestow upon you a diadem of glory which will never decay, is the affectionate prayer of the Juvenile Abstainers of Glasgow and neighbourhood.

"Signed, in name and by appointment of a Meeting of the Juvenile Abstainers of Glasgow and Neighbourhood, held in the City Hall, Glasgow, on Monday evening the 10th September, 1849, by

"ARCHIBALD LIVINGSTON, *Chairman.*"

I have now to move that this address be adopted by the meeting. (Loud and continued cheering.)

Master Alexander M'Innes seconded the motion. This young boy, though only fourteen years old, spoke with all the fire and energy of a practical orator. He said:—

Mr. Chairman and friends—I rejoice to see so many assembled together upon this most important occasion; an occasion that is unparalleled in the annals of the British empire. (Hear, hear.) We have met this evening, my friends, for the purpose of adopting an address, which it is our intention to present to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, the purport of which is, requesting that this illustrious personage would be favourably disposed towards the total abstinence movement; and by his doing so, we are confident, as he is heir apparent to the British throne, that he will promote the future welfare and happiness of the people of those lands over which his kingly sway will extend, as he will thereby exhibit a good and great example to the young and rising generation, who will, at no distant period, have to fill the stations and professions which this present generation occupies. (Loud and prolonged cheering.) It is our greatest and chief desire that the rising generation may be trained up in the path of sobriety, and most assuredly inestimable benefits and blessings will result from such a course being pursued. It will assist, to a great extent, in stemming the mighty and almost overwhelming torrent of vice and immorality, occasioned by the drinking customs of our country; and, particularly, it will have a tendency to lessen the enormous amount of juvenile depravity, which prevails to a great extent in a large and populous city such as ours. (Hear, hear.) It will, in a great measure, put a stop to the progress of a fatal, infectious, and almost incurable disease, which is more direful in its effects than cholera and fever combined, namely, drunkenness. (Hear, hear.) It will impede the march of an enemy that spreads ruin and devastation in its course; that has depopulated more cities, and laid waste more villages than ever did Attila the Hun, or

Julius Cæsar. (Great cheering.) It has possessed itself of more extensive territories than did Rome when at the highest pinnacle of fame. That enemy is drunkenness. (Hear.) It will preserve them from becoming the slaves of a despot, from a worse than Egyptian bondage—a slavery of the mind that is fatal and destructive both to soul and body. (Great cheering.) I will now conclude by seconding the motion that Mr. Stewart has just now brought forward, namely, that the address which he has read be adopted, and forthwith presented to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

The address was adopted amidst many cheers. Melodies were sung, the Chairman briefly addressed, and promised them a great music festival in March. Hearty rounds of cheers were given for Her Majesty and Prince Albert. Thanks were voted to the Chairman and two speakers. The benediction was pronounced, and the loyal and happy assembly dismissed to their homes highly delighted.

To the foregoing address, which was sent to Balmoral, the following reply was received:—

BALMORAL, 19*th September*, 1849.

SIR,—I am commanded to acknowledge the receipt of an Address to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, from the Juvenile Abstainers of Glasgow and neighbourhood. I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

H. M. BIRCH.

ARCHIBALD LIVINGSTON, Esq.
24 St. Enoch Square, Glasgow.

Notwithstanding of all these efforts of men whose hearts beat ardently in the cause, and of the youth who buckled on their armour in earnest, we cannot say the abstinence principle was in a healthy state in Glasgow at this time, or in the surrounding towns. The leading societies were working separately, and sometimes not very harmoniously with each other. Emigration had taken away some of the most talented and active leaders, to seek their fortunes in the tempting regions of golden Australia, or in the wide American republic. Others had become wearied and lukewarm, and gave up the struggle, and a general apathy had come over the rest. These remarks, however, do not apply to the juvenile associations; for under the leadership of Mr. Livingston, Father Ferguson, and Mr. Thomas Brown in the Cowcaddens, the movement was in great vigour and moral beauty. The evils attendant upon divisions in the temperance reform have always been felt and lamented by its most sagacious leaders. In Glasgow they have been peculiarly so, and the most enlightened friends of the cause wished to be delivered from these evils, by some general plan of uniting the whole energies of the various districts of the city into one focus. This had been often tried, but almost always on the principle of a union of societies, sending delegates to an annual conference; a plan which *looks* exceedingly plausible in theory, but in this enterprise has never yet, to the best of our knowledge, succeeded long in practice;

and we think is not likely henceforth. At the fourteenth annual meeting of the Glasgow, or Central Total Abstinence Society, held 22d April 1850, our esteemed friend Mr. James Mitchell, whose business in connection with the Government Excise had brought him to settle in Glasgow, was unanimously elected president—an honour quite unsought for on his part, but one richly merited by him from the abstainers of Glasgow, by his long unwearied labours, by writing and speaking, in this great national cause—which all who know him will confess.

CHAPTER XVII.

1850-51.

Mr. Mitchell's temperance tracts—their sturdy out-and-out teetotalism—in 1850 the temperance meetings were poorly attended—the committees were lax—the parent society, Nelson Street, formerly so crowded, was sadly dwindled down—Mr. Mitchell was made the chairman, and the place soon was filled with delighted audiences, and other societies catched the generous flame—Gorbals and Cowcaddens, Calton and Anderston, distinguished themselves—in 1851 a new organisation took place, planned chiefly by Mr. Mitchell, consisting of all the oldest societies merging into one, called "The City of Glasgow United Total Abstinence Association," of which Mr. J. Mitchell was elected President—a description of the objects aimed at in this Union, which employs a staff of qualified missionaries to visit the people at their own dwellings—a fine passage on the power of true genius—first soiree to celebrate the new organisation—the power of females—the Glasgow ladies, their great effort this year to raise a missionary fund—its ample success—the pioneers of temperance chiefly gifted laymen in Britain.

The many excellent temperance tracts which Mr. Mitchell has written during the last sixteen years, by their fire, their force and graphic bearing on our glorious cause, have done immense good, and been the means of winning many strong-minded persons from the *cuckoo*-school of moderation in these foul drinks, to enlist themselves in the teetotal army. It is but sheer justice to Mr. Mitchell to state (and the author thinks his own experience of twenty-five years battling gives him some knowledge of what kind of writings, what mode of reasoning and method of illustration, suit this temperance cause,) that he would find it a difficult task to lay his hand on one man in Scotland who has done more than Mr.

Mitchell has, since he joined our ranks, or who has acted more uniformly consistent as a teetotal lecturer. I always admired the hearty manner in which he throws his *whole soul* into his writings and speeches—and who does not that has perused the productions of his pen and listened to his energetic utterance? I will add, may God Almighty raise up many like James Mitchell, in the temperance vineyard, after my worthy friend shall have performed his task on earth, and has been welcomed to those habitations on high to which all the faithful followers of the Lamb are destined when their work of love is done. I cannot close these remarks without stating that after all Mr. Mitchell's vast efforts—gratuitous *entirely*, till within the last two years—he has had his bitter opponents amongst some of our leaders, who are but small men compared with him. I appeal to all our free members who, rising above sectarian views and selfish partizanship, can look at the temperance cause in its own universal grandeur for the truth of the foregoing remark. My strong attachment to Mr. Mitchell arises from a knowledge of his christian worth, and my esteem from a sense of the noble service he has done to our cause, at a time when it was languishing for want of combined effort, and at a time when the writer, through bad health, was obliged, for three or four years, greatly to slacken his own personal labours in this glorious reformation. Sixteen years and upwards of acquaintance with Mr. Mitchell has only increased the esteem of the author for one whose name will not die when he quits life's stage. It is due, also, to record these things in a work which many say was needed, and which perhaps may live when the writer passes away. After Mr. Mitchell was elected president, the societies rose rapidly, Nelson Street taking the lead. Sometimes an opponent would rise, who was listened to quietly till he had "spun his yarn," as the witty Jack Tars say, but generally the antagonist was so completely cut up in all his threads as to put down his name as a member before quitting the chapel. The society rapidly increased in numbers and strength of exertions. Other meetings in the city and neighbourhood catched the new fire, and the cause assumed a very different and improving aspect. It somewhat resembled the ocean in its aspect. After the billows have been sleeping, and the sea appears like a mass of dead waters, we have witnessed the sudden spring-tide come. The breezes have commenced their work, and old Neptune flows in grandeur up its ten thousand channels, bearing on its bosom the riches of the world. So it was with our cause, after a kind of sleep and inaction it awoke to new life.

It was now resolved to attempt a plan of strong union, by means of which the abstainers of Glasgow would present a bold unbroken front to the foe, in the formation of one association of the various societies. To attain this desirable object, Mr. James Mitchell suggested, and was zealously assisted by a few of the tried old

friends of the reformation, this new organization. They set about the work with the spirit of men bent on carrying it through. After much labour and anxiety and many meetings, the leading societies agreed to merge into one association; and on the 22d January, 1851, a large meeting of the most active and influential members of the Glasgow, Cowcaddens, Calton and Mile-end, North Quarter, Eastern and Western Districts Total Abstinence Societies, was held in the Rev. Fergus Ferguson's Chapel, East Regent Street, to consummate, by electing the board of management in accordance with the constitution of the "City of Glasgow United Total Abstinence Association," formed from the different societies already mentioned —the Nelson Street being the "parent" of all. We quote the particulars of this meeting from the Glasgow newspapers of the day, which we know to be correct, having been present during the whole procedure, which was deeply interesting, and proved how strongly and brilliantly the fires glowed in the hearts of the different speakers in their onward and now combined action:—

"The chair was taken at eight o'clock by Mr. James Mitchell, who called upon Mr. Neil Macneil to ask the Divine blessing upon the meeting, after which the members of committee were elected in accordance to the 5th rule of the constitution, to form the board of directors for the year 1851. The Chairman said—'That it is well known that for many years past the abstinence movement in Glasgow had been carried on through the means of local and independent societies, who seldom co-operated together—whose labours, whose trials, whose success, nay, whose very existence was scarcely known to each other. It was needless to say that by this mode of procedure much valuable labour was lost to the good cause, while the beneficial effects of concentrated effort could not be ascertained. To remedy this defective state of things and to infuse new life into the national enterprise, and for Glasgow to act more aggressively on the dread intemperance of our city, was the sole motive which actuated and knit together the leaders of the association; and he (Mr. Mitchell) begged the meeting to observe, that they were actuated by no feeling of hostility to any other existing institutions, whether of a local or national character. The Scottish Temperance League, whose field of action was the wide world, would always find in the leaders of this new association, formed from the old societies, helping hands, as long as that League acted on its original principles and in the spirit of fraternal love. We will look to the leaders of that institution for sympathy and countenance in our labours in the cellars and garrets of the ill-aired wynds of the drink-suffering masses of this mighty city. Neither do we anticipate that opposition will arise from other existing societies in Glasgow, whether congregational or general. To all such we would say, "go on, God give you good speed, there is much land yet to be possessed!" The friends of temperance have too great a work on

hand, and too many powerful enemies of their glorious cause, to allow their strength to be wasted by antagonistic disputes amongst themselves. A truly Catholic spirit, like that which Christ Jesus has left for our example, and which His great disciple, St. Paul, so magnanimously displayed, these are our patterns, and well is it to hold by them. We gratefully look back and thank God for the good of our labours through Him, and we look forward with lively hope that this new arrangement and friendly combination will yield new and greater victories. The progress and experience of fifteen years has placed us in new relations, and the triumphs of our well-tested principle have brought new duties upon us, both in relation to the drinkers and the abstainers. Thousands of men and women have been reclaimed, but not from the seductive temptations which our drinking customs spread on their path — thousands were falling, and had fallen, and would fall for want of the helping hand, the friendly counsel, and the prayerful help of their fellow-men in the dark hour of trial. We need much, we must have, we will have a moral machinery set on foot of an extensive kind to aid the poor drunkards, whom all despise and many hate, but who are the objects of pity, and not beyond the pale of God's mercy. He wills their repentance, their reformation and salvation. Why should we not have the same feeling as the Deity. We will support the weak, we will lend a hand to the feeble, we will meet their wishes when the moral resolves are on them for amendment—men whose hearts the Lord of mercy has touched. We intend to explore the dark, forlorn caverns of human wretchedness which abound in rich palmy Glasgow, much to its disgrace. The drink-cursed hovels we wish to visit through our missionaries, to pour the balm of consolation into the wounded soul, to lead them onward and upward until the smoking flax rise into a flame, and the bruised reed be able to withstand the rude assaults of wicked men, and those wild-drinking customs which men in the higher ranks of society are as much in the wrong in supporting as any class amongst our industrious population. In a word, my friends, (continued Mr. Mitchell) the sole great object of this institution is to concentrate the experience, the intelligence, the moral strength, and the christian zeal of the temperance friends in Glasgow, so that one heart, one mind and one soul, may pervade all our measures to rescue our fellow-men from ruin, in time and eternity.'"

The Rev. Dr. Bates moved the following resolution—"That this meeting, believing in the importance and advantage of *union* in order to the more efficient working out of the great temperance movement in Glasgow—resolve that in the prosecution of this high enterprise it shall be the study of one and all to seek after that which tends to the upholding of the now united societies." This resolution was seconded by Mr. Neil Macneil, and unanimously adopted. The Rev. James Taylor, the Rev. Fergus Ferguson, and Mr. James

Torrens, (a gentleman who has devoted his admirable abilities for seventeen years in the cause,) delivered stirring and instructive addresses, which made a deep impression, when the meeting was closed with prayer by the chairman.

The qualities of mind to form an effectual temperance lecturer should be of no narrow contracted nature. He should not aim at inculcating his own peculiar views in dogmatic politics, or in the sectarian polemics of that religious connection of which he is a sincere member. The true temperance platform is wide enough for men of all creeds who wish to banish from general usage, as beverages, all intoxicating drinks. The author, in his public addresses for many years back on the Glasgow Green, on the Sabbath afternoons, had generally very large assemblies of every sect, rank and calling, as his audiences, and his addresses were studied to meet all parties. As the rise and progress of this association forms a very important era in the temperance movement in the West of Scotland, and is intimately connected with some of the most stirring events of its general history, I may well be excused for giving a more detailed account of its successful operations.

Mr. Mitchell, as being the more immediate founder of this new organization, was unanimously elected its first president, and an efficient committee of thirty tried men being warmly associated with him in the management, the most energetic measures were at once entered upon to place the movement in Glasgow on the platform which should best rally round it the friends of religion and temperance, of all parties, more firmly together. One intention of the originators of this association was to concentrate the influence of various local societies in the city, so as remove the appearance as well as the reality of divided councils, and opposite working amongst the sincere friends of the cause, especially in regard to the mode and means of admitting members, and raising funds for the support of the cause. Its chief aim, however, was the establishment of a "Temperance City Mission." Experience, that *stern* but *valuable* teacher, had now thoroughly satisfied those who were most deeply versed in the matter, and had come oftenest into contact with the victims of intemperance, and had studied most earnestly the wily working of our drinking customs, backed as these are and always have been by the wicked and powerful interest of the strong-drink traffic, that until these vile customs were abolished, and the traffic annihilated by British law, (as it should be) the best mode of action for temperance reformers, and almost the only hope for millions of men and women in this drink-cursed land of escaping the drunkard's doom, was the employment of faithful missionaries, to go down to the masses, and to advise and reason with them on the awful perils of the drunkard—and of the only remedy, giving up the drink. A kind word in season often enters into the hardest heart; and the intemperate man and woman are often seen by our mission-

aries with cheeks teeming with tears, when they are reminded of the dread consequences of these destroying beverages on man for time and eternity.

The temperance missionary is, in reality, an humble gospel preacher, and his words are often "spirit and life" to the individuals he visits, with the love of God in his heart, and the law of kindness from his lips. He tells these poor inebriates—whom the world has forgotten or cares not for—that it may be a terrible struggle, but they must struggle on; and when the victory over strong drink is won, the felicity of the deliverance in a sober mind and body no language can describe. We have seen many and known many who have been thus rescued (think of J. B. Gough,) ready to burst with joy over their escape! Dare the moderationist teach his drink-doctrine to one thus reclaimed from these unhallowed beverages? We venture to say "No!" Ask my venerable friend, James Stirling of Milngavie, who has done so much good since he gave up all "cursed drugs," if moderation would suit him. Ask another friend of our cause, Mr. James Winning of Paisley—ask Hocking, the "Birmingham blacksmith"—ask Father Ferguson, the active missionary of the Gorbals Total Abstinence Society—enquire of these competent judges what they think of moderation—a "leetle" of each or any of these lip-burning drinks? We know their reply, and ten thousand more given to taste formerly—but whose drunken appetite was changed; and now in their right mind, they joyfully tread their temperance course, never we hope to turn back to crooked ways, the paths where serpents always deceive and adders watch to sting! Teetotalism will bear the test of close investigation, and the fire of trial will manifest its worth. A beautiful English writer—an author of a brilliant but solid mind, speaking of the progress of truth, says:—"When a great truth is to be revealed, it does not flash once on the race, but dawns and brightens on a superior understanding, from which it is to emanate and to illuminate the future ages. On the faithfulness of great minds to this awful function, the progress and happinesss of men chiefly depend. The most illustrious benefactors of our race have been men who, having risen to great truths by spark flashing on spark, unchecked by prejudice, have held them as a sacred trust for their kind, and have borne witness to them amidst general darkness, under scorn and persecution, perhaps in the face of death. Such men, indeed, have not always made contributions to literature, for their condition has not allowed them to be authors, and their school education may have been scanty; but we owe the transmission, perpetuity, and immortal power of their new and high thoughts to kindred spirits who have concentrated and fixed them in books."

My late friend, Henry Bell, the "father of steam navigation," and Mr. Stephenson, the engineer of the Manchester and Liverpool

Railway, are persons whose want of literary attainments illustrate the truth of the splendid gem above quoted. These ingenious Britons, whose names will live in history as long as the steam-ship shall stem the waves twenty miles an hour, and the fire-horse drive the chariot on its iron-bound path twice the speed of the steam-impelled barque, which is performing its wonders through the watery world, where the name of Britain sounds in every wind as the birth-place of steam-boatism, steam-rail-coachism and teetotalism—three *isms* whose worth and glory language cannot unfold.

To mark the origin of the Union Society a splendid soiree was held in the City Hall, 22d April, 1851, which was intended to promote the association of all the temperance societies of our city in one moral confederacy against the drunkenness "stalking at noonday," and yielding a pestilence more dreadful than the Asiatic disease. Mr. James Mitchell cheerfully yielding his own right as president, suggested that Mr. Robert Kettle should preside at this great soiree, which was warmly responded to. In magnitude and intense interest, this meeting surpassed in grandeur and moral effect every prior one held in this city connected with the temperance societies. Its most cheering and delightful characteristic feature, however, was the fact —the novel fact, that one hundred ladies, with the utmost alacrity and christian zeal, volunteered to provide gratuitously for the same number of tables, consisting of thirteen individuals each, and kindly allowed the proceeds of the tickets to aid the mission fund of the association. Although the price of the ticket was only one shilling each guest, and the expense of a meeting like this in our City Hall necessarily high, yet the handsome sum of £32, 4*s.* 1*d.* was paid over to the treasurer, Thomas Steel, Esq., as the nett proceeds of this brilliant soiree. The chief speakers on this happy occasion, besides the chairman, Mr. Kettle, were the Rev. Wm. Reid of Edinburgh; Rev. William Hannay, Dundee; Rev. Fergus Ferguson, Glasgow; and Mr. James Mitchell, President of the Association. The speakers all acquitted themselves well. There was no mincing of the matter—no begging of the question, no faint-hearted apology to antagonists, no breaking down of the strength of the genuine teetotal principle to meet the views, or to allure and please the fancy of those milk-and-water advocates, whose ardent breathings towards the right side never go beyond gentle expediency. You may plead for teetotalism or may not, and still be in the way of duty! Away, we say with all such assistants. They are like Dr. Johnson's pilots, sarcastically pointed out by him to the trimming Lord Chesterfield—they only encumber the ship with their feeble aid when the gallant barque was safe.

Tuesday evening 22d April, 1851, will not soon be forgotten by the abstainers of this great city in their great soiree. It was an august sight to see so large an assembly of the ardent friends of all classes and all sects, meeting to show their unflinching purpose of

rooting out of our city and our nation those rude drinks, and those anti-christian customs which are our deep disgrace. The chair was taken at half-past six o'clock; and a blessing being asked by the Rev. Dr. James Paterson, of the Hope Street Chapel, (an old teetotaler,) the party sat down to tea, each lady, as before stated, gracing those tables for which they had amply provided refreshments which nourish and strengthen the body, and leave no sting behind, like the "*hip hip*" viands of very different assemblies. On the platform, around the esteemed chairman, were the Revs. Fergus Ferguson, James Paterson, David Johnston, William Scott, and Peter Mather, of Glasgow; Rev. Wm. Reid, of Edinburgh; Rev. Mr. Hannay, of Dundee; Rev. Mr. Guthrie, of Greenock; Rev. G. M'Callum, Neilston; Bailie Brodie, Dr. Aitken, and Messrs. Robert Smith, Archibald Livingston, John Mitchell, Andrew Reid, James Mitchell, E. Morris, Wm. Turner, Benn Pit, A. H. Maclean, Robt. Rae, M. Macfarlane, James Johnston, James Winning, Walter Peacock, George Caldwell, William Melvin, Thomas Graham, George Gallie, Peter Ferguson, and many other friends of the movement, who had put their shoulder to the wheel and proved its principles to be conducive to the real welfare of our race, and greatly needed in Britain, our own beloved land. The platform was also graced, on the present occasion, by the presence of the Fraser family, so celebrated by their musical powers, and by their hearty labours for the temperance of our country. Mr. Fraser (well known to the author) has given many a splendid lecture to advance our movements; and his amiable and talented daughters have nobly trod in their esteemed father's footsteps. This family contributed greatly to the delight of the vast assembly, by the musical powers of their voices in singing some of the first pieces of Britain's bards, all of an elevating tendency of mind and heart—Mr. Fraser conducted the piano with his usual skill. The Gorbals Total Abstinence Instumental Band were stationed in the western gallery, and during the evening gave a number of very enlivening airs. We have only room for two or three of the leading speeches, and these somewhat curtailed. After the tables of the ladies were cleared and all eyes fixed on the platform, the good-natured Chairman rose and spoke to the following effect:—

"My friends, I have been quite delighted to see you all so happy. Had I come into this splendid hall to-night with all the ills of Pandora's box on my back, I am quite sure the sight of so many happy faces would have enabled me quickly to shake them off—(great cheering followed this witty commencement).

'When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war'—

and when friends meet friends then comes the flow of peace. Will any one say, after this manifestation, that persons cannot be social and happy unless they get intoxicating drink? Surely not. I did not see the large assembly that met here the other week, with a Duke

at their head to grace the festive board; but after a meeting of this kind, with scenes of such moral beauty, even that assembly would have to hide its diminished head—(though by the way we understand the good Duke of Argyle, to whom I allude, is a practical teetotaler—so it has been reported). There may be some reason for my happiness to-night beyond that which is shared in by yourselves. You will say I am a little elevated, a little too much for my comfort; but I will support it, I will bear patiently with it, seeing I am supported by the best half of the human creation—those flowers that bloom in all weathers. (Great cheering.) The ladies have nobly done their best to make this a gladsome night. The more immediate object of this soiree is to celebrate the happily-formed union of the various total abstinence societies of Glasgow and suburbs. This wise step has been taken for the purpose of giving greater strength and more efficiency to the temperance cause in Glasgow, where I believe it is as much needed as in any part of the United Kingdom. It is twenty-two years now since this moral engine was first introduced into our country; and if I mistake not, Glasgow was the first place where it made progress, and spread from this city to surrounding districts; and, without disparagement to Edinburgh, I may truly say that Glasgow has ever since been the head quarters of the total abstinence movement—(hear, hear, and loud cheers). How necessary, my friends, is it then that we make every effort, not only to keep the ground we now possess, but to strive at far greater attainments to increase the number of our staunch adherents, and to aid our friends in other parts in this work. If the cause should sink in Glasgow—which, we believe, it will not—it will languish in other places depending much on our aid. When the heart is faint and languid, the extremities become cold and lifeless; but when all is life at head-quarters, the members of the body at a distance partake of the benefit. May we not, therefore, hope for great things when the moral militia of our state is under such good management, and the troops led by an old experienced officer, one who has fought many a tough battle, and in whom I am sure you will all have confidence when I tell you that this generalissimo is no less than major-general James Mitchell—(great cheering). Some people say to us, 'Let it alone, religion will cure intemperance and every other vice.' How is it, we ask, that religion exists so abundantly amongst us, and yet drunkenness stalks everywhere? I believe, with my whole heart, that the gospel of Christ can do it and will do it, but it will not do it unless it be applied—unless its principles are brought out, and that is what we profess to do. We are trying to remove the great barrier against the inlet of religion—that tremendous evil which keeps thousands and tens of thousands from coming under the sound of truth, and which disqualifies them from reading, or if they read the holy Scriptures, from any real benefit—all-blinding drunkenness. It

is curious but melancholy, to trace the natural progress of the drunkard. In its early stages it is all mirth and jollity, promising a rich harvest of happiness to its postulant—wit and humour, flatterings of excited and delighted feelings, follow each other in rapid succession. This process goes on; the pleasureable sensation gets behind a cloud; fits of insanity ensue, and after these are over nothing remains but gloomy disappointment and desires that cannot be gratified. Would you, my friends, like to enter into a course of this kind? Come then and join us immediately, do it with good conscience, and when you come to your death-bed you will have nothing to repent of on that score." (Cheering from all parts of the hall was the response to the opening speech of the Chairman.)

Mr. Kettle then called upon the Misses Fraser, who sang the duet and chorus of "The Slave," which elicited much applause from the happy assembly.

Mr. James Mitchell, the able president of the United Society, was next introduced, who delivered one of his best and most telling speeches, being a very interesting sketch of "the rise and progress of temperance societies, with special reference to the city of Glasgow," their birth-place in the teetotal movement in Scotland. Paisley, we know, claims this honour—but our opinion is that our friends there, for whom we have a high respect, can only prove this priority as applicable to a small juvenile society which existed in that spirited town when Glasgow finally hoisted the true teetotal banner in the Lyceum, as formerly. We do not wish to have any disputes with our excellent temperance friends in Paisley, but we state what we believe to be the truth, on this perhaps delicate point. *

Mr. Mitchell commenced his historical address by saying, that "The associations now known under the denomination of Temperance Societies, like most reformatory institutions, had their origin in a great necessity. Moral reforms in this lapsed world are seldom born before their time, and our movement forms no exception to the general rule. Temperance Societies must have appeared in the world, or drunkenness would very speedily have rendered our world both a bedlam and the lazar-house of creation. The preaching of

* Amongst the youths who took a most active part in the first Paisley Juvenile Society, none distinguished themselves more than my friend, Mr. David Melvin, then a youth, active in the Sunday schools of that town, but now in business of his own in Argyle Street, Glasgow. I remember being at a juvenile meeting in the Rev. Dr. Symington's Chapel, in Paisley, many years ago—(I think in 1832) —addressing the youths there, when Mr. Melvin showed great zeal and good sense as a leading young man, and my wish at the time was, that many youths like him would come forward to aid the good work. Mr. Melvin has adorned our cause from that time to this day, and his happy countenance, now in the prime of life, shows teetotalism agrees with health and happiness.

moderation in these foul liquors, and of our using them daily at our tables, however moderately, is a dreadful doctrine, which, thank God, will perish. We make these statements not so much from a contemplation of the vast extent to which intemperance had reached, nor of the manifold evils—dread horrors—which it was producing at the time when these societies started into life, but rather from the increased knowledge which has been since gained, both as to the originating cause and real nature of intemperance itself. Prior to the investigation which followed the keen agitation of the temperance principle, how it was that men of genius, men of morals, men of piety, men of the most amiable dispositions, men of the greatest intellectual culture were continually falling into habits of intemperance, or how these distressing accumulating evils were to be cured—these were points in moral and political philosophy as difficult of solution as the perpetual motion or the north-east passage. The whole moral and religious world were up in arms against drunkenness itself; the moralist condemned it, the poet fixed his lyre against it; the minister denounced it from the pulpit; the magistrate punished it, and the grave judge from the bench of justice; but still there was no abatement of the evil. The "River of Death" rolls on, and men were, by thousands, and fair women too, plunging daily into its turbid flood. No one ever seemed to dream that incipient drunkenness was nursed and fed at the tables of the sober—yes, the sober moralist, the sober preacher, the sober poet, the sober magistrate, and the sober judge! Their wine bottles and porter tumblers did the mischief. The simple but great discovery had not yet flashed through the world, that it was the temperate who made, the temperate who sold, and the temperate who drank, that were the great agents of drunkenness; and that the seeds of this fearful disease were being sown broadcast over the whole earth by the very men who hated it most, and were most anxious to have it destroyed, but who knew not yet the plan. Viewed in its finished, odious state, as it is, alas! so often found in the very bosom of our families, or seen reeling along our streets, no single departure from the laws of the great Creator seems more unlikely than drunkenness ever to become infectious. Behold yonder drink-ruined immortal —that blasted trunk of a noble tree! No diseased leper under the strict law of Moses was ever more shunned by the untainted Jew than this poor victim is now avoided by the very companions of his early career—his tattered apparel, his idiotic stare, his filthy person and blasphemous tongue, force us to turn from him in loathing disgust. But what is the history of this lost one, this wreck of humanity? A few short years only have passed since he was the steady merchant in his well-frequented shop—the punctual payer of all his bills, the close frequenter at the house of God, the patriarch in his family devotions, the happy husband and father of a happy home, and the honoured associate of the very men who now shrink

from his touch as they would from the embrace of a serpent. And what hurled him from this proud position in society and laid him low in this gulph of infamy? Did he fall from his high estate more through the depravity of an evil heart, or the drinking usages of common life? This is a question for thinking men to ponder—and not ruthlessly cast the blame of drunkenness on human nature, which in reality is to charge it upon God at once!" We call upon the expounders of Bible-doctrines of every creed to look seriously at this matter, and not to cling desperately to antiquated theories of priestly contradiction, which the thinking world is casting to the "moles and to the bats." Mr. Mitchell proceeds in his deeply interesting and life-infusing address (every word of which we heard from his lips in the City Hall) to say—"The written records of all civilized nations exhibit to us not only the extensive spread of this *dread vice*, but the deep anxiety of all good men and wise rulers to obtain its removal from the world. The laws of the ancient Egyptians, Persians, Greeks and Romans, and the maxims of their greatest sages, are full of discouragements to drunkenness. Glorious Homer, like our own Milton and Shakespeare, denounces the terrible vice. In our own country, the fiercest attacks that were ever uttered against crime, have been directed by law-givers and divines against the sin of drunkenness. The good Sir Matthew Hale has pictured intemperance as the bottomless pit, from which was continually streaming four-fifths of the crimes and miseries of the country. The pious Wesley has written its character in words of blood; and the great Robert Hall, the illustrious pulpit orator, in sentiments of burning fire. Sir Walter Raleigh has left his sublime testimony against the monster vice, and our acts of Parliament are burdened with descriptions of its intolerable grievances; and yet the evil continues and our government pockets the money from a legalised traffic, so confessedly disastrous to man's real welfare, in whatever light we view it. We say then, Sir, that in virtue of a law of nature—an unerring teacher which has existed since the formation of the world—that the internal use of alcohol creates a raging appetite for increased stimulation—(as Solomon tells us in Proverb xx. 1, by way of warning)—and that until our whole drinking fabric of giving and taking be torn from its foundations, men of genius and moral worth and elevated piety, to boot, as well as those of humbler life, will be ensnared and betrayed into ruin, and the world continue to be scathed and scourged with the horrors of intemperance! It was only about thirty years ago that any rational self-denying scheme was conceived of to get rid of this bane of humanity, and to reform the nations by a regular moral combination of abstaining entirely from every drink that can injure man. Twice we have read in history of persons, in all ages, who had themselves become intemperate, making vows and resolutions to give up for ever these intoxicating drinks; but in the midst of universal drinking customs,

these men were like the bird in the snare of the fowler, the more they struggled to get free from the cords that entangled them, the net-works of a conventional drinking world rendered all their efforts vain." (Cheers, long and hearty, followed these solemn truths). The eloquent speaker then gave a running glance at the formation of the American societies by Beecher, and the other great and holy men who stood by him. He told the meeting what wondrous results had flowed under the blessing of the Eternal; and how the sacred fire shone over the waves into Britain; and how Dunlop of Greenock, Collins and Kettle of Glasgow, and others in England and Ireland had taken up the cause—(of whose labours we have already spoken). Mr. Mitchell continued his animated strain:—"Ireland," said he, "although not now blazing under the leadership of Father Mathew, is still warm and glad through the sobriety which is planted there. England is steadily advancing; while in our own beloved Caledonia, the cause of these societies was never more cheering and bright. In Scotland we have above two hundred societies, and the number of abstaining ministers of all denominations is fast increasing. (Hear, hear.) Through the means of the press, the city of Glasgow has long been a centre of influence in the temperance struggle. Here it was that under the old societies the *Temperance Record*,* so ably and so successfully fought against the bitterest foe of our liberty. Here, too, it was that the journal, so long and so well conducted by our esteemed chairman, (cheers) fought bravely the same enemy of the world; and it is here that the *Review* and the *Adviser* still fight for true sobriety, and exercise an influence for good through all the societies, from the 'land's end to John O'Groats.' (Cheers.) The 'City of Glasgow United Total Abstinence Society,' under whose auspices this soiree is held, is an institution which is designed to do battle with the drunkenness of Glasgow itself, where the field is wide." We have omitted, in its proper order, the following passage in Mr. Mitchell's pointed speech, which is important, as it refers to the origin of teetotalism in this city, and the era of the present societies, whose history, we believe, no man knows better. "The Glasgow Total Abstinence Society, properly so called, was not instituted till September, 1836. In that month and year, Mr. John Finch, a gentleman from Liverpool, waited upon Mr. E. Morris, at the Canal Office, Port-Dundas, when it was agreed that he (Mr. Finch) should give a lecture in the Lyceum, Nelson Street, upon what was then termed the 'Radical Temperance Principle.' This lecture being advertised, was duly given. At the conclusion of that address, the chairman of Mr. Finch's meeting, Mr. Edward Morris—(cheers)—a gentleman now on the platform, proposed that a new society be immediately instituted—a proposal which was triumphantly carried, and thirty-seven persons present signed a pledge 'upon the Pres-

* Published by Mr. William Collins.

ton principle,' to abstain from all kinds of intoxicating liquors. In the same year, the Edinburgh Total Abstinence Society was instituted, and others rapidly followed in all the chief towns in Scotland. Teetotalism was speedily sent back to our friends in America, which was an amendment of the first temperance pledge that Britain copied from that Republic. The Americans at once embraced the new and spotless principle. In that mighty country, whose progress is so wondrous since Washington and Franklin established its independence, abstinence societies exist almost everywhere, and the results have been truly astonishing. The whole body of the ministers are thorough teetotalers; thousands of lawyers, leading deputies, literary men, and millions of the people are all alive to the movement. In India, in Africa, in Asia, in the sunny Isles of the Pacific, and the frozen regions of the gloomy North, these temperance institutions are clutched at as arks of safety for the weal of the world. This 'City of Glasgow Union' of the old societies in one firm bond, is distinct from the Scottish Temperance League, but by no means antagonistic. The very reverse. Several of our directors are in that noble institution, and glad shall we be to see the Scottish League extending its usefulness to every corner of the nation. The Glasgow Union Society, however, has a mighty task to accomplish here, and the city needs every effort. For fifteen years we have been combating the drunkenness of the people with the genuine pledge against all intoxicants, and during these years more than 100,000 persons have pledged themselves against strong drink for ever! (Cheers.) We do not say, we wish we could, that all have kept our test. The Saviour of the world spoke in his day of many that turned back from following him, and we have to lament the same; but this is no argument against our cause any more than it was against his ever-blessed gospel. At the end of the first four years of the Society's history, we could reckon that not fewer than 800 drunkards had been lifted out of the horrible debased state into which they had fallen, and been restored to society and families as sober and industrious citizens. (Cheers.) Many, Sir, have been prevented, we believe thousands, by our labours, from falling into the deadly vortex by shunning the maddening bowl." We pass by several interesting passages of this telling address, and shall conclude Mr. Mitchell's speech by the extract in which that gentleman sums up the number of our meetings, and his well-merited allusion to the splendid assistance rendered by the ladies of our movement:—"Six or seven meetings, weekly, are held by us, which are well attended, to lecture hundreds into sobriety, besides instructing fifteen thousand young persons how to avoid the drunkard's fate! This is no little labour for working men to perform. We must have a class of men trained by experience, and qualified to explain and enforce our principles and strong resolves, to devote themselves exclusively to the great

moral movement. I am anxious not to let this splendid meeting separate without an invitation to a special effort for our intended Temperance City Mission. One hundred kind hearts and fair hands have provided us this sumptuous feast, the profits of which go to the Mission Fund. (Cheers.) There is surely grace and love in the deed, and the joy-beaming faces of this vast gathering declare your reward has begun. (Loud cheers.) But might I not venture to suggest, as a practical reformer, that a lady's committee should be speedily formed—a bazaar projected where the ladies of Glasgow, as well as some from the country, will bring the work of their fair fingers to our City Hall on the last day of 1851, (cheers) and then commence the first night of 1852 with another soiree, such as we are tasting the moral beauties of. By these measures, with our temperance missionaries breaking up the fallow ground before our gospel ministers, and removing the bottle that the Bible may have its proper place, and be able to speak out its contents to all. Then shall it come to pass that the motto on our pledge-card shall be true in fact, and all see it—'Glasgow flourishes through the preaching of the Word.'"—(Great marks of approbation followed this judicious conclusion).

Sacred melodies by the Fraser family, accompanied by the fine, well-conducted Gorbals Instrumental Band, in the gallery, were now given; after which the Rev. William Reid delivered one of those honest, fearless, out-and-out speeches, which we always like to hear from him, and which the audience responded to, showing how much the pious speaker laid hold of their judgment and conscience. There was much original matter and beautiful illustration in Mr. Reid's speech, which won conviction on many. The Rev. Fergus Ferguson (of Glasgow) followed Mr. Reid, in a strain of great eloquence, and showed how intemperance hindered the spread of the gospel, and weakened the hands greatly of the Christian pastors. Mr. Ferguson is one of the most active and zealous advocates of teetotalism in our city, and sees clearly how strongly the Bible takes up our cause. We wish every minister of religion saw this holy connection, they would not long stand neutral, much less in hostility to the movement. The Rev. Alexander Hannah (of Dundee) a very able temperance advocate, next addressed the assembly, expressing great pleasure "in having come from a distance" to attend this vast meeting, and said he was much delighted by what he had seen and heard that night—that the meeting would do much good. The Fraser family concluded with two solos, which were most warmly received; after which, with thanks to the Chairman, Mr. Kettle, for his good order and wise advices, the joyful and large assembly retired.

CHAPTER XVIII.

1852.

Lieut.-Colonel Shaw a zealous, able leader—John M'Gavin, Esq., President of the Commercial Total Abstinence Society, which displays great talent and has done much good in the great cause—public soiree in the City Hall, in January—chief speakers, Rev. W. Scott, D. Russell, Mr. George Easton, Mr. Livingston and Mr. James Mitchell—the soiree was, perhaps, one of the most crowded and effective for its end ever held in Scotland, each lady presiding at their respective tables, which they had themselves replenished plentifully, to aid the friends of the institution—Rev. George Blyth, a letter from that gentleman—great soiree in the City Hall, John M'Gavin, Esq., presiding—Mr. M'Gavin, Mr. George Roy, and the Glasgow Commercial Total Abstinence Society—a valuable institution showing travellers can do business without wild drinks—the ladies' great bazaar to raise funds—its great results—the names of some of its donators—several reflections—Mr. A. Livingston's great services of time and money to this cause.

We have been present at many temperance soirees both in England and Scotland, during the last twenty-five years, but never did we feel more unmingled pleasure, or see the social beauties of the temperance principle more agreeably brought out than at this first celebration of the Union Association, and we believe all who were present at this exciting assembly will concur in this view. Every arrangement was made with great judgment, and the stewards of the feast moved at their pleasant posts so as to deserve the thanks of the meeting, which, to the best of our recollection, were tendered to them by Lieut.-Colonel Shaw in a few pithy sentences, which were characterised by his orginality and urbanity of deportment. The temperance cause owes much to this highly esteemed officer, who served in India under the good Sir Charles Napier, (now departed from earthly scenes,) a general in the British service, and cousin to our gallant admiral of the Baltic fleet.

On the 1st of January, 1852, a soiree was held in the City Hall, at which John M'Gavin, Esq., presided, owing to the indisposition of the President of the Union, Mr. James Mitchell. Mr. M'Gavin has distinguished himself greatly as a leading advocate from the first starting of the "Glasgow Commercial Total Abstinence Society," whose members hold their weekly meetings in the neat hall of the Garrick Temperance Hotel (Mr. M'Donald's), 24 Stockwell Street,

of which we shall say more hereafter, and of its able lecturers "not a few"—with our witty friend, Mr. George Roy, amongst them, the "poet and the moralist" of that healthy society. The chief speakers at this new year soiree were—the Chairman, Archibald Livingston, Esq.; Rev. William Scott, (Glasgow), Rev. D. Russell, (Dunfermline); and Mr. George Easton, agent of the Scottish Temperance League. The speakers all acquitted themselves worthily, and a deep interest was kept up to the last, when the Chairman (Mr. John M'Gavin) summed up the speeches, remoulding some of the gems of the orators, and clothing them in a few sound and salutary remarks, which were well received by the audience. Although many of the warmest friends could not be present, on account of family meetings at this joyous season, yet this soiree filled the spacious hall, and a large sum was raised from the profits for the mission fund, particulars of which are given in the annual report for 1852. At the regular meeting in June, this year, the committee got up a petition to Parliament, urging the appointment of a select committee of that honourable House, to inquire into the laws affecting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks. This petition was adopted at a public meeting called for the purpose, and held in the Rev. Fergus Ferguson's chapel, Blackfriar's Street, at which Colonel Shaw presided, and signed the petition, sending it to be presented by Alexander Hastie, Esq., M.P. for Glasgow. A few days afterwards that gentleman wrote back, saying he had, as requested, presented the petition to the House, and mentioned in his letter to Colonel Shaw, that the spirit manifested led him to hope that a committee would be appointed next session of Parliament. The Union Association expressed their gratitude to the Councillors and Magistrates of the city, for the aid these gentlemen had given them on several occasions when they thought it in the line of their duty to suggest to these authorities wherein they could, by a wise discretion, exercise their influence for the general good. To the superintendent of the city police, (Mr. Smart) whose promptitude in answering the Committee's Secretary, they are much indebted, and their thanks were due to him. The able report he drew up, dated "Central Police Chambers, Glasgow, 20th January, 1852," showing, from the police books, a decrease of 7,050 drunken cases compared with the former year. This was encouraging news to the teetotalers to fight on. It has been said by a great English author, to "drag vice out in all its odious colours, is to make all men hate and shun it." The moral is good, but it does not always hold true. Many look at vice in its darkest hues, and yet go and do the same things when evil passions prompt to wicked deeds. Still the flood of true light which teetotalism, by the mighty hand of God, had raised in our cities and through all the land, has assuredly opened the eyes of millions to the mighty importance of a genuine reformation of our people from the mad drinking customs of these lovely isles of Britain, which stand out

with such radiant glory for those intellectual and moral qualities which bind a thousand lands to ours. Drink is our odium. A fine genius has said, when exposing these bad drinks of Albion—

"Thou oldest of the elements which sprung
From underneath the Spirit's brooding wings,
When chaos heard that potent voice which rang,
Commanding life and being to all things,—
Hail water! beautiful thy gushing springs,
Thy lakes and rivers—shrined in clouds or dew,
In ice or snow—or where the rainbow flings
Its radiant arch; in every form and hue,
Thou glorious element art ever fair and new."*

The learned Southey says—

"Thalaba took not the cruel draught,
For rightly he knew had the prophet forbidden
That beverage, the *mother of sins*—
Nor did the urgent guests
Proffer a second time the liquid fire,
When in youth's strong eye they saw
No moveable resolve—
Yet not incestuous; Thalaba
Drank the cool draught of innocence."

The Alcoran of Mahomet condemns all intoxicating drinks as a beverage, and calls them, as Southey tells us, "the mother of sins." The Mahometans act up to their teaching, and are teetotalers. The Bible, the Christian's sacred volume, in stronger language than the Alcoran, denounces these "fire-waters" as common drinks, yet the great majority of Christians take these liquors, clergy and laymen, notwithstanding God's book warns us of their evils. Dr. Frederick Lees truly says, that in this matter the followers of the Arabian teacher obey him in that which is good, while Christians seem to disbelieve the Bible and break its commands in the matter of these bad drinks. The Doctor is correct in this statement. O! how long shall it be so! Turkey has seen some sad sights in our army of the evils of these British brewings, during the present war in Russia.

That self-taught great genius and pithy writer, the late William Cobbett, has the following striking remarks on the drinking customs of the English after dinner:—"A man that cannot pass an evening without drink merits the name of a sot. Why should there be intoxicating drink for the purpose of carrying on conversation? Women surely stand in no need of drink for the purpose of stimulating their nimble tongues; and I have a thousand times admired their patience in sitting quietly at their work, while their husbands and brothers were engaged in the same room, with bottles and glasses before them, thinking nothing of the expense, and still less of the shame and degradation which the practice reflects upon

* John Edmonds.

them. How these sots of the bottle drive the women—the glory and beauty of their house—away from their table, as if their presence were a nuisance! They seem to say, by such conduct, to their wives, mothers and sisters—You have had one glass, that is sufficient for you; but we of the *stern* sex, must remain to fill ourselves with drink, and to talk in words which your ears ought not to endure! When women are getting up to retire from the table men rise in honour of them; but they take special care not to follow their good example. The fumes of the bottle enslave and bewilder them. That which is not fit to be uttered before women is unfit to be uttered at all; and it is next to a proclamation tolerating drunkenness and every indecency, to send women from the table the moment they have swallowed their food. This monstrous practice has been ascribed to a desire to leave them to themselves. But why should they be left to themselves? The conversation of good and sensible women is always the most lively, while their persons are generally the most agreeable objects. They are the genuine friends and fit companions of men. The plain truth is, however wine-bibbers may try to hide their motives, it is the *love* of the drink and of the indecent talk that sends women from the table; and it is a practice which I have always abhorred. I like to see young men, especially, follow their mothers, sisters and sweethearts out of the room, and prefer their company to that of the sots who are left behind, sucking out the death-cups."*—These remarks of the most powerful English writer of his day tell well for teetotalism, although the term is not used by Cobbett, who saw the monstrosity of our drinking customs, and the dreadful evils to which they lead.

The Ladies' Temperance Bazaar.—In every great movement there are certain occurrences which have a giant power of aiding the work—a power which years of ordinary effort could not produce. This effect was brought about by the great bazaar held in the City Hall—the fruit of the noble exertions of the leading ladies of the temperance movement—wives, mothers, daughters, cousins and all, combining their benevolent activities for a godlike end, which they nobly accomplished. Our readers will recollect, in our former pages we stated that Mr. James Mitchell, in his able speech, so full of historical correct information, delivered at the great soiree in the City Hall early in 1851, suggested this bazaar, as intended to form the "sinews of war" for the union army. The "credit, therefore, of originating this, as well as many other valuable practical measures for carrying out the cause is due," (as observed by a gentleman who has written much on temperance,) "to that veteran and talented abstainer." Owing to the long-protracted indisposition of Mr. Mitchell, during his Presidency of the United

* William Cobbett's Counsels to Young Men.

Association, the bazaar scheme was held for some time in abeyance, but never was the idea of having it abandoned. On Mr. Mitchell's partial recovery, to the joy of many, the scheme was again agitated in right earnest, as a special work by the ladies committee, to be carried out by them, aided by the committee of the United Association. These excellent women prosecuted their undertaking for several months with noiseless but wise energy, till it was crowned with a result that met the most sanguine expectation of all concerned. Although there had been two public bazaars in Glasgow for patriotic and Christian objects — namely, for the "Female Anti-Slavery Society," and to establish a Protestant place of worship in the renowned fortress of Gibraltar—still our ladies' bazaar brilliantly succeeded, and we may say of its conductors, that Nelson's famous signal to his gallant men was illustrated in this affair—"every man and woman did their duty;" not with those fearful weapons used so tellingly by our great naval hero and his brave-hearted sailors, but by moral means and kind solicitations. The appearance of the City Hall on the 31st December, both in the variety, quantity and quality of the articles collected, was such as to delight with astonishment the friends of our cause, and show its opponents its deep root in the public mind. Up to this eventful display, the world generally did not think teetotalism had struck its forks so deep and wide—and the vast crowds of all classes and all ages who rushed to the Hall during the two days of sale by the ladies, presented a scene which the proudest painter might have exulted to sketch.

The writer was present all the time, and his muse was somewhat kindled as he beheld the many sun-lit faces of admiring youth, and well-pleased parents and grand-parents from the country—and of the well-known men and women who had laboured with him in "other years," when teetotalism was but a rippling rill, and many wiseacres said it would soon dry up. But no, it runs yet—

The little rill a river is
  That flows and yet will flow
Majestic, Britain! for thy peace—
  Far as the sun-beams go.

Fed is the stream from fountain vast—
  By Him we all should trust—
Whose truth and love for ever last,
  And temp'rance triumph must.

The immense pile of goods, varied in beauty and variety as the flowers in May—their elegance in many respects, and their value and usefulness, imparted pleasure to the beholder, and this was increased in pondering over the objects which the proceeds of this "pile of British ingenuity" were to be devoted to. It would doubtless strike the beholders that in the streets and squares, in the

high-sounding terraces and princely mansions where some of these visitors resided, and in the same houses with themselves, perhaps the same roofs, in the midst of some of their own dear domestic circles—some were that moment destroying themselves with those deceiving liquors which *brave* teetotalism will put an end to.

It is not in my power to give the names of the many highly respectable ladies and gentlemen who sent their donations on this occasion. From John Henderson, Esq. of Park; Sir Wilfred Lawson, of Brayton Hall, Cumberland; and Peter Drummond, Esq. of Stirling—our zealous ladies received articles, which were as valuable for their money-worth, as they were for their appropriateness for the philanthropic object which originated this bazaar. The contributions of these well-known gentlemen consisted of a large and valuable assortment of practical, religious and temperance publications, written by some of the first scholars of the land, and admirably fitted to aid the movement. Many of these books were elegantly bound, and in styles of finish which might have pleased the eye of royalty, and have a place in the libraries of our nobility.

We have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with Mr. Drummond, the philanthropist of Stirling, but have long entertained a high opinion of him, and we think it but a just testimony to his merits to say, that the millions and tens of millions of Temperance Tracts which he has issued from his well-replenished repository, have been amongst the very best we have ever read, (and our reading has not been small), and have diffused far over the Scottish nation, and to England also, the most enlightened views of true temperance. There is no hesitation, no doubt in these tracts, as to the union of sound teetotalism with vital Christianity. Mr. Drummond reads his bible free from college prejudices and dogmatic church theology. He sees what Dr. Adam Clarke saw, what Dr. Moses Stuart, of Andover, (in America,) sees, and what the Rev. Albert Barnes, in his admirable "Notes on the Bible," teaches —that the book of God sternly condemns, as beverages to healthy persons, all intoxicating liquors. This is the view held forth in "Drummond's Stirling Tracts," for which genuine teetotalers will thank the zealous publisher. To William Campbell of Tillichewan Castle, our princely Glasgow merchant, known for his extensive charities, private and public, the ladies of this bazaar were grateful for his handsome present; as also to Messrs. Bartholomew & Co.; Stewart & M'Donald; Thomas Chalmers & Co.; Wingate, Son & Co.; Archibald Livingston, Esq., Abbotsford Place, (now president of the Union society); Messrs. Henry Monteith & Co.; Miss Monteith of Pinkie House, per Mrs. Aird; Jas. Dunn, Esq., of Adelphi Street; Messrs. Barclay & Curle, ship-builders; Messrs. Jas. & Geo. Roy, Candleriggs; Messrs. Tannahill and Robertson, Glassford Street; and very many others (whose names appear in the second annual report of this society); to these donors of our cause we owed much

success, which gave teetotalism a new and a great life in Glasgow, which it feels to this day.

On new-year's day morning the tide of visitors to this temperance bazaar commenced early, preceded, according to a previously arranged plan, by many hundreds, we may say thousands, of the members of the juvenile associations in their best dresses and gladdened countenances, to see this "great sight" of their beloved teetotalism. Many a gentle *pat* on the shoulder did the youngsters get, as they passed in succession their adult friends and neighbours. It was a sight on which the friendly messengers on high might have gazed upon, and probably did with unmingled delight. Amongst the visitors might be seen with their ladies, wives, and sisters and daughters, many of the first merchants, bankers, lawyers, ministers of religion, literary men, and others—but the mass of the assembly consisted of our active artizans and working men, with their happy wives and families, whose appearance gave "testimony strong" that they found this day to be a "happy new-year day," to them. Amongst some of the ingenious and useful exhibitions of this bazaar, there were two printing-presses, kept busily throwing off poetical articles, written for the occasion, and sold by the printers, who gave the money to the temperance mission fund. One of the presses belonged to Messrs. Blackie & Son, the great publishers of Villafield, Glasgow, presided over by a talented leader of the temperance societies, Mr. C. B. Macpherson, who composed the excellent verses printed by him, which had a good sale, and showed his taste for the sublime art. The other press was supplied by Messrs. K. & R. Davidson, of 33 Virginia Street, who aided the movement by neatly-printed original pieces, in flowing rhyme, which had a good show of favour. At five o'clock the bazaar closed, and two hours afterwards accommodation was ready for 1600 persons, who sat down to tea, with a glittering of table equipage, furnished by the ladies with a quickness that made grave and wise people wonder at the celerity. Teetotalism makes clear heads and active steady hands, while foul drinks tend greatly to the reverse. Mr. James Mitchell, president of the association, was the chairman of the soiree, surrounded by the leading members of the various committees; amongst whom were Robert Smith, Esq., president of the Scottish Temperance League, Archibald Livingston, Esq., who succeeded Mr. Mitchell as president of the Union Association, John M'Gavin, Esq., Lieut.-Colonel Shaw, Rev. J. Ballantine, Rev. George Blyth, Rev. F. Ferguson, Rev. M. Wilson (of Aberdeen), Rev. John Williams, George Smith, Esq., Dr. M'Culloch (Dumfries), George Gallie, Esq., James Campbell, Esq., James Turner (of Thrushgrove), Thomas Trench, Esq., William Melvin Esq., and James Morton, Esq., with others of our tried leaders, who will not forget this glad day. The principal speakers on this occasion were the Chairman, Lieut.-Col. Shaw, Rev. M. Wilson, Rev. Mr. Ballantine, Rev. Mr. Blyth,

Dr. M'Culloch (of Dumfries), and John M'Gavin, Esq. All these gentlemen did justice to the subject, and pledged the audience, by their thrilling eloquence, to promote the best interests of mankind.

The chairman's speech, which was allowed to be one of his happiest displays, is reported in full in the annual report of the society for 1853. It was an "epitome of the past history, present position, and future prospects of this association," which had done nobly. This speech we cannot give for want of space. One quotation only we shall give, in which Mr. Mitchell alludes to the Union of Gorbals Society, which has done *immense good*:—"I am happy here to say that the Gorbals Society, which, under the leadership of my esteemed friend and indefatigable fellow-labourer, Archibald Livingston, Esq., has won so many bloodless triumphs, will, from this day, (1st January, 1853,) form part and parcel of this Association. (Great cheering.) And thus, ladies and gentlemen, have we carried the formation of one cold water company for both sides of Clyde, which will, if we mistake not, prove as beneficial to the morals as it has been alleged the formation of another water company would be to the stomachs of the lieges of Glasgow." This was an allusion to the strong attempt, but hitherto in vain, that had been then made to unite the Glasgow and Gorbals water companies into one interest, about which much paper has been blotted, and dashing speeches spouted, but as we said to no purpose. The number of adult teetotalers were stated at this soiree to be 16,000, juveniles 18,000, and large numbers of other societies in Glasgow who were not reckoned in this summary. We shall now give a few striking cases of the fruits of the mission, which the ladies had thus so kindly provided the funds to support. In looking over the quarterly and annual reports furnished to Mr. James Mitchell, the superintendent of these missionaries, (nine in number,) from their daily visitations to the garrets and cellars where men and women are dying of maddening drinks, "wrapped in clouds of darkest night," we give these three:—

From the journal of Mr. David Dunn, who has long toiled in the good work—and is not yet in his venerable age tired of it. He says:—"During the year 1852 I have visited 5000 families, distributed 20,000 pages of temperance tracts, attended upwards of 100 public meetings, persuaded many heads of families to abandon the death-cup and use the Bible in place of the bottle—to avoid the public-house, and attend the preaching of the Word of Salvation. I cherish the hope that although I shall never see the fruits of my labours in this world, I shall know of, and rejoice over it in that 'better land' to which prophets point, and where Christ is preparing mansions for His followers." Mr. Dunn especially bewails the fearful extent to which female intemperance prevails, and that not amongst the humblest of our population only, but also to a painful degree amongst the females of the more affluen

classes of society, (which we know to be a sad truth,) who take the wily drug more in their quiet homes, where their husbands, it may be, keep a well-stored cellar of bottles of every hue and every smack to suit a corrupted taste—for we sternly maintain, that a love of strong drink implies the perversion of man's natural taste—which proves the drinker in the wrong.

The Rev. George Blyth, a very active teetotaler, in a letter to the Secretary of the Glasgow United Abstinence Association, says:—

"I beg to express my cordial approbation of the efforts of your society to establish a permanent temperance mission. When in a foreign land I advocated abstinence from strong drink as an important means of advancing the cause of vital Christianity; and since my return to Glasgow I am convinced more deeply that, when carried out consistently with gospel principles, teetotalism is an effectual instrument of reclaiming the intemperate, and of preserving the sober from falling into drunken habits; and if the labours of the missionary be rendered more effective by uniting the abstinence principle with a pure Christianity, I conceive the temperance lecturer must gain at least an equal advantage, by using the gospel as an heavenly means to aid his benevolent cause. The band of abstainers who devoted a portion of their time to the reformation of Main Street, Gorbals, in this town, have set us a noble example of Christian devotedness to the best of causes; and having at once formed a society of abstainers, many of whom have been reclaimed from intemperance, some of a long course, and collected into a Christian congregation—they have thereby attained two great objects, either of which would have been an ample recompense for their labours. May you be cheered by an equal amount of success, according to the extent of your efforts. Not one at all acquainted with the moral condition of this great city can doubt, for a moment, of there being room for all the agents you will have it in your power to employ. I believe that all the agency hitherto employed has made but a slight impression on the drunkenness that prevails. A large portion of the young are growing up in the bad practice of those drinking customs which have brought such degradation on their fathers, (from whom they imbibed the unenviable habit,) and there is an unceasing descent of a portion of the sober class, not excepting professing Christians, towards the lowest platform of intemperance. I am aware, Sir, of the necessity of watching over reformed drunkards, and of the danger of being too sanguine of their steady perseverance; but this admission indicates the duty and utility of employing missionaries whose attention will be especially devoted to them, which is your great aim.

I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

GEORGE BLYTH.*

2 CHATHAM PLACE, 12*th January*, 1853.

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* See a printed circular at the end of this work, signed by many other pious and devoted ministers of the gospel, of different denominations, strongly attesting the value of this employment of temperance missionaries to prosecute the Christian work of this great reformation to free our isle of intemperance.

This letter of Mr. Blyth breathes the spirit of genuine religion, while it inculcates those principles of true sobriety which are inseparable from that gospel which Christ and His apostles have left us as a divine legacy which is to regenerate the whole world. These views of this pious preacher, who is a true friend to the working classes, while he is no enemy to those who claim the higher ranks, are such as the accredited temperance lecturers have taught from the first. Mere worldly motives of self-preservation will not, in most cases, keep a man or woman sober, but by connecting divine truth, and making it our rock, this is the way to moral victory and lasting security. The allusion to our friends of the Gorbals' societies in this sensible letter, is well merited. There has been a great work in the temperance vineyard by our friends on the south side of our noble river. Mr. Peter Ferguson, the hearty, untiring, able missionary of that district, has long laboured and to good account, amongst the dense population of that busy suburb. The Mission Church in the Main Street of Gorbals, under the ministry of the Rev. Mr. M'Crae, (formerly of Oban, in the West Highlands,) to which Mr. Blyth refers, is a beautiful instance of successful missionary effort—of what might be done on a broader scale by extending their labours through this vast city—where thousands and tens of thousands, it is to be feared, are living "without God and without hope" of any immortality of bliss; yet "all are called to seek God and His salvation." Messrs. Peter Ferguson, J. Y. Bogle, James Dunn, and William Niven, were the active men in preparing the way for this interesting congregation, chiefly of reformed working men. Long and ardently, wisely and prayerfully had these intrepid friends of temperance laboured in this barren, and till then neglected field. Now heavenly fruit appeared. The wilderness blossomed. Many drunkards were reclaimed who had spent precious time and hard-earned money in those dark houses where blasphemy abounds, while the brewings of misery are poured out to destroy body and soul. Great and glorious was the reformation. A section of the locality was fixed on, and Mr. Ferguson, the ever-willing missionary of that district, went to explore the field and plan the moral battle. The following are the moral statistics which were given after a painstaking survey of that barren wilderness in a city boasting of its Christianity:—

"In the section visited there were 453 families, consisting of 2,248 individuals. Of these families, 307 professed the Protestant creed—135 of whom professed to have church connection, and to be church-going; 133 were Scotch, and two Irish; 177 of these Protestant families confessed they had no place of worship, and never attended any; 149 of these were Scotch, 26 Irish, and two English; 146 families professed themselves Roman Catholic, of which 43 professed they had church connection and attended the service; 183 had no seats in church, were what they termed them-

selves non-church going. We have thus 172 families professedly church-going, and 281 who made no profession, and for whom no one cared. There were 171 families in which one or both parents were given to intemperance. There were also 155 adults, and 91 juvenile abstainers—and only 155 children attending school."—It was in the midst of this moral desert that this small teetotal meeting began, which has grown into a good congregation, and a new chapel has been built (in 1854,) where the author has heard the worthy preacher holding forth a practical Christianity to an earnest congregation, many of whom will bless God through eternity for the temperance institution and on their joining in it, which has been to them "like life from the dead." We press this fact upon the consideration of the Christian public, as every way worthy of their serious attention. The Rev. Mr. Blyth, in his Stirling Square Congregation, and the Rev. Mr. M'Crae, in Main Street, Gorbals, can tell a cheering story how the true principles of the temperance movement harmonise with, and are a powerful auxiliary to the spread of pure and undefiled religion. The mission in the Old Wynd, in connection with the Tron Free Church, is under the care of a good man, who is an abstainer, and zealous in the cause, Mr. Hogg. This Old Wynd is terribly infested with whisky-houses, *alias* death-shops. Hear what the Rev. Dr. Buchanan said regarding this drink-smitten district, in his eloquent and truthful speech before the Free Church General Assembly in May, 1851, held in the Scottish Capital:—"The Assembly have heard," said the learned Doctor, "what a mere handful of the population I have been describing frequent the house of God; but they have other houses of worship in great abundance. Within the limits of that single parish (Tron), whose entire area is less than eleven acres of ground, there are 115 places for the sale of intoxicating drinks; spirit-shops and cellars, low taverns, flaring gin-palaces, and gaudy music-saloons, all doing the devil's work as busily as they can!" This is a fearful picture given, but remember, not by a teetotaler, but by a good and popular preacher of the moderation school. Had the author of this work, or any of his beloved colleagues, drawn the above moral portrait, some would have said, "O, this is the dark colouring of the wild temperance men—do not heed them!" We know, however, that the Rev. Gentleman is correct—and we are glad of his testimony—it should make him, one would think, to step into our "life-boat," where no "devil's work" is done, and where no "low taverns" or high "flaring gin-palaces" find a single customer. We could tell this esteemed minister of the Glasgow Tron Free Church, of another picture not very pleasant to contemplate. There is a large handsome Free Church now building, (while this work is progressing speedily for the press,) in Duke Street, Glasgow, in a conspicuous place, but close by that showy church there is a tremendous brewery of high

name, whose respectable proprietors, unless we are greatly mistaken, have subscribed, or will subscribe most liberally to this splendid place of divine worship. Now, that same brewery and such like, are the wholesale suppliers with death-liquor of those cruel shops, so well pictured by Dr. Buchanan. How will such opposites stand the fiery ordeal of God? We think this is a startling question. We believe the gentlemen connected with the great establishment alluded to, are amongst the worthiest of our fellow-citizens, and charitable in all their relations of life—but it is the moral tendency of the traffic which we look at, as pressing so dreadfully against everything that is "holy and just, and lovely and good"—our history, in the spirit of our remarks; and having to pass by that palmy building lately, we were arrested by it, and the contrast from the busy commercial establishment on which the new church looks down from its elegant towering points. We shall give one other picture of the fruits of those "115 places" of strong drink, which the Rev. Doctor mentions:—"I visited lately," says a temperance missionary, "one of the drink-made criminals of our city. This wretched man has for the last ten years been a member of the 'Stripping Club;' that is a company of drunkards who, when no other way of obtaining drink can be got, strip each other of their clothes, and pawn or sell them for the vile purpose." Knowing the man's conduct, and seeing his pitiable condition, I spoke kindly to him, and his first look of scorn was changed into that of distress in feeling his misery, which drink had brought on him. "Do you really think," said he, "is it possible for me to become a sober man?" I replied "that while life lasted there was hope. I pointed him to the Lamb of God who took away the sin of the world, and his sins amongst others; but told him the first step must be the entire abandonment of the cup of death. Take our pledge," said I—"We will visit you—pray for you—assist and encourage in your reformation. The big tear rolled fast down his cheek; he came to me in the evening, took his pledge-card of membership—is still keeping it, and I have strong hopes that even he will become a sober man." Publican! whisky-maker! see the fruits of your trade. What advice would you have given to this ruined man who was your customer? You would perhaps have said for sheer shame, "Drink less, be *moderate*." But the teetotaler was the moral philosopher and the friend of the poor inebriate, he said "Give up all drunkard's drinks at once, this alone will be your safety." Is it not true, reader?

We have repeatedly, in the latter pages of this work, alluded to the useful and benevolent agency of females in the temperance field. From 1851 to the present, (October, 1854,) there has been a very active, voluntary band of ladies, whose visitations and large distributions of excellent temperance tracts in every quarter where they could gain access, have formed an important element in our success.

Mr. James Mitchell is the chairman of the Ladies' Visiting Committee, and it is truly delightful to behold the zeal of these wives, mothers and daughters, who often find access to families and individuals, where persons of the other sex could not. Throughout all history, in every part of the civilized world, woman, lovely woman! has been found the friend of grief-stricken humanity. In the Grecian, the Roman, and the British history, many of the brightest pages are filled with eloquent descriptions of the heroic doings of gentle but long-enduring woman. The temperance society is blessed with many who have borne our banners with a moral fortitude which has carried convictions far and wide, and won many members to our cause by this female agency, whose numbers and activity have mightily helped it on. "At home, from the cottage to the castle, woman is seen moving about like a ministering angel," says a pithy writer, "pouring consolation into the drooping heart, and drying the tears from the afflicted ones. It was woman's love and woman's potent influence which helped to abolish slavery in the British colonies; and in all probability the pen of a woman, and she an American—the beauteous Stowe—will one day, ere long, break n pieces that accursed system which still disgraces the boasted Republic of freedom and equality, 'as deeply as wild drinks mar Britain's glory.'" The same writer adds, "Let the women of Britain banish the wine-cup from their firesides, and the lives of our people would soon be free from the vice of drunkenness." There certainly is a very great change in domestic arrangements. The temperance societies have purified much from the practices of old times, when the fiery bottle showed itself almost to every person when he came to take a cup of tea with a friend. It was in April, 1806, that the author came from Shrewsbury to the great Spinning Works of New Lanark, then in the hands of Robert Owen & Co., with whom he served as a clerk for nineteen years. He remembers being invited, with the cashier of New Lanark, to take tea at a highly respectable friend's house, at the famous old borough-town of Lanark, one mile from the rock-bound village. Some ten or twelve persons sat down to the kind family tea. The language, customs and manners were new to the author, though agreeable and pleasing from their very novelty. When a certain number of cups of tea were taken, the author put in his spoon as a signal for "no more tea." The good mistress of the house said, "O Mr. Morris, you must not stop yet; there is, at all events, one cup more needed for the blue cream." "The blue cream," said I, "what is that, Mrs. G——?" Her daughter, an accomplished young lady, quickly showed what was meant, by bringing out of a large press a tremendous *black bottle* called "the major." It would probably hold a gallon. It was filled with the strongest Scotch whisky. Each empty tea-cup was then replenished, and a glass of this was mixed in every cup with the cream and sugar, and which it was expected as a mark of

good breeding and honour to the good family, at whose well-stored table the happy party sat, would be cleared to the very dregs! So they were. My English brain not being, till then, acquainted with the Scotch "fire waters," was somewhat stimulated, and I was taxed by the young lady, a noble creature, who handed the "major," to sing the "Exile of Erin," and I think "Highland Mary," two as beautiful songs as ever were penned; but which I would rather recite than sing, because nature has not given me a singing voice or a musical talent. Now this giving of a glass of "fire water" in the last cup, was at that time, and long after, a very common thing in Scotland. Now, indeed, it is almost unknown, and every right instructed mind is glad it is done away. The temperance reformation has been the great means of this improvement, and also of equal improvements on funeral occasions, where in "olden times" the maddening drinks did wild things, some of which I have witnessed with a disgust upon which I will not dwell. I rejoice in the advance of society, and am animated to aid my friends in our common enterprise.

TO THE LADIES WHO CONDUCTED THE TEMPERANCE BAZAAR IN THE CITY HALL.

Loved ones of our banner! you've battled it well,
The bards of your doings exulting will tell
To those who shall follow your footsteps so bright—
How you 'neath this standard so nobly did fight.

Too many to name in my verse are ye, friends!
But well are ye known—your example well tends
To strengthen our hearts in this "battle of life,"
We vow to maintain, but with no bitter strife!

The God of the universe smiles on your path;
This cause is from Him; for reveal'd is His wrath
'Gainst drunkards, who spurn all the warnings of Heaven,
And teachings of earth which by you are rich given.

GLASGOW, *January*, 1852.

CHAPTER XIX.

1853.

The members of the Glasgow Ladies' Temperance Visiting Association—their names—their great exertions—a beautiful quotation from Addison's *Spectator* on the wisdom of God through all nature—the World's Temperance Convention held in New York—the ladies and gentlemen who spoke at this great meeting—John Cassels, his many excellent publications—Dr. Frederick Lees, the splendid scientific lecturer, and able temperance author of the best works on this great movement—a witty verse by Dr. Lees—whose views on the Bible in connection with teetotalism are in fine harmony—his style characterised by strength and brilliancy—an interesting extract from a speech of Lord Palmerston—a good example for our nobles, to endear them to the people—his denunciation of the alehouse, of snuff and tobacco—Louis Napoleon, emperor of France, stops the destruction of grain in making intoxicating drinks—J. B. Gough, his lectures, &c.—the Glasgow Commercial Total Abstinence Society—its active leaders.

COMMITTEE OF THE GLASGOW LADIES' TEMPERANCE VISITING ASSOCIATION.

President—Mrs. ROBERT SMITH, 15 Woodside Terrace.

Vice-Presidents.

Mrs. ARCHIBALD LIVINGSTON, Abbotsford Place.
Mrs. THOMAS CORBETT, Buckingham Terrace.
Mrs. MICHAEL SHAW, Sandyford House.

Matrons and Managing Committee.

Mrs. B. Arneil, 44 Kent Street.
Mrs. J. C. Douglas, N. Hanover St.
Mrs. G. Blyth, 2 Chatham Place.
Mrs. Jn. Smith, 3 Brighton Place.
Mrs. J. Roberton, 212 Main St. Gorbals.
Mrs. F. Ferguson, 3 Parson Street.
Mrs. Jas. Mitchell, 184 Hospital St.

Treasurer—Mrs. B. ARNEIL. *Secretary*—Mr. JAMES MITCHELL.

THE Ladies' Managing Committee are ever anxious to increase the number of female visitors, and they receive with gladness of heart every accession to their number. We would strongly recommend the example of our Glasgow female agents—all hearty gratuitous "workers in the vineyard"—as an example throughout the country for the ladies of the various societies to buckle on their gentle armour in this great work, which aims so much in vivifying the fire-sides of millions.

It is a beautiful remark of the great and good Addison, in Essay 404 of the *Spectator:* "Nature does nothing in vain; the Creator of the universe has appointed everything to a certain use and purpose, and determined it to a settled course and sphere of action,

from which if it in the least deviates, it becomes useless to those ends for which it was designed. In like manner it is in the dispositions of society—the civil and social economy is formed in a chain, as well as the natural; and every man and every woman has qualities to promote the general interests." Happy are those persons who see their duty and pursue it, as thus pointed out by this delightful moralist. In September of 1853, a World's Temperance Convention was held at New York, United States of America, which was attended by a very large number of the leading friends, male and female, from many parts of the world. Several ladies and gentlemen spoke at this great assembly. John Cassell, Esq. of London, was present—who was warmly received, and gave an interesting account of teetotalism in England; connecting with his address his own personal experience as a member of the temperance societies for eighteen years, which had been every way beneficial to him, and had been the means of placing him high in rank as a leading London publisher. Indeed, we may truly say it would be a puzzling task to name any one in the British metropolis, who has issued cheaper and better works of splendid scholarship and enlightened morals, than John Cassell. His *Illustrated Family Newspaper* is a literary marvel, and meets with that extensive patronage which its high merits deserve. The author has read Mr. Cassell's publications with great delight. They are not written to pamper a morbid feeling, or to corrupt the principles of Christian virtue, but to store the mind with solid information, and show mankind the glory of heavenly truth. No parents need fear recommending their offspring to these works, through which there is diffused a goodly sprinkling of genuine temperance sentiments. The other speakers at this Convention were—the Rev. W. H. Channing, (a very eloquent man,) Horace Greely, Rev. Mr. Pierpont, the Hon. J. P. Hale, and the well-known W. Lloyd Garrison. Amongst the ladies who spoke, were Mrs. Antoinette C. Brown, Mrs. Jackson, (from England,) Miss Lucy Stone, Mrs. Nichols, Lucretia Mott, and Mrs. Francis D. Gage. The Rev. Mr. Channing said—"That the assembling of this Convention was a sign that the flood was retiring from the face of the earth, and that not only has the dove gone forth on its mission from the ark, but has returned with the olive bough. According to my view that dove is woman, and the word of woman is a word of peace and power, which we have this day felt from the ladies who addressed our vast assembly." (Applause.)

The honourable J. B. Hale said, he would never turn his back on such a cause as this, and was glad to see our mothers, wives and sisters participating in their deliberations at this Convention. Such work as this, said he, should ever command the sympathies of woman, who was the last at the cross and first at the sepulchre of Christ. (Applause.) Mrs. Nicholl's, editor of the *Vermont Demo-*

crat, spoke well, and showed how God has designed for woman to act in this mighty work. The Maine Law principle was warmly defended by the Rev. Dr. Edward Beecher, in a style worthy of his talents. At the final sitting of the Convention, Dr. F. Lees (of Leeds) was introduced—a gentleman whose eminent abilities as a chemical and scientific lecturer on temperance, and whose rich and beautiful style of composition as a literary man, have rendered his name renowned through the temperance world—must ever command respect at whatever assembly he appears. The brilliant author of "Passages from the History of a Wasted Life," who was sitting at the reporter's table while Dr. Lees was pouring forth those strains which the writer has heard from his own lips in Glasgow, threw off the following impromptu during the orator's address:—

"In the Bible we're told about wine in the lees,
But a difference is here, I opine;
For here, on a temperance platform, each sees
A reverse—it is Lees upon wine."

It is well known that Dr. Lees (who is a deep bible scholar) has thrown a flood of new light on what is called the wine question. It would be well if the British clergy were to study closely his works, which are now coming out in a new and complete edition, improved by himself, with deeply instructive additions.* No temperance lecturer should be without a copy of these invaluable works, entitled "Essays, Historical and Critical, on the Temperance Question," with a striking likeness of the ingenious and learned author, Frederick Richard Lees. The writings of this accomplished man are a bulwark for teetotalism, against which opponents can only waste ink and paper, and precious time, to no purpose. Lees knows his Bible fully as well as any doctor of the church; and in moral and political philosophy, his knowledge and sagacity will match the brightest. His style of speaking is very pleasing, and his printed works prove him a master of the purest, strongest Saxon English—having in it the pith of Cobbett, with the beauty of Blair. I have in former pages of this work given an extract from the good Lord John Russell, when he was prime minister of Britain, showing the value of the temperance reformation, which is as true in sentiment as it is elegantly worded. I now make a longer quotation from his illustrious friend, the Right Honourable Viscount Palmerston, now happily for our country the head of the British Cabinet (February, 1855), where, we trust, he will do better service against the wild bear of Russia than Lord Aberdeen could do, or wished to do; and save the remnant of our heroic army from perishing with hunger and cold in the blood-stained Crimea, where they have hitherto conquered, with the gallant French, the barbarian foe. This speech of Lord Palmerston was given at Romsey, in Hampshire, at a meeting of the "Labourers' Encouragement

* Sold by William Tweedie, 337 Strand, London.

no exception in the end, unless we all embrace teetotalism, whatever some doctors of the church may teach to the contrary, who sadly misinterpret the Bible!

The emperor, Louis Napoleon, the energetic ruler of France, much to his credit, has put an end to the destruction of precious grain, from what God designed to make wholesome food, by turning it into poisonous drugs. As England is now in happy alliance with gallant France, against a wicked, lawless, ambitious, cruelly despotic power, we hope our rulers will take a leaf out of Napoleon's chapter, and give Britain the American Maine Law. It must ultimately come to this, and the day of its ushering in comes nearer and nearer in every gentle breeze. Palmerston! Russell! Lansdowne! Argyle! You have spoken strong words on our side. Carry them into action by legislative measures for blessed temperance on Britannia's freedom-loving shore:—

O stop the *rude rude* breweries,
Whose pestilential breath
Pollutes the air—whose miseries
In many a frightful death,
Of high-born and of lowly life,
Are writ in blood with horrors rife.

This thrice unhallowed traffic
Offends the eye of Heaven—
Whose judgments dark, terriffic,
In warnings dread are given,
'Gainst drunkards made so by the wine
Of every hue of Sodom's vine.

No matter what the nature
Of drinks that ruin man,
That mar God's noble creature
And strive against his plan—
They all alike but evil are,
God says of all these drinks, "beware!"

This year, Glasgow was visited, for the first time, by the celebrated reformed drunkard, J. B. Gough, from broad Columbia, whose name had sounded far, long before he arrived. The friends of temperance in America had taken pity on him, and kindly invited him to a teetotal lecture, and won him over to their cause. He took the pledge, and not long afterwards delivered lectures, whose eloquence, originality and moral point, made a deep impression, and Mr. Gough soon became a leading star in the temperance field, as he had been in some of the theatres of his adopted country. A popular sketch of his life—when drink had done its worst for him, and driven to the grave a fond wife, had been widely spread before he reached the British shores, which tended to draw vast crowds wherever and whenever he delivered addresses amongst us. It was in July and August, 1853, that he first spoke in Scotland, with a brilliancy of style, a richness of illustrative anecdotes and sketches of characters, which told well on his very crowded audience, in our

beautiful City Hall, where 3,000 persons, or more, generally hung on his lips, and many joined our societies through his advocacy. It was the general board of directors of the "City of Glasgow United Total Abstinence Association," who first invited Mr. Gough to Scotland, and our great City Hall was the first place where he made known his oratorical powers as a speaker over vast assemblies, containing persons of all ranks and professions—many coming from a great distance to hear him. Mr. Gough lectured in several towns and large villages out of Glasgow, and also in "fair Edina," our Scottish Metropolis, to good purpose.

Still we must candidly confess that Mr. Gough *repeats* himself too often. There is a want of variety of ideas in his orations. He deals too little in original matter, and crowds his addresses thick as blackberries on a rich bush with stories and anecdotes, but lacks logical arguments, such as Edward Grubb and Dr. Lees so much excel in, to the lasting convincement of their listeners. He (Mr. Gough) would speak with more enduring effect, had he more historical knowledge, and a better acquaintance with man's physical organization, as outlined in the universal laws of nature. Dr. Lees triumphs in this direction greatly in his "Essays," with a host of illustrious authorities of ancient and modern date, from many lands, as quoted by him. Mr. Gough, we are afraid, does not see clearly how decidedly the Bible denounces all the "serpent and adder" drinks. His lectures bore the stamp of expediency only, a doctrine which the founders of Glasgow teetotalism never acknowledged. It was with them "moral duty" and "Bible authority," as well as the "teachings of reason, political economy, and the laws of nature." Christianity does not allow the waste of grain, which God sent for good food, to be turned into poison to feed man's lust and to pervert his constitution. The doctrine of expediency arises from a false theology of dogmatic *earth-born* wisdom, and is not from Heaven. The sooner Mr. Gough sees this the better, as it will give him new power, and enable him to check the sceptic on religion, who exults when he hears Christian teachers quote the Bible to defend their "wine and strong-drink" customs. Mr. Gough is a very interesting speaker, and chains his audience with flashes of wit and poetical figures, which carry great power. We wish his growing usefulness. Increase of knowledge would aid him. Lord Bacon's remark should be familiar with the lecturer, the preacher, and the poet: "Reading makes a full man, conversation makes a ready man, and composition makes a correct man." The man of genius, like Mr. Gough, who attends to Bacon's advice, will ever be a welcome speaker, go where he may; and when the love of God and man dwells in his heart, his words will be living fire. Coming from the heart, they will reach the heart of the assembled multidude, and an impression will be made of the value and importance of the subject on which the orator is des-

canting. There is a great absence of real heart-oratory in our pulpits, and this is the reason why congregations go away cold as when they came. Mere memory, written and read discourses, fall on the people like gentle fleaks of snow, only to *freeze* them. At the termination of Mr. Gough's engagement with the United Association, the committee of these combined societies, to mark their sense of his valuable services, sent their superintendent of the temperence mission, Mr. James Mitchell, after Mr. Gough to Liverpool with twenty guineas as a present from the Union, which doubled the sum for which his services were originally secured, and which act the general societies strongly approved. Mr. Gough is undoubtedly a great triumph in himself to the temperance cause. His former degraded destitute state, when a slave to the Satanic drugs—wandering alone, wretched and shunned by all—no hope on earth, no hope in Heaven—with the contrast of his present state, is a lesson of deep interest to all, and especially to temperance leaders, to struggle on in the mighty movement.

CHAPTER XX.

1854-55.

Our principles gaining strength—Glasgow and other places look better through teetotalism—whisky bottle—hawking on the streets greatly diminished from "olden times"—Scotch poets wrote too much in favour of the serpent drugs in their finest songs—a sad delusion—the great English bards and moralists, many of them were friendly to our views—their names given—a beautiful literary gem from Livesey's *Temperance Advocate*—the Glasgow Commercial Temperance Society, its excellent objects and chief leaders—the new teetotal organization, entitled the "Glasgow Abstainer's Union"—this title improper—the correspondence between the Glasgow Parent Union and the originators of the new movement—Dunfermline and Kirkcaldy temperance societies—their founders, Messrs. John Davie and the Lockhart family—Glasgow and Edinburgh Free Church Temperance Association—the pioneers of these societies—the City of Edinburgh first total abstinence society, and names of those who were its founders, 28th September, 1836—the Youths' Society there, and co-operation of the ladies of Edinburgh in this good work—the present state of these societies.——1855. Prospects brightening—out-door meetings on the Green of Glasgow—Forbes Mackenzie's public-house bill working well—the *Scotsman*, and other public-house advocates of the press, all in the dark on this subject—the Maine Law principle tends every way to civil, political and religious freedom—Glasgow much improved, and other places, by the nipping off three hours on week-days, and closing these drink-shops on Sundays—annual report of the "City of Glasgow United Total Abstinence Association" for 1854-5—temperance authors and miscellaneous topics—conclusion.

We are now come to the end of 1853. There was a marked improvement in the deportment of the inhabitants of this greatest city of Scotland. Few black bottles with bitter drinks were seen in our streets, and if seen, were in the hands of the vilest of the vile, whose moral power of self-control was entirely gone, by a long course of abominable dissipation from these drinks, kept in countenance by others of the moderation school, who, by taking the moderate glass, led others headlong over the awful abyss down to the gulph of sad despair, where they are left to perish. Teetotalism has done much in driving these *black*, thrice black bottles, from the streets of beautiful Glasgow, and many other places of whisky-brewing Scotland. We bless Heaven for this.

It is to be lamented that many of the most beautiful songs of old Caledonia, beautiful as to their fire of genius and flashing wit, but not their moral tendency—were written purposely to aid the drinking customs, and men and women of musical voices sing these in

companies of social glee, which cause the wily bottle to pass more freely, and to do its terrible work. But here we remark that most of the best English poets, and her renowned moralists, have rather written on our teetotal side. Glory be to their memory for it. Yes, Chaucer, Shakspeare, Milton, Shenston, Bloomfield, Cowper, James Montgomery (of Sheffield), Elliot (the "Corn-law bard"), and we think Aikenside, struck their lyres beauteously for temperance truth, clear as nature and the Bible, on our line. Many of England's best prose writers have done the same—Dr. Johnson and Raleigh at their head. It is mournfully true, many of England's sweetest sons, of verse and prose, were like those of Scotland, slaves to the killing bottle, and terribly they were punished for their deviation from nature's laws. Archbishop Tillotson says—"All vice stands on a precipice. To engage in any sinful course is to run down the hill. The drunkard's path is a slippery one of fearful celerity. The love of strong drink is a most dangerous propensity; if we once let loose our evil cravings after it, we cannot gather in the reins and govern them as we please. It is much easier not to begin a bad course than to stop when began." Would that all our bishops and archbishops thought, wrote, and acted like the good Tillotson! Many illustrious Greek and Roman authors give us the same views as Tillotson—the gentle Tillotson, who lived when a drunken king reigned in "merry England." These giant men valued their health of body and mind, and took those drinks and that plain wholesome food which nature calls for, and reason approves. What they did themselves they taught others in their long-enduring literary works. Here we would remind our readers of the taunts of our antagonists—"These shallow-minded teetotalers, what care we for their flimsy views?" We reply—"Those lovers of bad customs and poisonous drugs; what need have the friends of true temperance to envy such men in their daily potations?" The greatest and best men in every age and every nation that history opens to our view, have sided with the principle of our pledge-test, although under different names. It is the *nature* of things we should study, and carry out their wise import, and not stumble at an arbitrary name.

As pure water is the symbolic representation of Heaven-sprung teetotalism, we give the following inimitable gem, taken from the *Preston Temperance Advocate*, edited by our friend, Joseph Livesey, who has laboured so greatly in our cause:—"Give me the pale water which nature brews down in the bright crystal alembick of her cloud-crested mountains!—give me, when I would assail with strained nerves and arduous outlay of bone and sinews, some mound of opposition reared full and impassable in my path:—give me only that pure flow which followed the stroke of the prophet's rod:—give me that gush, cool and clear, that bubbled up before Hagar and fainting Ishmael:—give me only that fluid which trickles down the

bright sides of the lasting hills, gathers in our woody uplands, spreads into lakes, rolls into broad, beautifully transparent rivers; the looking-glasses to reflect all that is dark, or soft, or deep, in the unfathomed firmament above:—give me these crystal streams, these cool, allaying waves, in health or in sickness, when thirst of the last life-pang shall assail my vitals—give me these waters, untortured and free, until the moment when I shall drink the waters of eternal life."

We have, in former pages of this book, incidentally adverted to an interesting branch of the temperance reformation in this city, to wit, "the Glasgow Commercial Abstinence Society," instituted by a number of excellent men, John M'Gavin, Esq. at their head, (who writes well and speaks well,) in the year 1846. The ninth annual report is before me, and it shows good progress hitherto, and happy anticipations of better times coming. Yes, and our friends will not be found mere dreamers. They will have their reward. They have a strong committee—in number and in talent; Mr. M'Gavin is their President—Mr. George Roy (the witty poet) their Secretary; with some 16 or 18 other gentlemen in committee, most of whom write good essays, and deliver good speeches in turns at their neat hall, Stockwell Street, every Tuesday evening, at Eight o'clock, in the Garrick Temperance Coffee Hotel, kept by Mr. Macdonald, their registrar, who is a zealous member of temperance. Mr. Thomas Brown, clothier, has written many excellent pieces on temperance; and has long been a prominent and eloquent speaker, and member of this society. Genuine wit and striking sense characterise his efforts, whether of pen or tongue, to aid this cause. The article "historical" on teetotalism, in *Annual League Register* of 1855, was from his elegant pen. My old teetotal friend, Mr. James Hoey, gives in his turn essays teeming with solid matter, and he is a strong Maine Law man. So much the better. Mr. Lemon, Mr. Murchie, and others, have done much for the Commercial Society. These gentlemen allow and invite free discussion at their meetings, and any person is at liberty to state objections to what their regular lecturers deliver when they have done. Good order is always kept by the President, and these free debates are at times very interesting to the assembly. The name of this society implies its object and aim. Many of its members, we believe, are commercial travellers; and in their multifarious pursuits of business for wide-extended and still wider-extending Glasgow, with its many princely merchants, these travellers have good opportunities of demonstrating—contrary to the *flimsy* opinions still lingering among the consumers of "fire-waters"—that business can be done, and done better without strong drink. This is a lesson of much value to those engulphed in business. Temperance hotels and coffee-houses now exist in every town, of any size, where these temperance members have a quiet home, free

from the noise and turmoil of large public-houses, where half the nights are often spent by commercial men drinking the wild drinks, to the destruction of mind, morals, health and happiness, and the wreck of their business. The Glasgow "Commercial Temperance Society" has, by its judicious advocates, done much to demonstrate the living truth—that travellers are always safer in temperance coffee hotels, than they were formerly in those pompous and glittering, but dangerous houses, where the foul liquors form the traps in which many a talented commercial traveller has been caught and ruined. Mr. George Roy has written many sterling and stirring pieces in Scottish rhyme, which have aided the commercial friends; and his caustic humour, always amusing and instructive, renders him a welcome speaker, as he is a constant one—against whose shafts the antagonist has little to hope for. His brother, Mr. James Roy, has, by his calm good sense and practical teaching, contributed much to this society's welfare. Our space allows us not to enlarge here.

This year, in January, when things were moving harmoniously and prosperously with the "Glasgow United Total Abstinence Associations," (originated by Mr. J. Mitchell and his friends,) and new plans of aggression on the drinking customs and foul drinks devised—an event happened which, for a time, *ruffled* the current of teetotalism in Glasgow, and caused heart-burnings between friends who had long laboured pleasantly and unitedly to promote our common temperance principles. This occurrence we shall narrate with that justice and impartiality which fair history demands at our hands, claiming, at the same time, our right to add our own opinion as to the merit of this new society; having acted our part from the dawn of teetotalism, and given lectures on its principles before any societies existed in Britain or America, based on those views which imply the abandonment of every intoxicant, the propriety of which we saw in 1830, when first we united with the Dunlops, the Collins', the Wardlaws, the Kettles, and Ritchies, who led then the battle—the moderation one leading to teetotalism.

The new institution, of which we are now speaking, was fixed on with the *modest* pretention of doing the temperance work *better* than it had hitherto been done, by those who had "borne the burden and heat of the day;" who had challenged, battled, and beat all their antagonists for glorious teetotalism, and had shown, by arguments and reasonings strong as ever were put forth in a good cause, that revealed religion, as in the Bible taught, was their *great rock;* and that the physical laws of our natural constitution, as given by infinite wisdom and goodness, and all the principles of pure morality, political philosophy and wise economy, which should rule collective mankind—all these high doctrines plead for teetotalism. These were the views of the founders of our societies, and not the sceptical anti-christian doctrines attributed to us by some prejudiced,

ignorant, bigoted, ill-informed, or self-blinded men, whether preachers or private individuals, who know not the true nature and broad benignant teaching of the Christianity of Christ Jesus, and His holy Apostles and Evangelists. We say it advisedly, that the founders of teetotalism were men who greatly loved the Bible, but never put temperance, even in its expansive sense, in place of true religion—instead of the Saviour of mankind. It is true, they were laymen, but with minds as richly, as rationally, as piously cultivated as any of the titled clergy. This we know to be a fact; and we throw back with Christian scorn, the epithets which the Rev. Messrs. Gibson, Symington and Smyth, have raised against us, as enemies of religion and friends of infidelity—some of us (the founders of teetotalism) have, from our youth up to hoary age, exposed the sceptics of every grade, from silly Owenism to vile Barkerism, publicly and privately in their own place of meeting, as well as in the Glasgow Green, in our addresses on temperance. God has been on our side in pleading for His heavenly truth, and has given us words, ideas, and burning fire, which carried terror to the foe, and conviction to some, ending in conversion. We bless Him for His aid, and will still on Him rely.

The "Glasgow Abstainer's Union" is a name which the movers in this dissent from the parent institution, had no right to adopt. It has introduced confusion into the public mind, and injured the subscriptions. We could have suggested a name, we think, more in keeping with propriety—"The Glasgow Dissenting Temperance Union!" This would have shown they came out from a party, whom they henceforth would so far be antagonistic to, and every grammarian and logician would then have said the name had a distinctive sense. As it now stands no man is able to defend it. We shall narrate the steps taken in this matter by those who were busy in the affair, and then leave the public to judge who is in the right. We have no personal asperity in this business. Our long standing position and labours in this cause, give us a right to object when we see wrong-headed action in any of its friends, and to protest against any general proceeding which tended to weaken the hands of its advocates, and give the enemies of temperance cause of opposition in the divisions amongst ourselves. To understand aright the origin of this split, or "new move," as it is called, and in order that the public may judge wisely in this matter, we must again revert to the origin and aim of the "City of Glasgow United Total Abstinence Association"—a rival to which, the "Glasgow Abstainer's Union," we must say, to be faithful in our history, was originated. We know this has been denied, but denial does not disprove the fact. It stands out prominent, as the rock of Gibraltar to the Spaniards, who can see that British fortress for miles on the mainland of their country, a fortress which the brave Elliot defended for Britain.

About the end of the year 1850 the temperance friends of Glasgow, the leaders of the old societies, had become deeply convinced that the old method of working the movement in large cities and well-peopled districts, by separate and independant societies, was attended by evils which, to a great extent, hindered or impeded the general progress, every society having its own staff of office-bearers, created additional expense, causing continual demands upon the public, which a wiser economy and concentrated union of all, would prevent. Divided, each society must of necessity have a separate collector going about wearying the citizens who were thus called upon by so many different parties, for one and the same object, which all sensible men must feel to be not quite the thing. To put an end to this unseemly and money-wasting method of conducting the temperance reformation in Glasgow, and to set an example in other towns—to combine the powers of all the societies in one grand union, in January, 1851, seven of the oldest societies (Nelson Street at their head) in our city merged into one organization, under the well-known name of the "City of Glasgow United Abstinence Association," and its history proves at once the wisdom, and shows the success of the scheme. The business of this institution is managed by a general board of thirty individuals, fifteen of whom retire annually, and to secure a proper representation of the different districts in which the city is divided, the local committees have the right of nominating the persons they think best fitted, by talent and zeal, at the annual general meeting, to be elected in place of those going out, in accordance with the laws of the institution. If the persons thus fixed on by the local societies are approved of at the general meeting, when all the members have a right to vote, their names are entered by the secretary in their minute-book, and at once they give their energies, as office-bearers, to aid their colleagues. There are none elected but such as can engage to attend the board regularly, and put their shoulder to the good work. At the third annual meeting of this society, in the Trades' Hall, an attempt was made, though an abortive one, to frustrate this rule of each district, appointing their own representative, by a few individuals coming to the said meeting, and proposing for the vacancies men who had not been previously nominated by the district meetings, and were not in the habit of taking any interest in the "City of Glasgow United Association's" labours. This irregular, factious and unconstitutional attempt, was very properly resisted, by electing, by large majorities, all those who had been in a regular way nominated by the branch societies to which they belonged. At the same time, it is right to confess, that most of the gentlemen proposed by those who made this unwarrantable attempt were persons of high worth, in a moral and intellectual view, and were esteemed as such by the friends of the united societies, to which the author is more closely allied. Indeed, there were some of his intimate and

greatly valued friends amongst them. But this could not justify the wrong step on this occasion, and he voted with the majority, deeming them to have strict justice and the clear rules of the institution on their side, and he has never changed his opinion, for truth and consistency he values above all personal considerations. Shortly after this attempt to disturb the cordial harmony, if not to trample on the rights of the members of this active association, the President, Archibald Livingston, Esq. received a letter, signed by one of these gentlemen who had been rejected, in name of a meeting of individuals held in one of the coffee-houses of this city, desiring the board of directors of the "City of Glasgow United Association," to meet with these individuals on the next Wednesday evening, in some coffee hotel; to confer with them on business connected with the temperance movement. To this letter an answer was returned, saying that it would be laid before the board of directors at their first meeting, which was accordingly done by their esteemed president. This board, seeing at a moment's consideration, that the application of the persons alluded to was contrary to all rule of propriety—it was like a lordly demand where no right existed, and also most uncourteous, for any unconstituted number of individuals thus to call a constituted public recognised body before them—properly declined to appear; but considering that there might be in the minds of the requisitionists some things which, if adopted, might help forward the great moral cause in Glasgow, ordered the following extract of minute on this subject to be sent:—

"That while the Board of Directors of the 'City of Glasgow United Abstainer's Association' cannot, as a Board, meet with you as you require; we are ready to receive and duly consider any suggestions which you, or any other friends of temperance may think useful, in forwarding our common great object in this movement in Glasgow." To this letter, which certainly contained nothing bordering on a refusal to listen to any wise proposal, no answer was ever returned, nor suggestion or proposal made by the party—but straightway these individuals rushed into antagonism, and founded a new organisation, which divided the friends and distracted the public by new collectors and new subscriptions to aid them—while their name was such an evident copy from the parent association, as to puzzle a clear brain and a candid mind to see the difference.

We deem it necessary for our history to advert to what we consider a distorted, erroneous statement of this affair, by one of the leading members of the "Glasgow Abstainer's Union," on the 19th of April, 1854, as reported in the *Daily Mail Newspaper*, from a speech delivered by Mr. William Melvin, from which we quote:—"Mr. William Melvin, one of the Vice-Presidents, proposed the first resolution—That this meeting cordially approves of the consti-

tution and objects of the 'Glasgow Abstainer's Union,' and resolves to accord to it their most strenuous support. Mr. Melvin said, that from the minutes now read by their Secretary, it will be seen that the Union is only recently formed. He did not deem it necessary on the present occasion to do more, in speaking of the formation of this organization, than merely to mention that it arose in consequence of the refusal of the directors of the 'City of Glasgow United Society' to hold a conference, or *to listen to anything that the promoters had to state*, with the view of promoting the greater efficiency of the temperance reformation in Glasgow."—Now we will stake our name and our experience in all our transactions in this busy land, since we commenced active life, and say that a more unfair and garbled representation than this we never saw given by a public man—and one of whom we have written respectfully in his early, active, able labours in Paisley and elsewhere. Where Mr. Melvin's memory aud sound judgment had fled to when he uttered these erroneous things, we cannot tell—but sure we are, he erred egregiously if these were what he said—and he has not contradicted the *Glasgow Daily Mail's* report, that we know of. The *Mail* is allowed to be a good reporter in all matters, and good articles it gives for temperance occasionally, in its well-written columns.

To the supporters and originators of the "Glasgow Abstainer's Union" we respectfully recommend the following remarks. The writer is dissuading his friend from setting up new societies, involving additional outlay, and at the same time, these new ones come into immediate antagonism with old ones, flourishing like the cedar and the healthy almond tree. But instead of availing themselves of the well-working machinery ready to their hands, the dissenting party projected a new scheme of their own, every element of which was copied after the old model, with presidents, secretaries, treasurers, and all the formalities usual to such things, which of necessity is attended with *no little* expense. To originate a new society for the very same object as the one they quit—and to take places for meeting in the same street, or as near as possible to the old places, and on the same evenings (as is now evinced), is surely a natural but very unwise method of begetting feelings, not of noble virtuous emulation, but of hateful opposition, and these very acts have occasioned heart-burnings and jealousies which we think wise and good men should ever guard against, when the object they have to promote is the weal of all men by means which reason and religion sanction and urge. Such proceedings as those we are now narrating and regretting, are not surely calculated to aid our cause, whatever some hot-headed half-instructed men may think. They may puff in the newspapers, but facts will chase away all such puffing. It is temperance truth we wish to see progressing, not personal hostility, or envious rivalry amongst its acknowledged leaders.

We cordially then recommend the following excellent remarks, taken from the *Congregational Magazine* of February, 1855, as appropriate to our own views:"—

"One cause of the failure of some voluntary societies may sometimes be that there was no pressing need for the formation of them. Their objects might have been secured through the agency of some existing institution. But instead of availing themselves of the machinery, made ready to their hands, the friends of the object in view must project a new society of their own, have it under their own management, with all the necessary apparatus of official men, presidents, secretaries, treasurers, and so forth. Now, it may be laid down as a safe maxim, that it is both wiser and more economical to work along with, and by the help of an institution already existing that answers the end, than to erect a new one. To set up a second apparatus for the same professed object as the first, is very likely to occasion all the evils of jealousy, rivalry, and hostile feeling and action, without any of the advantages of legitimate competition; while the friends who are expected to promote the common object are in danger of being divided in opinion and action as to the claims of the rival institutions, and instead of their resources being doubled, perhaps scarcely obtained between them what either of them existing alone would have secured for the cause they represent. The multiplication of societies in such circumstances, so far from being a proportionate augmentation of resources, often reduces the united income of them all to a sum less than one efficient society could have commanded. At the same time additional expense of management is incurred, and so a large per centage of the funds expended never go to the direct promotion of the object contemplated."

This very just remark from the pen of a scholar, a patriot, a Christian, and editor of an enlightened journal, our late colleagues would do well to look at.

Of the many provincial towns in Scotland which have evinced a noble spirit in the temperance cause, Dunfermline and Kirkcaldy have greatly distinguished themselves. In both places the societies were led gallantly on by active committees—men of ability, of influence, of Christian prudence and intellectual culture, combined with a moral courage which feared no antagonism, but were able to baffle the enemies, come from where they might. Mr. John Davie, haberdasher in Dunfermline, has been the great hero—the unflinching leader of temperance there, with other worthy men, to aid the onward cause. Amongst the active men of the spirited and thriving town of Kirkcaldy, the late Mr. Ninian Lockhart and his worthy sons have battled worthily for this great reformation, and still are "up and at it." The head of this family, Mr Ninian Lockhart, was a very shrewd, original-minded man, of great moral firmness—a determined, bold radical, political reformer, who "never feared the face of the foe." He was a lay preacher of the gospel, and a kind, social, benevolent man. In the year 1846, the author spent a day or two in Kirkcaldy, and was kindly received as a guest at the house of Mr. Lockhart, whose amiable wife and pleasant

family seemed animated with his spirit. They were all teetotalers. The table and fire-side conversation was such as could not fail to do good, and render any one wiser and better from a visit to such a happy family. The vision of this journey to Kirkcaldy is vivid in the mind of the author, and the name of Ninian Lockhart is not blotted out, whose opinions were pretty nearly alike. Before me lies the seventeenth annual report of the Kirkcaldy, Abbotshall and Pathhead Total Abstinence Society, instituted in 1838, which is honourable to the teetotalers of that district, amongst whom we see our good old friends, the Lockharts, at the head. They do not grow "weary of well-doing"—"N. Lockhart & Sons," with other blood-relations, filled with the same spirit of truth. Mr. Ninian Lockhart lived to a great patriarchal age, "full of faith in God" and the hope of immortality, the inheritance of all good men of every creed, for God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation and of every party, they who fear Him and work righteousness are accepted of Him. So writes the apostle Peter, when his false, Jewish prejudices were dissipated by the pure light of divine Christianity.

During 1854, 270 new members were enrolled in Kirkcaldy, and great exertions were made (and which are continued in 1855) to push forward the god-like work. A number of sermons by popular ministers were preached; and the able, zealous Dr. Lees, gave his beautiful, scientific lectures, by sound reasoning and indisputable facts on the pernicious effects of moderate drinking on the physical frame of man, while the soul-rousing orations of J. B. Gough, in the cause of humanity and practical truth tended to convince many hitherto hostile of the worth of this cause, which accords with the light of reason, the voice of God's word, and all the deductions of the physical laws of the universe, which the good Creator has established as man's unerring monitors. The Kirkcaldy temperance friends sent a petition to her Majesty, our good Queen Victoria, in 1854, on the sin and folly of wasting the precious grain in the breweries and distilleries—a petition which was well written, and signed by upwards of 2,000 persons, amongst whom were many of high standing in literary attainments, rank in life and moral influence. A copy of this petition was sent also to both Houses of Parliament, in which our rulers and senators are reminded of the wise act of the Emperor Louis Napoleon, of France, who checked these spoilings of the grain-brewing poison out of the article sent by Heaven to be good food for the millions. We wish we had space for this Kirkcaldy petition in our pages, but our limits prevent it, and only allow us to give the outline. Success to you, men of Kirkcaldy! May you never lack bold moral heroes to guide you to victory!

We will now give a short sketch of the Glasgow Free Church Temperance Society, originated by those old, zealous friends of temperance, Messrs. James Torrens, William Collins, (son of the late Mr. Collins, the colleague of the good Dunlop, founder of the first

Scottish moderation society), Peter Ferguson, Thomas C. Orr, and the Rev. William Arnot, Rev. J. Buchanan (of Bothwell), Rev. R. M'Corkle, and Rev. Mr. Caldwell—all yet working heartily in the good cause. A public meeting, the first of that large body of Christian dissenters, was held (for this temperance reformation) in the Gaelic Free Church, Hope Street, Glasgow, 18th December, 1849—Mr. James Torrens (eighteen years an able teetotal lecturer) in the chair—at which preliminary measures were proposed and unanimously adopted, to add another branch to the teetotal army. The meeting was opened by a suitable psalm and prayer, by the Rev. Mr. Caldwell (of Erskine); Mr. Torrens (chairman) then briefly explained their object, and the Rev. gentleman, mentioned before, gave a graphic and true picture of the extent and the dreadful sin, against God and man, of all destructive intemperance. The resolutions unanimously voted, and the rules of operation for the friends of this new association, being similar to those of our general societies, we need not give them in full—indeed we have not space, nor would the reader thank us, as all know the beautiful simplicity of teetotalism and its nature of advocacy, built, as it undoubtedly is, on the broad morality, the unsullied doctrines of the gospel, notwithstanding the yet maintained hostility of some doctors of the church. Truth will be too strong for these learned antagonists; and temperance lecturers invite these gentlemen, at any time, to try their strength at their regular public meetings. This would show more courage than attacking us on the opposite side of the hill, from which we weekly assemble, where the Divinity overshadows our meetings, and gives life and power to our speakers. God's Heaven-inspired volume is the rock on which they rest, and from whose instructions they enrich their discourses.

The Free Church Association has regularly progressed from its origin to the present day. Its fifth annual report lies before us, and the number of members in their register-book, 1st January, 1855, are—2489 adults, 1993 juveniles; making in all, 4482 joined members. The Rev. Robert Gault and Rev. William Arnot have, from the first, been very active in this cause in Glasgow; and amongst our lay brethren, Messrs. Torrens, Collins, Ferguson, Brand, Gillies, Orr, Alexander M'Nab, J. L. Lang, Mr. Stevenson, Robert Munsie, John M'Indoe, and Andrew Husband—stand well to their colours, and fear no antagonist. We may observe that its binding principles, for not using any kind of intoxicating drink as a beverage, are adopted upon what is termed "Bible expediency," owing to the present strong-drink propensities of our city and our nation. The general societies (which flow from the parent one of the Lyceum Rooms, of September, 1836,) are all on the principle of absolute moral duty—or "thus saith the Lord in His life-giving word." We rejoice in every attempt made to stop the dreadful evil, although the principle may not reach that mark which we

think is the *true rock* and the Heavenly climax which, in the end, all will adopt.

The following gentlemen are the office-bearers for 1855, who are tried friends of the movement, with tongues and pens ever ready at duty's call:—

President—THOMAS C. ORR, Esq.

Vice-Presidents—Jas. Kirkland, Esq.—Robt. Fulton, Esq.—Wm. Collins, Esq.

Honorary Directors.

Rev. William Arnot, Free St. Peters.
" Robert Gault, Free Church Anti-Popish Mission.
" Duncan M'Gregor, Free Hope Street, Gaelic.
" Hugh S. Paterson, Free St. Marks.
" William Burns, Kilsyth.
" P. Lumsdaine, Killearn.
Rev. R. M'Corkle, St. Ninians.
" A. Clerihew, Gartmore.
" John Connel, Perceton.
" S. W. Reid, Shettleston.
" Wm. Elmslie, Inch.
" J. Drummond, Clackmannan.
" D. K. M'Meikan, Cumbernauld.
Peter Drummond, Esq., Stirling.

Executive Committee.

Chairman—Mr. William Collins.

Messrs. William Stevenson.
" Alex. Fullarton,
Dr. T. D. Buchanan.
Messrs. James Arbuckle.
" Robert Fulton.
" Alexander M'Nab.
" Andrew Husband.
" John M'Indoe.
Messrs. Thomas Morrison.
" Peter M'Kay.
" James Snodgrass.
" W. G. M'Laren.
" John Gillies.
" David Currie.
" Daniel Buchanan.
" David Blair.

Corresponding Secretary—J. L. Lang, Esq.

Treasurer and Secretary—Mr. David Brand, 126 Union Street.

We have on our table the fifth annual report of the Edinburgh Free Church Temperance Society, dated May, 1854—which states that "five years ago, not *five* abstaining ministers were known to one another, and no probationers or students were known as such, (in 1849); but we have now enrolled 112 ordained ministers and missionaries, 35 probationers, and 105 students of divinity; being an increase of 14 ministers, 9 probationers, and 35 students during the nine months since our last report was printed. There were also 11 students enrolled from among the logic and other classes, (not in divinity in the Edinburgh Free Church College.")* This society circulated since last year's meeting, upwards of 400,000 pages in letterpress, of tracts and pamphlets bearing on temperance, among which was a valuable short essay by the Rev. Dr. Grey, the enlightened President of the Edinburgh Free Church Temperance Association. The tracts circulated by this society were procured chiefly from Mr. Drummond of Stirling, and the Scottish Temperance League—all excellent in their kind, as the quarters from whence they were purchased fully ensures. We do not know the exact number of members of this society, but we hope

* Page 1, Report.

it will stand somewhat equal to those in Glasgow, under the charge of our allies in this national movement of the Free Church.—The following is the Committee for 1854, 55 :—

President—Rev. HENRY GREY, D.D., Edinburgh.

Vice-President—Rev. THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D., Edinburgh.

Rev. James Brodie, Monimail.
Rev Robert M'Corkle, St. Ninians.
Rev. J. H. Wilson, Fountainbridge, Edinburgh.
Wm. Brown, Merchant, Leith Street, Edinburgh.
John Cowan, Esq., Valleyfield.
James Cunningham, W. S., Queen Street, Edinburgh.
Carstairs Douglas, Student, New College, Edinburgh.
Robt. Foulis, M.D., Princes St., Edin.

Joint Secretaries.

Rev. JOHN MACKENZIE, 1 Oxford Terrace, Edinburgh.

JOHN M. DOUGLAS, Writer, Cupar-Fife.

Treasurer—JOHN BURN MURDOCH, Jun., Advocate, 8 Manor Place, Edinburgh.

Depositaries—Messrs. JOHNSTONE & HUNTER, 15 Princes Street, Edinburgh.

The facts from which we have compiled the foregoing article, on the Free Church Temperance Association, were got from our esteemed friend, Mr. David Brand, the very zealous secretary of the Glasgow Society, who is ever willing and ready to serve the cause when opportunity presents. He is no lukewarm, no *milk and water* member. He feels the solidity of the rock on which teetotalism is built. Of the 112 "ordained ministers and missionaries," enrolled as members in the Free Church Temperance Societies, we should like to see a greater number come boldly forward at our general meetings, pleading our cause before the world; and also that these gentlemen would more frequently, in set discourses, advocate its divine claims strongly from their own pulpits on the Lord's day, for the benefit of their congregations.

The City of Edinburgh, the beautiful capital of Scotland, has distinguished itself from the first introduction of the temperance principle into our island to the present day, by having amongst many of its leaders men of cultivated minds, of enlarged liberality, of earnest piety, and fearless moral courage (qualities so proper in this great field of benevolence), to conduct the glorious war. We had the pleasure of knowing the fathers of the movement there, and of battling side by side with these worthies, in that city and in Glasgow—including surrounding towns. The fervent zeal of the Rev. Dr. Ritchie, his originality, quaint and terse manner, with anecdotes which told well and aroused attention, are known to all who have listened to that intrepid teetotaler. The worthy Doctor was no trimmer in the matter. His eccentricity created oft a pleasant feeling, and his manner of illustration made his audience think on the importance of his topics. Wit, kept in the Addisonian line of modesty, is a powerful weapon to the orator and the preach-

er, and with a ready memory it gives a power to lead captive the listening crowd—especially on a popular subject which, like temperance, interests all ranks, callings and conditions of the community. Messrs. Maclean, Grant, Forbes, Ross, Aitken, and Dr. Horn, were the fathers. It was on the 28th September, 1836, that the Edinburgh Total Abstinence Society dates its origin, as stated in their first annual report, from which these facts are taken, lent me by my friend, Mr. James Mitchell, for this purpose. This makes the Edinburgh Society twelve days later than the Glasgow one, as the reader will see by reference. The day preceding, Mr. John Finch (of Liverpool) had delivered, as he well could do, an able and convincing lecture in Albany Street Chapel, Edinburgh, on the teetotal doctrines; such as were then flourishing in Preston, Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow and Paisley—where their healthy root had found soil congenial to their truth and beauty. This eloquent lecture of the Liverpool iron merchant and philanthropic Englishman, made a deep impression; and the day following, the good men above-mentioned met in the house of Mr. William Maclean, who then occupied a dwelling, No. 6 Rose Street, and afterwards 391 High Street. Here these first men of this new form of temperance enrolled their names—formed their pledge-card—fixed their rules, and drew out a plan for the moral warfare, similar to those in other places, amidst opposition from quarters from whence better things ought to have come. They triumphed, however, and their fierce antagonists were worsted, like the Russians by the liberating allies, in every open fight—and will be finally defeated. The card of the Edinburgh teetotalers was beautifully executed by Mr. Nimmo, a member of their committee, and soon found a prominent and welcome place in many a dwelling-house—gracing the mantel-piece, and crying by its motto, "I protest against all drinks, which only poison man and bring misery to his home." This society soon availed themselves of Mr. Robert Gray Mason, mentioned formerly in this history, who took an extensive range of operations; and during three months of these zealous labours of Mr. Mason, nearly three thousand new members were enrolled, creating thereby twenty-four new societies. The Edinburgh friends also secured the able services of Mr. Lawrence Gowans, who had, for seven years prior to this mission, ardently devoted his abilities to the extension of what was termed the moderation views, but which, here as everywhere else, gave way to the brighter lamp of teetotalism. The ale, porter and wine, were everywhere found to neutralise the old test-pledge, and the false unnatural taste created by the fiery spirits, brandy and whisky, rum and gin, was too fatally kept alive by those brewings which the first societies in America and Great Britain retained, in which the serpent and adder nestled as dangerous as in the other burning drugs.

A ladies' committee was also early formed, which worked well as

a branch association, aided greatly by Mr. John Robertson. This report speaks justly of the potent influence which virtuous woman possesses to aid this heavenly work. How the mother, the wife, the sister, can, by their softer eloquence, move the stern heart and melt the rough asperities of the opposite sex. Oh, that all womankind in our land saw things in this light, and that they would come forth as a moral army to our aid! How it would brighten their homes and make all cheerful, when the hardy sons of honest toil returned to their dwellings after the fatigues of the day, winning their bread!

The Edinburgh leaders turned their attention early to the great importance of youth, and formed a juvenile branch of both sexes, under proper regulations, which gave new life to the adult society.

Mr. and Mrs. Aitken were the first, we believe, who established a "teetotal hotel" in Edinburgh—and nobly have they carried out their glorious object. Mr. Sinclair's temperance hotel is a first-rate house, where every accommodation can be got by the stranger or the tourist, free from that noise where fire-drinks are sold, and where the mind finds that repose, to indulge in thoughts of literary beauty and moral grandeur, which a journey to Caledonia's sublime scenery awakens in the soul of man. Mr. Grant and Mr. Johnston have emulated Mr. and Mrs. Aitken in this line. These houses are safe places for all to go to who wish quietness and comfort, with refreshment for body and mind, free from the noisy turmoil where maddening drinks are poured out as long as men and women of all sorts will swallow and pay for them. There are many other good places of a similar nature to these temperance houses mentioned, but our pages will not allow their enumeration. We wish them all ample success in supplanting the drunkeries—the pest-houses of our nation—houses *doomed* to be no more when society shall awake, at large, from its fatal dream and mad "dance of death." Teetotalers must "agitate, agitate, agitate" everywhere, by voice and pen, to enlighten their country on the enormous evils of these drinks. There must be no compromise—the Maine Law principle must sparkle in every lecture, or sermon, or poem, or essay, or letter (if possible) that may be given by the unfettered advocates of spotless teetotalism. Should our lecturers have cousins, brothers, fathers, or any near relation or beloved friends in the unhallowed liquor trade, this should not deter them from denouncing it when opportunity calls on them. Cowardice on this subject, in our opinion, should disqualify any man from being an accredited lecturer of temperance principles. Faint-heartedness, back-keeping of the whole truth, or any portion of it, has been a just complaint which the genuine friends of temperance lament over, in reference both to clergymen and laymen who have spoken for our movement. The author has heard many lectures, in which, had there been free discussion, he would have shown the short-comings of the speakers. Bold truth is

imperatively needed on this subject, but not to be stated, of course, with any vindictive or rancorous feeling towards "those without." Soft words and timid apologies, when speaking of the horrors and wickedness connected with and flowing out of this wild traffic, are beneath the dignity of the enlightened pioneers of temperance. We generally find that in every town and village, or country district, where there are a few intrepid, enlightened leaders, who can and do speak bravely out, there our cause is in the ascendant, and enquiring men and women join our standard, and stand fast to its spirit, to their great benefit.

Poor timid souls are all unfit,
'Gainst drunkards drinks to give the hit—
The blow that makes the venders reel,
They do not in their lectures deal—
Their views are oft like Indian rubber,
Or like the soft, deep, yielding blubber.

Eighteen hundred and fifty-five opened well for temperance, and gladdened the hearts of its leaders, to see they had not laboured in vain under the guiding hand of the Almighty. They had, "in faith," scattered the "good seed" far over the fields, and now the harvest was showing itself; and the Sebastopols of intemperance felt that our cannonading was breaking down those walls, whose inkeepers had been accustomed to think would resist the teetotal batteries. But no! Truth is omnipotent in its effects. The writers and lecturers of this glorious movement knew that the cause was from Him who spoke to Moses of old from out the burning bush; and to Job from the sweeping whirlwind—those words of authority and precepts of wisdom which shall endure. This thought gave fire to their pens and energy to their tongues, which made their foes to tremble, but gave confidence to the seekers after truth—"the pearl of great price." The seed, we say, had been sown, and the dews of heaven dropping on it, brought it up in rich abundance to reward our pains.

The nipping off three hours per day from the dreadful nineteen of the *death-shops*, through the influence and well-working of Forbes Mackenzie's public-house legislative bill, was a great boon to humanity, and the closing up of these riotous houses on Sunday was, indeed, a mighty step for our isle, to hasten the "better time coming." The 31st of December 1854, and 1st of January 1855, were marked by great improvements—so said our police reports, so said our magistrates, so said our newspaper editors—although two or three of these public directors in Glasgow, and as many in Edinburgh, rather took the drink-makers and drink-sellers' part than ours (teetotalers) in reference to that wise and parliamentary measure, for which good men and wise have on bended knee thanked the Most High for its adoption. The black bottles, with their poisonous contents, were very little seen this new year. Hawking about the streets from house to house, as in the "good olden time," when pious grandfathers and grandmothers could and did take the

glass from their grandchildrens' hands, and wring it out from those *wily bottles*, crying—"here's a gude new-year to ye, my boy, Johnie; and here's a good health to you, my lass, Betsy; and a prosperous season to us all!"—then down went the fire-waters which made the eye sparkle, and set the tongue wagging like a watchman's clapper, and with as little meaning often. These scenes we noticed when we spent the first year at Lanark, when we came first into Scotland (in 1806), at the new year, in religious men's houses, and where education had polished the minds of the hospitable indwellers. We have spoken of those customs in other parts of our volume, and are happy to say a blessed change has taken place, though there is great room for moral and intellectual progress before we reach the desired point. We shall obtain it by battling on. Formerly, the spirit-shops and some public-houses were open all night in Glasgow—the last night of the retiring year and the first night of the incoming one. Now, when the watchman cries "past eleven o'clock," (and loudly, distinctly the temperance-member watchman cries the hour), bang close the doors, and swiftly clasped are the shutters of the publican.

These gentle drink dealers are now convinced that the new law, as to them, is not a dead letter; and that their heroic speaking at the public meetings of the Glasgow victuallers, convened to *frighten* Parliament, will not be of any avail. One of the best ministers and highest in the Queen's Cabinet, lately advised the people—the substance of whose speech is in this work—to keep away from ale, porter, and wine houses, and to let the snuff and tobacco *alone!* Was not this wise in Lord Palmerston, our prime minister? We say, yes. The truth is, the masses, the wealth-producing millions, are awaking from the slumber of ages on this topic, and are saying, "what fools have we been in giving such large portions of our hard-won good cash to the makers and venders of these poisonous drinks?" This view of the matter, fellow-citizens and beloved countrymen, is *veritably* just. It is a pity the lesson was not earlier learnt and sturdily acted on. Wisdom is sometimes slow in its progress, but always good in its results; and the trite proverb fits here, "better late than never to do well." When you think again what sumptuous mansions, gorgeous apparel, splendid furniture, and luxurious living many of those display, for whose bad drink you have given your good money—while yourselves and families were perhaps eating the scanty morsel, the bread of sorrow, and your homes smitten with poverty; we say, when you look at these things —and we urge you to do it—you will, we hope, at once and for ever say, "away with the serpent brewings, and never, never, never

Taste those drinks again
Which have their countless millions slain,
But with teetotal bands unite,
And walk in wisdom's sacred light."

We have, in our former pages, spoken shortly of the first Edinburgh Society, and its excellent and intelligent founders, who have done much for temperance. We shall now return to our friends of the gay Scottish capital—the Athens of old, for its fine situation, and more than Athens for its learning and its eloquence, the politeness of its sons and the loveliness of its daughters,—but alas! like magnificent Glasgow, twice its size, maddening drink is its bane! We know it, we lament it. We have been kindly favoured by John S. Marr, Esq., head secretary of the Scottish Temperance League, (whose long and able services are well known to the friends of our movement), with the Edinburgh annual reports for the years 1852, 1853 and 1854; and also were presented by the same gentleman (Mr. Marr) with a very interesting statistical paper, being the results of a careful and meritorious survey, by 200 members of our societies there, of the *strong-drink condition* of this fine city. The result is appalling. It shows the monstrosity and extent of the doings of the death-drugs, in destroying body and soul, mind and morals, health and peace, freedom and happiness of the lovers of these drinks; and Sunday was their *dreadful* day, till Mackenzie's act gave a salutary check. We can only glance at some of the prominent facts detailed in these reports and this statistical paper. It is gratifying to trace, from these official sources of information, that the Edinburgh temperance movements have continued healthy; and that friends have stood at their posts with as much firmness as our military heroes and those of France have done, to teach the Russians a salutary, but a stern and useful lesson. Our breweries, distilleries, and drunkeries, "wholesale and retail," of all kinds, form a more dreadful and destructive Sebastopol in Britain than that in the Crimea, against which the earth-rocking cannon and fire-shells of the allies are terribly telling, and proving to the wild greedy Russian court and superstitious nobles, that nothing in this world *can be* invincible. We learn recently, that *ninety* ministers of the everlasting gospel, of all denominations, in Edinburgh and surrounding places, "agreed not to sign any certificates for licensing more publicans." This was a wise resolve—a move in the right direction. The messengers of the Divine Word, we have always thought, were putting their pens to a sad document when signing such missives, and saying in effect—"sell on all you can, though the adder sting and the serpent bite the consumers of these fire-waters."

Preachers of the gospel! All you who have hitherto not put your shoulders to the temperance car, reconsider the matter. All your attacks upon us have only tended to prove more strongly the mighty foundation of truth on which our principles are built. You have uniformly been worsted in these attacks from some of your pens, and orally from some of your pulpits. All of you speedily found out that there were amongst us, as temperance members,

some "good men and true women" of your own congregations, whose Christian deportment you could not but admire, who would say to you, "Sir, do not attack the temperance friends, for God is with them and blesses them!" Many cases like this we have known during the last quarter of a century of our humble advocacy of these growing institutions. In the year 1852 the friends of the Edinburgh Society raised £418. 10*s*. 2*d*.; in 1853, £762. 10*s*.; in 1854, £1569. 17*s*. 4*d*. This shows good work. The friends in Edinburgh were vigorously assisted by a number of very talented ministers of Christ of all parties—(for teetotalism, like Christ's religion, is not sectarian)—and beside the aid of many energetic and well-read lay agents, the committee called to their assistance Mr. Henry Vincent, an English gentleman of a cultivated mind —very eloquent, with a silvery flood of charming, sparkling, light, but solid truth. He did much good. After him came Mr. Robert Lowery, of West Bromwich, (Worcestershire), who, though not so learned as Mr. Vincent, by his bold style, racy anecdotes, and lucid delivery, awakened much attention and won converts. After these two "true men," came the greatly gifted Dr. F. R. Lees, than whom it would puzzle one's brains to think of a man who has done more and better work for our cause since the day he joined us—long ago—by his brilliant pen, and his thousands of public lectures, clear as the transparent light, and powerful as the *gems* of moral philosophy. The Doctor has won many strong-minded men to us; but as we have stated his great qualities formerly, we need not enlarge. We esteem him much, and have the pleasure of knowing him personally. Long may his "bow abide in strength."

Following the above lecturers, J. B. Gough, of world-celebrity, gave our Edinburgh, and friends in other towns around, a series of those addresses which, in Glasgow, had attracted such vast spell-bound assemblies. Mr. Gough gave eleven lectures during his visit to Edinburgh, in that city and other towns, to good results; for the reports inform us that in the month of January (1854) twelve hundred and fifty-four new members were added to the societies, and amongst persons of rank and standing; and also many old drunkards, who saw the frightful gulph into whose eddies they were fast driving, were rescued from ruin—it is hoped, not to return to their "wallowing in the filthy mire," from which teetotalism is their deliverer, in proportion as they act it out. Mr. Gough, as well as Dr. Lees, lectured at many places besides the capital. He was at Dalkeith, Pennicuick, Stirling, Dunfermline, Kelso, Linlithgow and Leith, where the people "received him gladly." These lectures, no doubt, would tend to raise the Edinburgh funds, which show this in their rise; while, of course, the friends would have additional expense to meet. Our general members would do well to remember the necessity of a continued monied support to aid the

glorious reformation. We need men of mind to aid us, and these men cannot live on the wind, devoting their whole time to the propagation of these views, which the wise and good, in every age and of every land and name that history make us acquainted with, have gloried in defending; as the statistical tables at the conclusion of our present work, we hope, will amply testify.

In May, 1853, the president of the Edinburgh society, Mr. J. S. Marr, who had been an active and zealous leader for seventeen years, was appointed chief secretary of the Scottish Temperance League, when his valuable services were transferred to the larger city of Glasgow, the birth-place and head-quarters of teetotalism in old Caledonia; and where the keenest controversial battles, which "raged loud and long," were fought and won, at the origination of these societies, as living documents attest. Forbes Mackenzie's bill, as a check on public-houses, has done good to Edinburgh as it has to Glasgow, and countless other towns in Scotland. There was a fierce battle between some of the editors of the Glasgow and Edinburgh newspapers, in 1854, as to which of these two famous cities are the most devoted to Bacchus. It was very amusing to see that, while these gentlemen of the "fourth estate of the realm," gave each other brave blows, none of the moderation combatants touched on the only cure for drunken ills—teetotalism. Whig, tory, radical and chartist, all seemed to think that a glass or two were good; none saw that the *first glass* of evil spirit did the ruin, led to the wreck of thousands of brilliant intellects, and is this moment doing its terrible work. The list of office-bearers of the Edinburgh society, as given in their last report, consists of sixteen honorary directors, at the head of whom is the worthy Sir Walter C. Trevelyan, Bart.; three medical gentlemen, who have done much for the temperance movement; and six ministers of religion, whose piety, eloquence, and labours in this field, are "chronicled afar"—Mr. Ebenezer Murray is president, with five vice-presidents, two collectors, two secretaries, and a general committee of seventeen of their best members, all hearty in the work. To these we add a committee of sixteen ladies, who, like our Glasgow fair friends, visit the destitute, and raise funds to meet the general demand. Our old friend, Mr. James Grant, we had the pleasure of seeing lately, and "his leaf fadeth never." Mr. Mackintosh also stands, as he ever has done, to the "cold waters" as the best drink and safest. Edinburgh has many excellent temperance coffee hotels and coffee shops, with reading-rooms of every variety, for sober persons. Edinburgh has 1287 places of wholesale and retail drinks, regularly licensed, besides many who deal in sly, low lodging-houses, where the drink can be got. The abominations of many of these places, as depicted in the "drunken statistics," are disgusting, and almost incredible: 7663 young boys and girls, between the ages of eight and fourteen years, were found given to drink themselves, or serv-

ing it out to others on the Sabbath-day! We have now a wise government, and a good and beloved Queen, who seems to delight herself in "going about doing good," and soothing the hearts of her brave wounded soldiers, asking them when and where they were smitten. A word, a look from her to them of compassion, is a balm for their sorrows. Well, we temperance leaders and private members, in tens of thousands, are casting an eye to such a quarter for aid in our war, greater than the Crimean war, against intemperance. It may be the Queen will one day read this book. My "Life of Henry Bell," and the "Glorious Isle," are in the library of His Royal Highness Prince Albert, the honoured consort of our popular Queen—

"Whom may great Heaven, with gracious care,
Long to our glorious empire spare."

We have often, in our rambles on the margins of lovely streams, whistling and murmuring with every *tone* of music, as they danced down the rocks and rolled through the dells of this island, (which we have traversed far and wide in other years,) been enchanted by their gambols, and raised into poetic reveries of a moral and philosophising nature by these little rovers to the dark blue deep, from whence they had their birth, as the Book of books says truly—"all the rivers run into the sea, and return from thence again to water and bless the earth." It was in musing over these merry ramblers, shaded perhaps by a noble oak or a green willow, that I composed the following seven stanzas, which shall close my sketch of the Edinburgh Societies and their able leaders:—

Blest water! from thy peerless fount
Man's spirits may be rife,
Thy rills through valley, glen, and mount,
Give nature all its life.

Oh! I have trod those sylvan dells
Which yield our island's charms—
Where blackbird his sweet music tells,
And thrush our bosom warms.

Oh! long I watched the silvery tide
Come gushing from the rock—
While all around, in summer pride,
Did human glory mock.

Within these vales, upon yon hills,
Beside the lulling brooks,
Britain! I saw thy drunken ills—
They were my temp'rance books.

Nature is grand, and God is wise;
These streams are man's true drink:
Not fiery brewings should we prize,
Which make our nation sink.

These crystal streamlets all declare,
In language how divine,
Thy duty, man! if thou thine ear
Would'st to their voice incline.

Ye dwellers of the British isle!
Not sweeter waters flow
Than those which drunkards, brewers spoil,
And turn to drugs of woe.

The fourth annual report of the "City of Glasgow United Total Abstinence Association" lies on my table, which was read by the secretary, Mr. James Mitchell, in the Trades' Hall, 24th January, 1855—Archibald Livingston, Esq. writer, president of the

association—when most of the leading friends of the various local committees and others were present, including several ministers of the gospel. This annual meeting was characterised by the most harmonious feeling of zealous co-operation for the common object. Six thousand new members have entered the association during the year 1854, many of them young men of talent, on whom the friends could place their anticipation of becoming good speakers in the cause, after some standing and training. The report candidly states, they do not expect that *all* "pledge-takers will be pledge-keepers." This is the case with members of the church as well as with those of temperance societies; and if both "fall away," which they do, this is no argument either against the truth of Christianity, any more than it is to prove teetotalism wrong. It lies in man's folly, weakness and wickedness. Short and pithy addresses were delivered by the chairman, Mr. Livingston, and by the Rev. Messrs. Blyth, Borland, M'Crae and Williamson; also by Messrs. Thomas Trench, James Torrens, Mr. Bogle, Mr. David Russell, Mr. W. Webster, Mr. Jago, Mr. James Mitchell; and a poem, addressed to Mr. Livingston, by Mr. E. Morris, which he handed to the lady of their esteemed President—who, with many other ladies, graced the soiree on this glad occasion. The missionaries of the association had distributed 200,000 pages of the best temperance tracts during the year, leaving them with those individuals and families who promised to read them, in their visitation. The ladies, also, of the association made a present of 50,000 tracts for the use of the missionaries, and an unknown gentleman from England sent a five pound bank note for the same purpose, while a Glasgow gentleman sent a large supply of religious tracts and pamphlets, of a useful practical nature, for giving away to the families visited; and many, very many of these were visited, where foul drink had done its own *dire* work. Thanks were moved to the ladies by Mr. Jago, seconded by Mr. W. Webster, and warmly responded to by the whole meeting, for their great exertions in aiding the missionary fund—which they had the merit of originating, by the great City Hall Bazaar of 1852-53. With thanks to the accomplished chairman, the friends separated wiser and better, we believe, than when they met—as all such assemblies tend to promote so good an object. The following is the list of office-bearers for 1855, as per the report printed, which contains many terrible, well-attested facts, as to the ruinous consequences resulting from the unbridled appetite for these strong drinks. For details we beg to refer the reader to the annual report itself, which will be found well worthy perusal:—

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All the Agents are empowered to receive Subscriptions and Donations for the Association's Funds.

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On the 18th of February the members of this association gave a soiree in Mr. Boyle's coffee hotel, Trongate, in honour of A. Livingston, Esq., their much esteemed president, who, through press of other callings, had to retire from the head of the Union, which he had held to the great advantage of the cause—as Mr. Livingston is a most decided advocate of our principles in all their fulness. The evening was delightfully spent in the free interchange of friendly views on all the good tendencies of our movement, and those of a similar nature everywhere. The room was full, and many ladies graced the table, presiding there and handing those pure refreshments which tend to the health of body as well as of mind—which the old "hip, hip, hip" way never did. James Campbell, Esq., president elect, moved the thanks of the meeting, seconded by Mr. Torrens, to Mr. Livingston for his valuable services, which the friends greatly cheered. A number of short addresses followed, all

expressive of strong regards to Mr. and Mrs. Livingston, who had long shown their warm approval of temperance, and done much to aid it. Mr. Livingston, in an eloquent speech, thanked the friends for himself and his lady, and said that he "would never turn his back on so glorious a cause, and regretted that he did not join it earlier, for the years of his membership were the happiest, as he believed they were the most useful of his life." (Great cheering followed this conclusion.)

New allies and good speakers are coming forward, while many others, who have been long in the field, seem to wax brighter and stronger from year to year. Our old, venerable, esteemed friend, Mr. James Stirling of Milngavie, termed by some wits the "scientific cobbler," (being a shoemaker to trade originally), has greatly exerted himself by powerful, natural genius, and much reading and observation, of terse words, for many long years in the temperance field. He is now aged (upwards of eighty years old) and infirm, and can only, like a faithful old soldier, think of former battles fought and won. We got a letter from him two months ago, in which he says:—

"Alas! I am not able, though very willing and glad, were it so, to go with you and my other esteemed friend, Mr. James Mitchell, to my very kind old friend, Mr. Matthew Thomson's, of Black Hill Locks. I wish you a happy meeting. My heart and soul is in the temperance cause—it will prosper.—I am, yours very sincerely, JAMES STIRLING."

Mr. William Logan also continues his old zeal in the teetotal field, and has recently delivered, on the Green of Glasgow, several stirring lectures—chiefly on the profligacy and sin of the liquor traffic, the waste of grain and sabbath-breaking which breweries, distilleries, and public houses occasion. Mr. Malcolm Macfarlane, agent to the Scottish Temperance League, we cannot omit to name, as one who has, from nearly the starting of teetotalism, stood nobly to his post, and is yet bold and bright in the field. The two brothers, Messrs. Jago (from England), and Mr. William M'Millan from Kirkintilloch, have done and are actively doing good work in our field, by eloquent public lectures, making "old things new and new things interesting," by a ready flow of language, correct, grammatical, and often elegant. These, and many others which our space will not allow us to note, will supply the place of those moral warriors who have passed, or are passing away to join the general assembly of the wise and virtuous in glorious worlds on high. We have, during the last twelve months, been favoured with many very valuable lectures, by George A. M'Gregor, Esq. M. D., Medical Hall, 128 London Street, Glasgow. These lectures, for literary beauty, solidity of reasoning—for true wit and poetic fire, and truthful to every-day life, do the Doctor great credit, and have attracted large audiences. This gentleman has aided the author in his Sunday

addresses on the Green of Glasgow, near the Humane Society House, to much effect, and he is glad of such an ally. He is liberal as a Christian; knows his Bible well, and is a reformer of every thing that is wrong in the social, political, sanitary and religious condition of Britain and the world. We know this is the opinion of those who have heard and know him best, and are able to form a right estimate of men and things. He has, like many of our leaders, great moral courage; and we believe both moral and physical fortitude are as needful in this temperance struggle as in any enterprise that man ever undertook. Not "Nelson of the Nile" and of Trafalgar, or Wellington of Salamanca and Waterloo, stood more in need of this quality of mind—patient courage—or displayed it in a bolder sense than many of the temperance lecturers have done, and are now doing; it is cheering to see some of these becoming bolder and abler every time they come to the oft-fought battle against the foe. Like those heroic soldiers and mariners in the service of the two mighty sea and land powers, Great Britain and France, pitted bravely against a lawless blaspheming greedy nation, to repress it for humanity's sake; so the temperance associations, of every name and party, are in reality combined, and bringing out their pioneer moral heroes into a field where no widows and orphans, no weeping fathers or mothers, no distressed sisters and brothers will have to mourn over their glorious victories.

We are now arrived at the conclusion of our history, and shall give the following statistical and chronological tables, furnished us by a friend, from whom we have borrowed many good things in this production, (Mr. James Mitchell)—in which useful tables we have introduced a few reflections on the authors and their works—which Mr. Mitchell kindly prepared me a list of, from his large memorabilia.

CHAPTER XXI.

1855—(*Continued*).

The different countries where intoxicating drinks were prohibited, as pernicious to health and morals—the Chinese 1100 years before Christ; and in the works of Confucius, their great moralist, they are condemned—Socrates, 450 years before the Christian era, showed their evil tendency—Pliny, the great Roman naturalist, takes up the teetotal principle—Saint Clement, of Alexandria, (in Egypt), in his religious discourses, exposes these drinks—a list of eminent men who, in their great writings, from 1600 to 1855, all beautifully harmonise against these liquors—dates of the different British and Irish temperance and teetotal societies, and their founders, where their names could be obtained —poem to Mr. E. Morris, by G. A. Macgregor, Esq.

CHRONOLOGICAL DATES OF AUTHORS AND TEMPERANCE PUBLICATIONS,

IN WHICH OUR PRINCIPLES ARE IMPLIED OR MAINTAINED, AND TESTIMONY BORNE TO THEIR TRUTH, THOUGH THE TERM OF OUR INSTITUTION IS NOT STATED.

THESE great authors all saw the evils of every intoxicating drink, as a beverage, from 1100 years before Christ, in China, to A.D. 1855, in a better land, Great Britain. Indeed, we may date teetotalism from creation's birth—no "new-fangled system" this.

B. C.

1100 Intoxicating wine forbidden by public law in China.
450 Denounced by the great Socrates, in his lessons to his pupils, and by Plato.
100 Pliny, the great naturalist, condemns the drink.

A. D.

50 Saint Clement, of Alexandria, in his sermons.
1608 John Milton, the poet and philosopher.
1633 The "English Gentleman"—good essays.
1683 Dr. Maynivaring's Method and Means of Health, in which work is quoted and defended, very lucidly, abstinence opinions held by Dr. Neil, Dr. Prat, Dr. Duncan, Sir Henry Blount, Sir Thomas Elliot, Sir John Floyer, and other great medical men of their day—the best competent judges.
1706 Dr. Edward Raymand—Discourse on Longevity.
1711 Joseph Addison, in the *Spectator*, No. 195.
1723 John Smith, C. M.—Curiosities of Common Water; in which striking evils are shown against intoxicating drinks.
1720 Rev. Dr. Hancock's "Febrifugum Magnum."

A. D.

1725 George Cheyne, M.D., F.R.S.—Essay on Health and Long Life; a very profound work, in which the learned author vividly exposes these fiery liquors of our land—showing how destructive they are to man's nature.

1745 S. Michles, M.D., wine or spirits of wine a poison.

1747 Rev. John Wesley, A.M.—Primitive Physic. It would have been well if all the preachers of the Wesleyan society had trod in the teetotal footsteps of the good Wesley. Why not in his temperance views as well as his theology?

1775 Sir Edward Barry, M.D., F.R.S.—Wines of the Ancients; a very learned work.

1792 Erasmus Darwine (of Shrewsbury), M.D.—the Botanic Garden; a beautiful work, from the pen of a poet and wise physician.

1802 Thomas Beddoes, M.D.—Essay on Drunkenness and its consequences; from a good and ingenious author.

1804 Thomas Garnet, M.D.—Laws of Animal Life; a production which the strong-drink lover should read, and give up his death-cup.

1820 William Cobbett, Esq., M.P.—Political Register. See a fine quotation from this remarkable man on the drinking customs in the body of this history—Counsels to Young Men.

These great testimonies were all given to the abstinence principle long before its embodiment, systematically, as a rule of life. After teetotalism had been finally established and its power seen, averments and proofs of its wisdom and worth were multiplied, and essays of its excellency ran through our noblest literature like a flood of glory—gems of beauty in its defence fell rapidly from the first scholars of the day, as will appear in the sequel of these notes.

1826 Address to the People of the United States of America on the Inebriety of that mighty Republic; by a Minister of the Gospel.

1827 Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher (of America)—Six Sermons on the Nature, Causes, and Remedies of Intemperance—a volume no friend of sobriety or temperance lecturer should be without. Beecher was the founder, in America, of these institutions.

1828 John Dunlop, Esq., of Greenock (now London)—View of the Comparative Morality of France and Scotland, from actual observations in both nations—Drinking Usages—Extent and Remedy of National Intemperance, &c.—works that will remain as a monument of the author's industry, sagacity and piety. He was the founder of the first Scottish temperance society on the moderation pledge, similar to those of America of same date.

" Sir Humphrey Davy—Salamonia. The friends of temperance may well exult in having such a philosopher defending their views.

1829 Rev. Dr. Edgar (of Belfast)—Appeal for Temperance Societies.

1830 William Collins, bookseller and publisher, Glasgow—Temperance Record, Harmony, &c.—much good was done by these early works on this reformation.

1832 British River of Death—Banner of Temperance—by Mr. E. Morris. In these well-known poems, the principles of teetotalism are strongly enforced.

" Albany Temperance Record.

A. D.

1833 Dr. Beaumont—Experiments on San Martin.

1834 James Silk Buckingham, Esq. M. P.—Evidences of British Intemperance before the House of Commons—his great speech on that occasion—Travels, Essays and Letters. A new and complete edition of his works now coming out (1855). This able writer and amiable man has been a teetotaler from the tenth year of his age.

" Rev. Dr. Pye Smith on the Habitual Use of Alcoholic Beverages. This liberal-minded preacher of Christianity bore strong testimony to our movement.

1835 American Temperance Reports, and permanent documents of great statistical value.

1836 Joseph Livesey, Esq.—the Preston Temperance Advocate, Moral Reformer, Tracts, &c. All redolent of life to make mankind wiser and better, healthier and happier.

" British and Foreign Temperance Intelligencer—London.

1837 Rev. Dr. W. E. Channing—Essay on Temperance. Channing has the power of Milton, and the beauty of Addison, combined in his composition. He was considered the greatest orator of his day, and a truly philanthropic man; the friend of all good men. He was a lion in denouncing American black slavery, as well as adder drink slavery; and will be long remembered by the industrious working classes, of whom he is the great friend, and aided their elevation.

1838 The Glasgow Teetotal Mirror, editor and proprietor, Dr. A. M. Foreman. It scattered much good seed, and ought to have been better supported. It was the first teetotal journal in Scotland, if our memory is correct.

" Northern Temperance Record—Newcastle.

" The Scottish Temperance Journal, edited by Robert Kettle, Esq., so well known and esteemed in the temperance world.

1839 Dundee Teetotaler, Dundee. This town has produced many able, zealous friends, and amongst them Cruickshanks, the "Dundee carter;" he gave many a stirring lecture in England and Scotland, and we believe in Ireland. We have been with him on several occasions in Glasgow, and were much pleased by his ardent zeal, and flood of simple, natural eloquence.

" British Temperance Advocate, (Isle of Man)—a well-written Journal.

" Temperance Examiner—London.

" The New British and Foreign Temperance Society's Journal, (London)—displayed good scholarship and noble views.

" W. R. Baker—Curse of Britain, Idolatry of Britain—and earnest practical works, well suited for family reading.

" Dr. Grindrod—Bacchus. A prize essay, of great research and learning, which is still a standard work.

" Rev. Benjamin Parsons, of Ebley—Anti-Bacchus. A fit companion of the foregoing, to which it was a competitor. Mr. Parsons died lately, "honoured of all men" as a genuine Christian.

" Teetotal Courant, Kirkcaldy. Worthy of the zeal and ability of the men of that town.

" Liverpool Teetotal Times. This work spread abroad many sound views, and "bore our ark along." Should have been better supported.

A. D.

1839 Temperance Messenger—Northampton.

" Daniel O'Connell, M. P.—an eloquent speech at Bandon (Ireland) for teetotalism.—(See a poem and letter, by the author, to this celebrated man, in former pages).

1840 Northern Temperance Record—Aberdeen.

" George Troup, Esq., the Scottish Temperance Herald. Mr. Troup was a very original and vigorous writer, and nobly independent in his views on politics, morals, and every improvement for man.

" Joseph Dearden, Esq.—Short History of the Rise and Progress of Teetotalism in Preston and other places; very judicious and correct. Mr. Dearden is one of the Preston "seven lions," founders of the society there.

1841 British Temperance Enquirer—Douglas.

1842 Northern Intelligencer—South Shields.

" The Blazenbury Papers, (Edinburgh)—by John Fraser Esq., a very energetic writer, and an ardent temperance advocate; who, with his two amiable daughters, have sent their name far abroad as beautiful musicians—known well in Britain and America.

" Canada Temperance Advocate, (Montreal). This beautiful British Colony has done much for true temperance, Toronto especially.

" Dr. Frederic F. Lees—the National Temperance Herald—Moral, Social, Chemical, and Medical Aspects of the Temperance Reformation—Prize Essay, &c. The works of Dr. Lees are all master-pieces, each peculiar. They are at once brilliant in language and profound in thought—unanswerable in argument, as they are delightful as fine compositions of the best English style—a bulwark for our cause through rolling years.

" James Mitchell, Esq.—Temperance Tracts of every variety, on all the bearings of our movement, which have done immense good. The style resembles Cobbett's, pithy and sturdy, as all know who have read them.

1843 Rev. Albert Barnes (of America)—Scripture Notes—the Traffic—Throne of Iniquity, &c. This greatly good man and laborious preacher is a giant for us. See his notes on the marriage feast of Cana—how bright and beautiful he clears up that much-perverted portion of the Divine Word by our antagonists.

" Edward Johnston, M. D.—Life, Health, and Disease. A great work for temperance.

1844 Lord John Russell—a striking testimony for our cause, in a speech given when he was Prime Minister of drink-loving Britain.

" Edward Grubb, Esq.—Notes of a Mental Philosopher. Splendid in style and in sentiment; as all Mr. Grubb's writings and orations are.

" A. H. Maclean, Esq.—Temperance Journal, Review, &c. Mr. Maclean is a good writer and a ready speaker, an old and zealous teetotaler—the personal friend of the late Mr. Kettle, and his successor in mercantile business. A large subscriber to the Scottish Temperance League, and one of its leading men.

" A. Courtney, Esq., R.N.—the House I Live In; an ingenious production—Ramsgate.

" Thomas Cook, Esq.—National Temperance Magazine, (Leicester). A storehouse of wisdom to forward the good movement.

A. D.

1844 Rev. Dr. Thomas Chalmers, D. D., L. L. D.—Scripture Readings, &c. This Demosthenes of the Free Church, and its founder, shortly before his much-lamented death, bore a great testimony to the good teetotalism had done, and said it was worthy of the support of all his brother-preachers. This testimony appears in our early pages.

1845 Rev. Wm. Reid (of Edinburgh)—Scottish Temperance Review—Temperance Encyclopedia—Life of Robert Kettle—with a great variety of Tracts. All healthy and admirably calculated to do what they profess, to crush intemperance.

" Thomas Beggs, Esq.—Moral Elevation of the People. Mr. Beggs is an indefatigable advocate.

" Truth-Seeker—(Isle of Man). We believe Dr. Lees wrote much in this periodical, which gave it life and spirit.

" William Tweedie, Esq.—Temperance and High Wages. This is a sensible production, and working men should study it closely.—Many other good pieces Mr. Tweedie has sent from his depôt in the Strand, London.

" Rev. Peter Mather, editor of the Glasgow Christian News, and Day Star. &c.; in which the purest temperance views, built on liberal and enlightened doctrines of the Bible, flow like those springs that bless our island nation. Mr. Mather is a clear-headed man, of good sound sense—we owe him much.

1847 Mr. Robert Reid—Adviser—Temperance Tracts—and many other excellent things. He is brother of the minister and of Mr. Thomas Reid; an active, able agent of the Scottish Temperance League.—(See a poem to these three brothers in another part of this work.)

" Mr. Peter Burne—Teetotaler's Companion.

" Rev. Dr. Wardlaw's eloquent Speech at the Evangelical Alliance Meeting in Edinburgh, lauding the teetotal cause, contrary to his former sermons, the errors of which he now saw.

1848 The Model Parish—London.

" Rev. William Jay—a beautiful temperance speech.

" Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel—a lecture on temperance.

" Rev. Dr. James Hamilton—a lecture. A gentleman who has done much to raise the masses.

" Rev. John Kirk (of Edinburgh)—Moderate Drinking Discussion. Mr. Kirk has long laboured to promote temperance, and is active in every good cause. A man of great earnestness in all he does.

" Rev. J. Angell James, (of Birmingham)—a speech of great beauty on the Temperance Reformation. The abilities of this gentleman are well known.

" George Cruickshanks, Esq.—Speeches—the Bottle—Drunkard's Children. Works which are very popular, and have carried conviction of the truth of our views into many families.

" The Glorious Isle, by Mr. Edward Morris (of Glasgow). This work embraces the great events in British history, from the landing of Julius Cæsar (55 years before the birth of Christ) to 1848—being 1903 years. In this volume (poetry) of 420 pages, the principle of every reformation for man's good is adverted to, and earnestly urged on good and patriotic men—and the principle of teetotalism runs through it, though not in a dogmatic

A. D.

spirit. This book is in the library of Prince Albert, the Duke of Wellington, the late Sir Robert Peel, and our Prime Minister, Viscount Palmerston, and many others of note; besides the leading gentlemen and ladies of Glasgow, of all parties, with many clergymen of celebrity. It is hoped this book has won many to temperance, as in it is shown that the drug-customs are our nation's darkest blot.

1849 Mr. William Logan—Moral Statistics of Glasgow; inscribed to the Lord Provost of this great city. Mr. Logan has shown much merit in this useful work, which affords terrible proof how strong drink and public-houses tend to encourage every dark vice amongst men and women, and to pollute society to its very fountain. Mr. Logan is a striking instance of what good can be done by the union of moral and physical intrepidity, guided by sound knowledge. He is still in the field.

" The Scottish Temperance League Annual Register and Almanack—being a collection of interesting facts on teetotalism, and showing its progress through Britain and the world. A useful work.

" Mr. Cobden's Speech—and Sir Joshua Walmsley's Letter Defending Temperance.

" W. B. Carpenter, M. D., F. R. S. An able work to promote our great movement.

1850 Scottish Temperance Advocate—Edinburgh.

1851 Band of Hope Review—Tweedie, London.

" Mr. Thomas Reid—Intemperance, Cause and Cure. A good book, from a friend of the authors who has laboured long and bravely in the field, and now a popular agent to the Scottish Temperance League.

" David Lewis, Esq.—Britain's Hope of Deliverance; a publication which strongly advocates the Maine Law doctrine, of which this gentleman is an able defender.

1852 A Voice from the House of Lords—(a reprint of 1709)—with a magnificent speech of the great Lord Chesterfield, and others, denouncing the breweries, distilleries, and ale-houses.

1853 Scottish Review and Abstainer's Journal—works of great merit and utility.

" Lieut.-Col. M. M. Shaw (of Ayr)—Reginald De Coverley, or Sketch of Military Life; in which the author shows the beauties of teetotalism, and the many temptations to inebriety from which our principles are a safeguard. The worthy Colonel sends many capital articles, prose and poetry, (for he excels in both) to the "Christian News," which display much knowledge of human nature, and a moral intrepidity of mind which we always admire. May his lamp long burn for truth!

1854 The Edinburgh Quarterly Review came out strongly this year, in a learned article for the Maine Law Act, and a general defence of teetotalism; with some little blundering about the "term teetotal," which the classic writer seemed to misunderstand. This we can overlook for the general excellence of his paper, and also for his severe reflections on some of our public lecturers. They are not all Latin, Greek, Hebrew, College-glossed men, but they make a good use of the abilities they possess to aid the best reformation in the world. We thank, however, the Review writer for his able pleading.

A. D.

1854 The British Workman—Tweedie, London.

" The London League Register.

1855 History of Teetotalism through Britain and the world; an original work, from the best sources, by Mr. E. Morris, of Glasgow—8vo. neat volume, in boards, 3*s.* 6*d.* to subscribers.

" Total Abstinence from all Intoxicating Liquors as a Beverage, proved to be Bible Temperance. By G. A. M'Gregor, Esq. M. D.—being a reply to the Rev. James Gibson, A. M., against his attack on teetotalism.

" Rev. William Buchanan, B. A.—Reply to Mr. Gibson, proving, like Dr. M'Gregor, that teetotalism is a scriptural principle. Both these works are a triumphant refutation of the Rev. Mr. Gibson's views.

" Rev. William Arnot, of the Free Church, Glasgow, answers Rev. James Gibson, A. M., of the same religious connection; showing that Christianity is beautifully in accordance with teetotalism, as inculcated by all the authorised lecturers of these institutions. Mr Arnot is a very close reasoner; and the conclusion of this valuable production is overwhelming, we think, to every antagonist who attempts to quote the Bible in defence of the drinking customs, or any portion of these brain-inflaming, health-destroying liquors, against which the temperance societies wage a most righteous war—and, thank the Great Supreme, very successfully.

CHRONOLOGICAL DATES

OF THE ORIGIN OF THE DIFFERENT TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES IN EVERY NATION OF THE EARTH, FROM A. D. 1517 TO 1855.

B. C.

1100 The Chinese Government prohibits all intoxicating drinks as a beverage.

A. D.

1517 German Order of Temperance; being the first attempt on record to establish a society on temperance principles.

1813 Temperance society formed in Boston, United States of America; but made little progress for many years, owing to the propensity for strong drink being so inveterate and universal.

1826 American Temperance Association—formed to banish intemperance from the nation, by Rev. Dr. Beecher and his friends.

" New York Temperance Society founded, and many others now spreading through the great Republic.

1829 Greenock Temperance Society, established by John Dunlop, Esq., the ever-active friend of mankind.

" Glasgow and West of Scotland Temperance Society; instituted by the same gentleman, assisted by William Collins, Professor Edgar (of Belfast), and others.

" New Ross (Ireland) Temperance Association formed.

1830 British and Foreign Temperance Society, originated in London by William Collins, Esq., of Glasgow, assisted by clergymen and laymen in the British capital.

" Edinburgh Temperance Society established.

" Dunfermline Temperance Society—by John Davie, Esq., and some of his personal friends.

1831-2 Preston Temperance Association—by Messrs. Joseph Livesey, Joseph Dearden, and Mr. King, with others whose names occur in early pages of this work. Teetotalism is now the test here.

1832 Paisley Youths' Abstinence Society from all intoxicating drinks, formed by Dr. Richmond, M. D., Messrs. Melvin (cousins), Mr. James Macnair, and others, but had to encounter many checks.

1834 The British Association for the promotion of temperance, formed at Manchester; being a sprinkling of the teetotal pledge (working then in Preston) with the moderation test, as in the first societies in America and Great Britain. There was a timidity of going too fast. This name was afterwards changed to the "British Temperance League," in July, 1834.

1835 The Order of Rechabites formed at Salford, a large suburb of the great city of Manchester.

1836 The Glasgow Total Abstinence Society, formed in the Lyceum Rooms, Nelson Street, Glasgow, by Mr. Edward Morris and his friends, 16th September, 1836. (See in the proper place of this work, the thirty-seven names who formed the first adult society in Glasgow, and carried on controversial meetings three months in this city, Greenock, Paisley and other places, for the same object.

A. D.

1836 Edinburgh Total Abstinence Society, dates 28th September, 1836. (See particulars elsewhere).

1837 Teetotalism founded in the Isle of Man, which has distinguished itself by having many able speakers and a number of good writers in this cause. Livesey and his friends often visited that society.

1838 South India Temperance Union formed. Many officers in the army there were active in its promotion; and Lieut.-Colonel M. M. Shaw, and his great friend, the late General Sir Charles Napier, ever favoured the movement.

" Cork Total Abstinence Society, established by the Rev. Theobald Mathew, whose activity was great, and the masses flocked to him, though there was a reaction from the intense excitement, as noticed formerly. Still good was done, great good.

1840 Temperance Provident Institution formed—which still flourishes, and is worthy of encouragement.

1841 Calcutta Temperance Society instituted—which diffused a good influence amongst Europeans and Asiatics alike, in that burning climate where strong drink does its "speedy work of death"—as Sir Charles Napier, the great General, found in India.

1842 The teetotal pledge adopted (by the Rev. G. Blyth, now of Glasgow) in the island of Jamaica—that terrible rum-making island.

1843 Central Temperance Association formed in England.

" National Temperance Society.

1844 The Scottish Temperance League formed—Glasgow its head-quarters.

1845 The teetotal pledge adopted by the old societies of Germany generally.

" United Presbyterian Church Personal Abstinence Society formed. Not very popular—it is defective.

" The Juvenile Total Abstinence Society formed at Edinburgh, which has done much good; as those in Glasgow have, which are too numerous to mention. Some of these are sketched in the body of this work.

" A first-class temperance hotel, the Eagle, opened in Maxwell Street, Glasgow, by Alexander Graham, Esq. Has been the source of much comfort to thousands of travellers, tourists, and others who, when visiting the beautiful scenes of romantic Scotland, love to have a quiet resting-place. Mr. Graham is an old, steady friend of temperance, in its utmost extent of moral purgation against our evil customs.

" A Teetotal Society formed in the garrison of Gibraltar, by the brave soldiers of Britain; who are now combating the wicked foe on the fields of the Bible Armageddon with a courage and constancy never surpassed.

1848 The London Temperance League formed.

1849 The Free Church of Scotland Abstainer's Society formed in Glasgow, by Mr. James Torrens, Mr. William Collins, and other zealous gentlemen, who had long laboured and spared no pains to advance this great movement. Several pious ministers of the gospel, of this large and influential body of Christians, took a leading part; amongst whom the Rev. Mr. Arnot and Rev. Mr. Gault have been most zealously devoted to the movement; as also the Rev. Drs. Guthrie and Gray, of Edinburgh, in a similar society of that religious denomination there—particulars of which are narrated in the proper place.

A. D.

1850 First Temperance Society formed in Russia—a country standing greatly in need of teetotalism.

1851 City of Glasgow United Total Abstinence Association—formed by a union of all the oldest existing societies (Nelson Street at their head), in one strong effective body.

1852 The City of Glasgow Temperance Mission—formed as an auxiliary for greater effect and more extended good in visiting the dwellings of poor, neglected, and forgotten inebriates, "whom no man cared for," but for whom the great Redeemer shed his blood.

1853 The United Kingdom Alliance—formed at Manchester by a number of the best men of that city, whose object is to get an American Maine Law for Great Britain and Ireland; and we shall succeed in this glorious object.

1854 The Glasgow Abstainer's Union formed.

Fellow-citizens of Glasgow, and fellow-countrymen of Britain, and especially brother teetotalers! Our book is now before you. We have done our best to lay before the public a condensed view of the temperance movement, from its earliest dawn to its present cheering position. We have endeavoured to do justice to all parties, whose movements came within the range of our history; and we have spoken freely and frankly against what we could not but consider a wrong action in some persons, whose private character and good intentions we esteemed, but not their measures. We have ever been anxious for a large spirit—a truly Christian anti-sectarian spirit, in all those who lead the temperance bands; and then, when they stand on our battle-boards, they should embrace in their speeches, lectures and sermons, the members of the human family, irrespective of mere congregational creeds—remembering the original and true idea of these temperance associations was not to add one more religious sect to the many existing, but to combine all to lay aside foul drinks, and to break up for ever these mad-drinking customs, the ravages of which stare us in every direction. Beloved countrymen! Was this not our primal object in starting these institutions? and was not this object "one which Christianity need not blush for, and for which Divine Wisdom lifts up its commanding voice?"

We had finished our work when a leading friend of our societies, a good writer and an eloquent speaker, handed us the following poem, from the pen of Dr. M'Gregor, with a wish that it should find a place at the end. As it is good poetry, and defends our principles in verse, as strongly as the Doctor does in those public lectures which he has so often delivered to large audiences, we present it to our readers. The author was delivering a Maine Law lecture at the sweet village of Bowling, on the north bank of our beauteous Clyde, when Mr. M'Gregor handed his verses to the Temperance Office, 37 Glassford Street, Glasgow. They are, it is true, perhaps too flattering to the individual to whom they are addressed; but as he had no hand in the matter, no expectation of such an epistle—he, at the request of others, gives it here, as "the conclusion of the matter" of this book:—

MEDICAL HALL, 128 LONDON STREET,
GLASGOW, 9*th May*, 1855.

TO MY ESTEEMED AND AGED FRIEND, EDWARD MORRIS,

Author of the "Life of Henry Bell," the "Glorious Isle," and "History of Teetotalism through Britain and the World:" the long known and well tried advocate of the temperance cause, and "founder of the first total abstinence society in Glasgow."

Heaven smile on thy furrows as deeper they plough,
Thy locks be more honoured as whiter they grow.

MORRIS! I would honour thee,
In my rhyming minstrelsy:
I would seek, in my patrol,
To give vigour to thy soul;
But I feel my mind too weak,
For such thoughts are hard to speak.
And when spoken may be said
Are the things we ought to dread—
So they are if they contain
Ought that virtue should disdain—
But when truth their currents guide,
Nothing ill such thoughts betide.

Thee, the widow long shall bless,
Hang around her neck that tress
Which protected like a hedge
When her lost one took "the pledge"—

When her son, in drunken crime,
Cursed his mother in his wine!
Rudely flung aside restraint:
Such abasement! who can paint?
Thou didst run at mercy's call,
And around him placed a wall,
Which, though some may blast and storm,
Proved to him "salvation's horn"—

Labour on! nor thou in vain
Shalt such conquests multiply—
They shall meet thee, where again
Is thy resting in the sky—
They shall swell thy song of joy,
They shall lustre give thy crown,
They shall show to passers by
Temperance blossoms fully blown.
So when death shall sheath thy sword—
Mix thy vigour with the clod,
Thou shalt find a sweet reward
In that pathway thou hast trod!
Angels shall thy welcome sing,
Heaven thy coronation ring—
Earth shall place thee—but in store
For that Heaven for evermore.

GEORGE ALEXANDER M'GREGOR, M.D.

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