

horrors that have ever been imagined of that dark region! the region of black despair!

'This is the finishing stroke to the dramseller's work: he sends his victim to an immaculate bar, without a preparation, without a plea. What cares he, so that he gathers the blistering pennies—certificates of future torments; for his heart is callous to repentance—hermetically sealed to goodness and to truth.

'Behold, the liquor-seller, the dram-seller, in his accursed stall! He is coining the widow's tears—the orphan's hopes; he is speculating in human reason; buying up the feeble efforts of nature to retrieve its lost powers. He sells the soul to endless perdition—the weak, the tempted, for a shilling. With poisonous and corrosive merchandise, he burns out the last remains of virtue, and with his Circean cup, 'drugged with the deadly hellebore,' he destroys every principle of morality and turns man into a brute.

All the ties of domestic life are riven in twain. The son murders the mother who bore him! the mother the infant smiling at her breast! the husband the wife! Innocent souls are destroyed within his circle—rifled and left to the world's mercy. What is it that the dramseller does not do, that is heinous and demoralizing? Genius, as ambitious and soaring as that of Icarus, is prostrated in the dust—to the filth of the gutter! the soul is incarcerated in utter darkness, in despair. He does all this in the present century of order, knowledge, peace and religion. He is shunned by the good, despised by those who seek his domicil. Lifting the mask from his hideous face, he can say, as the terrible Mookanna:

"Here judge if hell, with all its power to damn,  
Can add one curse to the vile thing I am."

### The Wreck of the *Tayleur*.

Seldom has a nobler vessel left the Mersey than this, the total wreck of which has brought sorrow to so many firesides. It was her first voyage. Many had waited for her, as the vessel to take them to friends or fortunes in the far-off land of gold, from the persuasion that their safety and comfort would thereby be secured; and not a berth but was engaged. Those who inspected her in dock spake highly of the arrangements for the comfort of the passengers; those who looked upon her, as she went down the river, were full of admiration of her build, and rig, and general appearance; while those who came back with the pilot tug were loud in their praise of her sailing qualities. Many a heart followed her with hope, and many a prayer, 'uttered or unexpressed,' rose up to Heaven for her safe and speedy passage. How sad the issue! Leaving on the Thursday of one week, it was telegraphed, far and wide, in the very beginning of the next, that she had struck on Lambay Island, on Saturday at noon, and was a total wreck, with 400 lives reported lost. What apprehensions and anxiety these tidings caused, ere the particulars were known; and, alas! how sadly, in many cases, were the worst forebodings realised! The writer had to break to some, whose dearest friends had been on board, the melancholy fact that she had been wrecked, and that so many were lost, and try to prepare them for the issue, when detailed accounts might come. And when these came, 'twas his to go, in one case, gladly to receive anxiety, by making known a husband's safety—

but alas! in other two, to tell of those, both near and dear, engulfed and lost. Since then he has become familiar with the particulars, not only from the public prints, but from personal intercourse with the survivor spoken of above—one well fitted from previous employment to judge in all the case—one whose account has been pronounced by high authority surpassed by none for accuracy and intelligence.

Now, as this appears in a temperance periodical, let it be said, at once and for all, that we have not heard it so much as hinted, that this most melancholy wreck arose from drink. It is not as an instance of shipwreck caused by intemperance that we call attention to it, or would improve it for a temperance purpose. Such cases are lamentably frequent; but this is happily not one. It has elements of sadness enough, apart from such. We use it as an illustration; and, as such, it seems to us to suggest important lessons.

Here is the wreck of a new ship—a ship upon her first voyage—a ship just at the beginning of her first voyage. We formerly called attention to another wreck—that of the *Horn*—where a vessel, that had sailed the seas for many a day, and had passed through many and great dangers, was wrecked within sight of port, and when there seemed little or no danger at all—and we sought to improve it, by cautioning those who had long resisted temptations to intemperance, never to be off their guard, or deem themselves safe, so long as using intoxicating drinks. This is a case of an opposite character. It speaks to the young; and it says to them, 'beware in your outset in life.' You may make shipwreck then, as certainly as after long exposure to the snares and temptations and buffetings of society. You may think there is no danger of you, and others may think the same. It may seem as if you would make a safe voyage, through life, if any would—if hope can be entertained of any, it may surely be of you. Have you not every thing apparently to ensure safety? So it may seem; and you may have many a quality fitted to give safety, which others want. Yet, 'be not high-minded, but fear.' There are ships now sailing the seas, little injured, if at all, that sailed about the same time with the *Tayleur*. There are smaller, and less sea-worthy vessels, that had to brave the same breeze, and battle with the same storm; and if they have suffered somewhat, they have not been wrecked, and the injury has been repaired; while she, the admiration of so many, and that seemed so fitted in every way for mastering a gale, lies amidst the waters by the rocky Lambay. Young people, and persons setting out in life, often speak and think as if they were in no danger, just because it is not with them as with those who have sometimes been overtaken by liquor, and have, now and again, yielded to its influences, or have fallen into intemperance. Now, in many cases that may be quite true. It is not always so, however; and young persons have fallen, and been ruined, when those who had suffered from drink, have come off comparatively safe. The *Tayleur* was not a vessel that had been frequently at sea, and greatly shattered—she was a new and a noble vessel; and yet other vessels, that had been often in storm, and tempest, and had been shattered, and battered, and patched, and mended, rode out the gale which dashed her a wreck upon a rocky shore.