

ried on in the port of Quebec, but would remind them that the good man was sometimes trapped along with the bad one by the designing crimp. The speaker had known a young Scotch sailor who had visited Quebec for the first time. The captain had sent him to the post-office, and in so doing he had to pass along Champlain street,—to pass the house of the man—the crimp whom the chairman had spoken of as having bought a ship. He was hailed by what he thought a brother sailor, who asked him to come in and have a glass with him, and when they had arrived at a certain door they entered it and found the glass there, ready *charged*, it had in it a *drug*, and this man who had hailed the stranger as a friend, and taken him there, was a wicked and designing runner for a crimp. The young man did not sit down, he left the place and got on board the ship, but whilst he was giving the letter to his captain the *charge* took effect upon him and he fell upon the deck. Had he stayed in the place where he was served with the liquor, he would have been put into a cellar or garret, he would have had a long sleep, and in the evening found himself on board a ship standing out to sea. Let the sailors present take warning by this. He would tell them of two more cases. Two men were taken by runners from a ship to the house of a crimp. One was a strong fellow, and by sheer force managed to escape whilst the runners were securing his companion. Upon information received from the former, his captain, officers and fellow-sailors went to the house and found the other pinioned. Another case was one of a sailor caught by crimps, and who was found a prisoner, tied to a bedpost. This kind of proceedings was quite common in Champlain street. A poor man was caught in that street by two fellows, who suddenly seized him by the arms. They laughed, and he thought it was a joke. They ran along, and he thus held fast, and thinking it a rough jest, ran with them, they all ran together into the house of a crimp, where his arms were pinioned, a bottle forced into his mouth, and he made to swallow the contents. He became insensible, and was put into a room upstairs. In the night he awoke, and, groping round the apartment to make his escape, he fell down a hole, and was seriously injured. In the morning he was taken off in a boat, and literally pitched on to the vessel. His captain sent him to the hospital, where the speaker had the narrative from the man's own lips.—One day Mr. Sykes saw in Champlain street a black boy. The latter seemed to be going very slowly along, when Mr. Sykes observed two glazed cap fellows—the runners frequently wore glazed caps—he observed them catch the boy, and take him into the back part of the house of one Ward, a man well known in Quebec. The boy had already been confined there a fortnight. He had, in fact, been taken prisoner and pulled into the house in broad daylight, and it was well understood that if he were to be sought for he would not be found. The ramifications of the crimping system were unseen and wide. On Peters street a boy was standing near a ship, and a boarding-house keeper had two sailors so drunk that they had quarrelled and appeared to be going to fight. One of these men was a crimp, and Mr. Sykes knew him, and, thinking him a different character, had fed him during the winter. The boy had been stolen by this crimp, who had been working for a few days on the vessel, in order that he might be able to do so. This statement was true, for the offender had himself confessed it to Mr. Sykes when taxed by the latter with his cruel conduct. The speaker took a policeman, and gave the boy in charge; but the constable said he could not take him. Now in London, England, a policeman in such a case would have made the arrest on view; but in Quebec you must get a warrant, and so the criminal escaped. Mr. Sykes then got three city policemen to watch the place whilst the water police

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