

Look at the experience of California. The Fourth Annual Report of the Massachusetts Board of Health, contains the following from a distinguished clergyman, formerly of New England, but who has resided many years in California:—

"It is more and more evident that the abundance and cheapness of our wines, as well as their quality (both pleasant and strong), increases fearfully the amount of intemperance in California. In our wine-growing districts—and these are everywhere—there are very few families who do not use wine freely. Whole communities are saturated with wine—men and women, young and old. *Nor does the drinking stop with wine. Beginning with this comparatively pure product, it graduates speedily into the use of brandy and whiskey, and the worst of adulterated liquors.*"

Rev. A. L. Stone, D.D., after residing some years in California, said:

"I had entertained a sort of hope that the manufacture of pure wines, and their introduction into general use, would crowd out the gross, strong liquors, and diminish intemperance. *I am fully convinced that this hope was groundless and delusive.* It is in evidence that fully two-thirds of all the wine manufactured is converted by the manufacturers into brandy. It also appears that in the wine-growing districts intemperance is on the increase, extending even to the youth of both sexes."

The editor of *The Pacific*, published in San Francisco, writes under date of April 15, 1872:

"Lager beer has been freely made and used in this State for many years. It is not limited by any means to the German population, and is consumed in large quantities in mining districts, grain districts, fruit districts, and wine districts. Nothing displaces it, nor does it displace anything. We have never heard of it as a temperance drink; lager drunkenness is too frequent for that. Our impression is, that the lowest, slowest, most illiterate, most unimprovable, if not vicious population outside of the great cities, is found in the oldest wine districts in this State, and that the use of the product of vineyards has been the most active cause of this condition of the population: that the increased production and consumption of wine on this coast in the most recent years has diminished the use of neither distilled liquor nor lager beer, but rather increased the demand for both. We never hear of people who forsake liquor and beer for the sake of wine, but we hear of many who never use an intoxicant till they learn to love wine, and then have abandoned wine for something more stimulating. In a word, we do not believe that wines reform anybody, and we do believe that they beguile many into drinking habits, and finally into drunkenness, who would never have drunk a drop but for wine."

What has now been said is before you, not as an appeal to imagination, nor as an attempt to address prejudice, nor with any pretence to eloquence; but as a plain, honest statement of facts. The appeal is to your intelligence, and no doubt is entertained that your conscientious verdict must be, that to exempt fermented drinks from the operation of a prohibitory law, would be to fly in the face of all history, to foster the most deadly enemy to health, prosperity and morals, and to invite the defeat of all your efforts to suppress intemperance."

## Tales and Sketches.

### BIB AND TUCKER.

Once upon a time two little boys lived in a cabin in a wood. Their names were Joseph and John, and their father's and mother's names were Barney and Betsey Stokes. Betsey, their mother, was a careful and tidy woman; and, when the small boys came to the table, she protected their jackets by a napkin with a string upon it, which she called a bib. Their father used to say to them playfully at dinner time, "Come along, Bib," "Come along, Tucker;" and, after a time they came to be called by those names more than they were by their own.

They were very jolly little fellows, and played all day long in the woods. They gathered mosses and flowers and ferns for the china vases over the chimney; they picked berries for their supper, wild strawberries and blackberries in their season, and the little, red, shining "checkerberry," with its spicy, pleasant taste. They worked a little, too, in the garden that had been made at the back of the house in the clearing; and picked up bushels and bushels of chips about the saw-mill which stood on the stream. This mill on the river was "no end of fun" to the two boys. Its whirring sound and the buzz of its saw, as the great logs drifted into its grip, was the only noise they heard, except that of the wind and the birds. They liked to watch their father at the saw, and longed for the day when they should be old enough to help him at his work. Barney was very fond and proud of his little boys, and a very good father indeed, except—ah, I am sorry to say it!—except when he left the mill on Saturdays and went away through the woods to the town. Sometimes Bib and Tucker went part of the way with him, and told him what they wanted him to bring; for it was on these occasions that Barney bought supplies for the table, and clothes, and sometimes toys for his boys. So Saturday, all through their childhood, was their one day of excitement and pleasure; the day in which their new and pretty things came home. Mother always hastened through her labors, and tidied up the house, and had a good supper ready, and sent the boys, and sometimes went herself, to meet papa.

But one sad Saturday there came a change. It had been a long, bright day, and Barney had gone early to the town, and he was to bring a new dress to the mother, and a jacket for Tucker, and a pair of shoes for Bib, and there were plums to be bought for the pudding for their Sunday dinner, and that alone was enough to make them very happy boys. Toward night, the house looked uncommonly nice, and the two boys went away to meet their father, and Mother Betsey stayed behind to keep the

fire going under the kettle, that the supper might be already when the three returned. Hand in hand, the boys ran along the road in the wood, holding each other fast, so that they should not fall and soil their clothes, which were their best, and fresh and clean. The chipmunks called to them, and the birds kept chirping for them to stop, but they were in too much of a hurry for that. Soon, with a shout of joy, they saw their father coming, and ran forward to meet him, when they noticed that his clothes were dirty; his face was scratched and bleeding, and he was staggering from side to side of the road. Of course, they were frightened anyway, for never in all their lives had they seen any one like this; but when Barney saw they were frightened, he was very angry, and started to run after them, and to call them ugly names, and to curse and use dreadful words, such as they had been taught were never used by any but wicked men.

In trying to seize Bib by the arm, his father lost his bundles, and the boys picked them up and managed to keep beyond his reach. Poor Bib! he saw there was only one of his new shoes to be found, and the paper of plums was all broken, and the nice sweet things were nearly all lost upon the ground.

In sorry plight enough they reached home, and ran screaming in at the gate. "O mother, mother! what is the matter with father? He can't walk, and only runs round and falls down!" "And he hit Tucker on the head, and said bad names, and tried to hit me, but I dodged and ran," put in Bib, very much out of breath. "O mother, he's coming!" and they both got behind her as the poor, dirty, drunken creature came in sight.

And mother Betsey turned very pale, but she went out to meet him and helped him in. He was very loud and rough and quarrelsome, and it was long after dark before he grew sleepy and she could get him away to bed. The she went for her little boys, whom she had sent out into the garden; for the father seemed very angry at them, and determined to give them a beating.

And Bib, who was the eldest, had been doing his best to comfort Tucker, and, altogether, they felt very wretched, sitting shivering in the dark on a log in the edge of the wood, waiting for their mother to tell them they might come in. She comforted them with some of the nice, hot soup she had made for their supper, but they ate it with rather scared glances toward the bedroom where their father lay asleep. After supper she went up with them to their little bed, and sitting down on the bedside, after she had tucked them in, she talked to them of this dreadful thing that they had seen.

"I love your father, and so must you, my hairs," she said, shaking Bib's hand; "but you are big boys now, old enough when mother is in trouble to help her to bear it, and to know what it means. Now, when your father was a young man he learned to drink rum and whiskey and gin, and just what you saw to-night is what it makes of men and boys. You can see for yourselves and judge if you would like to be that way. When you were very small we lived in the town, and the chance came for your father to take the mill, and I left all my friends and came here to live in the woods, for I thought that here he would not be tempted to drink. I am glad we came, for it has kept him from it until lately, but now he seems to have begun again, and I want my little men to be brave, and help me to keep him home away from the whiskey, and to keep the whiskey away from him. You need not be afraid, for he loves you when he is not drunk and when he is he staggers so that you can always keep out of his way. So you must never be afraid any more, and I want you to help me, for it will take us all to save him."

"What can we do, mother?" asked Bib, trying to feel very brave.

"Well, you will have to stay and keep the house whenever he goes to town, so that I can go with him if he will let me, or you will both have to go sometimes if he will let you, for if we were with him I think he would be ashamed to go into the dreadful places where the drink is sold. But the worst of it is, that when he begins to drink he wants more and more. Now, to-morrow when he wakes he will be sober and ashamed, and that will not keep him from drinking the liquor he has brought to-night. He often used to bring it and hide it, and that is what he will do again. I want you to notice the places where he goes about the mill or the house, and to find the bottles whenever you can. I don't want you to break them and pour the liquor out, but to take them away in the woods and bury them deep in the ground."

"Why can't we spill it, mother?" asked Tucker.

"Because I don't want you to get used even to the smell of the vile stuff," she said. "I wouldn't let you touch it if there was any other way. But I can't look about the mill. It would make him very angry, and so you must do that, for together we have got to save and cure him. He is too good a man to be lost."

There was much more earnest talk, and before the mother prayed with them and left them in the dark, they had promised never to drink, and to help her in every possible way. Then she crept down stairs and came back soon, with two bottles in her hands.

"Are you asleep, Bib?"

"No mother,—Tuck is—"

"No, I'm awake," said Tucker drowsily.