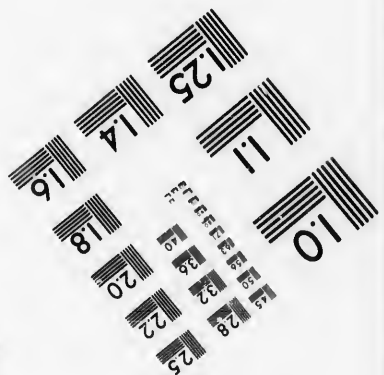
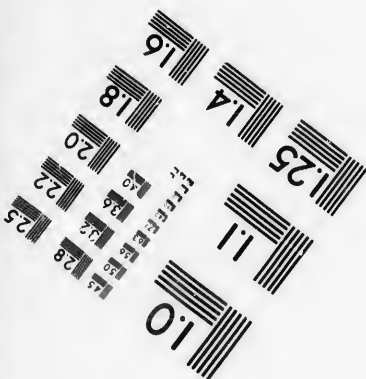
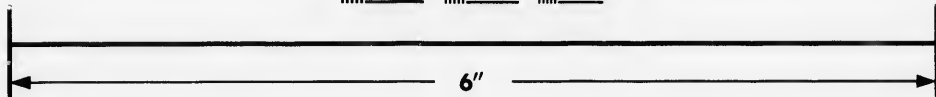
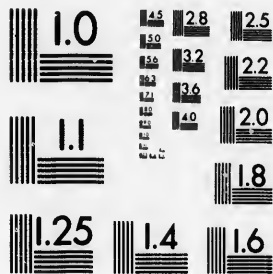


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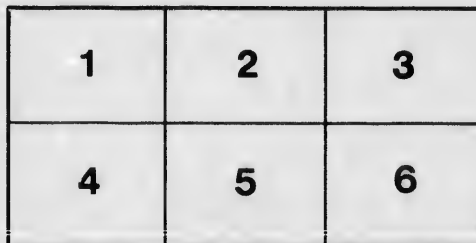
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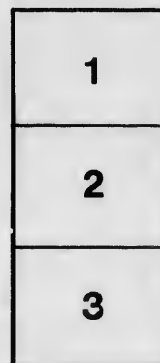
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MEMORIAL

OF THE

TEMPERANCE SOCIETY

26th FEBRUARY 1852

Published at the request of the  
Executive Committee and Members

BY

H. J. HARRIS, W.S.

PRINTED BY





# ADDRESS

READ BEFORE THE

HORTON AND CORNWALLIS

TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES,

ON THE

26th FEBRUARY AND 3rd MARCH, 1846;

AND

Published at the request of their respective Officers  
and Members.

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BY REV. RICHARD KNIGHT,  
WESLEYAN METHODIST MISSIONARY.

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HALIFAX, N. S.

PRINTED BY W. CUNNABELL,—MORNING HERALD OFFICE.

1846.



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## A D D R E S S .

SIR, FRIENDS, AND ADVOCATES OF TEMPERANCE,—

To stand in my present position, and to advocate the cause I have long since espoused, requires no apology. The sacredness of my official connexion with the church of Christ, justifies me in my present situation; and the principle of humanity which essentially pervades the topic I discuss, fortifies and renders unassailable the task I have this evening undertaken. The vice with which I openly contend, is condemned by the pure and infallible word of God, and to all the parties concerned in its commission, that unerring word awards fearful condemnation. Its tone of disapproval echoes forth in phrase as strong, as condemnatory, and as fearful as human language can convey. To the parties who prepare, and present the maddening, reason-dethroning and soul-polluting draught, it says, "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink, that putteth thy bottle to him and maketh him drunken." When it would describe the miseries immediately attending upon indulgence in this vice, it asks "Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath babbling? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes? It biteth like a serpent, and stings like an adder." Alas! how true to the life are these results! And yet again when scripture would declare the fearful enchantment—the blinding delusion, by which the victim of inebriety is enchained, and deluded, it puts into his mouth the syren song, of "I shall have peace, though I walk in the imagination of my heart, to add drunkenness to thirst." And finally, when the Holy Spirit would locate and classify this monster vice, and portray its ulterior, and unhappy, as well as interminable result; He places it in the same category with the vices which are the most revolting in their character, and the deepest stained with moral turpitude, not even excepting *murder*—and then placing the crime in juxta-position with its fearful award, declares that "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of Heaven."

Now, what need have we of other testimony—and from what source can more commanding evidence be obtained, that drunkenness is hateful to God—derogatory to all that constitutes the real dignity of man—viewed, either physically, morally, or intellectually—of man, as the principal product of the Creator, amid the tenantry of this lower world—or more pernicious in its consequence, espe-

cially in its moral influence upon the various grades of human society—and the *most of all* upon the *young*—the expectant materiel, to which alone hope can cleave, as the physical, mental, and moral stamina of the future generation? If then the above be *fact* and not *fallacy*—and *fact* it is, as proved by the most indubitable testimony,—to shrink from temperance advocacy is both *cowardly* and *criminal*—to oppose temperance principles, is to wage warfare with the cause of humanity, good order, and religion—to *paralyze* if not to *destroy* the most effectual appliance, under the blessing of God, for the removal or mitigation of domestic misery, and individual disgrace. And equally clear it is, that to throw ourselves in the breach and to use all we have of ability and influence in the progress and establishment of these principles—is to act the true and laudable part of the *man*—the *friend*,—the *patriot*, and the *Christian*.

Sir, and friends of temperance,—“Our cause is good, let us act the brave.” In the name of humanity, consistency, reason, religion, and of God! let us lift up our banners and lower them not; but transfer them to the hands of our children, and others, who may survive us, *unstained*,—and proudly floating in the breeze of Heaven—until distilleries, dramshops, and drunkenness, shall be among the evil things which have been—that when found upon the pages of the past, they shall but serve to remind them of the fearful precipice, to whose crumbling edge custom had brought society—and by the contrast, to gladden their hearts, that by the prevalence of temperance principles, they are placed in a position of proportionate safety.

There are five classes of persons necessarily concerned in the countenance, and march of intemperance. These are the manufacturers, the importers, the wholesale dealers, the retailers, and the consumers of the intoxicating draught. These are all engaged in an occupation whose tendency is pernicious to the interests of society—all, are in their measure guilty, verily guilty, in the sight of God. They bring into use a liquid, as inevitably productive of evil, as ever was cause productive of effect. At least, as such I view the subject, in connexion with that information which has of late years been widely circulated among society, in almost every part of the world. I may, without being chargeable with an improper application of scripture, say of the parties above stated, as Paul, when at Athens, said of the proud philosophers, and other inhabitants of that city, “At the times of this ignorance God winked at, but now He commandeth all men every where to repent.” When Paul planted his foot in Athens and there proclaimed the doctrines of the gospel, a new era became constituted within that seat of philosophy and the sciences. A new light then shone upon their path, and now God would no longer wink at, or seem to pass over as though He took no notice of their superstition and idolatry.

And time was, when the manufacture, the importation, the sale, and the consumption of ardent spirits were winked at. The conventional usages of society prevented such notice of the evil as would lead to its condemnation. Almost the whole world was concerned in the delinquency. The prevalence of custom threw a net work over the whole fabric. The sound of the still grated inharmoniously on no one's ear. The vessel arrived in our ports, laden with the pernicious beverage—the cargo was landed, gazed upon, and stored without one painful emotion. No thrill of disapproval wrought up the soul of man while he beheld and read the inscription of “spirituous liquors sold here.” All helped, the private christian, and even the Clergyman not excepted, to drain the puncheon, and thus keep the still in perpetual motion—to re freight the stately vessel—to replenish the dram-seller's spirit vault, and to keep the intoxicating cup in all but incessant contact with the tippler's lip. But now, a new and blessed change has come over the “spirit of the dream” of society. Down with the manufacture—away with the importation—shut up the dramshops, reform the taverns, and thereby make them a more way-worn retreat for the traveller—and bring into universal desuetude the soul and body destroying beverage, is the prevailing, powerful plea, of all who really wish well to society. And thus, what was connived at, nay, countenanced by but little less than universal custom thirty years ago, is now strenuously opposed. The ranks of the consumers of ardent spirits have been deserted by myriads, who have taken up the position of aggressive warfare. What was then deemed an expression of hostility is now viewed as a temptation to, if not even a participation in a grievous evil—and the man who was then considered as engaged in a proper and lawful calling, is now deemed but little better than a swindler of the very first class—while the victim who was then the object of merriment, goodfellowship, and even applause, is now viewed with pity, disgust, and sympathy—pity for his degradation, disgust at his loathsome appearance, and desire for his reformation.

Hence, Sir, and friends of Temperance, I return to a former position—that to make, import, retail, or consume Ardent Spirits is an evil unless justified by circumstances of the most rigid character, circumstances indeed, which but very seldom exist. Here then is my analogy. As when Paul preached God, as the being in whom the Athenians lived, moved, and had their existence—and Christ, as the only Saviour, their idolatry, and superstition become glaringly absurd—so, now, as the champions of temperance have given “line upon line, and precept upon precept” upon the evils of intemperance, the manufacturers, the importers, the retailers, and the consumers of the fiery liquid are without excuse—and, if I may be allowed the use of another scripture, which I think, I may apply

without desecration, it shall be that of the Son of God to the Jewish nation "This is your condemnation, light is come into the world, and ye love darkness rather than light, because your deeds are evil"—and with regard to many, I fear, I may be justified in saying, "Ye will not come to the light lest your deeds should be reprov'd"—moreover I fearlessly affirm, that as long as this shall be found a principle pervading God's moral government of the world "he that knoweth his master's will, and doeth it not, shall be beaten with many stripes": the man, especially, that "putteth the cup to his neighbour's lips" will have just ground to fear, that a weighty amount of righteous retributive justice is laid up for him, and, unless prevented by timely reformation, will meet him in another world—"Behold he sinneth against the Lord" and against the well being of society, and he may "be sure his sins will find him out."

The advocate of Temperance, the bias of whose mind leads to discrimination, may ingeniously, and at the same time profitably, employ this faculty, in first pointing out the aggravating associations of each one of the before named classes—and then, striking the balance elaborate by inference to which of those classes must be awarded the highest debt of delinquency. I have sometimes yielded up my mind to this process of analysis, comparison and award—and am free to declare, that among the whole the dram-seller holds the most conspicuous place in crime. The manufacturer has in some measure hidden from his view the atrocity of his occupation by the material from which he takes the deadly liquid, and the tedious process of its preparation. His mind becomes gradually prepared for the result, by all the intervening associations, existing from the cause which innocuously vegetates in the soil, to the penting up of the destructive beverage in the punchcon for exportation. The vessel which freights it to our shores, and which, so far as it bears along the deadly draught, is impropely employed, is the *conveyancer* of an agency whose deadly doings have not as yet commenced their pernicious influence—an arsenal of destructive weapons verily, she is, but as yet there is no hand to wield them—a magazine of mischief it is true, a depot of deathly material, but as yet untouched by the spark which elicits its explosion. *But* still, the phrase will be neither too harsh, nor inappropriate to call a vessel laden with punchcons of rum, or hogsheads of brandy, or any such pernicious draughts, a floating depository bearing from shore to shore a legion of ensconced evil spirits. The true friend of commerce will say

"Speed to the ship, but let her bear  
No marchandize of sin,  
No groaning cargo of despair,  
Her roomy hold within,

No loathsome drug for eastern lands,  
 Nor poison draught for ours,  
 But honest fruit, of toiling hands  
 And natures sun, and flowers."

The wholesale dealer, too, is not placed in circumstances to be able to see the fearful doings of the article he vends, in so atrocious a light as is he who divides the puncheon into smaller measures, from the gallon to the dram-glass, that he may meet the more or less replenished purses, or firm or shattered constitutions of his customers. The consumer, though he may well be said to stand foremost in the rank of folly, cannot on that account be allowed to pass uncondemned as a sinner against society, his own soul, and his God. Yet is he the only one among the whole fraternity that claims our sympathy. And this he shall have; aye! and our efforts too, for his reformation. At the same time, we will not, we dare not, withhold from his practice our most unqualified condemnation. But for the manufacturer, and the importer, a true friend of temperance can cherish no sympathy whatever; and as for the retailer, he is the man who is the sinner, in *my* view of the case, above all others concerned in this unholy traffic: he deserves, and he must have, the deepest reprobation, while he resolves against *light*, and *remonstrance*, and *conscience*, to vend the intoxicating draught.

He is worse than the manufacturer, because he is not led on by the scent of the sweet cane to the finishing stage of the preparatory process; he is worse than the importer, because his mind is not diverted by the swelling sail, the wafting breeze, the stately vessel, and the hidden evil; he is worse than the wholesale dealer, for he makes himself conversant, in the minutest details, with the history of his puncheon from the time he turns it in filled, to that in which he turns it out *empty*. That which requires from the wholesale dealer one act, and, it may be, one accusation of his conscience, furnishing to him one reproof, provides for the retailer employment for a week or a month—and unless obdurate by his familiarity with his calling tends to him both conviction and reproof, in abundance. He is the Guy Fawkes of the traffic, lurking with reckless readiness to put his torch to the deadly train; he is the desperado, who bursts open the door of the deadly arsenal, exhausts it to the last weapon, inflicting wounds upon individuals and families, oft, alas! so deep, as to defy the lapse of time, or even the length of Eternity, to heal!

The manufacturer may not know, with certainty, to what shore the article he has prepared may be transported. A portion of the same uncertainty hangs over the importer. It may be consumed by the stranger, or even by the enemy, and though in their case, this cannot lessen the turpitude of their conduct, yet, the fact that the retailer generally knows that he deals out the woe-working potion to his



neighbours, to his friend, and his acquaintances, stamps his conduct with ten-fold atrocity. Oh! sir, it is not *Fiction*, but *Fact*, that in the great majority of cases, in a country where the population so thinly exists, and the interchange of civilities is so common as in this hospitable Province, the retailer knows the countenance, if not the name, and also the relation and circumstances of every visitor to his groggery, with but little less than indubitable certainty — Then.

This admitted, and admitted it must be, the following exhibitions must not be ranked among the mere imaginings of the mind. Such as, there comes a man, he calls for a glass, he obtains it; he requires its replenishment; it is done, and so glass succeeds to glass until the man is transformed into the brute. And the hand that deals it out, knows, in cases not a few, that he to whom it is given has a family to provide for; that that family is in almost starving circumstances; that he has a wife, and that wife's heart is almost broken. And yet, with this knowledge, he takes the last morsel from the child's mouth, and snaps asunder an additional cord (it may be, the last), of that woman's heart, whom his deluded victim pledged himself before God, and in the presence of many witnesses, "to *love, comfort, honour, and to keep*, till death them should part." A second person comes to his unhallowed mart in the person of a fine young man, whose father it may be, had been victimized before him. Upon the character and industry of this young man depends the comfort of a widowed mother, and a train of fatherless brothers and sisters. He, too, demands the deadly potion; and he obtains it, while the dramseller knows that he is on the highroad to personal ruin; that he is bowing down the head of her who bore him, and nursed him at her bosom, to the dust of the grave; and withdrawing the arm of protection from those dependant upon him, and to whom he should become a second and a better father than was he who bore and had dishonored that hallowed name. And the imagination, sir, without the charge of extravagance, may yet paint another. He is talented, respected, and to the present time, has held some respectable station in society; but alas! he has commenced a course towards intemperance, though upon his own sobriety depends his all of reputation. This the avicious vender of the subtle poison knows! He has plainly before him this man's downfall—the wreck, the *total* wreck, of talent, trust, places, and profit; and yet he pampers his vitiated growing appetite until the cup of his misery is filled to overflowing.

"Habit on taste its trembling tie makes fast,  
 "The conscience guarded rubicon is past;  
 "Tie after tie, destroys each power to save,  
 "And prematurely opes the insatiate grave."

And once more. We may present to our minds a man who, alas! has been for so long a time under the influence of intemperatè habits that he bears upon his person all the sickening insignia of the confirmed drunkard: the whole of his frame is shattered by his vicious draughts; the eye is livid, the lips are of deep empurpled hue, the face is blotched and carbuncled, and the hand which lifts the glass is palsied. A day or two ago, he might have attempted to take his own life, unable to bear longer the goading of his own conscience, and to thus rush uncalled, and in the highest degree unprepared, into the appalling presence of his Judge; or, he may have just recovered from that fearful disease "delirium tremens," when a guilty conscience acting upon a diseased imagination, surrounded the hapless victim with troops of supposed infernal spirits. He stands upon the crumbling precipice of the drunkard's Hell! one or two more glasses will effect the horrid deed, put the finishing stroke to the tragic scene. And *these last glasses*, have the retailers of ardent spirits been known to give! From these indubitable facts, sir, I come to the conclusion that the retailer of ardent spirits is the foremost in crime of all concerned in this unholy traffic.

To show the dangers of intemperance, the Catholic legends tell us of a certain hermit to whom Satan gave the choice of three crimes. Two of these were of an atrocious character, and the other to be drunk. The poor hermit chose the last, supposing it to be the most harmless of the three; but when he had drowned his reason, and lost the balance of his moral rectitude by intemperance, he readily committed the other two, whose atrocity he was now unable to see, or seeing, to resist. The moral of this legend a child may understand. Many a sober man, nay, every one such, must look upon the murderer with horror and detestation. But stubborn fact, alas! too oft has proved that under the maddening influence of intoxication, the horror and detestation have disappeared, and the once sober man has imbrued his hands in the blood of his wife, his child, or his friend. Many a man has revered things sacred, and honored his God, who, in the hour of intemperance, has poured desecration upon religion and heaped blasphemy upon the name of his Maker. Thus deceived by the first appearance of the fatal vice, and the imposing character of its votaries, thousands become deserters from the banners of true religion, and volunteers in the service of sin. But while the poor hermit represents his fellow victims, who is to represent the agency, by which he was tempted to his fall? Sir, you need no formal answer! Yet the Prophet's woe is pronounced; he lifts up his voice in the name of his God, and saith "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink."

Ere I conclude my address, sir, I must crave permission to direct attention a little more pointedly to this fearful denunciation. It is

naturally enough to be expected that the persons to whom this woe is referred, should wish to neutralize its application. And this they have had the foolish daring to effect, by saying, that this passage is to be taken in a figurative sense. That is to say, in plain terms, that God, so far as this passage is concerned, says one thing, and means another. That the scriptures sometimes mean by the term, that which is not literal, the friends of temperance most cheerfully concede. As when God says "I will make them drunk in my fury; and represents the tempest-tossed mariner as "reeling to and fro like a drunken man." But when you retire to your habitations of the Prophet's "woe" carefully, and you will be satisfied that literally strong drink, the intoxicating draught, is what the Prophet means, and that the term "drunken" means, without a figure, the being under its pernicious influence.

Now we must observe that previous to the institution of temperance societies, the preparing and the giving of strong drink had assumed a most fearful ascendancy; and even at the present time, after all the advocacy and success of temperance principles, comparatively many there are who adhere to these ruinous practices. The thought is tremendous, that any man should seek to obtain a subsistence even, leaving the accumulation of riches out of the question, by a traffic so pernicious—by an occupation whose success and prosperity must exist in the same ratio as it produces the adversity and wretchedness of his fellow men. In what does the dram-seller traffic? In that which has the tendency to strengthen and perpetuate the happiness, health, reputation, morality, and by consequence, the advantage, of human society? Alas! no,—but of all these, the entire reverse. In that, rather, which aims at human happiness, of all blows, the one most deadly.

And if physiologists give to health a correct definition, when they tell us it consists of a "sound mind in a sound body,"—then, as the article sold by the spirit-retailer, whose conduct, the Word of God, and humanity, condemn, lays successful siege to all that constitutes the healthy subject, it must inevitably be to the health and happiness of man the most fatal antagonist. And oh! if we can see, without sickening at the sight, the plague-spot, where reputation is ruined, and morality ship-wrecked, we may turn our eye to that man's mart who "putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips until he is drunken." No! the article he vends is not that which is necessary for the use of man. Few, indeed, of the present day, will have the temerity to affirm this. It is opposed, as I have said, to Christianity and humanity. These would clothe the naked with a garment. The groggery strips them bare—would denude the human form, of its last strip of raiment. These would feed the hungry, but the dramshop would snatch the last morsel from the mouth of her who is worse than widowed, and from the starving

progeny, whose comforts would be increased by being thrown upon the casual charity of the public,—far, very far, indeed, beyond any support they can expect from a man whose proper name is drunken sot, rather than that of father! Christianity and humanity would improve the minds, and the morals of men; but the retailer of drams is undermining the stronghold of reason, and corrupting the morals of his victims beyond a power of calculation. If he would give himself time to look at the originating circumstances of the article he vends, as well as at its destructive tendencies, I should entertain some hope of his speedy reformation.

Alcohol, which contains the intoxicating property of all fermented liquors, it is said, was first discovered, and separated by a Turkish Alchymist—one of those studious visionaries, who spent years of precious time in search of a universal solvent—and it was not until the lapse of fifty centuries of the world's existence that the unhappy ingenuity of a Spanish Physician suggested the use of distilled spirits as a remedy in disease. But what we sometimes say of woman in the case of man's degeneracy and redemption, we may say of the medical faculty in the case of this use of ardent spirits,—namely—that though by woman man fell, yet, by the seed of the woman he rises—and though a physician first suggested the necessity of ardent spirits in cases of disease—so now the faculty, generally, discard all such necessity, and many of them march in the foremost rank of the great Temperance army.

It was not until several centuries subsequent to the above date, that the popular taste established it as a beverage in health. Thus, Sir, discovered in the country of *Mahommed*, and the *Koran*, it has proved an universal impostor! and has not much to boast of its birth. Introduced to the materia medica in the land of *treachery* and the *inquisition*, it has betrayed its millions, and marked its progress with blood!

The first ardent spirits known in Europe, we are informed, was made from grapes, and sold in Italy and Spain. The Genoese afterwards prepared it from grain, and sold it in small bottles at a very high price under the name of "Aqua Vitæ," or the *water of life*. A most inapposite cognomen this! Rather should they have termed it the *water of death*. Down to the 16th century, it continued to be kept exclusively by the apothecary, and its use restricted to medicine. Strange, then, Sir, it is to say that three hundred years have not yet elapsed since our fathers unfortunately believed that hilarity may be innocently promoted—muscular power increased—nervous debility removed—intellectual vigour quickened—commerce extended, and the revenue increased—by the traffic, and use of an article which men of science arrange in the same category—and consider when treating of its effects upon the human body, under the same relations, as deadly nightshade, tobacco,

hemlock, opium, and various other poisons. From these observations, it may be perceived, the distiller is the man that gives it to the world--and the retailer, he that lifts the lid of this pandora's box and scatters its evils over the face of society. And, Sir, I must again be allowed to say, he deals this deadly beverage forth unshielded by any plea of justification whatever--that he is vending a necessary article. He cannot avail himself of the plea to which the Turkish Aleymist, may have had plausible recourse, that he fell upon it in his pursuit of science. He cannot defend himself, as might have done the Spanish physician, for *he* professes not to sell it as a medicine. He cannot avail himself of the ignorance of its deleterious effects, as our forefathers might have done, for he has been told, plainly, pointedly, repeatedly, told that is an evil of the most pernicious kind. He has probably seen the victim fall into a premature grave, or he at least has heard of many such instances. Scarcely can he read a newspaper, without falling upon the record of some drunkard's death or disgrace, and how, after this, he can continue his unholy calling, I confess I am at a loss to know! These are, verily, the men who strive to amass wealth at the expense of their fellow men's happiness, and lives.

I believe, Sir, if we could see things connected with these grogeries in the light of eternity, that justifiably there might be inscribed over the door of every such dwelling--man's temporal and eternal ruin is accelerated here! I use strong language--let the importance of the subject, and my desire for the *real* welfare, both of the retailer and the consumer, be my ground of justification. As a sinner before God, the retailer of ardent spirits calls forth my pity, and desire to rescue him from an employment, which I as much believe to be an insuperable barrier to his salvation--as I believe it to be injurious to the peace and well being of society. But, Sir, his trade demands my undisguised indignation, and from this I will not exempt him!

Do you ask me for a definition of his calling? In few words I give it. He is then a drunkard-maker by profession--or, if he wish a more diplomatic designation, here it is--he is the town or country consul of his satanic majesty--for where is Satan more efficiently represented than in a dram shop? And will good and useful members of the community respect him in *this calling*? No! they cannot. Every man who loves his child--every man who truly esteems his friend, will burn against him with honest indignation. How desolating to every humane and moral feeling must be a traffic which shall find an employer who shall deal out day after day the liquid poison to the tottering drunkard--hear of his death without apparent emotion, attend his funeral, assist to lay him in his grave--then go home, post up his books--turn the widow, virtually, out



of doors, by pressing the payment of arrears, and leave helpless children to perish for want of food, or seek it at the hand of public charity. And, Sir, this is not the uncertain supposition of romance, but the recorded echo of what has again and again taken place. But moreover such men, strange to say, in times heretofore have, owing to the force of custom, sustained a good name, and have ranked with those who have pursued an honest and profitable business to society. This view of the case is now, however, fast being changed through the prevalence and influence of temperance advocacy.

I would advise for the future, that whenever the community may be called to stand around a drunkard's grave, the eyes of all be directed toward the inhuman dram seller--that he be called to take one solemn look into the grave of the slain, and if he will then return to the pursuit of his calling, which tends to produce such sad results, let the voice of his brother's ruin cry unto him from the ground, and the lashings of his conscience be greater than he can bear--until he shall be compelled to abandon his unholy calling.

Is the worm of the still, "the infernal reptile" that feeds upon the bodies of men, and is never satisfied; which imparts an insatiable meanness to their appetites--which removes every obstruction to a premature *grave*, and a premature *hell*? Then is it the besitting emblem of the worm that never dieth, and the fire that never shall be quenched. Is the grog shop like the fabled ferry, the direct passage to the infernal regions? Then, men who visit there surely live under some magic illusion, as regards their view of the place!

But, Sir, will you and this assembly accompany me within the precincts of the dramseller's pandemonium--and I would hope if we can prevail upon the unhappy inebriate to come with us, and attend to our admonition, it would at once and forever cease to hold such talismanic influence over him.

Sir, have you never read MacGowan's dialogue of devils? He divides those awful regions where unhappy spirits have their eternal abiding-place, into cantons. MacGowan represents Impiator as conducting Infidelis through those dark domains, and by and bye brings him to what he calls his royal canton of drunkards, which he thus describes as divided into two very grand divisions, the first of which is inhabited by sots, and the second by the class of merry companions. The soaking sots are a well-seasoned race, who seem as though some of their ancestors were of the bristly kind: they are a swinish set of people, always grunting but when their lips are in the cup, unless it may be that the calf mounts them in the morning, and rides them till half-past two, then dismounts just in the middle of dinner, and the eager swine vaults into the saddle and rides them till they are lame. The ensign of the sot's division is a long tobacco-pipe and greasy forebreasts of a coat. If any man have business



with them, he would do well to wait upon them in the morning, before the calf dismounts, for after that they can do nothing but grunt till sleep dismounts the pig again: thus are they ridden alternately by the calf and the pig. The sots drink solely for the sake of the liquor, and in process of time their blood becomes so inflamed that they carry the arms of the company on their faces, which are dyed in a kind of bastard-scarlet colour and grown as rough as the skin of a shark, with preternatural pimples. The second division, said Impiator, is that of merry companions, or good fellows. They abhor the name, yet love the company of drunkards. Were you to ask them their reason for visiting the dramshop, they would tell you it was not for the love of the liquor but they go there merely for the sake of good company. In short, says Impiator to Infidelis, if you were to go through my canton of drunkards, when my men are all at work, you would hear as great a noise as if Vulcan with his Cyclops were forging thunderbolts for Jupiter; and would certainly imagine that hell had burst its belly and poured out its entrails among us, on account of the hideous cursing and swearing, scolding and bawling, tearing and fighting, which you would there witness. This, adds Impiator, as he finishes his picture, is my royal canton! out of which I choose all my principal men, for if ever I get a man to become a drunkard, I can cause him to commit what wickedness I please.

Thus much, sir, for MacGowan, who you will admit is no bad painter of a groggery and its inmates. But, sir, I will try to cast a few more shades upon the canvas. I consider that the dramshop is the resort of the lazy, the turbulent, the scoffer at religion, and the dishonest; and as the unfeeling husband, the cruel father, the prodigal child, and the recreant of every class, make this the place of their daily haunt—so, if it were to assume its true character, its sign should exhibit a house with broken windows, stuffed with rags and old hats, a garden full of weeds, a horse tied to a post, foodless, and shivering with cold, a man dying in despair and a fiend grinning with satisfaction;—in the background I would have painted flames, and if it were possible to effect the personification, a lost spirit, cursing the day it paid its first visit to a dramshop. On the bottom of the sign there should be this motto, “No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven,” and on the top in large characters, the Prophet’s “Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth his bottle unto him till he is drunken.”—But, sir, I would have the interior of the building show its true character also: every spirit-cask should be painted black, and on the head of each I would have the word “ruin” written in large white letters; human skulls should be the drinking-goblets, the counter formed by a row of coffins resting on three biers, and winding sheets should be the curtains for the windows, and thus would I pourtray the temporal and eternal conse-

quences of rum selling. Now, sir, were the unsanctified retreat thus to appear in its true aspect, what man would keep a dramshop? would he not, *must* he not be compelled to submit to the severest labor, and endure the most pinching privation, (had he no other proper alternative,) in preference to holding a station in life were he lives but to accomplish the physical, mental, intellectual, spiritual, and eternal undoing of his fellow men. Than, to follow an occupation where moral character is desolated, not unfrequently in early life—the opening germ of talent blasted—the orator, or the poet,—or the statesman in embryo, becoming a sot,—a dunce,—a mendicant,—a disgrace to society! The grogshop, sir, is the place where the example of the great and the good will soon cease to be emulated—where the honor of the family will soon lose its impress from the mind—where the hopes of parents will soon wither—and the man whom nature destined to move amid the ranks of her own aristocracy, will soon become the loathsome pest of low society. On such a man, then, as he who by his traffic eventuates all this degradation and misery, may the Word of God, well and righteously pronounce its malediction! and thus it does, without a figure, for it says, “Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink.” And, sir, it is not unfrequently that this denunciation rests upon the rumseller’s ill-gotten gain! I say, ill-gotten, and I say it advisedly. But it may be said, the man pays license, and he is respected and patronized by the first persons in the community. No matter what he *pays* or who *respects* him: neither the *pay he gives*, or the *patronage he receives*, can alter the nature of the case. That he pays for a license may prove the delinquency or wrong doing of the authorities which grant it; but prove it *never can*, that that license can justify the sale of ardent spirits for the destruction of human life and happiness. Patronage from the most respectable standing in society, *may* and *does* prove that a misnomer is employed, for no truly respectable man will make a grogshop the place of his resort. It does prove that respectable men, as they are termed, from the mere courtesies of life, allured by the love of strong drink to the dramshop, lose all respect for themselves; but prove it never can, that their presence and patronage can sanctify the spirit-mart, change the nature and evil of its tendencies, and transform the gain which is so manifestly ill-gotten, into the product of an honest, upright, and useful vocation.

Sir, I love to call things by their proper names: and thus led, I call the gain of grog-selling the “wages of iniquity.” It has been obtained for making men cheat their neighbors, starve their children, abuse their wives, plant sorrows deep and deepening in the hearts of dearest friends; and even, blaspheme their God! And though these fearful results, are not, it may be, nay, charity compels us to believe they are not—the fruits of deliberate intention, still such they

are by consequence; and with consequences, in this case, it is our province to deal. Is the grogseller a man who has hoarded up money as the profit of his employment? Then has he many a dollar in his coffer, stamped with the curse of the widow and the ruin of the drunkard; and though he may continue thus to hoard it for the present, the great probability, is that by the profligate child, or the occurrence of other circumstances, it will be scattered to the four winds of heaven.

But again, it frequently happens that this kind of accumulated wealth flies from its owner as soon as it is obtained; and although his profits are great, (especially when the spring replenishes the punchons,) he is seldom a penny in advance of the beggar. And why? because the Curse of God is on his occupation. To the rumsellers we may apply the words of the Prophet Haggai, "Ye have sown much; and bring in little: ye eat, but ye have not enough; ye drink, but ye are not filled with drink; ye clothe ye but there is none warm, and he that earneth wages earneth wages to put it into a bag with holes." As regards the gain of his calling, we will suppose that his punishment goes not "beforehand," but that he shall be successful in laying up his treasure, that he shall deposit his hundreds or his thousands, shall have added house to house and field to field," yet shall his punishment "follow after," for on this subject we may borrow with effect the denunciatory language of St. James upon ill-gotten gain; we have only to change one term in the text to make the application complete, that is to put in grogsellers, in the stead of men. And then will the passage read thus. "Go to, now, ye rich grogsellers, weep and howl for the miseries that shall come upon you! your riches are corrupted and your garments moth-eaten, your gold and silver is cankered, and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire; ye have heaped treasure together for the last days; ye have lived in pleasure on the earth, and been wanton—ye have nourished your hearts as in the day of slaughter."

Sir, my mind is not so constructed as to give much effect by delineation; I must therefore fail, to set things forth in a very graphical form. Yet will I attempt the drawing a pair of pictures, that you may look "on this, and on that" for the purpose of inference by contrast. My first shall be that of an honest day-laborer, or mechanic. Blest with health and vigor, the scarcely-ever-failing fruits of temperance. He has a wife and family to care for. He goes forth in the morning to his labor; he leaves his house as the habitation, though of limited comfort, yet of sweet contentment. The smile of his wife follows him as he passes over the threshold of his humble cottage; and the cheerful, chubby faces of his little ones, dimpled with smiles, and enlivened by innocent prattle, compel him to feel that though he is a *poor man*, he is both a *happy husband*, and a *father*. With *light heart* and *firm step*, he goes to his field, or

*workshop.* His day's labor done, he returns to another edition of domestic comfort. Though weary with his *toil*, he enters his *humble cot*, as *dignified*, and as *independant* in his mind, as a *monarch*—for such he is—of his little *domestic empire*. The same *conjugal smile* meets him as cheered him on his *departure*, and the same little *tonguesied, interesting* group are around him. His *frugal meal* has been prepared by the hand of *fond affection*, and *economy*, which of themselves impart a zest and sweetness to his humble fare. His table is not spread with the “delicacies of the season,”—but if it be no more than a *dinner of herbs*, or a *crust of bread*, he looks upon it with the *untrammelled independance* of an *honest, temperate and industrious* man. He feeds upon the labour of his *own hand*. *He snatches not the morsel from the lips of another*; his cottage comforts though small, are *purely, righteously, his own*. He feeds with a good *conscience*; and like the *three holy children* of scripture history, his “*pulse and water*” shall make his countenance appear “*fairer and fatter*” in flesh, than all the children which did “eat of the King's meat.”

I will now, sir, attempt a sketch of the *cottage comforts* of the rum seller. He might have gone to bed last night, or he might not,—this must depend upon circumstances—circumstances, too, by no means isolated. His house may have been the scene, through the “live-long” night, of drinking and dissipation. This must depend, too, upon the fact as to whether he has been enabled to keep himself unscathed from the fires of *ecohol*, with which he has consumed others. Or if he went to his bed, he might have gone thither in the erect form of manly stature or on *all-fours*, or some such man-degrading form of physical progress. But, sir, we will suppose that in these matters all was right; and that of what are called the comforts of this life, there is within his habitation no lack. His house may be a stately edifice, and his apartments splendidly furnished. He may be “clothed in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day.” He may look into the distance of futurity, and anticipate no want; and could matters rest here—were the man a mere animal, without reflection or conscience, dissociated from all of immateriality, and immortality—of responsibility, and reward, it would not matter much. But if his house has been built by the profits of rumselling, “the stone shall cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber shall answer it,”—and they shall pronounce “Woe to him that buildeth a house with blood, and stablishes an habitation by iniquity.” His costly raiment and his splendid furniture are the fruits of a vocation which has “stripped the naked of their covering,” and has rendered bedless and ungarnished the apartments of the wretched. How different from the position and feeling of the honest labourer! The honesty, the clear consciousness, the independance, and the peace of this man, are attributes

with which the rumseller cannot clothe himself. For he eats the bread of the hungry, he wears the raiment of the naked, and he occupies the habitation of the houseless—if so be, that these appendages, are the fruits obtained from the sale of ardent spirits, to those of society, whose earnings, had they been properly applied, would have furnished their own families with the necessaries or comforts of life; but, being spent in the dramshop, doomed those dependant upon them to wretchedness and want.

Sir, did you ever know these dramshop-keepers observe family prayer? and thus to pray for the blessing of God upon their employment! You might as well look for acceptable prayer in the Court of the Inquisition—I had as well say in the place where the rich glutton prayed, but prayed to no saving effect—for though you may find many a grogseller who knows he ought to pray, yet his daily checks of conscience, and his daily perseverance in his improper calling deter him from the performance of this duty. How can he pray while he has his banner hoisted for the purpose of decoying the unwary?

The Apostle says that “every creature of God is good, and is to be received with thanksgiving and prayer.” But on this injunction I found a case. I suppose that a drunkard maker, receives to day, enough of cash, to furnish his family with necessaries for to-morrow, and which is a supposition by no means isolated or remonetic, that *he knows that cash* has been received from hands, which should have either transferred it, for the purpose of paying honest debts, or supplying the pressing wants of his own family---that this cash should have gone to purchase food for the man’s children, or some article of clothing for his wife---yet with this cash the rumseller spreads his table with some of the good creatures of God which are fit for food. Can he,--yes, Sir, I ask, can he partake of them either with scriptural thanksgiving or prayer? *He cannot!* Why, Sir, in such a case he must thank God that he is eating the very morsel which leaves another to starve---pray that the providence of God may incline customers to perpetuate their visits to his dramshop; as the husbandman prays that the Lord would “reserve to him the appointed weeks of the harvest”---for when the employment is a lawful one to pray for prosperity, is a duty binding on man. But for a rumseller to pray is to implore the Deity to interpose for the spread of drunkenness over the land---to aid in the violation of his own laws---to send down His blessing upon that, on which He has stamped, the weight of the prophetic “woe.” Hence a dramseller can never with scriptural consistency, offer up that comprehensive petition which our blessed Lord has taught us “give us day by day our daily bread.”

We are commanded, Sir, that whatever we do “whether we eat



or drink, we are to do all to the glory of God." I remember, Sir, in the course of my life hearing the following anecdote. It was of a lady, who had said that she would never believe there was any harm in playing cards. A pious minister said to her, madam, you should deliberately and advisedly do nothing that is not for the glory of God—and what is for the glory of God you may well desire to be found doing and praying over on your dying pillow. Could you then, think you, make up your mind to be found by death with a pack of cards in your hands—and can you suppose that in such solemn circumstances you could lift up your heart to God in prayer, and thank *Him* that you were thereby bringing glory to His name? His appeal, it is said, led to that lady's conviction, that time, to say the least, might be much better employed. Sir, I am no advocate for card playing—I view it as an evil in its consequences, if not in itself; but if the conscience of that lady would not admit of the possibility of playing a hand of cards for the glory of God—how can the rum seller ask a blessing over the foc<sup>d</sup> which spreads his table, when that food is obtained under the circumstances above stated? Who then can wonder that the Lord should pronounce His woe upon such as these.

The woe of God often rests upon the person of the unholy trafficker. The man that deals in the retail of rum has much reason to fear that the monster will turn upon himself. A gentleman who has the means of knowing stated at a temperance meeting in this township, that of six rumsellers he knew but one who had gone, to his account, that had not been slain by his own weapon, or in other words had not died an intemperate man. The other five had fallen victims to their own traffic. Sir, it is said, that when by the dire decree of the King of Babylon, the three holy children were cast into the burning fiery furnace, "Because the King's commandment was urgent, and the furnace exceeding hot, the flame of the fire slew those men that took up Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego." And it often happens—yes, it *often* happens, that so urgent are the appliances of the rumseller for the purpose of bringing victims to his *not less* fiery furnace—and because this liquid furnace is so raging hot with the fires of alcohol, that the vender is himself not merely singed, and *badly* too, but utterly consumed.

Sir, have *you* never known a grogseller die a drunkard? I might with a greater show of reason ask, did you ever know a dramseller die a sober man? They walk upon the train themselves, which they have laid for others—and often the mine explodes (though they had not designed it) beneath their feet—and they are wafted into the vortex of intemperance, and thus, in them is fulfilled that scripture "They have sunk down into the pit which they have made, in the net which they hid, is their own foot taken, the wicked is snared in the works of his own hands."



I oft, Sir, feel pity for the family of the retailer of ardent spirits. I have no doubt but that the wives and the families of many of them would hail with gladness the day in which the head of the family abandoned his unhallowed avocation. The keen eye of the wife already sees, and her sensitive heart feels too, that domestic misery, as well as personal ruin, falling upon her husband, and by his example on her sons, is advancing from the distance in fearful, ominous haste. She knows too, that her husband as a grogseller, has not that respect from the most valuable portions of society, to which he would be entitled, and would receive, did he follow a more laudable calling. She feels herself lowered, by his standing, beneath her proper level—and her sensitive and right feeling bosom pants with strong desire to have the cause removed. Children too, in many instances feel it—and Sir, well they may, for I could, as bearing on this subject many “a tale unfold, whose lightest word would harrow up their soul, and make their young blood freeze.”

I will mention one,—it came under my own observation, with regard to the consequences upon the children—and all besides, I have heard from good authority.

A rumseller in \* \* \* \* \* had amassed a considerable sum of money by his unholy employment. He thought he had raised himself above want for all time to come, and would have a competency for his family. He retired from his vocation, not because he saw its evil, but more probably gratified by what he deemed his good fortune. The only thing connected with his raising which bore the semblance of good, was, he gave his two sons an excellent education. But even this, as the sequel proved, was under the denouncing woe of God. Their education was the price of ill-gotten gain, and it was therefore unsanctified. His eldest son was sent to the parent country to study for the medical profession. He was talented, as a man, and also as one of the healing art. But, Sir, he had imbibed the love of ardent spirits. I have myself seen that man,—bland and open in his manner,—gentlemanly in his deportment, who, had he had sobriety of habits, might have mingled with the first class of society,—without a shoe on his feet, or scarcely a stocking on his leg—a raving maniac. I have been melted to tears, and carried away irresistibly by laughter, when I have heard that man playing on the passions of an auditory (gathered around him in the public streets,) by highest bursts of eloquence in his moments of hallucination—and then those intellectual powers which he had impaired by the use of strong drink would at once fail him, and he would stare as vacantly as an idiot. His flight of intellect on the one hand showing what nature and education had designed him for, and his semblance on the other hand to idiocy, proving that strong drink demolishes the citadel of reason,—and levels the proud distinction of

man--interposes an impassible barrier in his onward way to fame--scatters every comfort which habits of temperance secure--and effects the fearful gathering of all that can embitter life, around the destiny of man!!

The second son of the above grogseller was also a young man of no ordinary ability; but rum seized him too as its victim. He also through the mere effect of liquor, became deranged in his mind, and at last with all his talent was unable to obtain a situation. Abstaining for a time from the use of ardent spirits, the balance of reason was restored--but still, he had so sunk in public estimation, that he could find no employment. All confidence in him was lost. Driven by the lashings of his conscience, and suffering under extreme destitution of circumstances he had reached the very precipice of suicide. I have, sir, the happiness to reflect that from this fearful crisis I had the opportunity of saving him. I received a note from him one morning, beautifully written, and neatly expressed, the object of which was, to induce me to use my influence with the principal merchant of the place, for a situation. I knew that merchant would oblige me in any way he consistently could, yet in this case I feared my application would be a failure. Contrary to my expectation however, I succeeded; and on apprising the unfortunate young man of the result, he wrote me a second note, telling me, after many expressions of gratitude, that goaded by desperation, had I failed, his purpose was fixed, to take his own life! and thus, under circumstances the most appalling to leave a world in which, by his habits of inebriety, he had made himself wretched. The father died, a poor man, and thus rested the "woe," upon his person, property, and posterity. This is but one case, among many of the same kind, furnished on the page of human life. I have named this, because of its having passed under my own observation. Many instances of domestic, and personal ruin I could name: but the one above speaks volumes, and may well be the representative of others. This is one awful proof that the consequences, of rumselling, extend far, and sink deep.

Sir, I come now to the conclusion. I am aware that I have used strong expressions, but the awful nature of the case requires it. I wish to be understood, as drawing a line of distinction between the grogseller, and his occupation. No one personal case has been selected for the purpose of individual exposure. By no motive, aside from that of sincere desire for the welfare of those, following the occupation have I assailed, have been actuated. Neither would I be understood, as supposing that in all cases, where the pernicious beverage is vended, there is merited the same amount of censure. Yet, in no case can the sale of ardent spirits be justified. The article itself is not necessary, to say the least, as a liquid for common use.

Wherever it is sold, there is danger, both to the retailer and the consumer. If necessary as a medicine, to medicinal purposes, let it be restricted—if not even in this use of it, required—let it be banished from the land. Taverns, or places for the accommodation, and refreshment of travellers, cannot be well dispensed with, but the sale of ardent spirits is not needed for their support. Tavern keepers, should be generally, and well supported, but let them be sustained on temperance principles. No traveller should avail himself of the shelter of an inn, and the use of its fire, without laying out something, as a remuneration. It is easy to say, you must keep a temperance inn, but this will not suffice, the money used to be expended in grog should be expended in tea, coffee, or something else, which shall enable the proprietor to keep up a respectable establishment. If not else to be accomplished, let the price for beds and breakfasts, &c. be doubled rather than sell the article that intoxicates, and even then the traveller would be benefitted, while the tavern keeper would be subject to less fatigue, and what is infinitely better, would be exempted from those accusations of conscience which, unless he be destitute of the feelings of humanity, he must sometimes painfully feel. Things would soon find their proper level, a competent number of taverns would be sustained, and those grogeries against which I principally aim my condemnation, those nuisances, and nurseries of vice, which spread a moral pestilence around them, would disappear as plague spots from the land. My view is this, if taverns cannot be supported unless by the sale of ardent spirits—presenting a perpetual temptation to the traveller and society located near them—let them fall—for no evils can result equal to drunkenness from their extinction. But this need not be, they should be kept up, they can be kept up—and no traveller can justifiably complain when called upon to pay his portion for that purpose.



