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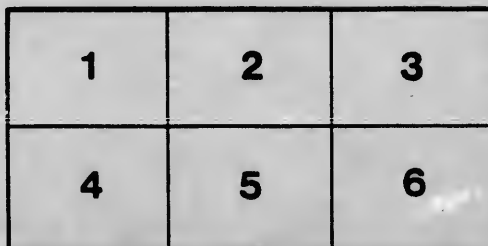
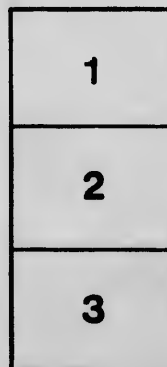
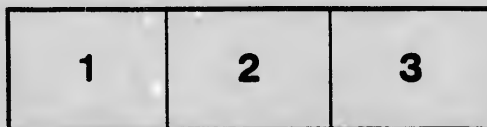
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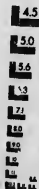
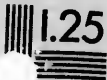
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A Drunkard's Experience

AT

♦ HOME ♦ AND ♦ ABROAD. ♦

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

HENRY ADAMS.



ST. JOHN, N. B. :
PRINTED BY E. J. ARMSTRONG,
85 GERMAIN STREET.

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AT

HOME AND ABROAD.

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WE are often told that the Temperance question is an old, old story, that it has been rolled over, and over again, until the bottom has fallen out. On the contrary, we have not yet reached the bottom, but we have reached that point when every sane person must admit that some steps will have to be taken to save the youth of this, and other lands, from the inevitable destruction that liquor is plunging them into.

We may not succeed in procuring prohibition, but we can educate the young and rising generation, and so impress it upon their minds, that, in the place of elevating them, it brings them down on a level with the brute creation.

Every mother can use her influence, in and around her home. There is no greater influence upon the earth than a mother's; the impression made by the mother, upon her children, will go with them down to the grave. The mother's influence is felt, when her face cannot be seen, and thousands of young men and women have been saved from spending their days in a felon's cell, or hurling themselves into a suicide's grave, by the tender words that were long ago spoken, by the now silent tongue of a loving mother.

Often have I seen a loving mother, with tears in her eyes, pleading with her boy, to refrain from keeping bad company, and to shun vicious companions, who would entice him to accompany them to a Bar-room, which is the certain way to destruction; it would cause the stoutest heart to tremble, at the agonized look upon that mother's face, as she hears the words of her wayward boy,—“Mother, I will only go this once.” Young men, do not deceive yourselves in this way, you will go again, and again; and there you will meet

with those, who will set all kinds of snares to entrap you; those who will flatter you with a false tongue, and fire the poisoned arrows that will pierce your soul. There is an infatuation in Alcohol that you cannot resist, and the more you partake of it, the more you will require to keep up the false courage that it inspires in the breasts of human beings, so that in the end, nothing but the grace of God, can save you from a drunkard's grave.

Young men, I speak to you as a brother; as one that was rescued from the jaws of death; as one who gave way to temptation and sought to drown trouble in the wine-cup; for a time I succeeded, but I soon found that the wine-cup would drown me, both bodily and spiritually; therefore, I resolved to cast it away from me, and by the help of God I did so; had it not been for His help, I would have filled a drunkard's grave, and my children left to the mercy of a cold, uncharitable world. I have said that mothers have an influence, and I do not hesitate for one moment in asserting that the mother in many instances, has been the direct means of creating an appetite, not willingly, but unwisely, by administering alcohol as a medicine. Through this medium thousands have gone down to a drunkard's grave; the appetite was created when an infant, and gradually grew stronger, and stronger, until the grave was opened to receive the clay, that was sent by another's hand. It matters not where we look, we see the effects of that demon,—alcohol, and it is equally true that we never see any good effects from it, but on the contrary, we see misery, woe and poverty of the lowest type; human beings degrading themselves to the lowest degree, for when alcohol takes possession of the brain, all moral reason departs, and there is not even animal instinct left in the man that God created after His own image. At present, we are not living in a barbarous age, but in the nineteenth century, when all civilized nations are beginning to awaken to the fact, that some measures will have to be taken to suppress the evils that are daily arising from the use of alcohol.

There are certain classes who avow that the temperance people are Fanatics; they may be, and if it is fanaticism to lift up the fallen; to reclaim the drunkard; to befriend the drunkard's children; to speak words of consolation to the drunkard's wife; to minister to their temporal and spiritual wants; to lift them from filth and poverty, and restore peace and plenty to the family,—if this be fanaticism, may God grant that thousands more may become fanatics, and come forth with an out-stretched arm, and be true to the banner under which they enlisted, and not imitate that great apostle of Temperance, who was carried upon the shoulders of the temperance people to Ottawa, and when weighed in the balance was found wanting, by openly declaring to an enlightened, but much-abused people, that our country could not afford to lose the revenue of \$7,000,000 annually, that is derived from the ungodly

traffic in human souls. Oh! no, it cannot afford to lose that amount of money; but it can and does afford to lose thousands of human souls; to fill our church-yards with drunkards' graves; our prisons with criminals; our poor-houses with paupers; our lunatic asylums with the wrecks of those who were once bright intelligent beings. Were it not for this demon—alcohol, there would not be any need of so many officers who are living upon the fat of the land, being kept up by the working class, who are heavily taxed to support them; there would not be any necessity for so large a police force, for it cannot be denied that three-fourths of the crimes that are committed, can be traced to the improper use of alcohol.

If a druggist should at any time, by mistake, supply poison for some other drug, he would be at once counted a criminal, and in all probability undergo a severe reprimanding, while few would again care to patronize him; yet we can go through our streets, and look upon the sign-boards of those who are legalized to sell a potion that is draining the life-blood of man, woman and child. It is true we have laws regulating the sale of this death-dealing potion, but are they enforced? in some cases they may be, but generally speaking they are not, and the very men whose duty it is to enforce the laws, are the ones who violate the law, and afford every protection to the venders of these wholesale poisons.

All classes of people are sufferers through these poisons; the grocer, the butcher, the baker, the shoe-maker, and the merchant all suffer; when Saturday night comes, that which should have gone to pay their honest debts for their families' use, goes to the tavern keeper, to keep his family in luxuries, that are denied to those to whom it belongs. The mechanic who has \$1.50 per day, with a wife and children to provide for, can ill afford to frequent the saloon, and leave part of his earnings there; at the expiration of the week, he has not much left to supply the wants of those who are looking up to him for the comforts of life. His loving wife has perchance been deprived of his company during the week, and when worn out after her day's toil, sinks into a weary slumber, to be awakened at midnight by a blow or a curse, from the man who pledged himself at the Altar to be her protector; while his little ones are huddled together, in what might be termed, an apology for a bed, and fearing when they hear the footstep, to move lest it should arouse the ire of their parent, and instead of receiving an embrace, or a father's "good-night," it would be a kick and a curse. Can children under such circumstances as these, grow up to be useful members in society?

The sea-faring men who as a general rule earn their living harder than any other class of men, are great sufferers from the effects of alcohol; they leave their homes and their families to pursue their calling upon the great and

trackless ocean, where they endure untold hardships, often suffering privations, which those on the land are incapable of realizing. I have known seamen who for eighteen months of exposure to the dangers of the deep, to ill usage, and food that was only fit just to appease hunger; the moment they received their wages, go direct for one of those dens of iniquity, where vice and drunkenness abound, and in less time than it takes to relate it, were utterly destitute of money, and in many instances, were in two or three days again, on board an outward-bound vessel, where they had been put while in a drunken stupor, and when coming to their rational mind, found themselves destitute of all necessaries for the voyage. I have known men who were to have received \$75.00 for the run from San Francisco to Callao, who were brought on board drunk, and all that they ever received was a bottle of so-called brandy, and a pound of tobacco, the remainder of their wages had been appropriated by the land sharks who kept these infamous dens called sailor boarding-houses.

It is not only the sailor that suffers, but the ship-owners also; and as I have been in a position to make an assertion, I have no hesitation whatever, in making the following. It is a common practice with some Captains, who are in the habit of drinking when in foreign parts, to have their bottles of liquors charged to the ship's account, in the form of beef, vegetables, and other articles that are required.

In instances of this kind the seamen are sufferers, as they do not receive the fresh provisions in port that the ship-owners allow, and suppose they are paying for. At Montevideo, at a certain Ship-Chandlers where many captains resorted, was a rack that was numbered, each captain knew his own number, and the moment the bottle at that number was empty, it was supplied with a full one,—and thus we see how men will scheme to obtain that which injures themselves, and, at the same time plunder their employers, who place implicit confidence in their honesty. I will here relate an incident that occurred on board the good old Ship "D. B." while on a voyage from Liverpool to Valparaiso; leaving one of the docks in Liverpool, we were taken in tow by a steam-tug, that took us as far as Point Lynas, when, the wind being favourable, orders were given to make sail; the tug left us, and we proceeded on our way, down the St. George's Channel, and after losing sight of the Fastnet rock, shaped our course for Southern climes.

We had on board the Captain's wife, and also two other passengers; we were favoured with fine weather until we had reached the latitude of the River Platte, where we encountered a fierce gale; the men were called on deck to shorten sail, which having been done, the Captain gave orders to give each of the crew a glass of rum. The Mate of the vessel drew from the

keg what he supposed to be rum, and served it out to the men, but to their disgust, it proved to be molasses water slightly flavored with rum. The Steward of the vessel was a drinking man, and had been constantly drawing the rum, and substituting molasses water, until the contents of the keg was nothing but a discoloured fluid. One of the crew who was a great blasphemer used terrible language towards him for cheating the men out of their drink of rum. I can never forget the language of that poor unfortunate man, who thought more of the rum than he did of his soul; or ever can I forget the piercing cry, the day following, as he fell from the the fore-yard into the seething ocean, there to remain until the sea gives up her dead. What must have been the feeling of the Steward when he realized that through his love for rum, a human soul had been summoned before his Maker, with curses upon his tongue.

I have stated that all classes suffer from this evil, and may I not ask this question; are we not, as a civilized christian nation throwing ourselves open to reproach, by those whom we are seeking to enlighten? We have noble men and women, who have left their homes of comfort and luxury, who have gone into far distant lands, to enlighten those who are yet in darkness, yea, there are those who have laid down their lives; who have been subject to terrible tortures, both by the uncivilized tribes, and the racking pains of the most tropical fevers. We have Home Missions, that are constantly distributing the Word of God among the benighted heathen, and we have ministers of the Gospel, who are preaching what they are not practicing; for it is a well-known conclusion, that there are those who occupy the sacred desk upon the Sabbath, that are under the influence of liquor during the week, and actually drinking with those who are looking up to them as their Spiritual advisors. It is but a few years ago that a congregation were assembled in their church upon the Grand Lake, and awaiting their clergyman, who was to hold divine worship that evening; they waited in vain, and as he did not make his appearance, some of the congregation made the suggestion that it would be wise to go in search of him; they did so, and after a short time returned with the information that he was lying dead in a coal wagon. It was a sad blow to those who were his friends, and many tears of sympathy were shed for his wife and little ones, who were so early bereft of their earthly protector; but the sorrow was of short duration, as those who went to convey his remains to his home, found that life was not extinct, and that the fumes from his breath were those of alcohol—which proved that he was only dead drunk.

We have the Women's Christian Temperance Union, who are seeking to raise up the fallen; to arrest the erring ones in their downward course, and sowing the good seed broadcast, that shall be gathered when the Reaper thrusts in his sickle. We have the King's Daughters who visit the sick and the afflicted, and pour out the balm of sympathy upon those who need a

friendly hand extended to them, and help to lighten the burdens, that an All-wise Providence sees fit to lay upon His little ones. Yes, and we have the brewers and distillers who are crowning Satan's efforts with success; they are undoing what God's people have succeeded in doing; they are sending out cargoes of liquid fire that is spreading death and damnation to all with whom it comes in contact; and the heathen themselves taunt us of our religion, that sends out men and women with Bibles to convert them, and then send them a liquid hell, that sows the seeds of death and dishonor amongst their ranks. Is it not true that these men who manufacture, and sell this destroyer of health, and reason, are living in mansions, that are furnished in the most luxuriant manner? and is it no less true that these luxuries have been purchased at a most terrible price; they have cost the peace and happiness of many a home; many a child has gone hungry; many a wife and mother have had their hearts wrung with bitter anguish; many a bright and intelligent youth is now in a lunatic asylum; many men and women have paid for them upon the scaffold; and many a mother has had to lament the loss of a once bright and promising boy. It is also true that this nefarious traffic is carried on under a cloak of religion, as many of the proprietors of these death stills will take their place at the Lord's table, and partake of the Body and Blood of the Lord Jesus Christ; at the same time their ungodly traffic is debarring millions from entering that Eternal rest, and causing untold misery in our homes. Is this religion? Was Sodom and Gomorah ever worse? Nay, those cities will rise against us in the day of judgment.

Can any rational person in the universe, prove that there is any other manufactured article that will have the same evil effects upon the human system? Is there any other article that will cause a man, so quickly, to lose all control of himself, and roll in the gutter like a pig? Is there one that will so quickly deprive a man of his moral reason, and inspire him with a false courage, that enables him to become a murderer, and an incendiary? Booth, himself, had to acknowledge, that he was not fit for the work he had undertaken until he had been stimulated by brandy, then his murderous work became easy; and Abraham Lincoln fell by the hand of an assassin, who called to his aid, alcohol. Is there any other article that will cause a talented man to become a laughing-stock upon the public street, as he embraces the lamp-post, believing it to be one of his intimate friends? Is there any other article that will so ruthlessly destroy the character of the maiden, by robbing her of her priceless purity, and stamping the crimson blush of shame upon the once fair cheek of modesty and virtue? We know that there are gilded halls and dives of iniquity, where these wholesale poisons are sold, that are reeking with the blood of mothers and children, and where virtue is bartered for that which is draining the life's blood; neither are these infamous dens frequented and supported by the poorer

class, but by what at this enlightened day, is termed, "Society." It is indeed society, yet it is society that a poor, virtuous girl would blush to recognize.

I have seen the mother taking her child's last garment, and pawning it for one glass of ale; the wife taking the husband's Sunday suit, and pawning it for sufficient to keep her in alcohol for the week; the fires of hell had been kindled in her system, and she had to keep them renewed at the risk of losing her soul. I have seen an eminent physician, who, on the public street, sold his hat for a glass of brandy. I have seen the wife and mother who bartered her honor for a bottle of gin; and the mother that sacrificed her own child for that demon of hell,—alcohol.

A short time ago, I was in the City of Halifax, and on going through Barrington Street, was accosted by an aged man, who pleaded for money to buy bread; I refused to give money, at the same time telling him that I would give him all the food he required. He was a feeble old man of eighty-one years, with one foot in the grave, and the other upon the verge, yet the fumes of alcohol from his breath were anything but pleasant to inhale. Upon coming to a baker's shop, I took him in, and gave him a loaf of bread, and some cakes, yet he still pleaded for money; after he left the shop, the lady who kept it, told me that he would dispose of the food for liquor. I could scarcely credit that a man of his age could stoop so low, and I therefore, resolved to watch him. I followed him, and to my surprise saw him enter a saloon; I stood for a moment, and then entered the saloon also; the old man had the glass in his hand, full to the brim with whiskey. I forbid the bar-tender selling him the whiskey, as it was against the law to drink upon the premises, and moreover I demanded the bread and cakes, which the old man had sold for a glass of whiskey; at first the bar-tender refused, but upon being threatened with the law, he reached out his hand, and grasped the whiskey from the old man. I then took possession of the food, took the old man by the hand, and went with him to his home in Albermarle Street; I entered that wretched home, and the scene is still before my eyes. There was not any furniture of any description; the floor was in a beastly state, an old stove that would not have realized twenty-five cents, at the junk store, a broken table, and a broken bench, constituted the furniture in this wretched home. I enquired for his family; after a few moments, he pointed to what appeared a heap of filthy rags; I walked up to it, and to my surprise, found it to be his companion, in a beastly state of intoxication. I turned away from the sickening sight, and addressed the old man, but it was casting pearls before swine. I bid him farewell, and entering the street, silently prayed that God would spare me from beholding such another sight.

We cannot form any idea of the misery that alcohol is causing, or where it will end, as there are appearances at present, that it is upon the eve of plunging two nations into war, those of Chili and the United States, for it has been

asserted in the public press that the trouble was first caused by a drunkards mob; then who is responsible for the blood that is shed, and the desolation that is caused? It certainly must be those who manufacture it, and yet, they claim it to be an honorable and legitimate business.

There cannot be anything honorable or legitimate that robs another of his or her rights; and dare anyone deny that alcohol is robbing the wife, the mother and the children of their rights, their health and their strength. Is it not robbing individuals of their reason? Is it not robbing the Eternal God of the soul and body that belong to Him? Is it not robbing nations of peace and prosperity? The heavens ring back the echo, "It is." There are other certainties that cannot be denied; there are acts committed, both by men and women, when under the influence of liquor, that they would scorn when in their rational mind; the bullet would not have sped upon its mission of death; the dagger would never have struck the fatal blow, nor the torch been applied to the building; the sea would never have been asked to yield up her dead; nor the mother lament the untimely death of her boy. You that claim to have reached the pinnacle of fame, fashion and attraction, and at the same time, ignore the efforts that are being put forth to suppress the liquor-traffic; you that openly advocate the sale and use of alcohol, and are luxuriating in your palace homes, take a walk into the south end of our city, and take a glance at the dens of iniquity, where vice and drunkenness reign supreme; where "woman" has fallen from her high estate to that of the lowest. The "harlot" look upon God's creatures in pity, not in disgust; and then console yourselves with the fact, that they are your brothers and sisters, created by the same Omnipotent God; the same wonderful piece of mechanism that constitutes their bodies, constitutes yours also; the crimson fluid courses through their veins, as it courses through yours; the heart that beats and throbs in their body, is equally susceptible of kindly feelings, as the heart that beats in your own; nature requires the same compliances from them, as it requires from you; in death, you have no more privileges than they; the same righteous God who judges them will judge you. These are facts that you cannot deny; that your rising to the pinnacle has been the cause of their falling into the lowest depths of degradation, and in the end, they will appear before the Eternal God, as witnesses against you, for He has distinctly said, "Woe unto them by whom the offence cometh." It is not only in our own country, that we see such destruction of life and property, but also in countries where this bewitcher of man, has been carried by so-called christian people.

Some few years ago, I left the port of Liverpool on a voyage to Bonny River, on the west coast of Africa, where I remained for nearly eighteen

months endeavouring to secure a cargo of Palm Oil, which was obtained by trading with the natives. Our cargo consisted of various articles, such as salt, tobacco, fire-arms, fancy cottons, beef, pork and a large quantity of alcohol. The natives of that village had never seen spirituous liquors, until the white man carried them there to exchange for a commodity that was useful and essential to us, and in return we gave them what proved to be the ruin and death of thousands of those poor untutored negroes; so infuriated did they become by the use of these spirits, that they became more like demons than human beings; the most atrocious crimes were committed; women fell victims to the sensual, devilish, passions that were created by alcohol, and they cut and slashed themselves with their matchets, until the blood lay in pools upon their native soil; and this was the work of civilized Europeans, who stood calmly by, and gazed upon the work of death, as complacently as those who witnessed the death of the dying Gladiators in the Roman Amphitheatre.

Another scene I witnessed there, was the tragic death of a poor negro, who had become crazed through alcohol; the fires burning within him he sought to add more to them, and was in the act of stealing some Jamaica rum, when he was caught by the half-intoxicated, brutal, captain. A scene ensued which baffles all description; the drunken captain rushed to his cabin, and seized a cutlass; then began the race for life with the poor negro, to save his life from the sword; he sprang upon the rail, and plunged head-first into a living grave,—for no sooner had he touched the water, than a great commotion was observed; the poor negro fought with desperation for his life, but it was of no avail, for ere the boat could reach him, he uttered a piercing shriek,—the water was dyed with crimson blood, and the jaws of a voracious shark had torn him asunder.

It was but a very few days afterwards, when another terrible scene occurred. Captain Davis, an old trader on that coast, and whose time had expired, was preparing to take his departure, after staying in that dreaded region for seven long years; where he had battled bravely against Afric's deadly winds; where he had stood upon the deck of his vessel, and watched the treacherous lightning, and listened to the terrific peals of Afric's thunder; where he had lain upon his bed at night, and listened to the click of the hammer as it drove the nail into the rude box that was to contain all that was left of a husband, or son, that was resting in Afric's sands. He had seen all this, and the Steamer that was to convey him to his home and his friends, was to sail on the following morning; accordingly he went from vessel to vessel to bid his old comrades farewell; by the time that he reached the last vessel, he was so intoxicated that he could scarcely walk; bidding his old friend farewell, he descended the gang-way ladder, and in attempting to step into the boat, he

missed his foot-hold, and was precipitated into the water ; he immediately sank then arose to the surface, when the negro grasped him by the hair ; it was in vain he struggled, the tuft of hair remained in the negro's hand, the blood arose to the surface, and the body of Captain Davis was entombed in the stomach of the shark.

To a certain extent, we may say that we know but little of the evils of intemperance in this, our city, therefore, we cannot sympathize with those of larger cities and towns, but if you will follow me to some of the streets in New York, Boston, Liverpool and London, it is there you will behold it in a way that would cause the blood to curdle in your veins ; you would behold sights that are revolting to the most hardened ; you will see children that are almost nude, and the vermin crawling upon their emaciated forms ; yes, you can see these poor little waifs, that have been brought into the world, and reared in vice and debauchery from their early childhood ; left as homeless wanderers, unknown and uncared for, by the surging group of humanity that daily pass them by ; yet there is an Eye that sees them, and watches over them, as they take up their abodes at night, beneath the market arches, or in some old building, infested with rats and other vermin, and where the bats and vampires of the night make their home. They know not the comforts of a bed, the bed of down upon which they seek repose, is mother-earth, the canopy of heaven is their coverlid, and, yet who dare say that the Angel of the Lord is not hovering around those poor waifs that have been abandoned by parents, and cut off from all friendly intercourse ? Their's is a hard life, as the sun breaks forth in the morning, they wander off to seek that which will appease hunger ; some find it in back-yards from among the ash piles and rubbish, where mouldy bread and rotten fruit have been thrown the previous day ; others obtain it by watching a chance to pilfer, from those who have obtained it by begging ; while others obtain it by performing athletic feats upon the side-walks, and then soliciting coppers.

Children, you that are living in good homes, where you are taught by a christian father and mother ; where you kneel at the family altar ; and then rest your weary limbs upon a soft and downy pillow, lift up your tender voice to Him that rules the universe, and plead with Him for those, who like yourselves are the representatives of what the Lord Jesus took in His arms and blessed them. Pray for those fathers and mothers who are wasting their lives in the flowing bowl, and dooming their little ones to everlasting misery and destruction. It is not only on week-days that these scenes are enacted, but on the Sabbath also, in civilized, christian England, where men and women attend their churches in the morning, going down upon their knees, and craving God's blessing bowing before Him, in mock adoration, and partaking of the Holy Sacrament ; they return to their homes, and deal out

death and damnation to their fellow creatures, for in the evening, you can go into the public houses, where you will see father, mother and children, sitting at a table with a jug of ale or porter before them, and frequently they listen to the most obscene language, and gaze upon the most revolting scenes. Can we wonder then at the crimes that are committed when we see the temptations to which our youth are exposed ?

How we shudder when we allow ourselves to dwell upon the horrors of the slave trade, and well we may, when we know that human beings are bought and sold like cattle ; that they are treated like dumb brutes, and in many cases have been kept for immoral purposes ; and is it not true, that when the Civil War broke out in the United States, the sympathy of nations was aroused ; each took a deep interest in slavery ; it was publicly denounced from almost every pulpit ; men and women taught their children to pray that the poor slave might be liberated, and the cause be removed from the land ; young men and old men volunteered to take up arms, and shed blood to liberate the fettered slave ; millions of dollars were expended to equip an army and navy ; many beautiful homes were desolated ; mothers' hearts broken ; husbands were torn from their wives ; brothers from their sisters,—and the beautiful land that God gave to man to till, drank in the blood of over a million of men, and all this was done for the liberation of the body ; there was no thought of the soul, yet the victory was won, which in the sight of man—was humiliation, but in the sight of God it was "justice." That slavery was a curse no one can deny ; that human beings should be treated as brutes, God never designed, and yet the Scriptures tell us that men were bought and sold into slavery,—but that they were not debarred from entering heaven ; whereas it emphatically declares that no drunkard shall inherit the Kingdom of Heaven.

Is there not a greater slavery existing in our country at this present time ? it is not a traffic in human bodies, but a traffic in human souls. Where is there a greater slave, than he, or she, who is a slave to alcohol. Is it not time that the sympathy of every christian man and woman, every wife, mother and sister, should be given for the purpose of waging war against this fell destroyer of human souls ? Will you not raise an army that will try to vanquish this inveterate foe ? Will you not give part of your time and talents, to equip an army that will wage a war against this cruel slave-master ? Not with fire and sword, but with kindly, heart-felt, friendly advice ; by using all the moral suasion that can be brought to bear upon the poor frail mortals, that are bound by the fetters of alcohol. Will our clergymen not denounce it from their pulpits, as a curse upon the church ? Will they not take an example by our noble Lieutenant-Governor, and exclude it from their tables ? Will they not remove it from the Lord's table ? It has no place there, as there are many reformed drunkards who have solemnly declared that, were it not for

earnest prayer, the taste at the table, would bring back the old appetite for alcohol. Is it right to put temptation in our brother's or our sister's way? Let us look for a moment,—“Lead us not into temptation” are the words of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. They are not the writer's words.

Our public schools can wield a powerful weapon; by training the young mind, and pointing out to them that it is our country's greatest curse. Our young women can exert a great influence, were it not that a false delicacy prevails among many ladies in relation to this subject. They seem to think that as intemperance is not a common vice of their own sex, they have no concern with it; but this is a great mistake, no portion of society, suffers so much from the consequences of intemperance, as females; on them it spends its fury; my heart sickens when I contemplate the condition of the drunkard's wife; I turn from the picture in horror and disgust. But is there no danger that females, themselves, may become partakers of this monstrous vice? Oh! how many souls would rejoice, if it were not so. But every town, village and hamlet, furnishes evidence to the contrary. Even while I am writing, I can almost hear the groans of a woman, who is just on the borders of a drunkard's grave. But, independent of this, it is, scarcely possible to dry up the secret elements of this wasting pestilence, without the aid of female influence. I have no doubt, if the curtain were lifted from the domestic history of the past generation, it would appear that most of the intemperate habits which have exerted such a terrific influence upon society, were formed in the nursery. But, beside the formation of early habits, females exert a controlling influence over the public sentiment of the social circle. Here is the sphere of your influence. If young ladies would, with one consent, set their faces against the use of all intoxicating liquors, their influence could not fail to be felt throughout society. Is it not true that our young men are beset on every hand by temptation, and by those who should be their friends. There are many who leave the parental roof, where they have been accustomed to bow at the family altar; where a loving mother has used her influence, and trained her boy, as became a christian mother; but as he goes out into the world, away from those he loves, he falls into snares, which become his ruin.

During a journey by rail, towards the Upper Province, there were a great many passengers in the car; some on pleasure, others upon business; and as we flew along from station to station, passengers began to cultivate each other's acquaintance; among the passengers was one who professed to be a minister of the Gospel,—who appeared anxious to discover the business or profession of each, consequently he traversed from one end of the car to the other, obtaining the desired information; coming to a young man, who occupied a seat by himself, this worthy accosted him thus—“Well, sir, what is your occupation?” No answer came from the lips of that young man, his

head drooped, he appeared to be in deep and silent thought; no doubt, the image of his christian mother, arose before him, as he sat silent. But he was pressed for an answer, and in sincerity gave it. "I am ashamed, Sir, of my calling, I am a traveller for a wholesale liquor establishment." "Ashamed! exclaimed that "Pharisaical Hypocrite," ashamed of what? You are engaged in a perfectly honorable business." The young man arose to his feet, and exclaimed,—“Why, Sir, I feel six feet taller than I ever felt before, for I felt condemned within myself, and was working against my own conscience; but you, Sir, have dispelled all my fears, you have given me a new courage, by telling me my business is perfectly honorable.” How many such wolves in sheep's clothing are there traversing our country; rooting out the good seed that has been sown by christian parents and teachers? How many are there, who are preaching for the dollars and cents, and who do not scruple in accepting the gold and silver, that has been accumulated by deeds of rapine and murder; by the tears and entreaties of the drunkard's wife, and by the disheartening cries of starving children? Echo, answers far too many. In regard to Prohibition, I think that is out of the question, at the present time, as the greatest enemies that we have, are those who have the making of our laws, and to use a homely phrase, "the devil is always good to his own" is applicable to not only those who manufacture it, but to those of our members who use it themselves, and place every facility within reach of the distillers and brewers. In fact were it not for the latter class of men, a great number of those who represent the constituencies would never reach Ottawa. Is it not a dire calamity, and national disgrace, that an intelligent and enterprising race of people should stoop so low, that they sell their principles for alcohol. For it cannot be honestly denied that alcohol is the backbone of the elections; in fact, the elections are not the voice of the people; they are the voices of bribery by alcohol and dollars, and our Governments are licensing man-traps that are planted more thickly, and doing the work of death and destruction more effectually, than the Russian guns that were planted upon the heights of Alma.

If there are honorable men in our Governments who desire to do their duty to God, and to those who place them there, let them speak out like men, and prove to our people that it is the interests of our country that they have at heart, and not their own pockets.

Let them show us that it does not cost so much to support lunatic asylums, poor-houses, prisons, penitentiaries, and a very large force of minions of the law, for the suppression of crimes, as the amount of revenue that is obtained by the ungodly traffic in alcohol. Let them prove to the world that \$7,000,000 annually is of more benefit to our country, than the closing of drinking and gambling hells; peace and prosperity restored to the homes of the drunk.

ard; and our young men and women saved from the degrading vices that have been the result of alcoholic stimulents. We have, at the present time in our city, a case that is causing a family to mourn the loss of a son, who has been cut off e.e he entered the stage of manhood; a young man who received good instructions from his mother; but who was seduced from the paths of virtue, by that vile tempter,—alcohol, and induced to frequent the haunts of vice, where he ended his mis-spent life by a bullet from the hands of one of those poor unfortunates, who had sacrificed virtue for a profligate's life. This is a sad warning to those who are leading a reckless life; when we contemplate the end of such vice and misery, we cannot refrain from asking "Why are such dens allowed, and who is responsible for it?" In this case, it was evidently the outcome of drink, as will be seen by the evidence produced in court. It has been the cause of sending another poor mortal into eternity, and placing another behind the gloomy walls of a prison-cell, for the remaining portion of her natural life, where it is to be hoped that she will repent of her ill-spent life, by throwing herself upon the mercy of Him, who has said,—“Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” Almost in the same locality another tragedy was enacted which deprived an aged father of a son, and alcohol is again the demon, for had those two brothers been in a sober condition, and remained away from the dens of iniquity, there would not have been a coroner's jury, or any comments upon the officer who fired the fatal shot. Is it not possible that those poor unfortunates could be rescued from such lives of vice and misery? Are they past redemption? Are there no hopes for them? Must they go down to their graves, as the brutes that perish? Can they not be reformed, and once more lead a life of honesty and virtue?

There are those in that locality, who have been innocently and unsuspectingly decoyed into those dens of infamy, and when under the alcoholic influence, they have become an easy prey to those heartless libertines, whose only ambition in life, is to gratify their animal propensities, regardless of cost, even though it be a wife's honor, or a daughter's virtue. We have laws that are enforced for sanitary purposes, can we not have laws that can be enforced in regard to morality? There are men and women who have done a noble work among those poor unfortunates; they have for a time, lifted them out of their poor estate, and placed them in comfortable homes; but it was only of short duration, simply because the main cause was not removed; the dens with all their allurements were still there; and the poor, weak, fallen creatures had not the strength to resist the temptations of the pest-hole that pollutes the air that passes over it, and carries the contaminating influence to the more healthy portion of our city. Christian men and women, what can be done to break down these abominations,—these dens of contagion and death?

They have more influence over our youth than we are aware of; they are sowing the seeds of vice and drunkenness broad-cast in our city, and we know not how soon our own sons and daughters may be numbered among the victims. Fathers and mothers, you that revel in the social bowl,—stop and ponder,—there is a fatality connected with alcohol that cannot be denied; there is an impenetrable gloom hanging above you; a yawning chasm beneath you, whose scalding, seething waters are waiting to engulf your sons and daughters; their feet are even now upon the brink,—one false step, and they are for time, and eternity, drawn into its damning vortex.

Oh! mothers, can you, will you bring a curse upon your own soul, when you might enjoy a blessing?

I once frequented these dens where alcohol is sold, and it is to one of these vendors that I owe my life, for the scene I witnessed there struck a terror to my heart, which at once enabled me to leave the path that I had been walking. It was upon a Sabbath evening, in coming from a place of worship, (where I had been merely to pass away the time,) I wandered into a rum-shop on Water Street; the first thing that met my gaze, was a woman upon her knees in silent devotion. I stood gazing for a moment, and then requested a glass of brandy; she arose from her knees, passed the bottle and a tumbler; I filled it to the brim, and placed it to my lips,—but an unseen hand was thrust forth, and a solemn voice whispered in my ear—"Touch it not." I became paralyzed, and could not speak, when suddenly my mouth was opened, and I exclaimed,—“Woman in the name of God, what do you mean? You upon your knees, offering up your prayers, and yet you would arise and give me that fell destroyer.

I took the bottle and the glass, and dashed them upon the floor; the woman became angry, and demanded that her loss be made good. I cheerfully complied with her request, paying all that she asked, and as I left the door silently thanked God that he had saved me from a drunkard's grave,—and to this day feel thankful to that woman, who taught me the lesson; and although I speak in harsh terms against the traffic, yet, in my heart, I feel no ill-will against those who sell, it is only against the traffic in human souls.

In conclusion, permit me to lay before you, these facts:—Rowland Burr, Esq., Justice of the Peace, in Toronto, and Jail Commissioner for nearly twenty years, in a statement to our Canadian Parliament says, that nine out of ten of the male prisoners, and nineteen out of twenty of the females, have been brought there by intoxicating liquors. He examined nearly 20,000 prisoners in the jails throughout Canada, two-thirds of whom were males, and nearly all signed a petition for a prohibitory law; many of them stated that their only hope of being saved from ruin, was to go where intoxicating liquors could not be had. He also states that in four years, there were 25,000 persons in the jails of Canada 22,000 of whom were brought there by strong

drink. He further says that he had kept a record of the liquor dealers of a single street in Toronto, One hundred in number in fifty-four years, and that in these families there have been 214 drunkards, 45 widows, and 235 orphans left; 44 sudden deaths, 16 suicides, 203 premature deaths by drunkenness, 4 murders, 3 executions; 1,915 years of human life estimated to have been lost by drunkenness, and also a loss of property, once owned in real estate amounting to \$200,000.

Again, Report of the Select Committee of our Parliament at Ottawa, respecting a Prohibitory Liquor Law, dated 14th, May, 1873, and published by order of Parliament, states that the testimony of nearly 40,000 individuals from Legislative Assemblies, Municipal Council, Church Courts, etc., is fully sustained by the evidence already collected and presented to the House of Commons in session, by a committee of the Honorable House in the second report, where they state that they find "four-fifths" of the crime in Ontario, and the same proportion of committants to jail in Ontario and Quebec are directly or indirectly traceable to the traffic in, and use of the liquors. Your committee are fully convinced, that the traffic in intoxicating liquors, in addition to the evils already mentioned, is detrimental to all the true interests of the Dominion, mercilessly slaying every year, hundreds of her most promising citizens; plunging thousands into misery and want; converting, her intelligent and industrious sons, who should be her glory and her strength into feeble inebriates, her burden and her shame; wasting millions of her wealth in the consumption of an article whose use not only imparts no strength, but induces disease and insanity, suicide and murder thus diverting into a hurtful channel the capital that should be employed in developing her resources, establishing her manufactures, and expanding her commerce; in short, it is a cancer in the body politic, which, if not speedily eradicated will mar the bright prospects, and blight the patriotic hope of this noble Dominion. This report also gives the names of many judges, prison keepers, police, stipendiary magistrates, etc., whose returns show, that from two-thirds to nine-tenths of all crimes coming under their observation have been caused by strong drink. And lastly, have we not conclusive evidences from our own citizens, that life and property are in jeopardy from the use of alcohol? When our city was visited by that memorable fire, and our citizens were panic-stricken, did they not appeal for protection? Let all fair-minded people look at the conclusion that was arrived at, and the security that was given them,—even the leading dealers acquiesced, and consented to sacrifice their business, for the good of the public, by closing their saloons for two weeks; they saw that it was absolutely necessary; they had to admit that a Prohibitory Law was all that could ensure the safety of our citizens; and so it is to-day, the only thing that can guarantee our citizens peace and prosperity, is the suppression of the liquor traffic.

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