



THE  
GREENWOOD TRAGEDY.

---

THREE ADDRESSES

DELIVERED TO THE

PRISONERS IN TORONTO GAOL

SOON AFTER THE SUICIDE OF WILLIAM GREENWOOD,  
AND HAVING REFERENCE TO THAT EVENT;

TO WHICH IS ADDED

AN APPEAL TO THE LADIES OF CANADA,

BY

COLONEL KINGSMILL.

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*In prison and ye came unto me.*—MATT. xxv. 36.

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PRINTED AT THE "HERALD" BOOK AND JOB OFFICE, WYNDHAM-ST.  
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TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:  
THIS HUMBLE EFFORT IN THE CAUSE OF HUMANITY  
IS DEDICATED BY  
THE AUTHOR.

## P R E F A C E.

IN giving to the public the following addresses to the prisoners in Toronto Gaol, I have yielded---for I had previously no such intention---to the request of a few friends. The publication may take others by surprise, from such I solicit the exhibition of that charity which "thinketh no evil," "beareth all things."

Having been led to take this step by occurrences altogether unforeseen, I confess to feeling thankful that I have been enabled to make an attempt at least, to supply a "missing link," by which the unfortunates in the several prisons in this country, may be brought into closer communion with persons anxious for their reformation and future welfare.

"I can't see," says the author of "School Days at Rugby," "that a man has any business to write a book, unless he has something which he thoroughly believes, and wants to preach about." In publishing these addresses I most thoroughly believe, that if it were the fashion---a fashion which, by the way, is daily gaining ground in England,---for the educated and enlightened to visit our prisons and penitentiaries, to feel for "those who are in bonds, as if bound with them," a great moral revolution might be effected, and a large expenditure of money saved to the nation: for, in exact proportion to the diminution of crime, must be the reduction of expense in maintaining and punishing offenders.

My appeal to the ladies of the Province demands a few words of explanation. My apology for the liberty I have taken, will be found in the melancholy fact, that on one of the days I visited Toronto prison, I beheld, while passing through the hall, four young culprits, who had just been

arrested, charged with a well-planned robbery, as I was informed, of several stores in the city. I addressed myself to the youngest, (about eleven years of age,) he wept and sobbed bitterly, attributing the blame to his companions, who had led him into crime. All the four, of whom the oldest might have been about fifteen years of age, appeared much affected by their awful position. In the remembrance of this affecting incident, may I not respectfully and affectionately ask the ladies of the land, are not such scenes,—and they are of continuous occurrence—enough to make “the angels weep?” “Little children” perishing for lack of knowledge. “no man,” apparently, “caring for their souls.” And may I not pray, mothers and daughters who are “rich in this world—that they be rich in good works.” That coveting to walk in the footsteps of Him who went about doing good, they would care for the hapless orphan-like children, of careless and Godless parents; and care also for those female Pariahs of society, who appear lost to all sense of decency, or of shame, and endeavor to lead them to Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost.

GUELPH, March 25, 1864.

## FIRST ADDRESS.

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### *Prisoners, Male and Female :*

WHILE on my way from Guelph to Toronto, last Tuesday, I was accompanied by a lady friend; and the public mind being at the time much excited by the *Greenwood Tragedy*, our conversation naturally took that direction. The lady to whom I allude possesses a charitable, christian spirit—ever dwelling upon what may be effected for the good of others. She said to me, as if half in jest, “Don’t you think, Colonel, that it would be a nice opportunity, as you have now leisure, to say a few kind words, in the way of advice, to the prisoners in Toronto Jail?—it might do good, and could do no harm.” I was so much pleased with the benevolence of the remark, that I at once made up my mind, and promised to carry out her suggestion. A promise should be made with caution; but when once made, I hold that it ought, as far as in us lies, to be strictly observed. Accordingly, the day after my arrival in Toronto, I waited, with this object in view, upon my friend, Mr. Sheriff Jarvis, who at once responded to my wishes, applauding the undertaking.

It is thus I find myself amongst you this day, having prayed to the Giver of “every good and perfect gift” that He would vouchsafe a blessing upon my words. It is a subject of deep regret to see so many prisoners within these walls, and especially so many *females*. The order that prevails, however, considering the limited accommodations, is highly creditable to the Governor, the Matron, and the keepers, who seem to do all in their power, as far as consistent with their duty, to alleviate your bondage.

I hold that, under scripture direction, we are bound to “do good unto all men as we have opportunity,” and not to “hide our light under a bushel,”—be that light shed upon us, in the way of experience through length of years, superior attainments, charity, example, or any other characteristic with which it has pleased God to endow us. With this conviction impressed on my mind, I resolved, before “going hence and being no more



seen," to address a few practical remarks to the inmates of this prison upon the subject of the late *Greenwood Tragedy*, performed, or more properly speaking, perpetrated within these walls, filling the public mind with unprecedented horror, and which, doubtless, has been the theme of melancholy discussion through the length and breadth of the land.

During a service of 25 years as an officer in the British army, 21 years as Sheriff of the late Niagara District—now divided into three counties—and some years experience in the militia on that frontier during troublous times, I have had various opportunities of beholding death in every conceivable form. I have seen men struck down on the field of battle, guillotined, strangled, drowned, and suddenly cut off. In the exercise of my official duty, I have witnessed the penitent—and alas! the impenitent also—expiate their crimes upon the scaffold. I have read Byron's description of a pirate

"Linked with one virtue and a thousand crimes,"

but, strange to say! it was reserved for me, when I thought my "chamber of horrors" full, to witness a "lower depth" of sin in the contemplation of a criminal, not only stained with a "thousand crimes," but without even the bare shadow of one redeeming virtue, capping the climax of his atrocities with the additional and unaccountable crime of suicide—rushing, with all his sins upon his head, into the presence of his insulted Maker, in whose hands only are the "issues of life." God, no doubt, works through the instrumentality of means, for a wise purpose hidden from our view; but blind indeed, lost to the feelings of a reflecting mind, must that man be who does not discover in this "intensity of wickedness" a solemn warning to all men, "while they think that they stand, to take heed lest they fall; to flee in time from the "wrath to come" ere the night comes upon them, and their "feet stumble upon the dark mountains."

In my intercourse with criminals, while attending the gaol in Niagara, each Sunday, I have invariably found the most prolific sources of sin to consist in the neglect of parental advice, sabbath-breaking, and bad companionship. And here I would remark, that amidst all my attempts to reform the thoughtless and the wicked, I have never given up a young man to his own devices till such time as I have ascertained that he obstinately refused to attend the "house of prayer" on Sundays; and for this obvious reason, that he who thus wilfully neglects the appointed means of grace, and deprives himself of the advantage of hearing the Truth explained by the accredited ministers of God's most holy word, excludes himself from the opportunities God graciously affords for bringing sinners to repentance. By the way of partially illustrating this fact, I will give you an anecdote of

one of the Chancellors of England, (Sir Mathew Hale.) His Lordship, alluding to his early life while a young man practicing at the bar, mentioned, in the course of conversation amongst his friends, that he was occasionally, when pressed for time, in the habit of winding up the business of the week quietly in his chamber on Sunday. This, he stated, was an exception to his usual practice of attending divine worship, for he was brought up in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord," but being a man of close observation, he remarked, that during the weeks succeeding the Sabbaths thus devoted to worldly business, every thing appeared to go wrong; whereas, on the other hand, those weeks succeeding the Sabbaths employed in the service of God, were characterized not only by devout feelings, but also by invariable success in his business.

As a proof of the blessing attending the reading of God's word, I will relate a most gratifying incident that occurred to myself some years ago. Being on a visit to Guelph with the present Sheriff of Wellington, while passing along the streets, I was accosted by a farmer-looking man, who shook me warmly by the hand, and enquired anxiously about my health and that of my family. Perceiving that I did not recognize him, he said, "Ah! Sheriff, you don't recollect *me* now; but I have good reason to remember *you*, since I went into Niagara jail a drunkard and an idler, leaving my poor wife and family without any means of support. After being in prison for some time, and listening to the Word of God frequently read there by you, as well as to the repeated good advice which you kindly gave all the prisoners, I began to reflect and to be sorry for the wicked life I had led, and then and there I resolved, on regaining my liberty, to drink no more whiskey, but to lead a steady, sober, and industrious life, and, by God's grace, I have been enabled to keep my resolution. I have taken a farm in this neighborhood, on which my wife and family are living—well clothed and well fed, and in every respect comfortable. I go with them when we have a "chance" to church on Sunday, and we are well to do—and for all this"—shaking me again by the hand—"I have you to thank."

This story is not told you in the spirit of boasting; far from it. Having passed through the fiery ordeals of this world, and had a taste of all the "ills that flesh is heir to," I have to confess—not to boast—that I am, after all, but an "unprofitable servant," deeply impressed with the conviction arrived at by the wisest of men, who expressed his experience of the vanity of the world in these remarkable words, "Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labor that I had labored to do; and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun."

Now, from this and similar instances which I have known, I have no doubt in my mind but that the heart of every erring man may be reached, provided the right mode is adopted.

If then, from my manner and disinterested appearance amongst you this day—for no other interest can I possibly have than that of inducing you to turn from your sins and seek God in the way of his appointment—you think that I come in a right spirit, attend, I beseech you, as that man of whom I have spoken did to his profit, to the counsel offered you. If you are desirous of avoiding a repetition of your sins, and to be found walking in sobriety and decency, earning an honest livelihood in this highly favored country, where industry never fails to prosper, listen to the voice which affectionately appeals to you to search the scriptures, to believe the gospel message, the glad tidings of “peace on earth, good will to men.” “Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.” Believe that there is no other name under Heaven given among men by which you can be saved but the name of Jesus, who graciously said, “I am not sent but to the lost sheep of the House of Israel.” Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the truths the scriptures teach. They tell you of the Cross of Calvary; they bring vividly before you the sufferings of Him who laid down his life, the just for the unjust, that sinners might be saved. Oh! it is comforting for the poor, self-condemned sinner to know, that while he stands afar off and smites upon his breast, and says, “God be merciful to me, a sinner!” he may go down justified, rather than the self-righteous Pharisee, who boasts that he gives tithes of all he possesses. Would that I could make you, my fellow sinners, sensible of the great value of the precious gifts of your Creator; would that I could make you feel within you that you were formed after his own image; would that I could persuade you properly to estimate the ability, the talents, with which you are endowed; would that I could remove from your eyes the scales that dim the light of Heaven—would that I could open them to the deep conviction that you have immortal souls to be saved, or—oh! dread consideration!!—to be lost forever!

When you again freely breathe the breath of liberty, think of my words; take up your rightful position amongst men, and let the beautiful sentiment of the poet be ever foremost in your thoughts—

“A man’s a man for a’ that,”

yes, and let it be confirmed by the advice of the immortal bard—

“But above all unto yourself be true,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.”

While speaking to men, who so painfully underrate and wilfully abuse

the talents committed to their charge, and make light of the heavenly gift of reason, I cannot avoid thinking of the graves of the humble and the poor, so beautifully described in that poem of our early years :

“ Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire—  
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,  
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.”

Are you then, any of you, with such warning sounded in your ears, prepared to go down to the grave dishonored, unmourned, and unremembered, except, like Greenwood, for your crimes ? Heaven forbid.

Remember that the Lord is everywhere present, as you will find in the reading of that sublime Psalm, the 139th :

“ Whither shall I go from thy spirit ? or whither shall I flee from thy presence ? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there ; if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.”

In the knowledge then, that God is everywhere present, in the untrodden desert as in the crowded city, in the prison as in the palace, “ Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call upon Him while He is near ; let the wicked forsake his wickedness, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him, and unto our God, for he will abundantly pardon.”

I would affectionately remind you, that from those “ to whom much is given, much will be required,” and, therefore, as you live in a land where happily the “ true light shineth,” and men hear the word of God preached by the ministers of the gospel, you will have a more fearful account to render, if you neglect this “ great salvation,” than the poor heathen living in darkness—aye, or those of your fellow-countrymen, who were once in the habit of hearing the sweet sound of the sabbath-bell in the old country, but who now, alas ! hear it no longer in the far-off woods, and are seldom cheered by the welcome voice of the messenger of God.

I have been informed, by Mr. Boomer, Police Magistrate, as well as by Mr. Allan, the Governor of the Jail, that a large majority of the men, and, shame to say, of the women also now before me, have been committed for drunkenness, and on being released will, in all likelihood, return, “ as the dog to his vomit,” to those haunts where the “ deep damnation” of intemperance awaits them.

May God grant, that the appeal which I make to you this day, may be the means of causing you to pause and reflect upon the folly, the madness, of pursuing those ways that lead down to hell.

With the hope of more deeply impressing your minds, I will relate to you a "plain unvarnished tale" of two individuals, once most respectable, but who, alas! contrary to all their early antecedents, yielded to temptation, and now together fill a drunkard's grave.

Several years since, I had a color-sergeant in my company who was distinguished for his soldier-like appearance and indomitable courage. The latter quality he on one occasion displayed in a very conspicuous manner. Three soldiers of the regiment deserted while quartered in Quebec. The sergeant, having learned the direction they had taken, resolved to follow, and, if possible, to capture them. In pursuance of this resolution, he armed himself with a loaded pistol in addition to his side arms, went in pursuit, and overtook them in a barn about three miles distant in the country. He rushed in, shouting in a loud voice, as if to a party outside, made them believe they were surrounded, marched them out one by one, and placing them on the road in front of him, said, "I'll give you the word 'march,' and if any one of you dares to turn his head to the right or left, that moment he will have a bullet through his brains." He succeeded by this stratagem in marching them safely to the barracks, and, for his gallant conduct, received the thanks of his commanding officer in regimental orders.

Soon after my retirement from the service, this sergeant also retired, took a farm in the vicinity of Niagara, and married a very handsome girl, whose beauty was such that she was termed "The Rose in June." They lived on their farm some time, but finally, for the sake of their children's education, they moved into town, and established themselves in a provision store, where their circumstances improved so much, that I remember seeing the eldest daughter learning the piano. But how often do we find prosperity more difficult to bear than adversity. They felt elated by their success, and foolishly commenced a style of living beyond their income, which, ere long, exhausted their well-earned means, and finally, sunk them into poverty. Both the husband and the once lovely wife, having previously acquired the accursed habit of drinking, were often subsequently to be seen "staggering drunk" in the streets of Niagara—he having lost his once distinguished character, she her beauty and her virtue. During the last prevalence of the cholera, the authorities of the Town of Niagara thought fit to prepare a temporary hospital for the reception of cholera patients, and knowing the destitution of my old "brother in arms," I used my interest in his behalf, under promises of amendment, apparently sincere, from both himself and wife, and succeeded in getting them appointed to the charge of the building. One patient, and one only, entered the hospital with cholera, of which he died; but such

was the ungovernable love of those unfortunates for liquor, that after the patient was buried, they returned to the hospital, got horribly drunk on the brandy intended as medicine, lay down on the bed lately occupied by the dead man, and, as a matter of course, were seized with that frightful disease, to which they both fell victims, and departing this life in fearful agony, now fill a dishonored grave. It is not for us to pronounce their doom, or to say how they can answer in the day of God's wrath, when all shall be called to give an "account of the deeds done in the body;" but surely, this incident, a unit among the thousands continually occurring instances of the fatal consequences of inebriety, should warn us to shun the intoxicating cup—to account it, in very deed, "the dark beverage of hell!"

Remember—oh! remember!—that drunkenness is a crime emphatically denounced in this holy book from which I have been reading, and which, if not repented of and forsaken, will bring you misery in this world and eternal misery in the world to come. Ah, how shall the murderer and the suicide stand before the Judgment Seat—the drunkard doubly a suicide, for he murders both body and soul—how shall he abide the day of God's wrath? Let me conclude my exhortation by reading to you a most beautiful canticle composed about 600 years ago, in latin, by an Italian monk, but which, to this day, has lost none of its sweetness or power to affect the heart:

"Day of wrath and consternation,  
Day of fiery consummation,  
Prophesied in Revelation!

Oh! what horror on all faces,  
When the coming Judge each traces,  
Flaming, dreadful, in all places!

Trump shall sound, and every single  
Mortal slumberer's ears shall tingle,  
And the dead shall rise and mingle:

All of every tribe and nation  
That have lived since the creation,  
Answering that dread citation.

Volume, from which nothing's blotted,  
Evil done nor evil plotted,  
Shall be brought, and dooms allotted.

Judge, who sits at that assizes,  
Shall, deceived by no disguises,  
Try each work that man devises.

How shall I, a wretch polluted,  
Answer then to sins imputed,  
When the just man's case is mooted?

Awful Monarch of Creation !  
 Saving without compensation,  
 Save me, Fountain of Salvation !

Lose me not then, Jesus, seeing  
 I am Thine by gift of being,—  
 Doubly Thine by price of freeing !

Thou, the Lord of Life and Glory,  
 Hung'st a victim, gashed and gory :  
 Let not all be nugatory !

Pardon, Thou whose vengeance smiteth,  
 But whom mercy most delighteth,  
 Ere that reck'ning day affrighteth !

As a culprit, stand I groaning,  
 Blushing, my demerit owning,—  
 Sprinkle me with blood atoning !

Thou, who Mary's sins remittedst,  
 And the softened Thief acquittedst,  
 Likewise hope to me permittedst.

Weak these prayers Thy Throne assailing ;  
 But let grace, o'er guilt prevailing,  
 Save me from eternal wailing !

While the goats afar are driven,  
 'Mid Thy sheep me place be given,—  
 Blood-wash'd favorites of Heaven !

While "Depart !" shall doom and gather  
 Those to flame, address me rather—  
 "Come thou blessed of my Father !"

In my final hour, when faileth  
 Heart and flesh, and my cheek paleth,  
 Grant that succor which availeth.

Day unutterably solemn :  
 Crypt, and pyramid, and column,  
 Isle, and continent, and ocean,  
 Rocking with a fearful motion,  
 Shall give up a countless number  
 Starting from their long, long slumber,  
 Horror stamping every feature,  
 While is judged each sinful creature,  
 End of pending controversy—  
 Spare Thou then, O God of Mercy !

Having read this Hymn with as much solemnity as I could, the desired effect was produced upon the prisoners, and I concluded by repeating the Lord's Prayer, in which I was joined by all the prisoners—about 160—kneeling.

Before retiring, I was requested by several male and female prisoners to again visit them, which I promised to do.

## SECOND ADDRESS.

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*"Venienti occurrere morbo."*

### *Prisoners, Male and Female :*

When I addressed you a week ago, endeavoring to impress your minds with sober thoughts, in reference to the sad tragedy lately enacted within these walls, bringing to an awful close the long catalogue of crimes committed by the wretched Greenwood, I omitted to notice in detail, his special sins and wickednesses, which were both numerous and heinous. When we attempt to enumerate them, the heart sickens, and the soul shudders, while the tongue refuses to describe them. This callous-minded man appears to have possessed a morbid desire to do deeds that must needs place him upon a "bad eminence," causing him to be distinguished as the very champion of crime. His early abandonment of the paternal roof, his profanation of the Sabbath, his utter disregard of the matrimonial vow, his desertion of her whom he was bound to love and protect, added to adultery, infanticide, murder, and arson, all committed within the short space of two years, fill up such a revolting picture, that the mind's eye turns away, refusing to behold it.

It appears—and while addressing the public schools of this city upon the same subject, I have laid great stress upon the fact—that from the moment Greenwood undutifully cast off parental authority, he at the same time cast off all fear of God; and from that hour, not one bright spot can be discovered in his gloomy history. As we come to the closing scene of his career—picture to ourselves the condemned felon, when about to "shuffle off this mortal coil," deliberately putting on "the dark cloak of deceit," and pretending to pray for divine mercy, with the minister of God's word, when in fact, he had his eye fixed upon the very means by which he had made



up his mind, to rush unbidden, upon his eternal doom, one cannot help comparing him to the maddened Malay "running a muck"—the sword drawn, the scabbard thrown away, dealing death and destruction to all within his reach, madly rushing into the jaws of hell.

There is such an evident lesson in the late appalling tragedy, that I for one, cannot allow it to pass as "a nine days' wonder," an occasion merely "to point a moral, or adorn a tale;" for I do believe, that under Providence, an awful series of crimes has been permitted to appear on the theatre of this Province, for some wise purpose—a signal warning. We surely cannot fail to recognize in it, a beacon to warn us of the dangers of taking the first step in the path of sin, a finger post pointing out the fatal whirlpool, a monumental tablet bearing this inscription—

"The way of the transgressor is hard."

"It is the duty of society, not only to punish crime, but, also, carefully to seek out its cause, and, so far as it is in human power, to correct it." This is not only a kingly sentiment, but it was a king who uttered it.

I have always felt, and greatly fear, that the duty of punishing has been made to assume an undue prominence over the equally necessary but more difficult task of instructing and reforming the culprit. There may be intelligent and, perhaps, well-disposed persons before me—some of whom probably have never yet searched their hearts with the view of ascertaining how "desperately wicked" they are. No "chastening, for the present, seemeth joyous, but grievous;" still it may have occurred to you, as it now does to me, that the privation of your liberty for a season may, after all, prove a blessing in disguise. While madly engaged in the rushing business, the pleasures, and the sins of the world, you may have spared little time for the all-important question put by the jailor of Phillippi, "What shall I do to be saved?" "To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose." Here you are thrown back, as it were, upon yourselves—compelled to reflect on your past lives—a fearful retrospect for any of us, for "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God"—and rising from this retrospect you may, in humble dependence on the aid of Divine grace, make wise resolutions and form judicious plans for the future. The ministers of God's word, upon whom many of you, no doubt, turned your backs when at liberty, may now be gladly listened to; the "still small voice" of conscience, that makes "cowards of us all," whispering through the still night, and entreating you to become reconciled to Him whose tender mercy was extended even to the thief upon the cross—"To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise"—may be gladly heard. Looking at the future in connection with its blessings and its curses, what matters

it where the body is, if the mind continue unenlightened, the heart unchanged?

"What matter's *where*, if I be still the same,  
The mind is its own place; and of itself  
Can make of Heaven a Hell—a Hell of Heaven."

Whatever may be your present condition, your crimes or their consequences, I would not, by any means, have you yield to despair. "The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart, and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit." Despair is that state of mind which, as it were, refuses to look to God for relief, and consequently fails to receive the healing influence of religion which inspires with hope, not fear, and encourages the penitent to approach "boldly the Throne of Grace." I need scarcely tell you, that, in order to attain and preserve this most desirable state of mind, you must place a high value upon the command, "Be sober, be vigilant," for so soon as you are off your guard, the enemy is ready to pounce upon you and break down your resolutions, however good and many they may have been.

I have frequently said to the prisoners in Niagara jail, and I now repeat it to you, that were I a cold, unfeeling, calculating hypocrite, and without a belief in a future state of rewards and punishments, but merely anxious to procure the so-called good things of this life, I would, from prudential motives, pursue a course of determined sobriety and industry, for without these virtues men invariably sink into poverty, disgrace, and ultimate ruin. In looking either to the perishing things of this world, or the more enduring blessings of "another and a better," every day's experience points out that men of idle and intemperate habits are defeating their own ends, and literally achieving their own destruction. "Search the scriptures;" read, mark, learn and inwardly digest the truths therein revealed for your instruction and salvation; meditate upon them, line upon line, precept upon precept, until they are, as it were, written in your mind and affections, and you are enabled to say with the Psalmist, "How love I thy law, O Lord; it is my meditation all the day." Be instant in prayer; pray without ceasing; pray for grace to pray, and especially to be enabled to resist that most odious vice—the besetting sin of a large majority of those to whom I am now speaking—the sin of intemperance. The soul-destroying vice of drunkenness is not only continually condemned in the bible, but has called forth the talent, the oratory, and the exertions of some of the best men on earth, to prevent, or, at all events, to arrest a plague which from time to time has swept off thousands of infatuated victims. The immortal Shakspeare, to whom every man, woman, and child, wherever the English language is

spoken, are indebted for his writings, his noble sentiments, and his advice, uses the language of deep regret, when alluding to this degrading sin :

“Oh! that men will put into their mouths  
An enemy to steal away their brains.”

And again ; the celebrated lecturer, Gough, to whom I have listened with profound admiration, overwhelmed with an agonizing sense of his own sins of inebriety, closed one of his lectures with a burst of remorse, which evidently affected the whole audience :

“Oh! the deep damnation of Intemperance !”

I cannot conclude these remarks in a more effectual manner than by relating to you an incident with which I was fearfully identified, and which has scarcely a parallel in the dark records of intemperance :

#### STORY OF KELLY AND HIS WIFE.

When I was quartered, upwards of 30 years ago, in Montreal, with my regiment, the 66th, I had a servant, named Michael Kelly, who had lived with me for some years. He had always proved himself a good soldier, as well as a faithful, honest, upright man, with as kind and gentle a disposition as I have ever known. He was a married man at the time I speak of, and had five children. His wife also bore an excellent character, and was much thought of by the ladies of the regiment, who employed her in various ways—being a good washerwoman, and an excellent nurse during sickness.

The custom of paying soldiers only once a month prevailed at that time in the army ; now a better system is in practice, for they are settled with daily. The 24th, which was pay-day, became what was called a “set-day,” and a great deal of drunkenness in consequence took place, in despite of every effort to prevent it. Notwithstanding Kelly’s good conduct on all other occasions, he would yield to the temptation of liquor on the 24th of each month ; and more unfortunate still, that gentle nature of his, when under the influence of intoxication, underwent so great a change, that he conducted himself always in a very violent manner, and treacherous withal. Hearing that he had, while in this state, struck a non-commissioned officer, I was resolved, if possible, to alarm him, and with this view, I took an opportunity, while inspecting the men’s “kits” in the barrack-room, to say, in presence of the whole company, “I do believe, Kelly, that unless you give up this abominable habit of drinking, you will, in an evil hour, commit an offence for which you will have to answer with your life on the scaffold.” His wife heard the remark, and expressed herself very indignantly at my speaking so severely to her husband. I must mention here, that the color-sergeant of the company had a great regard for Kelly, his wife and family, and was in the habit of doing many little kindnesses for them. Some few months elapsed, and I went for a fortnight on a visit to a friend living on the Ottawa, and, melancholy to relate, I found, on my return, that Kelly

had been handed over to the civil authorities charged with mortally wounding his best friend, color-sergeant O'Neil. In consequence of being found drunk, he had been ordered into confinement in the guard-house. His bayonet having been taken from him and laid on a table, he, in a paroxysm of revenge, seized the weapon and plunged it into O'Neil's bosom. The wretched man was very soon after tried, found guilty of murder, and sentenced to be executed. On the day preceding his execution, I visited him in his cell. I remember he was chained to the floor. He appeared submissive and resigned, and looking up most piteously in my face, said, "Oh! captain, if I only took your warning and advice that day"—I rather interrupted the poor fellow, and reminded him that, as his period of life was so limited, he had better devote it to earnest prayer and supplication, than to useless regrets for the past. I then joined him in prayer, and on leaving his cell, I perceived that his eyes anxiously followed me till the door closed between him and me forever. But the worst has yet to be told. Before visiting the bereaved wife in her deep distress, I thought it better to allow a night to pass, in the hope that the great burst of grief would have by that time subsided, and that she would be able to meet me more calmly. The morrow came, and I repaired to the "house of mourning." Oh! if I were to live for a thousand years, never could I forget the ashy, stony look, the broken-hearted expression of that once joyous face. She sat swaying herself backward and forward, with her head bowed to her knees, uttering the simple words, "gone! gone! gone!" and refusing all comfort. No argument or remonstrance on my part could arouse her. I spoke of the duty she owed to her children; but all in vain; her only answer was—"I'm lost forever!" The ladies of the regiment offered her temporal as well as spiritual comfort; but all to no purpose—she refused to be comforted. She sank into hopeless despair and recklessness; in fact, she gave herself up as "lost," and abandoned herself to the downward course of drunkenness and vice, refusing to be saved. The children were taken care of; but *her* melancholy history soon came to an end; the tale was told in a few short months. She was taken from the streets by direction of the surgeon, who, in compassion for her sufferings, admitted her into the hospital, in a most forlorn and emaciated condition—reduced by disease to a very skeleton—where she died. Dr. Henry afterwards informed me, that he could not place a pin's point anywhere on her person without coming in contact with corruption.

This sad episode in my military life I have not colored in the slightest degree—the reality could not be exaggerated. Who can hope that mercy was extended to one so impenitent? Who can hope that the "recording angel dropped a tear upon her sins, and blotted them out forever?" True, her reason tottered; her mind was clouded by dark despair; she had lost, by an ignominious death, a husband that she loved as dearly—yea, more dearly—than her own life; her children were left unprotected; her poor ignorant mind had not light enough to behold God in this her agony, but all, all was the fruit of her own

transgression. Yet, oh! women, be merciful to her memory; and, oh! men, let it be deeply engraven on your hearts, that it was one of your sex who, through the *deep, deep, damnation* of intemperance, maddened and destroyed as good and faithful a wife as ever existed on the face of this earth. Alas! poor Mary Kelly!

During the recital of this affecting story, both men and women shed tears—nearly all the latter sobbed audibly. We closed by repeating the Lord's Prayer; and after some desultory conversation with the prisoners, I withdrew; one woman having first recorded a solemn promise that she would work for one dollar a month rather than be found again on the streets.

## ADDRESS TO THE FEMALE PRISONERS.

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*“ God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.”—STERNE.*

### *Female Prisoners :*

THE evident effect produced upon your feelings a few days ago by the relation of the sad story of the ill-fated Mary Kelly, has satisfied my mind that I have not come hither in vain ; but, on the contrary, that I have been listened to with serious attention and lively gratitude. I trust you will give me credit for sincerity when I assure you that you have ever since occupied a large portion of my thoughts—anxiety for your reformation mingling with the hope which cheers me on in the attempt of attaining some measure of success in the good cause I have undertaken. Yes, I have thought of you by day, and have thought of you in the stillness of the night. I have seen you in your prison, deplored your many transgressions, and prayed that, through the grace of a loving Saviour, you might be enabled not only to see the errors of your past ways, but be enabled, also, when again mixing with the world, to avoid its temptations and its sins. I again present myself amongst you to speak of “ the things that belong to your peace”—of “ the peace of God, which passeth all understanding”—and to implore you not to neglect directing your serious thoughts to repentance for the past, and to form such plans for your future conduct as are best calculated to shield you against the loss of reputation, and too frequently also of that liberty which might be employed in the performance of duties to yourselves and others, which hitherto you appear to have sadly neglected. With so high an object in view, it appears to me that I cannot adopt any more powerful means for its accomplishment than in trying to persuade you to reflect upon the sovereignty as well as the mercy of Him, without whose permission a sparrow cannot fall to the ground, and who numbers the very hairs of our head. Believe, that He in whose hand are the hearts of all men, can turn them as the rivers of water ; that He is

“ omnipotent to save ;” and in this belief come to Him, sinful, poor, and helpless, for the supply of all your wants. Bring with you words, and say unto Him—

“ A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,  
On Thy kind arms I fall ;  
Be thou my strength, and righteousness,  
My Jesus, and my all.”

May we not hope, that now, while I address you, His Spirit is present with us, for He has promised, that where two or three are gathered together in His name, He will be in the midst of them. To be convinced that God “ does all things well,” we need only look at the starry firmament of heaven, the order of the universe, and the beauty of the earth on which we dwell—all proving the correctness of the remark, that “ an infidel astronomer must of necessity be a madman.”

No doubt it is expected of me on this occasion, having volunteered—not, I trust, a forlorn hope—to suggest some of the means by which your confinement here may be rendered less irksome, and your time profitably employed, so that when you regain your liberty you will be disposed to use it for better and wiser purposes than you seem hitherto to have done. The way I recommend will not be found nearly so difficult or unpleasant as some of you may think, for it passes through the refreshing fields of reading, meditation, and useful employment. Those who cannot read themselves, may profitably listen to others, and thus a mutual good feeling will spring up, and in after life—for most of you are still young, and from this fact I derive much encouragement—you may probably meet under happier circumstances, and refer to this, the so considered, “ winter of your discontent,” as being also the season of those lessons which taught you to conduct yourselves respectably in this life, and prepare for another and a better world hereafter. Exercise yourselves in this manner now, and believe me, you will thus be better able to resist the temptations of the “ world, and the flesh” when battling abroad with the great enemy of your salvation.

This world is spoken of frequently as cold, harsh, and unfeeling ; you may, therefore, be under the false impression that no sympathy is felt for your unfortunate condition, but on the contrary, that you are looked upon as hopeless outcasts. Dismiss, I beg of you, this uncharitable idea from your thoughts, and believe better things of those in a higher position ; for I feel warranted in assuring you, that there are many of the “ excellent of the earth”—men as well as women—not only in Toronto, but in many other parts of this Province, who are not only willing, but anxious, to stretch forth a helping hand to draw you from the dark abodes of misery and restore you, if you will, to those habits of sobriety, industry and usefulness

in which, no doubt, many whom I am addressing once rejoiced. May your present experience of the bitter fruits of sin, lead you to "watch and pray" against temptation. Abandon, then, as the first step to amendment, those "*damned spirits*," that lead to rags and wretchedness in this world, and the ruin of your immortal souls in that which is to come.

I am happy, while on this subject, to inform you—it is stated on the best authority—that in one year, in England, no less than 9000 criminals, who had suffered legal punishment, have abandoned their evil ways; and amongst that number are several hundreds of females, who being determined to go and "sin no more," have either found their way back to their friends, or sought refuge in asylums, where all proper means are employed to prepare their minds and bodies for a better state of existence. Many of you, I trust, will go and do likewise. But remember that you will have to "brace up your courage to the sticking point," so as faithfully to perform your part of the contract, which is to lead a new life, and thus, once more become respectable members of society. As the poet sweetly sings:

"THE WORLD IS WHAT WE MAKE IT."

"Oh, call not this a vale of tears,  
A world of gloom and sorrow;  
One half the grief that o'er us comes  
From self we often borrow.  
The earth is beautiful and good:  
How long will man mistake it?  
The folly is within ourselves—  
The world is what we make it.

Did we but strive to make the best  
Of troubles that befall us,  
Instead of meeting cares half-way,  
They would not so appal us.  
Earth has a spell for loving hearts—  
Why should we seek to break it?  
Let's scatter flowers instead of thorns—  
The world is what we make it.

If truth and love and gentle words  
We took the pains to nourish,  
The seeds of discontent would die,  
And peace and concord flourish.  
Oh, has not each some kindly thought?  
Then let's at once awake it;  
Believing that, for good or ill,  
The world is what we make it.

I have always held, that the deliberate seducer of female innocence, however high his social position, and the higher the more wicked, should be branded, and expelled from society, as a liar and a robber of the worst kind.



Cursed, I say, be that man, who would rob woman of the brightest jewel in her heavenly crown ; cursed be he, who would snap the silver cord of female modesty, and thrice cursed the demon in human shape, who would sacrifice a pure being, (the gift of God for man's solace and comfort,) on the altar of his unbridled passion. But while I thus express myself, I am bound to remind you, that however great the sin of the seducer, there can be no excuse for his victim, no refuge for the fallen, in imputing her sin to her destroyer. An inward spirit, the still small voice, is ever present, to warn, to guard, and to suggest the awakening question, " How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God ? "

When these safeguards have been madly contemned, and shame and confusion of face, embitter the poor victim's existence, there is one, and only one refuge, but that is as " the shelter of a great rock in a weary land"—that rock is Christ, the same compassionate Saviour, who, when the woman taken in adultery was brought to him, to be condemned and punished, replied, " He that is without sin amongst you, let him throw the first stone," and who said to the self-condemned, " Go and sin no more." Suppose that your more fortunate fellow sinners possessed no bowels of compassion, but were destitute of that sweet mercy which is " twice blessed," you can still throw yourselves at the foot of His throne, who said of the mourning Magdalene, " She has washed my feet with tears, and wiped them with the hair of her head, wherefore, her sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she loved much ; but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little. And He said unto her, thy sins are forgiven."

Again, suppose for a moment that the sentiments of men were represented in the lines composed upon the unhappy condition of Jane Shore—

"In vain with tears her loss she may deplore,  
In vain look back to what she was before,  
She sets like stars that fall to rise no more,"

I stand here to tell you, that your star is not set ; but high in the ascendant—if you only penitently return, and say, " Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in Thy sight," He will see you a great way off, have compassion, run and fall upon your neck, and kiss you, and say to his servants, " Bring forth the best robe, and put it on her"—the same Father who has said, " Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest," is still stretching forth his arms to receive every sin burdened, sin-hating penitent. Depend then upon His promises ; make up your minds, dear friends, that " now is the appointed time, now is the day of salvation ;" and place your reliance solely on Him, who has said, " Ask, and it shall be given you ; seek, and ye shall find ; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

In my two former addresses I endeavored to bring before you most alarming examples of the danger of yielding to the power of strong drink—the awful end of those women of whom I spoke, is enough to warn you to flee the demon of intemperance, no matter in what shape he may present himself. I have now a more pleasing task in speaking to you of a woman, who, though of very humble origin, was an example of sobriety, temperance and chastity, and whose many bright deeds and excellent qualities would have done honor to a person of far more exalted rank.

The heroine of my story was the wife of a private soldier—a grenadier in the 66th regiment, to which I belonged. You must know, that during the period I served in the peninsula, under the immortal Wellington, it was quite the rage for each regiment to have a favorite animal to accompany them on the line of march. A dog was generally chosen, for its sagacity, friendship and attachment to soldiers. We had our dog, and named him Fox, on account of his extraordinary cunning and dexterity in sacrificing to his appetite many victims of the feathered tribe. The 23rd regiment, or Welsh Fusiliers, had a remarkably large goat, which was always to be seen on the line of march at the head of the regiment. This extraordinary animal was such a favorite with the officers and men, that he was taken after the close of the war, to England, and there exhibited to many delighted spectators as though he had been the “hero of a hundred fights.” I have heard it said—I don’t know how truly—that the death of this favorite animal was written in the records of the regiment. But the “two sixes” were not satisfied with one pet—they had marching at the head of the regiment another and a more noble animal—no less than a very conspicuous woman. Nancy Cunningham—for that was her name—was nearly six feet high, and very muscular withal—most peculiar in her cast of countenance, peculiar in manner, and above all, peculiar in the excellency of her conduct. When the regiment was on the march, she was always first on the parade, passing her jokes with all around her. She always appeared with a knapsack on her back; if not her husband’s, to whom she was warmly attached, belonging to some lad who found it quite enough to hold on unincumbered. She was generally to be seen walking near some poor fellow broken down with fatigue, and presently “big Nancy” (the name by which she was called) would be seen with the firelock transferred from the shoulder of the wearied man to her own. If the object of her favor hesitated, from a fear of being quizzed, to let her have his “Brown Bess,” her peremptory command, “Let it go, you spalpeen,” made him yield at discretion.

It was a remarkable and beautiful trait in her character, that in the face

of every temptation, by the officers as well as the men, she never on any occasion, however great her hardships or fatigues, could be prevailed on to touch either wine or spirits, indulging only in that beverage "which cheers but not inebriates." Nancy was always on hand wherever sickness or distress required her services, and liberal beyond measure in supplying those in need with biscuit, bread, and other nourishment. The officers kept her supplied with money, for they found her an excellent forager, and were glad to make use of her to look out for such comforts as she could procure for their respective messes. I remember on one occasion when strolling a short distance from the encampment, I saw Nancy striding along towards me, and when within hailing distance, she called to me to "halt." On coming up, she said in her own peculiar Irish brogue, "Troth, an' I thought, maister Kingsmill, ye'd be taking a bite out of a stone wall with hunger this morning, and sure enough I brought you this bit for your comfort," holding up at the same time a "tommy," which I was right glad to accept. Parting the bread, I took half and returned her the remainder. Before departing, however, I was determined to chaff her a little, so I said, "Now suppose, Nancy, that the provost-marshal happened to come along this way, and was to see you and me dividing the spoils in this manner, which of us, do you think, would come under his lash?" She looked at me rather knowingly, and replied, "What do I care for the spalpeen; didn't I pay ten *vintims* for the 'yellow boy'?" Nancy, however, quickly moved off, looking around her rather suspiciously, evidently fearing that if the provost made his appearance he might be apt to make "a mistake." In honor of this good woman's memory, I must record my belief, that had it been permitted for women to be in the front when we had fighting to do, she would have shouldered her musket (not her "crutch,") and shown how fields were won. She did the next best thing—nay, a better thing—for so soon as the fight was over, there was Nancy in the midst of the wounded and the dying, comforting, sustaining, dressing wounds, and assisting the surgeons in every way they could suggest. She was never "weary in well doing" and toiling in the cause of humanity, and when called to give an account of her stewardship, I doubt not but she will hear those blessed words, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

After the battle of Toulouse, peace was proclaimed, and the army was ordered home; but before embarking for England, we were directed to take up our quarters, for a season, in the city of Bordeaux. While there, poor Nancy was taken ill of fever—no doubt the result of previous hardships and fatigue—and she died a few days before we sailed for Eng-

land. She was the best soldier in the grenadier company, and by them was carried to the grave. No volley was fired over her remains, for that would have been contrary to regulations; but honors of a higher order were lavished upon her in the tears of the war-worn veterans who stood around her last resting place, and tears not a few were shed by the officers as well as the men. Had there been time to place a stone over her grave, it would have been done. In anticipation of such a *memoria*, I remember writing the following lines by way of epitaph:

Here rests a soldier-woman, who in life  
 Ne'er felt a pang of envy or of strife;  
 She "marched" unselfish thro' this vale of tears—  
 Healing the sick, dismissing useless fears,—  
 She won the praise of men on earth full well—  
 May she sing praise to God, where angels dwell.

It would be well for you all to cherish the memory, and endeavor to follow the example, of that "most womanly of women." She, like most of you, was of humble origin and poor parents, and knew neither how to read nor write; she possessed no opportunities such as you have of hearing the preached word of the gospel, and listening to good advice. She, poor thing, living in camps, amidst the "din of war," could scarcely be expected to steer clear of dangerous impressions; and yet, through her short but eventful life, her whole conduct proved that she had a "right mind" and a right spirit within her. Pray, I implore you, for the Holy Spirit; which will only be given in answer to prayer. I can see no reason why, by God's grace, any one of you should not walk in "Big Nancy's" footsteps, and, with God's assistance, become a blessing to yourselves and to society, in place of dragging out a miserable existence, fraught with anything but "sweet memories." "Repent, therefore, of this thy wickedness," and live no longer in "the gall of bitterness, the bond of iniquity."

I concluded by repeating the Lord's Prayer, in which, to all appearance, I was fervently joined by the prisoners, male and female. In the course of the address, I read, by way of improvement and illustration, the 25th chapter of Matthew and the 7th chapter of Luke. It is most gratifying to be enabled to state, that the reading of the Word of God appeared, on every occasion, to rivet the attention of the prisoners. I may well adopt the sentiment which I extract from that valuable book, "The Missing Link," I should never despair, after what I have seen in St. Giles (or the jail of Toronto.) "The lowest poor have come to be what they are by the mistake of supposing they are *too bad to be mended*. They drink to stupify their misery; and their money will be kept out of the gin (whiskey) shops, if other things are not only *talked about, but put before them*."



## AN APPEAL TO THE LADIES OF CANADA.

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*To seek and to save that which was lost.*—LUKE XIX. 10.

*To the Ladies of Toronto and of Canada generally:*

HAVING now reached the close, at least for the present, of what I call not a task, but rather a "labor of love" in my visits to the unfortunate, and recording for the benefit of others similarly circumstanced the advice and consolation given them, the plans for future conduct set before them, and the things concerning their well-being here and hereafter pressed on their attention, I feel that I should be wanting in duty to the cause I have espoused—a cause upon which the light has as yet descended, at least in Canada, with only glimmering rays—I mean that cause which has for its object the arrest of vice in the remedy of the "social evil"—I feel that I should lose sight of a beautiful element of success did I fail to make a most earnest appeal, for countenance and patronage, to that sex who were found "last at the cross, and first at the sepulchre." I appeal to those who, having the will, lack not the pecuniary means requisite to help onward labors of love, for "silver and gold have I none;" and though I fully agree with Shakespeare, the great inheritor of fame, that he who "steals my purse steals trash"—that is, when compared with the filching "my good name"—I nevertheless hold, with the Irishman, who said, "It's very true, poverty is no disgrace; but it's mighty unhandy." And, I assure you, that I find the *res angustæ domi*, that is to say, the lack of means, "mighty unhandy" when I discover that the "filcher" has deprived me of the source of those means I was wont to devote to charitable purposes.

During the French Revolution, it was said, that more was done in one day by the formation of the National Assembly, for the benefit of France, than had been effected in 800 years previously. Comparing small things

with great—*‘sic parvis componere magna solebam’*—it is not easy to calculate the immense amount of benefit in a moral and religious sense, which would be conferred upon this country by the formation of societies for the suppression of crime and the reformation of criminals; more especially were a deep interest in their behalf practically manifested by the higher class of women throughout the Province. The prevention of crime, then, and the reformation of criminals, are objects, in this young country, worthy our most serious consideration. They can only be reached by those who will diligently search them out, following the example of our blessed Lord and Saviour. It becomes, then, all who desire to follow in the footsteps of Him who went about doing good, to give christian instruction and example to the young and to search out the wanderer and point him to the way in which he should go. In reference to the large amount of property lost by theft, I make the following extract from “Kingsmill on Prisons”:

“Now in one year, I ascertained that 500 prisoners of this class, taken as they stood in order on the register-book, had stolen property to the value of £10,000, as estimated upon their trial. But, as these men had, on an average, been convicted once before, this sum may be safely doubled on that score, which will give £120,000 as the aggregate discovered amount stolen by the total number of convicts. Now, to this may be added, at the most moderate calculation, as much more, on account of depredations committed by the same parties when they escaped detection, making in all about one quarter of a million’s worth of property taken from its rightful owners by 3,000 convicts—*i. e.*, by about one-thirtieth part of the total of individual criminals who annually pass through our prisons; so that it does not appear unreasonable to suppose—making very large allowance for the more advanced stage of crime in the convict or transported class—that the entire loss to the community, in annual depredations, does not fall short of two millions sterling.”

His account is painfully interesting, but, at the same time, it is most encouraging to be assured, by the same excellent authority, of the “willingness”—a fact too little credited—“of the great majority of criminals to turn from their evil courses.”

Ninety thousand criminals in one year, in England, whether deterred by punishment or influenced by higher motives, are stated to have returned to a better course of life after legal punishment. Should we not, then, one and all, put forth our most anxious energies to stem the rushing flood of immorality and vice that we see ravaging the land. If we are desirous—and how can it be otherwise—of beholding righteousness and truth in our midst, in place of depravity and falsehood, then let us at once awake and be alive to the great necessity of teaching the young, not only by precept

but by example, the only lessons by which they can secure real peace of mind here and eternal happiness hereafter. Had the habitations of those unfortunates been visited by "ministering angels" such as I have alluded to, who would have offered a word of timely advice and encouragement to their young hearts and still plastic minds; whispered in their ears the truth as it is in Jesus, and exercised fitting influences to improve their unhappy condition, aggravated probably by reckless and drunken parents, we might now see them honestly and industriously employed for their own as well as their country's good, in place of doing the work of degraded culprits, or occupying a felon's cell in the Provincial Penitentiary.

How beautifully impressive is the language and the lesson of the author of "School Days at Rugby."—(*See note 1.*) "It is only," he says, "through our mysterious human relationship; through the love and tenderness, and purity of mothers, and sisters, and wives; through the strength and courage, and wisdom of fathers, and brothers, and teachers, that we can come to the knowledge of Him in whom alone the love, and the tenderness, and the purity, and the strength, and the courage, and the wisdom of all these, dwell together forever and ever in perfect fulness."

Let me now go on affectionately to entreat those who have not sufficiently reflected upon the great, the powerful influence of *example*, to set their minds more earnestly on this great mean of elevating or deteriorating the hearts and conduct of those with whom they come in contact. For myself, I can say, that my feeble attempts to do good are to be attributed to the example of great and good men. I can never forget, for I have ever treasured it in my heart, the remark made to me by that good, great, and highly distinguished officer, Lord Seaton, on whose staff I had the honor of serving while he was Governor of Upper Canada. "I never," said he, "omit, in my morning prayers, to implore the Deity that during the day I may be enabled to do some good for the benefit of this country, which I look upon as committed to my charge." Again; if during my long shrievalty I have imparted one good thought, or performed one good deed to a prisoner in jail, I owe it, under Providence, to the example of the world-wide known philanthropist, Howard, whose "life" I happened to read just about the time that I entered upon my official duties as sheriff. At the commencement of his eventful and most useful career, he occupied the position of high sheriff of the county of Bedford, and there came in contact with the sins and the sufferings of men which drew forth his sympathy and commiseration, and induced him to work patiently and ardently for their mitigation. His success in this and other fields of charity



is best commented upon by the fact, that his statue stands amidst those of the illustrious dead in St. Paul's Cathedral.

The following story, taken from "Prisons and Prisoners," shows so forcibly the consequences of bad example, that I cannot refrain from inserting it here :

"It is that of a woman, now a convict at Sydney, sentenced to transportation for life upon the charge of robbing, to a considerable extent, the lady with whom she had lived for many years, in the high and respectable capacity of lady's-maid. Her history, too, is replete with the lamentable results arising from an irreligious mistress; but we will not detail more than a brief outline of her story. She was most respectably connected, entered service in her nineteenth year, and became exceedingly attached to her mistress, who deemed her worthy of unbounded confidence. But she totally neglected all her religious duties, was persuaded to believe it no harm to work on Sundays, which her mistress frequently required her to do; she rarely went to church; she never prayed; nor did she even read her Bible. On returning to England, after an absence of some months on the Continent, whither she had accompanied her mistress, she passed a short time with a sister who lived as upper servant in a pious family; and who, grieving to see the total indifference of poor Maria to all that concerned a future state, ventured seriously to expostulate with her upon the sin of remaining longer in a family whose ungodly habits had so fatally influenced her own mind; earnestly reminding her, that no blessing could rest upon such an engagement, however lucrative it might be. But it was all in vain. She was happy and prosperous in a worldly sense, and, scorning the affectionate, and, as she thought, the 'puritanical' counsel of her sister, she returned to where she feared neither God nor man, in her thoughtless course of impiety. Soon did that sister, whose warning she despised, see her again—but it was *in a prison*! She wept over her, prayed for her, and, without a reproach, now patiently endeavored to urge her to 'repent and believe;' and it was then, as she told me herself, that she would have given all she possessed, could she have begun life again as the poorest and meanest of creatures—to be the humble, honest, happy Christian, which *she* was whose religion she had so often ridiculed and denied. Vain was now alike the wish and the regret! Allured by a bad man to commit a deed of the most aggravated dishonesty, and that, too, against a mistress who, with all her faults, had loved and trusted her—she was about to suffer for life the just but dreadful sentence of perpetual exile. Yet, it is a striking fact, that, softened and self-condemned as she was, in many respects, she expressed a bitterness of remembrance towards her mistress, tracing all her own wickedness to the ungodliness in which, under her guardianship and example, she had been trained—both painful to hear, and unprincipled in her to admit, against one who had been, to her at least, a kind and generous benefactress. True, it manifested the worst soil of human nature, untouched by Divine grace; but would it have thus sprung up in weeds of such deadly and unhallowed passion, had it been cultured, watered, and planted with seeds of heavenly instruction by the

hand of a Christian guardian? No; bad and ungrateful as the reproach was, uttered under such circumstances, what was it but the *reaction of principles*;—evil falling back upon evil; ‘the grain reproduced, but with thorns around the ear?’—for, ‘Whatsoever a man soweth, that also shall he reap.’”

Let us learn from this too-true tale the sad consequences of evil example, and the fearful result of the neglect of the means of grace. The lesson of retributive justice, in reference to the sin of slavery and its concomitant crimes, is now being written in letters of blood on the American Continent, but which, alas! seems to be without effect in arresting the progress of covetousness, dishonesty, extravagance and wickedness of every description. In private life, the friend who kindly tells us our faults—though not always received in a corresponding spirit—is our best friend. I hold, also, that the journalist who fearlessly exposes the backslidings of his countrymen, is the best friend to the state. The *National Intelligencer*, published at Washington, discourses as follows:

“Amid all these evils which call for humiliation, or at least for soberness and recollection of thought, what do we witness? The increase and spread of luxury and extravagance on every hand. A spirit of speculation pervades all classes of people. The inflation of the currency lends itself to the delusion of those who make haste to get rich. Our great cities, if we may trust the representations which reach us, are filled with the ‘booths of Vanity Fair.’ All forms of popular amusement are patronized beyond precedent. The very winter quarters of our armies are invaded by the train of pleasure, and ‘the sound of revelry by night’ in ball and dance preludes the opening of the spring campaign! While England was engaged in the war of the Crimea, we read that such was the solemnity inspired by public calamity, and so keenly felt were the private griefs that darkened the hearthstones of English homes, that there was a general suspension of the ordinary forms in which social gayety finds expression. Are we living in a less solemn time, or are we less sensible to the proprieties, not to say the duties enjoined by the judgments of God, when they take the most awful shape in which they can visit any people? If frivolity and thoughtlessness, if greed and luxury, are at all times the reproach of a people, what shall we think of dissipation and extravagance and corruption holding high carnival in a time of civil war? If no higher motives can arrest the progress of this degeneracy than such an appeal to the passions of war, it is sufficient to say that no war can be successfully waged which does not beget in its prosecution the hardy virtues of sacrifice and devotion, while Heaven must frown on a cause which identifies itself with social and political dissolution.”

Never was a compliment to old England better deserved; it is worthy the head and heart of a bold and generous man; and certainly it comes home to my heart, as I happened to be in England during the Crimean

war, and witnessed to the very letter, the truth of this tribute to her honor. I can best describe the nation at that period as one vast "house of mourning." There was sadness in every face; she appeared like "Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not." The Lord graciously permitted many of the war-worn veterans to return to their loved native land, to that land of which our sweet poetess has said—

"Where sleep not England's dead."

And now, ladies, I fearlessly ask your verdict, for it will have a most telling effect upon the interests of society. It has been said that he who causes two blades of grass to grow, where only one grew before, is a benefactor to his country. Now, it is for you to decide what those men deserve at the hands of their country who not by any theory of their own, but by plain statements, of the rule laid down for our guidance, have pointed out the mode by which two dollars may, with your co-operation, be saved, where only one was saved before; how two criminals may be reclaimed, where but one or none were reclaimed before. What do these men merit who have renewed and refreshed sweet memories of duties and "labors of love," that might otherwise have slumbered all too long. And, finally, what do those men deserve at your hands, and the hands of their country, who have succeeded in awakening, in the gloomy waste of imprisoned ignorance, germs of feeling and reflection, that else had slept "the sleep that knows no waking." I pause for a reply; the character of which will influence me largely as to whether I shall come forward again, in this connection, at least through the medium of the press. For my part, I am ready to work on—to do or die; my motto is, "up guards, and at them." Unless timely reinforcements come up, the victory will belong to the "arch enemy."

Ladies, permit me in conclusion, to remind you, that to your influence we chiefly look for the promotion of this great cause. It is the cause of Him who was "wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities;" it is the cause which Mary chose—even "that good part, which shall not be taken away from her." Let us bind up the wounds of those who are without help in their distress; let us pour in oil and wine and take care of them. Never let it be said of the women of Canada that they "passed by on the other side," with the fact before their eyes that in England the "missing link" has been found, which draws the wretched from their desolate places, and illumines their path with the blessed light of the Gospel.

## VALE DICTORY.

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To solicit for this *brochure* the patronage of any high personage or body of men, would be pretentious in the extreme. As an old soldier, however, who knew the 95th Regiment more than half a century ago, distinguished then on the Peninsula, as they have since been in the Crimea and other well-fought fields, the author feels no hesitation in seeking, on the score of old acquaintanceship, the patronage of the officers of the Rifle Brigade. To them, and to the officers generally, of regiments serving in Canada, whose countenance of this "movement"—he trusts in the right direction—would be most gratefully felt, he may be permitted to remark, in the spirit of love for his old profession, that as it is the acknowledged right of every good rifleman, "*or any other mun,*" to protect himself, by all proper means, against the shot and shell of a daring enemy, it is a no less blessed privilege to be enabled to assist others to seek the "shelter of a great rock in a weary land," and there to drink the refreshing waters of Eternal Life.

## NOTES.

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(*Kelly Execution.*)—The 66th Regiment was ordered to be under arms on the Champ de Mars, to witness the execution. Before Kelly was brought out, he asked permission once more to see me. His last words were—"Oh! Captain, take care of Mary and the children!"

(*Page 20, line 33.*)—My old brothers of the "sword of justice" will no doubt remember the splendid entertainment given to the fraternity, by our friend, Mr. Sheriff Jarvis, in Toronto, and the many valuable remarks that were called forth in connection with prisoners and their treatment. True, we cannot all be Howards; but there is not one but may cast his mite into the treasury of philanthropy.

(*Page 24, line 22.*)—The soldiers' bread rations, during the Peninsula war, was for the most part made from Indian Corn, and were, consequently, of a deep yellow hue.

(*Page 25, at end.*)—When leaving the prison, after my address to the females, I met my old acquaintance, Mr. O'Neil, one of the Inspectors. I held an interesting conversation with him about the "unfortunates," and hope, at an early day, to renew it.

(*Page 27, line 19.*)—The introduction of foreign languages and classic allusions when addressing ladies may at first view appear to be pedantic. I heartily eschew pedantry, in any shape, as well as vanity, and, therefore, I give my reasons for so doing. The first is, I am acquainted with several ladies who have expressed a determination to learn latin, as a great help not only to a better knowledge of their own language, but a valuable assistance in studying either Italian or French. When lighting on my quotation, they will be reminded that "*tempus est nunc*," or now is the appointed time. Again; when mothers and sisters are reading this pamphlet, and stumble upon a Latin phrase, it will afford a good opportunity of coming in closer contact with sons and brothers upon the all important subject of education, while testing their prowess in learning, by asking them to translate the Latin words into English. My last reason is, that many young men will thus be awakened to the fact, which has frequently come under my observation, that on leaving school or their "*alma mater*," they have unthinkingly cast off with their *toga*, as no longer useful, their Latin and Greek as well as other classic associations, forgetting, for the nonce, that a classical education is a "*sine qua non*" in the formation of a polished

gentleman and a ripe scholar. They have only to read the debates in both Houses of Parliament in England—our great ensample of correct taste—to be satisfied that appropriate quotations from the classics are frequently used, in order to add ornament to oratory and force to argument, and thereby “listening senates to command.” Now, for this new light so freely imparted upon a subject deserving our deepest attention, I am sanguine enough to believe, that I shall be honored with a great reward (*quid rides?*) from the ladies who repudiate the “*auri sacra fames*,” the cursed love of gold; I fully expect a rich piece of workmanship (cloth of gold), elaborated with their own hands, and having a suitable classic device—such as their own good taste may dictate. From the young men who require only a hint from their “*fidus achates*” to indulge more freely in classic lore and less freely in the *cloudy* weed, I look, at least, for a splendid edition of Shakespeare—

That monument of greatness, and alone!—  
An intellectual monarch, with a mind his own.

My expectations are even not here satisfied, for from a grateful country I anticipate a gift of a library, at least, for having awakened an honorable emulation among young men, and a virtuous desire “*didicisse fideleter artes*,” as the best means of becoming the true magnates of the land—“*terque, quaterque beati*”—ready not only to pursue that righteousness by which this our Canada is to be exalted, but to destroy the germs of fierce democracy, which at this moment seem to threaten the very existence of that great Republic, whose father was Washington. But where, in the name of generosity, am I to find room for all these gifts of men, for *now* I am reduced to “a second floor on the shady side of Oxford street.”

(*Note 1, page 29.*)—This excellent English book ought to be in every family where boys are being educated.

*Page 35, line 3.*)—I well remember the old 95th in the Peninsula. A short time before the retreat from Burgos, in 1812, many of the officers of various regiments were indulged with a short leave of absence, for the purpose of visiting the city of Madrid. At a public ball, I met several officers of that corps, and amongst them, the late General Cox—better known in Canada, and more especially in Hamilton, where he was employed on “particular service,” as Colonel Cox. Some few years ago I met him again at the Falls of Niagara, where we talked over the festive evening we had many years before passed together in the Spanish Capital, but with the sad remembrance, that all (save ourselves) who there “tripped it on the light fantastic toe,” had gone to “that land from whose bourne no traveller returns.”