

Mr President & Gentlemen

As I have been alluded to

as a Witness of the progress of Temperance & its  
 happy results, I would deem myself worthy of being  
 were I to remain silent on such an occasion - But  
 gentlemen would it be deemed flattery were I in the  
 first place to say privately & that I admire your  
 Society & yourselves - Of there is before me  
 something good & great & lovely - the spectacle of such  
 an assemblage of sober honest virtuous men - Heroes  
 & conquerors of the passions - conquerors of  
 self & selfish passions - as an Public Pastor  
 of Religion willingly gentlemen do I add my little  
 mod. of approbation to the mighty cause of moral  
 improvement - For seven long years did I labour as  
 a Missionary against the empire of the Devil (satans  
 dominion) & vice, & powers visible & invisible I had  
 to encounter in formidable array - but the deadliest Devil  
 I ever met was the Demon of Drunkenness - For here  
 I believe you thought you could "rattle the glass on this  
 side the Water pretty well - & so you could - I dare say  
 the 21 Tumbler - Troop - thought that a Scotchman could  
 scarcely "put a candle" to his Club - but when the Champions  
 came to compare notes at the end of the Week - Pat in  
 those cases found himself <sup>minors</sup> to Sherry by half - (Tough)  
 Yes Drunkenness in Ireland had gone far - but in Scotland  
 I double lengths - It is with sorrow I bear that testimony  
 against the country of my birth - for I do love that country  
 & I could suggest that it be & may in the longer I am absent  
 & for it has attractions of an enchanting kind

2) The Pastor I stay (brought from it) I seem to love it still the more. for as the Past. well has said "His doctrine gives anchorage to the views" and clothed the mountain in its green hue."

But I presume you saw a statement that went the way of the New Paper some time ago - I was it part of a 'Gays' Paper I at least I subscribe to - this is a good period of the very excellent that - two gallons of whiskey I was not and was such Rum you think Brady I was a drink! and the one spare very handsome that three gallons - and the very paper period very so. to them that his gallons - but he put if Mr. May presented to a grant or tent over Scotland in general, its progress he says he has placed downy them - Day and night - looking upon I buy man here to be seen every in all the houses of intemperance - and what is worse the very worst seemed to rise with the men in Calcutta emulations

Oh when I look back I think over in letters of my mind the scenes that I myself have witnessed the waves of lotus I the numbers extended on every side - when I think on so many a decent family driven to destruction by a drunken father or a drunken mother - when I think on so many a fine boy degenerated with talents I studied by nature I by nature's gift to be a credit to his family in honor to Religion - and an ornament to Society - when I think on so many a fine girl and vice I crime, a fine heart of tender feeling life because his father drank the honey should have fed for his education - that father had example none they only in her time - when I contemplate the scenes around me, vile speaking, circumstances teaching even among friends, the journals sayings I study between

Deluged me with I wish I other members of the world - I wish I were like the poor forlorn Mother, come forth I broken hearted her life a torment, driven almost to despair by a drunken husband I perhaps a still more miserable boy when I see a wretch as seen I have taken the last of his head I the shirt off his back I sell both for whiskey - I when that report taking the way could from under his neck a child I then threaten to cut his wife's throat if she said a word - when I look into the streets of Glasgow and there see Hell's own family - those drunken monuments of joy and prostitution I hear a voice that whispers -

There - all these were I enquired to damnation deep by hosts of drunkards - when I view the walls I improved I. others in countless numbers when in fire I look to the stone also so believe I there are souls bloating internal just I ask the man I have a voice that whispers drunkards' drinkings drinkings I wonder if as a holy distribution of a 'only Father's Religion I shall with tribulation the a heavenly reward I wonder if on any level knew I ever produce I that going to Hell might be for the best benediction on his People - But if I happen for a time that angelic in peace I in state of mind - that I had a change at last that could see her - I perceive and eyes I read - the same heard - we admitted - we become important to do in like manner - but with the Chemist's care caution of the sea we live in! we enjoy led the matter for a taste - We eyed the strange objects that a distance - we then looked at what on way will tell us and I was all beautiful I no spirit in it - We then took a walk by the sea - for we had seen - the bright scenes of Heaven were set before us - but in the bright scenes of Heaven we saw - Gather them it is with what labor I shall be that I mention a fact which I think is almost unguessed

