

ance in the British Provinces; and we desire to be allowed to mingle in our fraternal feelings and labors with yours in a cause which is one throughout the world.

Be pleased to accept as representatives of societies, and as individuals, my best wishes, and my sincere thanks for the kindness you have shown me.

NICARAGUA.

The Rev Israel Diehl, G. W. P. of California, has recently visited Nicaragua. An extract of his letter to the editor of the *Crusader*, giving an account of his visit, will be read with pleasure:—

I soon found old General Alcohol, or Aquadiente, as he is called in this country, having full and unmolested possession of the city, as he occupied four of its principal positions, making greater havoc, and slaying more men than the combined forces of all the natives. The facts, I soon learned were horrible. Intemperance in its worst forms, could be seen, heard and felt. Every one attested to the facts. No pen can describe the victims of rum in Nicaragua. Eternity alone can fully reveal them. But two days before I arrived, Lieut. Estelle was publicly shot, hard by the church on the public Plaza for killing two men while drunk. He confessed it all to intemperance, and after faithfully and sorrowfully warning his fellow soldiers to shun the cup, expiated his guilt by an ignominious death. And there upon the sidewalk, lay his blood upon the stones, and mingled with the sand and soil of Granada, as a trophy of rum. The very sight was shocking, and looking right from that scene to another portion of the Plaza could be seen, three or more young men on a drunken spree, rolling like young dogs upon the grass and the dirt. Two had been officers, generous, brave and intelligent; they had been through most all the battles, and came off victorious; but now Alexander-like, they were conquered by rum. The other was once a lawyer, recently from California, and a State officer, from a prominent family in Kentucky;—and oh! such scenes, such language, such debauchery!—truly pitiable!

Every encouragement, however, was given by the superior officers, and every success, wished me in my enterprise. For it is a cheering fact, that Gen. Walker and his principal officers are Temperance men, in the general acceptance of the term; and they, deeply feeling and deploring the evils of intemperance among their men rendered me every possible means of facility. The meeting and objects was duly published and announced in the *Nicaraguense*. On Sabbath, after the public parade upon Plaza, with my Temperance banner unfurled, we marched to the celebrated church and convent of San Francisco, once a magnificent and stately building, with a front of over 100 feet in length a plaza and stone steps of equal length and fifty feet in depth. Near the center stood a huge cross over twelve feet in height, elevated, and surrounded by three tiers of stone steps, affording a fine and substantial rostrum, while the cross afforded a secure stay to which to cling,

from the top of which I unfurled my banner to the breeze.

Here, surrounded by a large audience of officers, soldiers, citizens and natives, with all the facilities, and a pleasant, cool evening, I had the pleasure of delivering the first Temperance lecture known in Central America. I wish I could give you a description of the magnificent scenery around, presented by the matchless Lake of Nicaragua, the mighty and over-awing volcano of Mont Bacho rearing its head high above the clouds, as they were then playing around its sides; the beauty of the luxuriant productions, and variegated scenery all around, aside of the appearance of the venerable cathedrals, churches, and fortifications, as well as the ruins of a once large and populous city, together with the recollections and impressions of its past history; while almost before me, on the one hand, and to the left on the shore, stood remains of the huge and ghastly idols, made and worshipped by a race of people now unknown, and yet revealing a strange history—all this, with its late commotions and disquietudes, and its present wars, made strange impressions upon my mind and heart, never to be forgotten. The scenes and feelings were strange, as I plead the present cause of Temperance, not to heathen and savage nations, but, alas, to our own American people; and even here a contest was going on—a test of success or defeat. But what an humble and confident reliance in God, and the assistance of His grace; with sincere emotions and purity of purpose, relying upon the merits of a good and righteous cause, and the virtues of our motto as emblazoned on the banner floating over me, I plead the good cause for a good purpose, to the best of my ability at the time. After speaking about an hour, and fearing a storm, I at once proceeded to “shocking up,” gathering in, or enlisting volunteers, and soon, by the assistance of two secretaries, Mr Tabor, worthy editor of *El Nicaraguense*, and Rev D. H. Wheeler, Bible Agent, succeeded in securing fifty-six charter members for a Division of Sons. Many items of interest were elicited and exhibited on the occasion; and the meeting was over and dismissed. The work did not cease; the seed sown was spreading; the Rubicon was boldly passed; the enemy openly met; couriers went and came, reporting to the Aquadiente shops and their allies, and soon a hundred minds were set to thinking, a hundred tongues to talking; able advocates sprung up on every side.—Every rum case for the last year was exhumed and brought up; intemperance generally denounced, and thus the work went bravely on. On Monday we met and organized, and ere night, initiated seventeen new members. On Tuesday we met twice, and initiated twenty. On Wednesday, we initiated five more, and were obliged to hold some in reserve until they should become properly sober. All this was preparatory to the formation of one grand organization, which was effected on Oct 1st, under the title of Nicaragua Division, No 1, Sons of Temperance, with a large and interesting number of officers, soldiers, and citizens, under favourable auspices, bidding fair to do a good and blessed work. Fortunately, or providentially, I had not only a temperance banner, but also a superb set of regalia, with fine silver jewels, recently presented to me by my father, (as the set with which I was initiated into the Order years ago,) which, under the circumstances, I duly presented to the new and hopeful Division.

LIFE IN THE EDINBURGH POLICE OFFICE.

To the Citizens and Electors of Edinburgh.

Several letters having appeared in the press of Edinburgh, disclosing the inner life of the Police Court, the COMMITTEE of the EDINBURGH TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY have resolved to make one of these letters as widely known as possible. It speaks for itself:—

ONE HOUR IN THE POLICE OFFICE.

MR EDITOR,—The art of being what is called a good citizen is very difficult. To know precisely what things in the occurrences of life should be concealed and what exposed, overlooked, or overthrown, is, we repeat, very difficult. Querulous intermeddling about every trifle is hateful, but total indifference about everything external to our own immediate case or interest is surely still more hateful and totally incompatible with good citizenship. How then shall we know our duty? Perhaps the best rule for individual guidance may be not to report the offensive facts which we may find out, so much as those which, from the strong impressions they produce on our minds, may be said to find us out.

Under such circumstances, Mr Editor, two years ago I accidentally discovered the shocking extent of Sabbath traffic in whisky in one public-house. I then felt as if thunder-struck, for though living in Edinburgh near a quarter of a century, I had no conception of it. I felt that the “oldest inhabitant” might be as ignorant as myself, else it could not be tolerated. I resolved to tell the public what I saw, and did it through your pages, and called into action a force which ascertained the doings of the whole trade on the Sabbath-day. By the help of the Abstinence Committee and the glorious “200 volunteers” who stood amongst frost and snow unflinchingly at the task, it was ascertained incontrovertibly that 50,000 visits were paid every Sabbath-day to the public-houses. Such a revelation was so shocking a comment upon Sabbath observance that it worked its own cure. The traffic dug its own deep grave, and for such a traffic there shall be no resurrection. The Act of Parliament which now lies on that suicidal grave shall never be rolled away, though every “licensed victualler” in Scotland should put his shoulders to it. In a manner equally accidental we were taken by a friend into the Police Court the other day, and we were so shocked with the cases then brought up that we resolved to publish them. We have further resolved that arrangements shall be made for taking a continuous record, so that this loathsome establishment—this great public-house excrecence—shall be diagrammed, daguerreotyped by the clear sunlight of free inquiry—that the Police Office may pictorially go to those who cannot and will not possibly go to the Police Office.

In the meantime, allow me to give the specimen cases of that visit:—

Case No. 1.—“Man drunk” and assaulting; his case proven; fine or imprisonment. There before.

Case No. 2.—“Man drunk” and assaulting; when asked what he had to say, said he was drunk at the time. “I know nothing about nothing.” Case proven; fine or imprisonment.

Case No. 3.—“Man drunk,” was breaking everything in the house, beating his wife, and flung stools at the policemen. Wife sworn: said it was all true, but “that when sober he was quiet as any man can be;” fine or imprisonment. There before.