

Patrick Slave, one adult person, name unknown, and one child of John O'Donnel, deceased, went to sleep under the influence of liquor. While asleep, the house by some means caught fire, and the roof falling in, every one of the inmates, twelve in number, met with a horrible death. The spectacle presented to the persons who first reached the scene of the disaster was horrible and distressing in the extreme. No sound was heard save the hissing of the fire and crash of the falling timbers, every member of the family having already expired; but through the burning chinks of the house, the by-standers could discern the still unconsumed bodies of the occupants.—There lay the mother with the body of her dead infant still clasped to her bosom, to which the little sufferer had clung in the last agonies of this horrible death, the bright James shooting from the eye sockets of the unfortunate mother. A sad, sad house warning it proved to be, indeed. The charred remains of eleven persons have been found amid the ruins, while it is known that one child is lost, whose remains have not been discovered.—*Indiana Argus*.

Another Death in the Whisky Jug!

Another demonstration of the blessings of rum, and of the rum traffic, was on Monday night, May 19th, presented on the railroad near the grand junction in Worcester! Michael Donevan of Stoneville, having there a wife, and four children, was about 7 o'clock seen staggering and hooting along the track, with a jug of rum in his hand, which he had obtained of some of the vendors of "liquid death" in Worcester, and the next morning was found dead, and horribly mangled, with limbs torn asunder and blood, brains, and bowels strown some one, or two hundred feet along the iron rails,—the whole freight train of cars having probably passed over his body during the night:—but the JUG!—there it stood, by the side of the road about half full of rum, in the midst of the scattered fragments of another murdered and immolated victim of the rumsellers, a silent memento, and a befitting monument of the cause, and of the consummation of the bloody and awful catastrophe. O! the power, and the ubiquitous presence of rum!—how manifest, and admonitory are they seen and felt in this, and ten thousand other similar cases all over the land! How much longer will the do-nothing and apathetic friends of temperance fold their arms to slumber upon the heaving bosom of an alcoholic volcano, with the red-hot, and surging lava thus occasionally bursting forth at their feet! How much longer will the Legislature of Massachusetts refuse the same facilities of enforcing the statutes against the lawless rumsellers, that have ever been afforded by law for the obtaining of testimony, and conviction against thieves, gamblers, counterfeiters, and vendors of lottery tickets and immoral publications! In view of the past, and the prospective continuation of such licensed, or permitted diabolical deeds of rum, large and sober masses of the community are ready, to cry out in the language of one of old,—*"How long O, Lord, how long!"*—*Massachusetts Cataract*.

Moderate Drinkers.

Not long since, a friend in conversation on the subject of temperance, referred to moderate drinkers, whom he defined in very significant terms. He spoke of them as *those who drink more or less, but generally more*. This definition, which, I think is the most apt I have ever heard, indicates both the habits of moderate drinking, and the natural, almost inevitable tendency of that habit to a ruinous excess. The habit grows upon its victims insensibly, and its growth is not more insidious than fatal. "In the moderate use of wine, or of any thing else that can intoxicate," says an able writer, "there is a strong national proclivity to that use which is drunkenness—a proclivity which needs no aid from any

other influence to give it force—a proclivity which must be resisted steadily and manfully or it will be fatal."

It is a notorious fact which nobody will presume to gainsay, that the ranks of the drunkard receive all their miserable, loathsome accessions from the ranks of the moderate drinker—that drunkenness in every respect, is preceded by, and is the natural product of moderate drinking. And yet the apologists of this indulgence have the effrontery to demand of us, what harm there is in taking a glass now and then? What harm! Why all the drunkenness, and three fourths of the crime and pauperism, and squalid misery, which curses the world—not only the immediate subjects and victims of these gigantic, social evils, but their families and friends, and the whole community. Harm? Go ask the millions who have gone down, body and soul, into the maelstrom of dissipation; interrogate their heart-broken companions, both husbands and wives—their suffering children—their sorrowing fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters; such an answer in the disgusting scenes which characterize the haunts of vice, in the almshouse and prisons, and at the gallows; in the terrible sacrifice of time and money and the superior wealth of the intellect and the affections, to the demon of intemperance!—*From the Fountain and Son of Temperance*.

GROCERIES FOR WOMEN.—A respectable New York paper positively asserts that there are certain secret places in that city furnished in the most gorgeous style, and patronized almost exclusively by women of wealth and fashion who go there first for ice creams, fruit, &c., then for claret, champagne, brandy, mint juleps, sherry cobbler and brandy slings. "This is no fancy sketch; there are at this moment scores of women of the first rank in society who have become inveterate tipplers at these places." For the honor of woman—in whom ought to be embodied all that is pure and lovely and virtuous—we do hope this can't be so. Yet we must confess, that such is the seductive character of this arch enemy of our race, that we are almost prepared to hear of any violence he may commit upon decency and morality.—*Crystal Fount*.

THE NAZARITES.—This is the name assumed by a new Order of the Sons of Temperance, who have opened a camp at Nashville, Tennessee. The business of the new Order is confined to the instruction of members, and lectures on temperance. The ceremonies are solemn but brief. The pledge is for life. It is supposed that the Nazarites take their pledge, and name, from the third and fourth verses of the sixth chapter of Numbers, where may be found the vow of a Nazarite, promulgated 1490 years before Christ.—*Crystal Fount*.

National Jubilee.

There is to be a National Jubilee of the Sons of Temperance in Toronto on the 18th June, next. The following account of the preparations being made, we copy from the *Canadian Son of Temperance*. We think a meeting of this description will be productive of much good to the cause:—

Mr. Editor.—The National Division of North America will meet on the 17th day of June next for the transaction of business, and on Wednesday the 18th a Grand Celebration of the Order will take place by a procession and mass meeting.

The sub Divisions located in this City are active and zealous in making the necessary arrangements for this great coming event. The joint Committee of arrangements (composed of representatives from the Ontario Division No. 26, Toronto Division No. 154 and Coldstream Division No. 212) held their first meeting last evening, when the Committee entered in a most energetic manner, to make the necessary preliminary arrangements, not only to make this great festival interesting, but also to make it highly useful. The joint Committee are to meet weekly till this great gathering assembles. There will be men from all