

EVILS OF INTEMPERANCE.—When the Liquor Law was under discussion in the Legislature of Massachusetts, Mr. Stephenson, a member of the House, gave the following graphic picture of the evils of intemperance:—

“Portray the evils of intemperance, did I say?—He does not live who can tell the whole story of its woes. Exaggeration there is impossible. The fatigued fancy falters in its flight before it comes up to the fact. The mind’s eye cannot take in the countless miseries of its motley train. No human art can put into that picture shades darker than the truth. Put into such a picture every conceivable thing that is terrible or revolting—paint health in ruins, hope destroyed, affections crushed, prayer silenced—paint the chosen seats of parental care, of filial piety, of brotherly love, of maternal devotion, all, all vacant; paint all the crime, of every stature and of every hue, from murder, standing aghast over a grave which it has no means to cover, down to the mean deception, still confident of success; paint home a desert, and shame a tyrant, and poverty, the legitimate child of vice in this community, and not its prolific mother; paint the dark valley of the shadow of death, peopled with living slaves; paint a landscape with trees whose fruit is poison, and whose shade is death, with mountain torrents tributary to an ocean whose waves are fire; put in the most distant background the vanishing vision of a blessed past, and in the foreground the terrible certainty of an accusing future; paint prisons with doors that only open inwards, people the scene with men whose shattered forms are tenanted by tormented souls, with children upon whose lips no smile can ever play, and with women into whose cheeks furrows have been burnt by tears wrung by anguish from breaking hearts,—paint such a picture, and when you are ready to show it, do not let in the rays of the heavenly sun, but illuminate it with glares of the infernal fires, and still you will be bound to say that your horrible picture falls short of the truth.”

TO ADVERTISERS.—The *Life Boat* cover is an excellent medium for business notices seeking publicity in Upper Canada. The book goes into many of the most respectable families West, and is gaining ground fast. We hope to issue 1000 before long, and from present aspects we think our hope will be more than met.

Enigmas.

DEAR SIR,—I would propose the following Enigma for solution:—

I am composed of 22 letters.

My 1, 3, 21, 22, is one of the seasons.

7, 3, 12, 14, is innumerable.

18, 3, 9, is very difficult to get or render.
18, 6, 18, 20, would look remarkable in a ladies’ mouth, and looks bad enough in a man’s.

9, 18, 18, 21, 20, is a well-known fruit.

20, 16, 7, 20, is a thing that a great many people indulge in.

17, 16, 6, 4, 20, is a noted state.

20, 21, 23, is generally heard on the Sabbath.

15, 16, 18, is an article of dress

My whole is the name of an enterprising Editor of the day

DAVID THOS. M’CONNELL.

Kingston, July 23, 1852.

I am composed of 18 letters.

My 11, 12, 6, 7, 17, 8, is a river in England.

My 15, 6, 16, 18, 14, 13, 1, is a beautiful object we often see.

My 14, 13, 8, 11, 13, 18, is a city in Massachusetts.

My 6, 15, 6, 14, is a people.

My 15, 13, 7, 17, is a city in Italy.

My 7, 13, 18, 11, 15, 17, 6, 3, is a city in Lower Canada.

My 13, 11, 11, 6, 1, 6, is a river in Lower Canada.

My 11, 13, 15, 13, 18, 11, 13, is a city in Upper Canada.

My whole is a celebrated Irish Exile.

EMELINE MARIA BROEPPLE.

West Williamsburgh, Aug. 9, 1852.

Cruelty to Animals.

MR. EDITOR,—I am not a very big fellow yet, but hope to be larger by and by; however, small as I am, I feel sometimes quite ready to fight people when I see them ill-using horses and other animals. Yesterday I saw a drunk man cruelly beating a poor brute that looked more like a ghost than like a horse. I dare say the man drinks more rum than would pay for keeping his horse fat. Do you think, Mr. Editor, that the magistrates would take notice of complaints made by a boy against the bad raven that whip their horses so hard, when the poor beasts don’t seem to know what the men