

peasantry with their contaminating influences are the beer-shops. If there be a quiet parish, whose morality you would pollute, whose pastor's earnest labors you would defeat at every turn, whose youth you would ensnare in the most seductive way, whose homes you would desolate with a heavy scourge, whose women and children you would consign to poverty and all its attendant evils, you have only to plant in its midst a beer-shop—one of those beggarly places, neither inn nor public-house, where nothing but beer is sold—thick, coddled, filthy stuff, neither ale nor porter, and there you will have a centre of wickedness where all the worst characters in the place will sit hour after hour, soaking and soting, spending more of their earnings upon themselves than they spare for wife and family, and planning robberies and poaching gangs, surrounded by every abomination which, by a kind of natural gravitation, gather round those detestable dens."

An instance, illustrative of the kind of evil wrought by these places, is afforded by the assize at Reading. The keeper of a beer-shop, in the parish of Tilchurst, is charged with selling his nasty stuff during the hours of Divine service on Sunday. He denies it. A witness is brought for the prosecution to swear that he purchased the beer. But, lo! he swears point blank that he was not out of his own house the whole of that morning. Thereupon followed a great conflict of evidence. Characters, described as "suspicious," came forward, pledging their oaths against one another in the most point blank manner, till men's souls thrilled who stood by at the awful perjury that lay at the door of one party or the other. With the issue of the trial we are not concerned, but with the evidence; and, more particularly, with the undesigned testimony it bears to the working of the beer-shop nuisance. Who were the "suspicious characters" whose reckless swearing shocked every person in court but the hangers-on of these same pot-houses? They abound in Tilchurst. Turn which way you will among the roads running over its broad common, you will stumble upon a beer-shop. In that scattered parish, extending over upwards of four thousand acres, and having a population of about eleven hundred, there is, at a rough average, one beer-shop for every thirty families. But Tilchurst is not singular in this misfortune:—

"The evil," says the *Post*, "extends over the country, and especially in the suburban villages of great towns. We are anxious to ask how is it that licenses are granted in such profusion? Why is not the same rule enforced in granting beer-licenses as in licenses for spirits? Why is not care taken that the necessity of the house be proved? As it is, nothing is easier than to get a license for the dirtiest hole that ever held a sot; and hence have sprung up a class of drinking houses whose only tendency in the nature of things, is to facilitate every kind of crime and wickedness, and corrupt to a fearful degree the morals of the working classes. That, under certain limitations, beershops might be useful to the public, cannot be denied; but the evils they at present engender, or shelter, cry aloud for some legislative interference to curtail their number, and ensure their respectability. Till this is done, we can expect no amelioration of the criminal list, drunkenness will still be the curse of the country, and entail in its train a long catalogue of other and worse abominations, some of which we have yet to notice."

#### Obituary.

The Maine Liquor Law was adopted by a popular vote in Michigan on the 20th. Whereupon *The Detroit Tribune* publishes the following:—

**DIED.**—On the 20th June, Pure C. Brandy, Esq., of drop-  
wy. The event is not altogether unexpected, as the departed had been afflicted with the disease which caused his death for a long time. Of late the quantity of water accu-

mulating in his system was immense, and he had been tapped by his physicians several times, but without effect. He had a large number of doctors, and some are mean enough to say that that hastened his decease. His loss will be sensibly felt by his many friends who were accustomed to see him daily in our streets.

Also, on the same day, R. G. Brandy, Esq., familiarly known by the sobriquet of "Rot Gut," and brother of P. C., whose death we chronicle above. He took a large quantity of poison (by mistake it is supposed) several years ago. No had effects were realised at first, but for a few years past it had been spreading through his system, and has finally caused his death. It is to be hoped that his death will be a warning to those who have been in the habit of taking poison for a medicine.

Also, on the same day, H. Gin, Esq. The deceased was a member of the Brandy family, and a relative by marriage. He was a native of Holland, and fled to the United States several years ago, in consequence of having been actively engaged in one of the revolutions that characterize that country. He was pursued by the Police, but secreted himself in a cask and landed safely in New York. Since then many of his family have made their escape in the same manner. He left a large family of children, most of whom were born in this country, but we are sorry to say are not characterized by any of the traits of their distinguished father.

Also, on the same day, Rye Whiskey, Esq. Mr. W. was one of the first settlers of Michigan. In early life he was an industrious, hard working man. He has done much to build up our railroads and public works, and could always be found in the harvest field early and late. Some few of our farmers thought they could not harvest their wheat unless Mr. W. was with them to cheer up their hands. How they will manage to do so since his death, we are unable to say. It may lead to disastrous results, and it is feared by some that our farmers may cease to grow wheat, which will inevitably raise the price of flour.

Of late years, however, Mr. W. had grown shiftless, noisy and quarrelsome, and any neighborhood that he visited was sure to be the scene of disturbance of every nature. The too frequent occurrence of street fights got up by Mr. W. was the ultimate cause of his death. He was killed by a blow on the head by a ballot box, in open daylight. The perpetrators of the deed are not fully known, but suspicion rests upon two men whose names we believe are Mr. Law and Mr. Order. Several men from the *Free Press* office are on the watch, and ere this no doubt they have apprehended them.

It is seldom that we have to announce the death of a whole family, thus swept away at one fell swoop. They were all men well known in our State, and have acted in many public capacities; some one of them has been a member of every Legislature since our organization as a State. In primitive meetings and caucuses they have succeeded in nominating their own friends to office and afterwards in electing them. There is hardly an officer in the State but what owes to them his election.

At the request of the friends of the deceased, their remains will not be interred until December next. Those who wish to take "a last fond look" can do so at most of the groceries and saloons in town.

**ENERGY OF CHARACTER.**—I love the energy that lasts until the end. There is something noble and dignified in it. The man that possesses such a trait of character must be respected, when this energy is employed in a good and worthy cause; and when his hands rest from their labors, and the busy mind sinks in its leaden sleep, science shall weep over departed glory, and society mourn an irreparable loss.