

conscientious Alderman no doubt felt great responsibilities resting upon him as he stood before the diminutive perpetrator of the deed. The child was fined twenty-five dollars, and sent up to jail! As the relieved Alderman went home at night, he must have had great thoughts of the important part he had acted in securing the triumph of law, and when he thought of the child safely under bolt and key among felons, felt that the city was safe!

In all efforts to have the child released from his confinement, Markham was as unyielding—as cold and heartless as he is mulishly stubborn.—Alone he stood against the release. Himself a paragon of perfection and utterly above all human frailty, he could forgive nothing in the child-culprit. He knows nothing of mercy—of our common nature—of that more humane policy which is ever more effectual with young offenders than relentless enforcement of extreme penalty. With the stubborn bull-doggishness of revenge, he clung to full punishment. The boy had broken a limb from a shade tree.

AND THEN ON THIS.

Look at the Alderman, stern and expansive under the great responsibilities of his position.—There he stands before that child, with the fume of brandy on his lips and fresh from the Council Chamber where he has put his name to a great falsehood. He stands with the brand of a moral Cain upon him—a man who has written himself down an enemy of all that is noble in manhood, bright in human happiness, or blessed in domestic peace. With the unyielding scent of a sleuthhound he clings to the child and drags him to the altar with a hand which has just been, through instruments, putting the bottle to his neighbor's lips. He stands without a blush! He is proud of his agency in the Heaven-cursed business of dealing rum. He is protecting a tree from the rude hand of a boy. And yet that same Alderman did what he would to scatter ruin broad-cast through a community of human souls. Hearts with all their binding ties, their earth's day happiness and their joys and hopes, are nothing. The inanimate tree which may wither and go back to earth and leave no void in a single home or heart, is sacred from the rude hand; while interests which are most sacred here, and undying on another shore, are unblushingly sacrificed by the same hand. Were all the ornamental trees on earth cut down in their greenness, no tie would be sundered which would call out the heart's bitter agony. Trees have not hearts to feel and suffer—to be wrung with unutterable woe. They never weep. They feel not the blows which bring out drops of blood from the crushed and broken. There are some to feel hunger, and grief and shame. This man, however, who thus guards them, has turned in upon poor men's homes, the direst curse that ever left its ruin there. Men may be degraded, killed by inches and die in their infamy; the wife may live amid the torments of an earthly hell and weep the dark years away unpitied; the innocent and unoffending children may go hungry for bread and with rags, blows and harsh words, go out into the world with their legacy of pauperism and bitter memories—they may all pass from earth and to their rest in "Potter's Field," and by authority. Not a link in the household from the white haired parent to the child in the cradle, has the least interest in the mind of Alderman Markham, or protection at his hand. He would place no barrier at the threshold, hearth-side or altar, but with his compeers in wrong, sitting upon the Car of this worse than heathen machinery, smile with the coolness of a devil as the begrimed wheels roll in upon all that human hearts can love and cherish at home. The low wail, the prayer of wife or mother, the angry word or brutal blow, the pale cheek or scalding tear, are all the same. And these deeds are done, knowing that every act throbs and vibrates beyond time. Interests thus undying are thus trampled down. Hopes of earth and Heaven, are blasted. De-fenceless women and children are directly warred upon.

And all this by a man who visits relentless punishment upon a child for mutilating a shade tree! Had the tree a voice it would cry out *shame!* Humanity looks on in astonishment, and manhood cowers, while all the holy, pure, and Christ-like sympathies of our nature shrink away. From every drunkard's home a demon glares upon the more than devilish hypocrisy. There is a hiss in the den where legal serf and

TION, AGRICULTURE & NEWS.

Ma will sha ill not use Intoxicating Liquors as a Beverage on the article of Entertainment, nor for persons in of viratenance their use throughout the commun M. heard;

JST 15, 1853.

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ba t, and poured their libations at the shrine of he, nconsis-
ten is;—attracted, perhaps, not less by the rainbow, nportant
of glittering wealth, which floated brilliantly before a shade tongue
trees. But their appeals were disregarded—their of licens-
ted. She was no coquette! far from it; though uin, and
kill nity, and titles danced before her gaze, she pre, eliberate
sust in her lot with the young and manly, yet poor wretch

ed Canadian. ed a pa-
William Freeman was a Canadian, of as manly intend to
prizing blood as ever blessed the soil of America until
ag they get it. We give the following extracts, by way of ex-
hibiting their spirit and manner of working:—

THE CRIME OF RUM-SELLING.

Scarcely one man in a thousand looks upon this crime in the true light. Who is the most to be pitied? The man who falls by the hand of the assassin, or by the hand of the rumseller. Bring the assassin and the mother face to face over the corpse of her murdered son; bring the rumseller and the mother face to face over the corpse of her son destroyed by rum. Which of these two mothers' hearts is the sorest? Which of them feels that she has received the greater injury? "Rather the victim of the dagger a thousand times, than the victim of rum!" would be their language. If so, what is the inference?

THE MAINE LAW COMPARED.

1. It is like the harrow that the old man had made with the teeth on both sides. After that, let what would happen, it was always "RIGHT SIDE UP!"
2. It is like a lobster. Let the rumseller try it in front, and there is a pair of claws there. Let him try it on the right side, and there is a pair of claws there. There is another pair on the left side. There is also a pair behind! Poor fellow, this is the law from which there is no escape whatever!

LOOK IT IN THE EYE.

Travellers relate that if a lion is met in the desert, it is sufficient to look steadily at him, and the beast turns away roaring from the eye of man!—So we must do with the monster Intemperance, in the midst of the desert which he has created. We must look him in the eye, with a strong heart and a mighty arm, and soon the desert will bud and blossom as the rose.

THE DOG PHILOSOPHY.

The best explanation we ever heard of the philosophy of the Maine Law was given by an old man in Morristown, N. J. "This law," said he, "is based on what I call the 'Dog Philosophy.' You notice the butcher, as he goes round with his meat; he has a dog under his wagon. The question with the thief is not, 'Is it right for me to steal; (he knows well enough it isn't right!)" but is it safe? and this settles the matter. He is afraid of the dog's nippers."
"But why don't the dog eat the meat? Ah! here what I call the 'dog philosophy' comes in again. He would like to eat