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NOTICE.

Subscribers finding the figure 5 after their name will bear in mind that their term will expire at the end of the present month. Early remittances are desirable, as there is then no loss of any numbers by the stopping of the paper.

CROOKED WHISKEY.

The war on "crooked" whiskey which for some months has been carried on with vigor in the United States has created very great excitement, and caused much wonder amongst those not acquainted with the iniquity of the whole traffic. It is no wonder that the fact of distillers having defrauded the Government out of millions of dollars should inflame the anger of the general public, but it is unaccountable that this same public should supinely gaze on the immeasurable misery caused by the use of intoxicants, and not make a direct, earnest, conclusive effort to banish it from all countries. For defrauding the Government by not paying taxes on all the poison manufactured, the whole machinery of the law is directed against the guilty distillers, and it is possible that the latter will have to spend most of their ill-gotten gains to defend themselves, and perhaps have only enough left to begin anew their manufacture of "straight" and "crooked" whiskey. It is known that the effects of illicitly distilled liquors are not worse than of that which is taxed, yet the distilleries above ground are allowed to pursue their work of death and destruction almost without hindrance, and the distillers are not only looked upon as representatives of wealth, and therefore respectable, but often as persons whose acquaintance should be courted as private individuals and political agents.

Hon. H. H. Bristow, Secretary of the United States Treasury, deserves much credit for the firm hand with which he has dealt with the illicit distillers. In June, 1874, he was appointed to this office, and almost immediately frauds which had for years been robbing the Government were unearthed, and soon by his indefatigable efforts the gigantic structure of corruption was overthrown.

It cannot be supposed that the war against the whole traffic will end so quickly, but all over the world patient, unremitting blows are being struck at its foundation, and fall it must sooner or later. We hope that all the MESSANGER readers, more especially the younger portion of them, are doing something to assist in this work.

THE POWER OF APPETITE.

The Chicago Times gives an account of a "confirmed inebriate" of that city only seventeen years old. It says of him: "This boy was sent to the inebriate asylum in New York. There he was confined for two years, during which time the boy studied and displayed remarkable cheerfulness and versatility of mind. At the end of two years, the superintendent of the asylum allowed him to go out riding with one of the keepers who had some business in the interior of the county. Upon their way back, when within about three-quarters of an hour's ride of the asylum,

the driver paused in front of a village inn for the purpose of watering his horse. As the keeper alighted, the quick eye of the boy darted through the half-open doorway of the inn, and saw a bar, behind which was a tempting array of bottles.

"Almost as quick as a flash of light the boy jumped out of the wagon, dashed through the door, over the bar, and, before the astounded barkeeper could stop him, had drained nearly a quart of brandy from a decanter standing there. When caught, he rubbed his stomach, and fairly screamed for joy: 'Oh! that tasted so good! I would give my life for more of it!'

"With great difficulty he was gotten back in the wagon. The keeper at once set out for the asylum, hoping to arrive there before the liquor could take effect upon his companion. He was doomed to disappointment. At the expiration of a few moments the young man became literally wild from the effect of the enormous draught of brandy, and, attacking the keeper, he succeeded in throwing him out of the wagon, and then he lashed the horse into a furious gallop, yelling meanwhile like a demon until he roused the country round about. He drove at the pace of the devil until he broke the wagon into a thousand small splinters, and when caught was discovered all bruised and bleeding, with his clothes stripped to rags, laughing wildly as he exclaimed that he had never had such fun since he had been at the asylum. That lad is an incurable. He would walk right into the jaws of death without hesitation for a

drink. Nothing but confinement alone can restrain him. He will never be released from the asylum until death comes to take him across the border."

WHAT IT COSTS TO WRITE WELL.

Excellence is not matured in a day, and the cost of it is an old story. The beginning of Plato's "Republic," it is said, was found in his tablets written over and over in a variety of ways. Addison, we are told, wore out the patience of his printer; frequently, when nearly a whole impression of a Spectator was worked off, he would stop the press to insert a new proposition. Lamb's most sportive essays were the results of most intense brain labor; he used to spend a week at a time in elaborating a single humorous letter to a friend. Tennyson is reported to have written "Come into the Garden, Maud," more than fifty times over before it pleased him; and "Locksley Hall," the first draught of which was written in two days, he spent the better part of six weeks, for eight hours a day, in altering and polishing. Dickens, when he intended to write a Christmas story, shut himself up for six weeks, lived the life of a hermit, and came out looking as haggard as a murderer. Balzac, after he had thought out thoroughly one of his philosophical romances, and amassed his materials in a most laborious manner, retired to his study, and from that time until his book had gone to press, society saw him no more. When he appeared again among his friends, he looked, said his publisher, in the popular phrase, like his own ghost. The manuscript was after-

ward altered and copied, when it passed into the hands of the printer, from whose slips the book was rewritten for the third time. Again it went into hands of the printer—two, three, and sometimes four separate proofs being required before the author's leave could be got to send the perpetually rewritten book to press at last, and so have done with it. He was literally the terror of all printers and editors. Moore thought it quick work if he wrote seventy lines of "Lalla Rookh" in a week. Kinglake's "Eothen," we are told, was rewritten five or six times, and was kept in the author's writing-desk almost as long as Wordsworth kept the "White Doe of Rylstone," and kept, like that, to be taken out for review and correction almost every day. Buffon's "Studies of Nature" cost him fifty years of labor, and he recopied it eighteen times before he sent it to the printer. "He composed in a singular manner, writing on large-sized paper, in which, as in a ledger, five distinct columns were ruled. In the first column he wrote down the first thoughts; in the second, he corrected, enlarged, and pruned it; and so on, until he had reached the fifth column, within which he finally wrote the result of his labor. But even after this, he would recompose a sentence twenty times, and once devoted fourteen hours to finding the proper word with which to round off a period." John Foster often spent hours on a single sentence. Ten years elapsed between the first sketch of Goldsmith's "Traveller" and its completion. La Rochefoucauld spent fifteen years in preparing his little book of maxims, altering some of them, Segrais says, nearly thirty times. We all know how Sheridan polished his wit and finished his jokes, the same things being found on different bits of paper, differently expressed. Rogers showed Crabb Robinson a note to his "Italy," which, he said, took him two weeks to write. It consists of a very few lines.—A. P. Russell.

SCHOOL GIRLS IN SOCIETY.—A question is started by the Churchman which has some bearing in the smallest towns as well as the largest cities. It is probably a trying question in many a household, now that school and society have both begun the year, how far school-girls can be allowed to attend parties and mingle in society. Misses not yet emancipated from school have learned to fill an important place in society, and they desire to keep up their relations with both. The Churchman considers that school may be taken as a matter of course; but its claim to undivided attention will be sorely contested when the social entertainment offers. That any such question should arise, is a curious gloss upon our domestic life. Americans visiting English households, for instance, are frequently amazed and embarrassed at finding the nursery and school-room still keeping under restraint the girls who in America would be dancing the German at two in the morning, and carrying their headache and books to school seven hours later. School-girls get the name of being fast and silly on this account, and we draw unfavorable comparisons between them and their English or French sisters. But where do the responsibility and blame belong? Assuredly with parents. What can the girl know of the foolishness of this course? and if in after years she looks back with regret, it would often be with more or less conscious reproach of her parents. It is so easy to yield to the plausible persuasion that one's daughter ought to "have a good time;" so difficult to make and enforce a decision which is only appreciated by experience. There has been much talk now and then of girls breaking down in school-work. If such cases were enquired into carefully, it would frequently be found that two incompatible things—society and study—were pursued at the same time.—London Advertiser.

HON. H. H. BRISTOW.