

hog. A consentaneousness of thought, if not of feeling, on the part of these journalists, would almost indicate that they had been at least 'as far as Appii forum and the three Taverns.' If there may not be assigned a hoghead origin to their several lubrications, a half hoghead sympathy will not generally be denied. If the playfulness of the wit does not savour of alcoholic antecedents, its influence on it many may not be void of alcoholic conclusions. We are certainly not disposed to deny that the grameous disciples of Nebuchadnezzar, or the *vix et preterea nihil* advocates of mere phonetics, or some of the not anhydrous believers in the pump and well, have done deservice to the cause of sense and reason. Vegetable marrow may cure dyspeptics, but is not likely to be found an antidote to all Hungarian woes. Phonology may accelerate the movements of the stenographic art, but it is not likely to accomplish much where lithotomy is demanded. And so with the pump and well. Water is good provided a man use it *waterly*. Consequently, so far as vegetarian, phoneticarian, or acquarian aberrations are concerned, we could not wish them in better hands than those of their jeering adversaries.

But the evil of sophistication to which the brilliancy of wit is ever prone, is that of confounding the lunacy of the few with the sanity of the many, the intoxication of momentary zeal with the cool and rational defence of continuous advocacy. The *Spectator* in August last said, referring to the many ways in which mankind may be saved, humanly speaking: 'Another not less confident party invades London by thousands with banners, and declares that "total abstinence" will save everybody. Alcohol, say they, is the sole destroyer, the officious slaughterer of mankind. Mankind has not existed all this while—no, not since the days of "Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, Virorum" but has only died anaerocritically, dithyrambically, since Pyrrha and Deucalion moistened their clay. Believe not the teeming ages, trust not Liebig, have no faith in "Od," or galvanic restorations, avoid alcohol, and live as Tithonus might have done, or Marpeass, if they had enjoyed the revelations of Livesey in those heathen days.'

No doubt this is clever, cutting, sarcastic. And if there are those who have believed that the abolition of alcohol would bring man back into Eden, 'abolish death, and bring life and immortality' to dwell for ever on the earth, we hand them over to the castigations of men who moisten their clay, believe in the teeming ages, trust Liebig, and have faith in 'Od.' But the *Spectator*, together with his sarcastic compeers, is not accustomed to sneer at principles, through the aberrant folly of incidental advocacy. Even Socialism, notwithstanding its political phrenzy, its Parisian madness, its hideous glare at property and wealth, finds a calm demand that its politico-economical basis be fairly examined. It is not kicked out of the way with a contemptuous grin. Might not the drunkenness of Great Britain and Ireland, portrayed and certified in the statistics furnished by the Secretary of the Board of Trade, have awakened at last a courteous inquiry as to whether the drinking usages might not with the happiest consequences be for ever done away? No! It points a witicism to assume that the temperance reformers have made the abolition of alcohol the panacea 'for all the ills that flesh is heir to'—that it will save everybody—that it will save from ignorance, from filth, from hunger, from disease, and from every form of political oppression. 'Alcohol,' say they, 'is the sole destroyer.—Hence the laugh of the staid and impartial *Spectator*. Hence the enemy of all bureaucratic dominancy helps with a sneer the half-hoghead or barreloceratic thralldom of our day. He, the friend of progress, of social, administrative, and even constitutional reforms—he who sneers at finality, mocks at colonial misadventure, trips up the heels of Palmerstonian impetuosity and eyes with philosophic coolness the mighty game of European statescraft—feels it becoming his not undignified position, as a ruler of the press, to hold up, in exaggerated caricature, to contemptuous derision, the friends of the temperance reform. Had they been the ragged children of toil, asking the abolition of a bread tax, or the members of mechanics' or other kindred institutions, asking, on the score of certified intelligence, admission within the pale of the enfranchised; or Australian denizens, demanding to be purged of convict defilement, no derision would have tracked their progress along the highways of the city of Westminster. But they don't believe, it appears, in the goodness of moistened clay, especially as found in the neighborhood of St. Giles's or Bethnal Green; they have no faith in drunkards, al-

though they should teem by hundreds of thousands; and they care not for Sir Oracle Liebig, in the face of the pauperism, crime, and swarming ignorance educed from the bowels of intemperance. Is this the head and front of their offending? or is it that the derisive *Spectator* has himself good reason to believe in moistened clay?

'Household Words,' notwithstanding his deep and unmistakeable aversion to a whole hog diet, and slashing onslaught on the temperance pig, the peace pig, and the vegetarian pig, has simpletonwise evinced that he has himself a much superior pig of his own. 'After all,' he says, 'my friends and brothers, over the best whole and undeviable hog may be but a small fragment of the higher and greater work (hog?) called Education.' It is only a question, then, of the Lancashire breed, or Manchester variety. It is not a question whether there is to be a hog, whole and undivisible, but whether the hog of the National School Association, or of some other scholastic pedigree, is not the prize pig of the market. The temperance, peace, and vegetarian breeders, have brought out and exhibited only deformed pigs, or sucking pigs, or stunted pigs. As to voice it is admitted on all hands, their grunt is abominably loud and teasing. To hear it from behind their all but empty enclosure, one might be ready to exclaim, There is the pig of knowledge; the Herculean pig, the world-bestriding, the world regenerating pig, but it is only a grunting vacuity. Look on the other side of the pale. There stands the education hog, sleek, majestic, elephant-like, ready to lift and bear away on his nasal arm a world's woes and a world's folly. Every bristle of the education hog is a spear in the hand of knowledge fitted to thrust ignorance through, and slay the prolific enemies of virtue. Ye pig breeders of every name, behold the emperor pig, in the formation of whose limbs the advocates of peace, pens, and water, may conceive their pig-headed pigmies highly honored if only advanced to form the merest fragments. The real hog, mighty, living, whole, irresistible, is Education.

Simple abstainers sometimes ask, Did not Dominic Hornbook tittle, and did not Professor Porkson, renowned for Greek and academic attainments, tittle, stagger, and sometimes fall? And have not the very ministers of the christian faith sometimes been held up as degraded drunkards? What is to be done with these educated tipples? Whole hog education, in sneering at whole hog temperance, may, notwithstanding his assumed all-comprehensive superiority, be aiding thus, (unintentionally, no doubt,) the dirt-producing, pauperising, criminal making, soul-debasing, roign of the half hoghead.

Toby's Master—*Punch!* heaven bless him! as some forms of the sentimental vocabulary would have it, 'He's a good creature, a kind soul, a sweet heart,' albeit he is so unspeakably funny. Heartless enemy of ours he has never been, nay, rather a jocos and merry making friend. When, therefore, we see his old hump rocking beneath a storm of convulsive merriment, as he eyes the grotesque attitudes of men who labor as if to read the heavens in praise of the pump and well, we sympathise with the native mirth of the old humorist. It is the spontaneous glee awakened by the human oddities that sometimes senselessly injure a good cause. The laugh, after all, is but the laugh of one who would not knowingly hurt a harmless teetotal fly. Perhaps, however, the half-hoghead fraternity, under the fumes of their new liquor, and their inability to appreciate the purest water wit, may unwittingly glory in the semblant auspices of a mere nose, and foolishly imagine Charivari the synonyme of their own punch.—*Scottish Temp. Review.*

### A Voice from Ceylon.

THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT CHARGED WITH PROMOTING INTemperance FOR THE SAKE OF REVENUE.

During the year 1850, Total Abstinence Societies were established in different parts of the Island of Ceylon, and nearly one thousand persons enrolled themselves as members. On the 1st of March, 1851, the first number of the *Ceylon Temperance Journal* was published. It contains much that is calculated to do good in that island, and it brings to light facts which reflect great discredit on the proceedings of the British Government. Before the arrival of Europeans in the sixteenth century, notwithstanding all the vice inseparably connected with a state of heathenism, the people were free from drunkenness. These,