

and wigwams were standing; all was misery and wretchedness. The ground was covered with drunken savages, stripped of their finery, torn and tangled with filth and briars. The half-breed whisky-sellers plied their vile vocation, determined to sell every drop of liquor they brought to the ground. All the respectable traders had huddled up their goods and retreated, or prepared to start away in canoes. I was not a little surprised to see the old squaws gliding about with rifles, war-clubs, and tomahawks, under their arms, in fact they are the only efficient police, carrying off their husbands' weapons before a carouse, to prevent bloodshed if possible."

A Picture of Misery.

Mary Egan was complained of as a common drunkard. The testimony of constable Whipple disclosed a sad scene in the drunkard's home.—He had been called to the house repeatedly; and on one occasion he found Mary perfectly mad with liquor—one of her children, but ten years old, lying on the floor dead drunk, two others partially intoxicated; covered with bruises, and gory with blood from wounds inflicted on each other. Your honor, said Whipple, the scenery there is sometimes shocking. In one of her drunken fits, Mary fell against the post of a trundle bedstead and knocked out her left eye.

The Court found her guilty, and sentenced her to three months in the house of correction.—*Boston Times.*

So works the system of rum-selling—poor Mary goes to the house of correction, while the man who supplied her and her children with poison goes on to prepare other victims for the clutches of the law. And is it right for the law thus to punish the effect and uphold the cause? We say naught against the sentence.—Mary Egan may be morally insane. The rum-seller may have made her an animal—may have deprived her of moral power, and consigned her to the control of that insane appetite which his liquor uniformly tends to engender. Moral suasion may have no place among her incentives to action, so long as temptation presents itself, and the means of indulgence are at hand. It is possible that nothing short of physical restraint can keep her sober. The law, therefore, puts her under guard, and closes the iron bolt upon her.

But what becomes of the tempter? Every rum-seller is a tempter—he can't help it. The more choice he is of his customers, the better are those whom he marks for his victims. Mary Egan was once as sober as the best of them. The business of rum-selling is an evil, and every rum-seller is a tempter. What is to be done with the tempter?

Says some one—"Use moral suasion. Persuade him to abandon his business. Reason with him—plead with him." Very good, as far as it goes. But will rum-sellers, as a class, abandon their business while they can make money by it? Will moral suasion reach their consciences while their pockets are being filled with dishonest gain? Have they not been long and patiently plied with moral suasion? Have they not been pointed, time and again, to the thirty thousand graves which every year they dig?—To the ten times ten thousand wretches which people our almshouses, stript, degraded, ruined, by their trade? To alike number of malefactors consigned by them to dungeons, iron bars, and manacles? Has not the wife in anguish cried at their doors—"Give me back my husband?"—Has not the stricken mother supplicated them to rob her not of her son—her dependence, her hope? Have not legions of children, starving and in rags, beset their dwellings, and stretched forth their little hands, and implored the rum-seller to loosen his death grasp on their father and their protector? And has not all this "moral suasion" been lost, or repelled with insult and reproach? Have such men hearts to be reached with sympathy? Have they consciences to be penetrated by truth? Tell us not of "moral suasion" for rum-sellers—for men who now sell strong drink in this noon day of light. Moral suasion has done its office, and sifted their ranks of all who possessed the ordinary sympathies and sensibilities of human nature. Those who are left are hirelings—mercenary tools, who have sold themselves to the old adversary for the pieces of silver. So long as the silver is forthcoming, so long will they do their master's work—so long will they continue to curse the earth, and convert it into a hell.

After the years of endurance and labor spent on the rum traffic, we are entitled to the conclusion that the men who now sell rum can only be starved out or whipped out. And we maintain that this assertion is not uncharitable.—Their profits must be taken away, or the whip of public scorn must be applied to their back,

or the stubborn lash of law must be laid on.—We go for all these measures, and as much "moral suasion" as any one may choose to mingle with them. The urgency of the case calls for every remedy that can be used. To talk of law in this relation is unpopular. But, on the other hand, is it not preposterous to build dungeons for the poor drunkard, and pile up statute on statute enacting penalties for his misconduct, and, at the same time, to throw the cloak of protection and privilege on the drunkard maker? If law is out of place on this subject then let the victim go free as well as the perfidious wretch that ensnares him. If it will not do to restrain the tiger what justice is there in chaining his prey? Why must the rabid beast enjoy liberty, while fetters are made for the poor maniac that he has bitten?

We believe the time is not far distant when men will see clearly and correctly on this subject. The cloud of dust that has darkened the moral atmosphere is fast disappearing. We shall not be wanting in efforts to aid its dissipation.

Poor Law Commissioners Report on the Stationary Condition of Great Britain.

This important document contains some valuable information and statements in reference to the question of total abstinence, which for some time past we have been anxious to transfer to our columns. At present we can only find room for the following striking testimony to the soundness and excellence of our principles, and the great practical importance of their adoption by both masters and men.

EVIDENCE OF WM. FAIRBAIRN, ESQ. OF MANCHESTER, ENGINEER.—What number of workmen do you employ? About 680 in Manchester, and between 400 and 500 in London. What are their habits in respect to sobriety? I may mention that I strictly prohibit in my work the use of beer or fermented liquors of any sort, also of tobacco: I enforce the prohibition of fermented liquors so strongly, that if I found any man transgressing the rules in that respect, I would instantly discharge him, without allowing him time to put on his coat.—Have you any peculiar grounds for adopting the course? No; but, as respects myself, I wish to have an orderly set of workmen: and in the next place, I am decidedly of opinion that it is better for the men themselves and for their families.—Are you aware that it is a prevalent opinion that strong drink is necessary as a stimulus for the performance of labor? I am aware that that was formerly a prevalent opinion amongst both employers and labourers? But it is now very generally abandoned: there are nevertheless, some foundries in which there is drinking throughout the works, all day long. It is observable, however, of the men employed as workmen, that they do not *their work so well, their perceptions are clouded, and they are stupefied and heavy.* I have provided water for the use of my men engaged in every department of the work. In summer time, the men employed in the hardest work, such as the strikers to the heavy forges, drink water very copiously. In general the men who drink water, are really more active, and do more work, and are more healthy, than the workmen who drink fermented liquors. I observed on a late journey to Constantinople, that the boatmen or rowers to the Caizue, who are perhaps the first rowers in the world, drink nothing but water—and they drink it profusely during the hot months of the summer: they are in my opinion the first men in Europe as regards their physical development and they are all water drinkers; they may take a little sherbet, but in other respects are what we call in this country teetotalers.—You may be aware that it is a prevalent notion that pre-eminently good workmen are great drunkards? It certainly was so formerly, and in some places may be so still; but a very great change and great improvement is in progress—a higher moral feeling has taken place among them than formerly. Then the very clever and the very drunken workmen are becoming less identified? Much less, and they are less in demand; for the drunken workmen can never be depended on."

PROGRESS OF THE CAUSE.

THE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—This society is entering upon a course of vigorous exertion in the West of Scotland, having wisely secured the finews of war by the contribution of nearly £1000 to a year of special effort. Next, they have secured the services of several men of talent and eloquence to give lectures in all our