

Editorial Scrap Book.

GROG DRINKING AT THE DIGGINGS.—The following is an extract from a letter of late date:—"Sly grog selling goes on to an unparalleled extent on the Bendigo diggings. I was there lately; every store-keeper, baker, butcher, barber, and even milliner, being an unlicensed publican as well. The Legislature refused to license regular houses on the mines, fancying that it would lead to rioting and crime; and I quite agree with them in the principle, if it were possible to prevent liquor in large quantities being introduced, but this is found in practice quite impossible. I never saw such a drunken place as Bendigo. Melbourne is bad enough, but not so bad as Bendigo. I went into a barber's shop to have my hair cut, after which operation, very unskillfully performed with a pair of tailor's shears, assisted by a pocket comb, I proposed to the barber, feeling my chin rather bristly, that he should oblige me with a shave, to which he politely assented merely requesting to know if I would like it 'easy.' 'Decidedly,' I remarked, 'as easy as you can make it, and as quick as possible.' 'Certainly, Sir, in one moment,' said the barber, and, turning to his assistant, he told him to fetch some hot water and the bottle. Hot water I could understand as essential to an 'easy shave,' but what the bottle could have to do with it passed my comprehension; however, I was soon resolved by the barber asking, if I would mix for myself, or allow him to do it for me; and I found that 'a shave,' was the mystical term for a dram, and that, 'taking it easy,' or the reverse, meant taking it 'warm with' or the 'hard' stuff alone. He requested me to recommend him to the circle of my acquaintance, assuring me, in the blandest and most unblushing style, that his easy shaving establishment was at all times supplied with the choicest and largest assortment of wines, beers, spirit, and liqueurs. I also strolled into a 'Restaurant Francaise' where mutton chops and hot coffee were announced as ready at all hours, and where a select entertainment of distinguished vocalists was going on, and here I found that the coffee was as strong as the barber's shave had been easy, and that the number of people who got blind drunk upon mutton-chops was a phenomenon for which I, with all my experience of mutton growing, was totally unable to account."

THE UNFRUITFUL APPLE TREE.—From the *Walks of Usefulness*, we take the following similitude:—"Walking along, I observed a person standing on the plot of ground before his house, carefully examining a tree which stood in the middle.

"Pray," said I, "what kind of a tree is that?"

He said an apple tree.

"Does it bear anything?"

"No," said he, "and for that reason I am resolving to cut it down."

"You remind me, sir," said I, "that this world is a garden of God's; that he has put men into it, as trees, to bear fruits of righteousness. He is daily inspecting us, as you were that tree, to see if we were bringing forth fruit; if we continue unfruitful, or are only producing what is noxious, we are on the point of being condemned, like that tree at which you are looking."

"I have been thinking to cut that tree down," said he, "every year these ten years, but spared it from time to time, in the hope that perhaps next year it might bear; but it has now exhausted my patience, and I am determined to cut it down, and put another in its room."

"Take care," said I, "lest God be speaking in the same manner concerning you. I see he has spared you more than ten or twenty years, and perhaps you have brought forth no more fruit to the praise of his glory, than that barren tree, of which you have been speaking, has produced of apples to you. If so, admire his patience, praise him for his goodness, repent of your barrenness, look to him for fruitfulness."

The man seemed surprised at my address, but he made no remarks;—of course I went to look out for work elsewhere.

EFFECTS OF THE MAINE LAW.—Says Greeley, of the *New York Tribune*, "One word as to the effects of the Maine Law where it has been tried: We are on terms of ready and familiar intercourse with the practical Temperance men of Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Vermont; and we say what we know when we assert that nineteen-twentieths of all those in the states just named who personally abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors, are this day hearty advocates and supporters of the Maine Law. The assertions that the law does no good, has not diminished drinking, &c., &c., come not from them, but almost entirely from those who drink and sell. Maine has recently reaffirmed her devotion to the principle of prohibition, by the largest majority she ever gave it; Massachusetts has likewise just elected her third Maine Law Legislature."

FARMERS, NOTE THIS.—In a cloudy morning, it is a matter of importance to the farmer to know whether it will be sunshine or showery in the afternoon. If the ants have cleared their hole nicely, and piled the dirt up high, it seldom fails to bring a good day for the farmer, even if it should be cloudy till ten or eleven o'clock in the forenoon. Spider-webs will be very numerous about the tops of the grass and grain some cloudy mornings, and fifty years observation has shown the writer of this, that these little weather-guessers seldom fail in their predictions of a fair day.

Mr. Kellogg at Granby, &c.

We have pleasure in copying the subjoined notice from the columns of the *Eastern Advocate*, a new and vigorous weekly, published at Granby, C. E. The Editor says:—"Mr. F. W. Kellogg, the celebrated temperance lecturer, who is now lecturing, under the auspices of the Montreal Temperance Society, in the different villages throughout the Townships, delivered a lecture before a numerous and attentive audience, in the Congregational Chapel in this village, on Tuesday evening."

We listened with much pleasure to his interesting and forcible remarks. He is evidently an energetic, strong-minded man; he throws his whole soul into what he says; he makes no effort to shine as an orator; he does not stand up before the public gorgeously decked in borrowed plumage, to dazzle and astonish the ignorant, to shock and disgust the intelligent. What he says is the spontaneous effusions of a noble heart, deeply impressed with the sense