

children orphans? We have been too long returning their fire with blank cartridge; we have been like the poor Yankee at the "Battle of Bunker Hill." He took great delight in militia trainings, and was always foremost in a sham fight; he also knew exactly the danger to be apprehended from blank cartridge. But on that memorable field, while the red coats of England poured into the ranks of our army a galling fire with fatal effect, this raw recruit was amusing himself by firing blank cartridge, until a British bullet took off the end of Jonathan's nose; then he felt his position, and exclaimed, "I swan to man if the Britishers aren't firing bullets!" He then adopted the same course; and we, to accomplish a victory, must do the same. And he must tell the spirit-venders that he intended to fire bullets, and if they didn't want to get hurt, they must keep out of the way. What was lawful was not always right. In some countries gambling houses were licensed—in others, brothels paid a license duty, and were protected by the state—and in Canada, distilleries and groceries were licensed. He once knew an old farmer that kept a cross dog, which gave the neighbors a great deal of trouble. All were afraid of being bitten by the dog, and many remonstrated with the old man, and advised him to kill him or chain him up. "No, no; I pay a tax to the State for my dog; it is lawful for me to keep him, and if you do not wish to be bitten, go some other road." A neighbor who had reasoned with the man, but without any good effect, prepared himself with a spoutoon, and when passing, the dog ran at him furiously; he thrust the spoutoon through his body and pinned him to the ground—he gave one howl and was dead. The farmer came in a rage, crying, "What did you kill my dog for?" "What did he attempt to bite me for?" "Why did you not go at him with t'other end?" "Why did he not come at me with the other end?" The cry now is, "Why do you attack us?"—while *they*—the liquor venders—are all the while the assailants, and we are merely discharging our duty in repelling their attacks on long-abused, down-trodden humanity; but he would make bold to prophecy that before five and twenty years had run on, there would be found none bold enough to defend the drinking customs of society.

As we often write and publish so much against liquor, we may with a good grace introduce the friend of man—the beverage of all—as worthy a place in our cordial esteem. No doubt our readers were delighted and benefited on the perusal of an article we lately published entitled, "Water, a Vital Agent." The following is from a contemporary, the name of which we omitted to mark when the extract was made. But he will excuse the absence of credit when he observes the good company to which he is introduced. Canadian teetotallers always behave well to strangers, even without a formal introduction:—

COLD WATER.—There is a freshness in temperance that can never fade. Spirituous liquors, and the base and profligate purposes to which they are devoted, are all of them the guilty contrivances of men—the mischievous instruments of misery and ruin, degradation and death. But the pure waters of nature, which roll from the mountain sides, and fertilize and gladden the vale below, know no length of years, or limit of destiny. Where they first began to flow, they will roll on forever. Though new tracks may be worn by their continual flow, and by the refreshing showers that beat upon them, the stream of nature keeps on its way rejoicing—the waters still are there, destined to nourish the herbage of the earth, to quench the thirst of man, and to impart a glow of greenness and beauty to field and flower, wherever their cheering influence is felt. How thankful should we be that such a gift is ours—that the rivers of God are still rolling at our feet, and that each and every soul that lives may bask in their bounties at pleasure. And who would exchange such a beverage for the corrupting use and influences of distilled spirits? Indeed, he could ever for a week or month dispense with this great blessing of nature? And yet how few do really appreciate that heavenly gift, Cold Water, as they ought, or seem to feel that their daily life blood is dependent on its use? It is a beverage that can never grow old. Man may decline, the flower may fade, the herbage of the valley may wither and decay, but the stream of God will never waste away.

Temperance Papers.

In one of our recent issues, we called attention to the fact that there never was a period in the history of the Temperance reformation, when so much was done for the spread of our principles by means of the press, as the present. It is an interesting fact, sufficient of itself to demonstrate, that there is a progressive advancement of sound temperance principles. When any person embarks his capital and talent in the enterprise of publishing a paper, for the purpose of expounding or defending certain views and opinions, he must have previously calculated that his project will be sustained, and that he will be able to secure a return for his labor and expense, sufficient to indemnify him, and procure him recompense. We refer of course to private enterprises, and not to publications issued by benevolent associations. But it is certain that in the warmth of a fervent zeal for the propagation of what is felt to be the truth, an erroneous judgment is formed, as to the ability and willingness of even friends to aid by pecuniary outlay, the circulation of sound knowledge for their own good and the conversion of others. We cannot conceal this from our readers nor from any who may think that a new paper here, or a new paper there, would undoubtedly be profitable. Yet we hail the appearance of a co-worker in the great temperance hold, or rather the vast sea of intemperance. Good will be done; seed will be sown, and most heartily do we wish success to our printing temperance brothers—the world over. But, (and here again comes the "but") we are fearful that sad mistakes are made in reference to publishing experiments. It would be a pity if Eighteen years' experience had taught us nothing. Experience alone teaches some people wisdom, and this wisdom is a commodity for which we have all sometimes to pay a very high price. We may be ultimately gainers by our losses, but nobody can blame us if we whisper a word of counsel, and of caution, in the ears of those who by timely foresight may attain the ends we may have reached, without encountering so many obstacles and disasters.

We have been led into this train of observation by a recent number of the "*New England Diadem*,"—a paper we have all ways welcomed to our table, and from which we have occasionally copied valuable articles. The leading article of the number is a "valedictory" of the proprietor, followed by the "salutatory" of the gentleman who has purchased the establishment. It will be seen at once how we happened to reflect as above when Mr. Pomfret is permitted to speak for himself as follows—the italics are not his:—

"Having sold my right, title and interest in "*The New England Diadem*" to Mr. G. Allen, my connection with it as publisher and proprietor ceases with this number. A deep interest in the Temperance question, with the belief that I could thereby promote its interest, and *secure for myself a small remuneration*, prompted me to engage in the enterprise, which has been to me, *pecuniarily, of the most unfortunate character.*

Had the pecuniary affairs of the concern been in as good condition as I had a right to expect from the best information I could get upon the subject, I should not now be under the necessity of selling for a mere nominal consideration, *what has cost me several hundred dollars.* Notwithstanding the loss I have sustained, in purchasing and continuing the publication of the *Diadem*, until the present time, I am happy to be able to do justice to its subscribers, by making such arrangements as will secure the fulfilment of my obligations to them. It gives me pleasure to introduce to the readers of the *Diadem* its new proprietor Mr. Allen, whose pecuniary arrangements, literary talent, and business habits will be a sufficient guarantee for its permanency and improvement."

And Mr. Pomfret very properly and generously adds—

"The *Diadem* has my best wishes for its success, and I confidently hope it will obtain for itself a position that will *but defiance*