

or the "Hon." such-and-such-a-one, constitute the entire entertainment of a temperance meeting. We seldom hear any of those soul-thrilling appeals, which used to touch the feelings of the poor inebriate—of those gentle persuasives which were wont to invite him to the pledge. If we need legislators, and those versed in legal lore to descant upon the means of suppressing a damnable traffic, let us have them—but don't let us remove the ancient landmarks, which indicate that words of love and kindness melt the inebriate's heart, and that active, personal labour is necessary to give full efficacy to our professions of philanthropy. Why will not our efficient temperance men come up again to the work. While we are wasting our time in a "war of words, the enemy of our race is diligent in fortifying his strong-holds, and every day of inactivity on the part of the friends of temperance, but involves those whom it should be our dearest object to rescue, more securely in the meshes of the destroyer.—*Rehabite Recorder*.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

WHAT WILL NOT RUM DO?—Some years ago a young man, with a wife and children whom he dearly loved, migrated to the western part of this state, in hopes of bettering his circumstances. He purchased a piece of ground some distance from any town, and erected a snug little cabin thereon, and for some time every thing seemed to prosper with him. One stormy evening his wife was taken suddenly with the pains of childbirth, and leaving her with the two children, (one a girl of about three years, and the other about six,) he started for the nearest physician. On his way he called into a tavern by the road side to warm himself, for it was intensely cold and the snow falling fast, where sat several whom he knew, over their cups. He was induced to drink a little at first, to prepare him to encounter the storm on the rest of his journey, and a little more to prevent him taking cold, and so on until he became intoxicated, and so remained in the tavern all night. In the morning when he awoke from his drunken sleep, his first thought was of his sick wife. His feelings may be imagined, but not described. He hastened to his home, stung to torment by his guilty conscience. On opening the door, the first objects that met his eyes were his two children lying on the floor, frozen stiff! He rushed to the bed where he had left his sick wife, and found her a corpse, with the dead infant that had never looked upon the face of its father, lying on her breast! Shall we attempt to portray the dying agonies of that wife, rendered still more agonising by the cries of her beloved children, of 'Mother, I'm cold!' because she was unable to rise and give them warmth? What pen can do it? Shall we depict the remorse and despair of that husband? The pen of an angel would be incompetent to the task.—*New York Rehabite Recorder*.

THE GREAT FIRE IN NEW YORK.—Having been absent from the city when the great fire occurred, we walked over its ruins for the first time a day or two since. The sight of prostrate walls and smouldering edifices were well fitted to inspire the mind with awe at the mighty power of that element which, in its rage, baffles the energies of man, and in an hour sweeps the wealth and labour of years in one common destruction. It is a scene of desolation now, but already the busy life of the workmen is heard, and in a few days new walls will start as by magic from the smoking heaps, and lofty buildings will leave no trace of the path over which the destroyer swept. We were struck with one thing—the ever-watchful demon of intemperance has chosen an appropriate place to exercise his power. At various points among the ruins, there are booths erected for the sale of liquor. Perhaps the very first money transactions which occurred in this mart of business after its destruction, was the sale of intoxicating poison. A mournful dedication. The spirit of rum has chosen a fitting position. Where could there be a more appropriate place for the Great Destroyer, than in the midst of smoking ruin?—a faint emblem of deep desolation which it spreads around. The artful spirit of alcohol is here seen, and we may learn what that foe is against which we contend. He erects his tent wherever there is a soul to be ruined—he never permits an opportunity to pass when a victim is to be made. No place is too sacred for his presence. In the abodes of the poor, he takes his stand beside the rude coffin; and in the midst of death shows his hated power. In the place where all is desolate and sad, he riots in seeming glory.—*Ib*.

RESPECT FOR CONSISTENCY.—Some time since two heathen boys were brought to this country to obtain a Christian education. The

evils of rum-drinking had been so impressed on their minds by our Missionaries, as to render it, in their estimation incompatible with the purity of religion. On landing, they were invited to share a pleasant home with a citizen distinguished for hospitality, whose kindness they amply repaid by their cheerful, artless manners. During their stay, the host was visited by a distinguished clergyman, whom he, in a most affectionate manner, introduced to the boys as a "Michanary," (adopting their own pronunciation.) The boys seemed awe-struck with the presence of so high a dignitary; and seating themselves in a distant part of the room, silently eyed him with intense interest, resisting every effort to overcome their reserve. At length the attention of the host was turned from the boys to the sideboard; whence he drew, for the better entertainment of his guest, the welcome decanter. The clergyman had no sooner taken a draught, than the spell which had bound the boys in such breathless silence, was dissolved; and springing from their seats, they moved through the apartment with an air of amazement mingled with contempt exclaiming, "He no Michanary! Michanary no drink rum!—*Ib*.

THE BAR-KEEPER'S AROLOGY.—Passing up our majestic Hudson a few days since, in a noble boat, I entered into conversation with the bar-keeper, upon the direful nature of the traffic in intoxicating drinks, urging upon him the important solemn truths usually presented. Never shall I forget the look of scorn, and the contempt which settled on his manly features as he replied, "So long as the stockholders in this line can be esteemed good Christians, and sit quietly in their cushioned pews and share in the profits of their Bar, I am safe enough."

Though the mode of shifting off responsibility, delineated in this answer, was reprobated as it should be, the feelings of the faithful Christian were none the less painful; indeed they increased almost to anguish, as the moral, social and eternal interests of the young man were brought into account. My Brother, is any one estimating the value of religion by your inconsistencies, to their eternal undoing.—*Ib*.

A SUGGESTION.—A few days since a cargo of wines was landed at one of our wharves. The "knowing uns" soon got wind of the fact, and provided with large straws made immediate application at the bung hole. The opportunity being a rare one they improved it with great vigour, and in a little while five or six of them were stretched along the dock gloriously drunk. Now we don't say that it is wrong to suck rum with a straw out of a bung hole, but we do protest against such "immoderate use" of the article. We earnestly suggest to our city fathers that, under the same law which provides for the sale of licenses, they appoint an officer whose peculiar duty shall be to watch over the interests of our friends of the straw. Let him be called "Inspector of the suckers." We know one of two anxious for an office under government whom we should be glad to recommend.—*Ib*.

A REV. RUM-DRINKER.—In the town of Fletcher, Vermont, there resided a certain old elder—one of the old school preachers, who takes his bitters occasionally, especially in haying.—Some time since, this old elder went to a country store, and had his jug filled with old Jamaica. While the elder was placing his jug in a bag, one of the rum-spirits of the den tottered and crawled along by the aid of the counter and barrels, and looking up in the rum-drinking elder's face stammered out, "El. [hic] der, we aint a-[hic] shamed to let folks know [hic] we drink rum, [hic] are we eld, eh?—[hic]" The elder caught his jug, and departed sans ceremony.—*Ib*.

ASHAMED TO OWN IT.—A distillery of 1500 gallons rum capacity, is advertised for sale in the *Boston Transcript*. The advertiser, instead of signing his own name, says, "Address A. Z. at this office," whereupon the editor of the *Temperance Standard* remarks: "Who is A. Z.? We find among the list of distillers no such initials. As much as to say, 'I am a little ashamed to have my name before the public in such a miserable business as the manufacturing of poison.'"—*Ib*.

PROSECUTIONS FOR KEEPING TIPPING HOUSES have brought \$2,000 in the public treasury in Philadelphia. Wonder how large an income New-York would have, if our public officers would prosecute only a few of the violations of our laws?—*Ib*.

A QUEER UN.—A neighbouring liquor seller conversing the other day with one of our Po'keepsie Washingtonians, gave it as his opinion, that the Temperance reform was nothing but an excitement, which would soon pass away and leave men once more to the sober enjoyment of their reason and their bottle.

This reminds us of a fable we have somewhere heard or read, about a man who, becoming alarmed by the pouring waters