

made to bend to the necessities of the times, and that good and nutritious food is positively put under the ban when it is supposed to aid in increasing the virulence of a prevailing disease. Now we affirm that drunkenness is the most fatal disease which has ever invaded and decimated a suffering world; and as we find that the traffic in ardent spirits is the immediate and active cause of its extension, we heartily subscribe to the law which promises its abolition.

Another, and the last consideration I shall present you, is this—before the patriotic (?) opponents of *legal suasion* can with propriety complain of the law, it is imperative upon them to prove that *the common unrestricted use of alcoholic liquors is physically, socially, and morally right and proper*. This they cannot do, for all reliable physiologists agree that alcohol is a poison; and if this be true, it must be socially and morally wrong to use it, except under such limitations as the medical science alone is authorized to prescribe. Here we stand, AND OUR FOOTHOLD IS THE ROCK OF ETERNAL TRUTH!

Tom in a Grave.

Old Tom R. was a man of good feeling and no little wit, and yet a terrible drunkard. An awful spectacle he was when I last saw him; but I'll not think of that; let me rather relate an adventure that befel him.

"Pretty well over the bay," as usual, Tom was one Saturday night heading for home, when he took a lee lurch, and brought up in the graveyard. Now, it is not my opinion that Tom went there for the purpose of meditation, for he was not much given that way. In fact he always declared that the only part of him that ever reflected was his nose; and

it certainly was a great and shining light in its way. Tom found the land more billowy here than in the road, and instead of looking upon the last earthly tenements of the departed as incentives to serious thought, only found them stumbling-blocks in his way. Now, it happened that the sexton had that day dug a grave for old widow P., who was to be buried on the morrow. This he had left uncovered, not supposing that any one "would seek a lodging *there*." After tumbling about for some time, Tom found himself at the bottom of this grave, "struck all of a heap." "Down among the dead men," sure enough, said he, quoting a part of the chorus of an old song. After some ineffectual attempts to rise, "Well," he continued, "I suppose I shall rise when the rest do;" and, with this, he settled himself to rest in his narrow bed.

Now, it fell out that old Johnny Jones, who kept a bit of a shop on Fore street, was, about this time, wending his way to his fireside and his wife. Johnny had the reputation of being a very "snug man," and well knowing that time is money, he was in the habit of saving a minute or two by striking across the graveyard on his way home. On this occasion he had with him a new pair of boots, which he had been to the extravagance of procuring for the morrow's wear. On he went, over the graves, thinking only of his gains when he should have been considering his ways, till not suspecting any pit-falls, he pitched head foremost into the open grave, much to the discomfiture of our hero, who considered himself the lawful tenant, by right of prediscoversy. Raising himself, therefore, with an effort, he hiccoughed forth, with much drunken indignation—

"Snakes! (*hic*) can't you let the dead rest?"