

"Well, did you sell him the liquor?"

"What if I did? If I hadn't somebody else would. And what business is it of mine, if he chooses to go and kill himself with it, I'd like to know?"

"You will learn that better than I can tell you, in the last day," calmly responded the interlocutor, and went on his way. He turned the corner and was out of sight and hearing.

"Now," said the first speaker, Mr. Jones, "just listen to that old fool. I'll bet a thousand dollars to a pinch of snuff, that he takes it himself at home behind the door. But come in boys; it's my treat." So in they go, and the rum-seller pours out the liquid fire for his admiring friends.

They turn off their glasses.

Toll! Toll!

"If them cursed bells would stop their noise," said the rum-seller, "I jest wanted to say, I never killed poor Tom, did I boys?"

"No, Dick," replied a young coxcomb who took Madeira; "but if Tom's ghost should haunt you tell him this;" and so saying he threw himself into a theatrical attitude and exclaimed:

"Thou canst not say I did it; never shake
Thy gory locks at me!
Avant, and quit my sight. Let the earth hide thee—
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold."

"No!" said an old toper who took brandy, "it wasn't you that killed him, Dick, it was your liquor, ho! he! he! So if the devil should come for you one of these days, tell him I say he lies." And the crowd would have laughed, but at that moment rumble! rumble! went the wheels of the hearse right in front of the grog-shop. How unfortunate. They had put Tom's horse in the shafts to draw his master to the grave. But the dumb beast had learned by long practice to stop at a post before the groggery door; and when he came to the place, in spite of all the driver's exertions, he turned aside from the middle of the street, and stopped stock still at his old stand. An involuntary shudder ran through the procession.

The rioters came to the door, and one or two seeing the difficulty, went to the driver's assistance. But the rum-seller lurked behind in his den.

During the brief delay occasioned by the stubborn animal, a woman's face protruded from a window in a carriage next to the hearse.

"Is he here?" she asked. "Is who here, ma'am?" said "Madeira," stepping forward. He was not yet lost to all humanity and good breeding.

"Why, Mr. Jones, I mean."

"Yes, ma'am, he is inside here. Holloa, Jones," he proceeded, turning towards the shop door; "come out here; there's a lady wants to see you."

Jones came out reluctantly. "Was it me, you wanted, ma'am?" "Are you Mr. Jones?" "That's my name, ma'am." "Are you Dick Jones?" "Yes, ma'am, that's what they mostly call me." "Well, Dick Jones, I've heard of you many a time, but never have seen you before, to know you, sir. But I know you now. Yes! I know you now. I'll not forget your face, neither; that nose and chin, and those eyes. I think I can recollect them till the judgment day, sir. You'll have to answer for this, Dick Jones; that you will;" and uttering a fearful scream, she rung her hands in agony and fell back upon the carriage-seat.

A burst of sympathetic grief arose from the followers of the hearse. "Madeira" wept like a child, and even the hearse driver wiped his eyes; but old "Brandy" and the rum-seller shed not a tear.

Jones was much relieved that the procession started on again; the roll of the carriages and the measured tread of the footmen passed by, and the street was once more silent. "Well," said he, in a soliloquising way, "I am sorry for Tom; but his was an uncommon case; one of a thousand."

But hold, Mr. Rum-seller! what right have you to kill one!

"One of a thousand!" you ought to have said one of thirty thousand; for it's only some thirty thousand that die from Alcohol every year in our happy country. Only from 80 to 85 such funerals every day, Sundays included. As to weeping fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, half-starved and degraded children, and beggared and broken-hearted wives, I'll leave you to count them up for yourself.

A bystander remarked, "I'm told his body turned very black before they got him in the coffin."

Ah! yes, his body is shut up in a drunkard's coffin, and is going to a drunkard's grave. At the last trump it shall awake to shame and everlasting contempt. But his soul! where is that now? Rum-seller, where is it, I say? Where is your victim's soul? And where is it to be, for ever and ever?

Toll! Toll!

"And does Jones still go unhung?" "Unhung!—why how unsophisticated you are." "Unhung?" He goes at large; he is legalized in his traffic; the strong arm of the law protects him in it. "How long, Oh Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge this blood?"

Brethren! countrymen patriots! Have you no right to stop this business? No right to change the law? No right to guard your children?

Rattle! rattle! go the clods upon the coffin; the mound is shaped; the citizens return home; and the rum-seller goes on in his brisk trade. You meet him daily in the streets.—*New York Observer.*

John Barleycorn a Hypocrite.

"We are oft to blame in this,—
'Tis too much proved, that, with devotion's visage,
And pious action we do sugar o'er
The devil himself."

Putting on the mask of virtue, to hide what is bad in one's deeds or thoughts, is hypocrisy. The licensed rum-seller, to keep himself up, is driven to maintain a show of goodness, or, to use plain talk, to play the hypocrite. The law teaches him to do this, setting him the example; is he not licensed "for the public good?" There goes a man whose establishment would not be worth bidding for without his bar;—look at him, —does he walk the streets like a man who feels that he is a curse and a scourge? Not he. He thinks better of himself than that. He will tell you that his services are demanded for the good of the people; and as he goes back to his bar, instead of creeping like a spider to his den, he holds up his head like a public benefactor.

He has been talking to-day about Phil Primrose, one of his late customers, who, they say, died last night with delirium tremens. Poor Phil! What a sad thing for his young family! But, above all, he is astonished