

only assigned reason for his cruelty was, that he wanted the skin for a tobacco-pouch !!!

"The Danes," writes the Brussels correspondent of the *Irish Times*, "are passionately fond of smoking. The punishment of death cannot be inflicted upon Danish criminals unless they confess their crimes; and the withholding of tobacco is said to frequently lead to an acknowledgement of guilt; and, indeed, on some occasions to this confession when the accused are *really innocent*, because the beloved weed is then no longer denied them. We have heard (continues the writer) of men dying for their country, for their creed, for their love, but it is strange to hear of martyrs to a deleterious plant."

Said a young man, "I believe my pipe does me harm; I feel it is injuring me; but were I certain that it would curtail my life by fifteen years, I could not give it up"!! How distressing to hear such a statement from a free-born son of Britain! "I am a slave to tobacco," says a lawyer, "and I will give a hundred dollars to be told how to get rid of it without killing me"! "I have resolved to be free a thousand times," says another, "but I am still a Slave, a hopeless Slave"! A deacon on his death-bed, made the following painful statement: "I thank God, that as my last sickness has now come, I shall get rid of my hankerings for tobacco"! The Rev. George Trask writes, "I have known men to dream and rage about tobacco as madmen, when deprived of it. I have known men so enslaved, that use it they would in parlors, in churches, in temperance meetings, in defiance of all remonstrance, in defiance of all decency. And one lodge of the Sons of Temperance (!) as I certainly know, passed a resolution that they would not lay aside their tobacco even during the hour they were convened for temperance purposes. I have known a temperance lecturer of great distinction positively refuse to lecture until he had been furnished with a pipe of tobacco to screw his nerves up to the point of eloquence. I know an excellent clergyman who assured me that he had sometimes wept like a child when