

Frightened into Sobriety.

A man was picked up in the street, in New York, by the watchmen, one morning, to all appearance lifeless, and it being taken almost as a matter of course that he had died from an attack of the prevailing epidemic, cholera, they conveyed him to the hospital, and he was thrown into the dead room. He had not been there long, before two honest sons of Erin, whose business it was to box up and bury the dead, supposing that he had passed through "a regular course of medicine," and come from under the M. D.'s hands, proceeded to put him in a pine coffin, which the city fathers very generously supplied at the public expense, to those whose friends could not supply them. By this time, the effects of the liquor had been pretty much slept off, and being very roughly handled—which was of course all right—the dead man began to bestir himself, and was not a little surprised, on opening his eyes, to find himself snugly stowed away in a box six feet three, by two, with two men standing over him, making active preparations for putting the lid on.

"What are you about, here?" he exclaimed, raising up in the coffin and staring with no affected amazement at Patrick and Phelim.

"And what are we doing, is it ye ask?" replied Pat. "And sure we're about to bury ye."

"About to bury me! Why, don't you see I aint dead, you fools?"

"Ain't dead! and isn't that a pretty story for ye to tell. Didn't we find ye in the dead room?"

"And what if you did find me there—can't you see that I am alive? Take me out of this."

"No, inádeed! What faith can we have put in the Doctor's word, if ye ain't dead?" "Twould be a label on the institution to suppose ye alive. So, Phelim, do ye jist hold the babbling ghost down, while I nail the lid on; it isn't every man can get a decent burial in these times."

Suiting the action to the word, he seized his hammer to make the lid as fast as nails could make it, while Phelim advanced to "hould him down." Seeing that things were getting quite desperate, and that it was a matter of life or death with him, the toper made an herculean effort, and sprang from the straightened circumstances in which he had been placed by his new acquaintances, and is said to have been a firm teetotaler ever since.—*New England Diadem.*

The Doings of Rum.

(From the N. Y. Evangelist.)

It was the remark of a veteran lecturer lately, that since he began to lecture on Temperance in a certain county, six graves had been dug, and filled, which would not have been dug and filled when and how they were, had there been no liquor-sellers; and that since I began to lecture in this county, one month ago. A few years ago, this whole nation was convulsed from centre to circumference. Perhaps the nation was never agitated more powerfully. It almost broke up old political organizations, and introduced a new era into that changing part of human affairs. What was the matter? "The Masons killed Morgan!"

"Well, suppose Morgan was killed; don't you think the Masons have done some good in relieving the sick?"

"We don't care for that: the Masons killed Morgan!"

"But they have taken thousands of destitute orphans and widows, and relieved their wants."

"What of that? We tell you the Masons killed Morgan!"

"Admitting it, why not take the charitable view of the case, and attribute it to the wickedness of a few private members, who did the deed without the consent or the concurrence of the order as such?"

"Don't insult us, sir; we tell you again, the Masons killed Morgan!"

And so the cry, "The Masons killed Morgan!" was echoed from lip to lip, and from place to place. It was sounded on the hill-tops, and rang in the valleys. Old men talked of rubbing up their revolutionary muskets, and the young men began to emulate the bravery of their sires. Women, old and young were animated with a determined spirit, and even children caught the general enthusiasm. And the magic sentence which gave inspiration to their common indignation, was "The Masons killed Morgan!"

Now, if the whole country should thus be agitated by the alleged murder of one man, what ought to be our feelings, in finding six men brought to graves they would not have filled, by the business of men who sell liquor as a beverage? Had not these traffickers been in this country, these men would now be alive, instead of being in the drunkard's grave? And if the murder of one man could excite such a fury of indignation, what ought the death of fifty thousand drunkards annually in this country to excite? Think of that one sentence, and then reason on it like men who have hearts, and are responsible to God—"The Masons killed Morgan!"—and if so, what ought we to feel towards those whose business results not only in making and killing drunkards, but in breaking many a heart connected by close social ties with them?

Such was the strain of nervous and original eloquence, pursued by this Temperance veteran. He had left the county but three days, before another victim fell, the scene of whose fall an eye-witness thus describes: "For many years this poor man has been intemperate, and there has been no other check on his appetite, to all appearance, but to render its gratification impossible. The annual town meeting was held the day of his death. He had for several days previous been under the power of mania potu or delirium tremens. He suffered more than a martyr. On the day of his death, he sat a long time on the bridge in the village. Drunken men were either reeling by, or driving by, at intervals all day. He was a most deplorable looking object. He was deadly pale, and was heard entreating the bystanders to "take away those devils which sat there just opposite to him!" At last he staggered to a house, in which there were only ladies, who alarmed at the sight of a desperate man, shut the door against him. He was now placed in a wagon, and conveyed to the house of the poor-officer, and he had only been there a few minutes when he died!"

Had the poor man lived in a community where he could not have obtained intoxicating liquors, either as a gift or a purchase, he would have been temperate, and not only would have been spared the agony of that last day of his life, but some, who loved him in spite of his fault, would have been spared their present grief."

Only a short time previous to this sad event, another, if possible more sad, occurred only about two miles from where this victim perished. A laborer, greatly addicted to drinking, became so insufferable to his family, that they left him to live alone in his miserable cabin. Still, he did not give up that which had destroyed the happiness of his family. He persisted, going from one step in sottishness to another, so steadily that one might have supposed he was driven by a fate. At last, one evening he was seen going from the village with rum. He had it in two bottles. In a day or two afterwards he was found in his log cabin, and when found, he was found in a kneeling position at the bedside. He was dead, and his hands had clutched the bed, apparently in the death agony. I am told, and I can well believe that it was a horrible sight. The rum in one bottle was nearly consumed; that in the other was untouched. The coroner's jury found the usual verdict, which in effect throws the principal blame on the man himself.

It is reported as a singular fact, that no person engaged in the liquor traffic has been found bold enough to take the public responsibility of having sold this man the last quart of