

One week's work.

The record for a single week of the liquor traffic has been prepared by the *New York Observer*, from the files of six newspapers. The appalling list is as follows:—Murders, 11; murderous assaults, 17; suicides, 13; wife-beatings, 7; affrays, 19; miscellaneous, 41; total, 108.—*Cimeter*.

Duped.

There is probably no class of persons so thoroughly duped as the consumers of spirituous liquors. They will smack their lips over a glass of brandy, or a bottle of champagne, and talk of the charming qualities of these beverages, when in reality neither ever crossed the ocean. Chemical analyses prove that both are made of some compound deleterious to health, and a comparison of our imports with their internal revenue returns, show that there is not so much of either imported as is consumed. There is scarcely any liquor sold in a prime state at the present day. Nearly all is manufactured or greatly adulterated, or both, and when the consumer is indulging in what he supposes to be a prime article of liquor, he is in reality taking a vile compound, manufactured in accordance with certain recipes, which can be bought for a few dollars each.—*Ex.*

Is it Quackery?

Excepting one drug, there is nothing which medical men are so particular about as the nature and quality of the drugs they prescribe. They are exact to a grain in their prescriptions, and so careful are they that they frequently recommend their patients to get their prescriptions made at some particular establishment, so as to obtain the purest drugs. But in reference to one drug they display a culpable recklessness in the way in which they frequently prescribe it to their patients. They do not seem to care what course of life the latter have led, and even though they may have been greatly addicted to intemperance, our medical men only sometimes take that into account. Accordingly they prescribe the powerful drug alcohol; and instead of doing this in a form in which it could be obtained at the apothecary's shop, they advise their patients, men, women, and children, sober and intemperate alike, to take it in the shape of wine, beer or spirits, to be procured at any grocer's, wine-merchant's, public-house, or beer-shop they may choose, and too often can we hear the young man or woman say with an air of authority at a public bar counter, "I am taking this because the doctor ordered it." Varying as these drinks do, as to strength and purity, at each description of shop where they are sold, such conduct on the part of the medical practitioners does seem very like quackery, and a disgrace to the noble profession. If alcohol be required as a medicine, but which, after the experience of the Temperance Hospital in London, is very questionable, still, if our allopathic and homœopathic practitioners think it necessary in certain cases, let them be consistent, and show the same care in its prescription as they do in respect to other drugs.—*Dublin Coffee Palace Journal*.

Tales and Sketches.

THE DREAM OF THE REVELLER.

Around the board the guests were met,
The lights above them beaming,
And in their cups, replenished oft,
The ruddy wine was streaming;
Their cheeks were flushed, their eyes were bright,
Their hearts with pleasure bounded;
The song was sung, the toast was given,
And loud the revel sounded.

I drained a goblet with the rest,
And cried, "Away with sorrow!
Let us be happy for to-day,
What care we for to-morrow?"
But as I spoke my sight grew dim,
And slumber deep came o'er me,
And mid the whirl of mingling tongues
This vision passed before me:
Methought I saw a demon rise;
He held a mighty bicker,

Whose burnished sides ran brimming o'er
With floods of burning liquor.
Around him pressed a clamorous crowd,
To taste his liquor greedy,
But chiefly came the poor and sad—
The suffering and the needy.

All those oppressed by need or debt,
The dissolute, the lazy,
Blar-eyed old men and reckless youths,
And palsied women crazy.
"Give, give!" they cried, "give, give us drink,
To drown all thought of sorrow;
If we are happy for to-day,
We care not for to-morrow."
The first drop warmed their shivering skins
And drove away their sadness;
The second lit their sunken eyes,
And filled their souls with gladness;
The third drop made them shout and roar,
And play each furious antic;
The fourth drop boiled their very blood,
And the fifth drop drove them frantic.

"Drink!" said the demon, "drink your fill!
Drink of these waters mellow!
They'll make your eye-balls sear and dull,
And turn your white skins yellow;
They'll fill your homes with care and grief,
And clothe your back with tatters;
They'll fill your hearts with evil thoughts—
But never mind; what matters
Though virtue sink and reason fail
And social ties dis sever?—
I'll be your friend in hour of need,
And find you homes for ever;
For I have built three mansions high,
Three strong and goodly houses,
To lodge at last each jolly soul
Who all his life carouses.

"The first it is a spacious house,
To all but sots appalling,
Where, by the parish bounty fed,
Vile, in the sunshine crawling,
The worn-out drunkard ends his days,
And eats the dole of others,
A plague and burden to himself,
An eye-sore to his brothers.
The second is a lazar house,
Rank, fetid and unholy,
Where, smitten by diseases foul
And hopeless melancholy,
The victims of potations deep
Pine on a couch of sadness,
Some calling death to end their pain,
And others wrought to madness.

"The third and last is black and high,
The abode of guilt and anguish,
And full of dungeons deep and fast,
Where death-doomed felons languish.
So drain the cup and drain again,
One of my goodly houses
Shall lodge at last each jolly soul
Who to the dregs carouses!"
But well he knew, that demon old,
How vain was all his preaching;
The ragged crew that round him flocked
Were heedless of his teaching.
Even as they heard his fearful words
They cried, with shouts of laughter,
"Out on the fool who mars to-day
With thoughts of an hereafter.

"We care not for thy houses three,
Who live but for the present,
And merry will we make it yet,
And quaff our bumpers pleasant."
Loud laughed the fiend to hear them speak,
And, lifting high his bicker,
"Body and soul are mine," said he;
"I'll have them both for liquor."

—*Irish Christian Advocate.*