

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE RUMSELLER'S DREAM.—Well, wife this is too horrible! I cannot continue this business any longer.

Why, dear, what's the matter now?

Oh, such a dream, such a rattling of dead men's bones, such an army of starved mortals, so many murderers, such cries and shrieks and yells, and such horrid gnashing of teeth and glaring of eyes, and such blazing fire, and such devils, O! I cannot endure it! My hair stands on end, and I am so filled with horror I can scarcely speak. Oh, if ever I feel run again!

My dear, you are frightened.

Yes indeed, am I, another such a night I will not pass, for worlds.

My dear perhaps—

Oh, don't talk to me. I am determined to have nothing more to do with rum, any how. Do you think, Tom Wilson came to me with his throat cut from ear to ear, and such a horrid gash, and it was so hard for him to speak and so much blood, and, said he, see here Joe, the result of your rum-selling. My blood chilled at the sight, and just then the house seemed to be turned bottom up, the earth opened and a little imp took me by the hand, saying, follow me. As I went, grim devils held out to me cups of liquid fire, saying, drink this. I dared not refuse. Every draught set me in a rage. Serpents hissed on each side, and from above reached down their heads and whispered, rum-eller. On and on, they impelled me through a narrow pass. All at once he paused and said, are you dry? Yes, I replied. Then he struck a trap door with his foot and down, down we went, and legions of fiery serpents rushed after us, whispering, rum-eller, rum-seller. At length we stopped again, and the imp asked me as before, are you dry? Yes, I replied. He then touched a spring—a door flew open. What a sight. There were thousands, aye millions of old worn-out rum-drinkers, crying most piteously, rum, rum, give me rum run! When they saw me, they stopped a moment to see who I was. Then the imp cried out, so as to make all shake again, Rum-seller! and hurrying me in, shut the door. For a moment they fixed their ferocious eyes upon me, and then uttered in a united yell—damn him!—which filled me with such terror I awoke. There, wife, dream or no dream I will never sell another drop of the infernal stuff. I will no longer be accessory to the miseries upon men men's quences of the traffic in intoxicating drinks. I will not.—*Messenger Washingtonian.*

BAD FISH VERSUS BAD DUNK.—On Wednesday July 3d, a fish salesman came before the Lord Mayor charged with selling a lot of bad fish. His Lordship said, with becoming severity, "In order to put a stop to the sale of bad fish, by which poor customers are so much injured in health, I shall order the city solicitor to prosecute the next case against you." This doctrine comes with an odd grace from a magistrate who licenses publicans to sell bad drink, which hurts the health a million-fold more than all the bad fish and flesh too that were ever consumed! "But it is when folks take too much." Very well, then why not allow the same plea on behalf of the fish? We challenge most respectfully any one to show any cause for the entire disease of fermented fish, which we will not match with argument a hundred times more cogent for the universal abandonment of fermented liquors.—*London Paper.*

A EUROPEAN TEMPERANCE SHIP.—The first whaler ever equipped at the free city of Hamburg, left that port sometime in May last, for the South Seas. This vessel, called the *Anseel*, measured about 650 tons. All of the crew had entered into a formal engagement to abstain, during the entire voyage, from every species of spirituous liquors, on condition of receiving two rations a day of coffee. A very small quantity of brandy and wine was taken on board, to be administered only as a medicine, and in pursuance of express directions from the physician.

It seems that temperance is of paramount importance on board of whaling ships, for it is proved by reliable statistics, that ninety of the disasters that have befallen a Danish and Swedish whaler, have resulted from the use of spirituous liquors by their crews.—*Sheep Anchor.*

THE WAGES OF SIN.—A few days ago a man was in our hospital writhing under all the agonies of opium mania. One of our citizens recognized him as son of a wealthy distiller in Oneida Co., N. Y. The father gets rich, while the poor prodigal son is made a wretched inmate of an hospital in a distant land by the same means. Oh what a price does the father pay for his "fatius and

his merchandize!" Nothing less than the utter ruin of his life. The seed of the righteous does not beg for bread.—*C. n. Organ.*

NIAGARA FALLS.—The following fine allusion to the great Falls was made by Mr. Gough in his speech at Boston, after his return from his western tour.

"He said that during his late tour, in looking at the Falls of Niagara and the River and Rapids above, he could not help comparing them to the intemperance which has swept over our land for so many years. Men entered into it by taking a glass of wine—the social glass—the pledge of friendship; this was the smooth water above the rapids, where all appeared so calm and delightful. Imperceptibly they continue their course, until they were drawn into the rapids, and were rushing madly along to destruction—the Falls, where they must inevitably be plunged into the yawning gulf, and lost for ever. The old Temperance men had watched their course, and seeing how many were daily drawn in, had endeavoured to persuade men not to venture where there was such danger of destruction, and saved many who had already got into the rapids, but were not beyond the reach of help. So far as their efforts went, they were good. The Washingtonians, a new and noble band, now sprung up, and threw a bridge across the top of the cataract itself, from which they reached down, and extending their aid, snatched the poor, deluded and infatuated beings who had got drawn into the rapids, and were to the eyes of others irretrievably lost, from the very jaws of destruction, just as they were about to be swept away for ever. But look, they still come down the rapids, more and more of them. The Washingtonians have more than they can do, the bridge is full of them, snatching the poor, suffering fellow creatures from destruction, placing them upon *terra firma*, and passing them over to others who bind up their wounds, feed and clothe them, and make them whole, but still many are lost. Let us go up above the rapids and see the cause of this continued stream of unfortunate rushing to destruction. Ah, there it is—there are men there pushing them in, and those who formerly stood at this point to warn the unwary of their danger are not now there to give this warning, or to save those who have just entered the rapids. No! the men at the bridge the Washingtonians, have given out that they can save that come along, that the exertions of those above are not needed. But, said Mr. G., it is not so, here is work, and work enough for all, and still many must be lost. Let the old temperance men return to their post, the Washingtonians still remain on the bridge—let there be a good feeling existing between them, as there is a unity of purpose; they are both there to save, let not one quarrel with the measure the other takes to save. This is the grand object of both, to save; when this union shall exist all differences done away, thousands upon thousands will be saved and stand ready to save others, and in a short time the source of this stream of intemperance will be dried up, and those who have been instrumental in saving their fallen brother from destruction, will receive the blessing of all, and God will reward them for their labors."—*Jour. Am. Temp. Union.*

EFFECT OF RELAPSES.—We have been in two places recently, where the cause which was flourishing, has been entirely prostrated by the relapse of a reformed man. In both cases the reformed individual was a lawyer, a man of distinguished talents. Their reform was hailed with joy by nearly the whole population. Crowds pressed to hear them relate their experience and plead with the people. In one case the address was so good as to be published in a pamphlet. The whole weight of the temperance reformation seemed to be on their shoulders. Now that they have fallen, it has fallen with them. Nobody moves or speaks in behalf of the enterprise. It seems to be taken for granted, that the cause is a failure, and that nothing more can be done. And yet in each place are several hundred temperance men. Is this right? It shows the mischievous consequences of making too much of any individual, and throwing off personal responsibility. It also shows our reformed brethren, especially public speakers and lecturers, how much is involved in their adherence to the pledge.—*Id.*

DRINKING AND SMOKING.—It would be a profitable business to go through the United States and see if the men that now consume intoxicating drinks are almost not entirely the men that smoke; and, if the one vice is not so connected with the other, that, to suppress drinking in the rising generation, it is absolutely necessary to make a bold and general effort to suppress smoking. We do not believe, that while our young men and boys are trained in such extravagant habits of smoking, we can effectually fasten upon the nation the temperance reformation. And if this is so, will not temperance men for the good of the cause, themselves renounce entirely the filthy weed?—*Id.*