

found (hear.) Let the drinkers of wine think of this—when they admire the beautiful pale sherry—charming port, and sip to their heart's content (laughter and cheers.) He assured them that the above was a fact—he knew it to be a fact—or he would never have mentioned it (cheers.) [The illustrious artist should, for the benefit of wine fanciers, give, in his own inimitable way, a sketch of the subject of his anecdote—as, assuredly, it requires his pencil to aid the pen in giving an idea of the raciness with which the foregoing was narrated.]

Worcester Great Meeting—Alarm of Fire!!

From a recent "Cataract" we learn that a very important meeting was held in the City Hall, Worcester, Mass., where was considered "the enforcement of the law," by eminent speakers, J. B. Gough and Deacon Grant. An attempt was made to break up the meeting by a false alarm of fire, but the quiet way in which Mr. Gough composed the nerves of the assembly is worth recording, as a specimen of the power he wields when before a mass of people.

Omitting preliminaries, we quote the following:—

The President, after a few pertinent remarks, introduced Deacon Grant, of Boston. This pioneer in the cause, briefly reviewed the progress of the temperance reform. "I came from Boston," said he. "There is something peculiar in the position of Boston at the present time. But we shall yet triumph there. And we look for Worcester to aid us. I witnessed a scene last Sabbath, that has imprinted itself on my mind. I visited the House of Correction at South Boston. There are 390 inmates, confined there for crime, 150 of that number are females, and three fourths have been brought there through the influence of intemperance. If the law could be enforced in Boston, instead of 390, there would scarcely be 90."

Mr. Gough was introduced, and for about one hour and a half, he chained that audience into perfect silence—swaying them as the mighty wind sways the forest trees—now convulsing with laughter, by some comical yet most apt illustration, and now drawing tears by the recital of some of the many tragical incidents which transpire under the ruling influence of intemperance. We attempted to take some notes but gave it up in despair. Our pen would not go. But all who have heard him, will sympathize in our inability to commit to paper the burning eloquence of J. B. Gough.

One incident occurred during the meeting, which demonstrated the moral strength of the cause in this city, and the fact that the Rumocracy have lost the power they have exerted hitherto in breaking up temperance meetings. It appears the rummies had prepared a heap of brush at South Worcester, and while Mr. Gough was in the midst of his speech, the cry of fire was raised, as if by concerted agreement, all round the City Hall. "The bells not be said that the rummies of Worcester have beaten us off the track." This was enough. Hardly a soul stirred from his seat. "Yes, there is fire," said Mr. Gough. "There are men set on fire of hell, prowling through this city, ready to do the bid-eloquent description, as is scarcely our privilege to hear.

The rummies, finding their attempts at disturbance frustrated, soon got tired, and the bells ceased the utterance of alarm "from out their brazen throats," and the hoarse roar of disappointed malice died away into silence.

Independent Order of Rechabites.

The N. J. Reformer says—The High Tent of the I. O. of R. held a regular biennial session at the city of New York, during the second week of August, ult. There was a large number of Delegates in attendance, most of the Districts being represented.

The statistical information communicated in reports of the Officers although in its general character not so encouraging as the ardent admirers of the Order could wish, was yet quite pleasing in some particulars.

The membership in Vermont and some other Districts had doubled during the term, but in most others, no improvement in this respect was manifest. The report submitted by the High

Chief Ruler, embodied several excellent suggestions, one of which relating to the appointment of a General Agent was favorably considered and measures adopted to carry it into effect.

It is intended to select a competent person, who shall be compensated in a liberal manner, whose duty shall be to traverse the country and address public meetings, and otherwise use his influence in behalf of the Order. It is believed, by this means, the extension of the Order will be rapid, and its beneficent influence soon be felt throughout the extent of our confederacy.

The Constitution, general laws and usages of the organization entitle it to the respect and confidence of those who believe such instrumentalities needful in the reformatory progress of mankind.

We hope to hear of the institution of numerous Tents during the official term just commenced. The next regular meeting of the High Tent will be held at Washington City, on the 4th Tuesday of August 1854.

The following are officers for the current term:—

Edwin A. Slicer of Baltimore, H. C. R.

A. T. Snow of Clayville, N. Y. H. D. R.

Thos. Stevenson of N. Y. City. H. C. S.

Jas. S. Keeler of Troy, N. Y. H. T.

High Executive Committee—Jas. S. Adams, Burlington, Vermont; E. A. Andrews, Portland, Maine; Daniel Upton, North Adams, Mass.; J. M. Brown, Cohoes, N. Y.

Funeral Sermon.

On the 7th of April, 1852, the Rev. J. H. Patterson delivered a sermon on the occasion of the funeral of Mr. Platt Smith, who came to his death through intemperance. The preacher took for his text, "And the Lord said unto Cain, where is Abel thy brother? And he said, I know not, Am I my brother's keeper? And he said, what hast thou done? the voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground." The sermon was published in full in the *Vermont Christian Messenger*, and a copy handed us by a friend. It is a most powerful appeal to the consciences of those engaged in the traffic, and we only regret that we cannot find room for the whole discourse. We make an extract or two, believing that what is here given will be approved by our readers. Of the death of Mr. Platt, the preacher asks, "On whom rests the responsibility of this transaction? and then says—

I am aware that I shall be answered by those who vainly seek to shake off responsibility, that *can* did it; but this no more answers the question than it would if Cain had said, when called to account for the murder of his brother, the *clab* killed him; or when we find the man with his throat cut, and the knife lying by his side, we should say the knife killed the man. They are all alike inanimate objects, and could be nothing more than the mere instruments by which the crime was perpetrated. Somebody wielded the instrument—somebody dealt the blow which resulted in this man's death, and we must hold them responsible, as they will be held responsible at the bar of God. Who was it? Shall we be told that he himself did the deed—was the last actor in the tragedy, and that on him rests the responsibility?

When you are startled from your slumbers at midnight by the thrilling cry of murder, every nervous cord of your system vibrates with intense excitement, and when you find your friend weltering in his blood, you not only ask who struck the fatal blow, but also, who were parties to the transaction, who furnished the instrument, and for what purpose, who were aiding and abetting, and accordingly you hold them guilty in the degree to which they are involved, and measure out to them the penalty of the law.

In like manner, we must hold, as this man has been killed, all who aided and abetted, who were concerned in getting up this train of events, as guilty, as justly arraigned before the bar of public opinion and an enlightened conscience, and as responsible to that tribunal where every man will be judged by his works.

Cain, when questioned, "Where is thy brother?" answered, "Am I my brother's keeper?" The spirit of that answer was, what have I to do with my brother, let him take care of himself—I am not responsible. Thus has our race, ever since, been seeking to escape obligation, and though the voice of our brother's blood is continually ascending to God, we inquire with feigned innocence, am I my brother's keeper.