

courage, and desperate effort alternating with those of faltering weakness, fear, and despair, we repeat, if indeed there be any position of mere physical danger, which can be likened to this, is it not to be found in that "forlorn hope," a man in the rapids of the great Niagara?

Once more; how few are the numbers of those exposed to these dangers, who, ere they abandon all hope of escape, do not exert one grand, one final, one soul-engrossing power to effect a deliverance? Feeling that all is to be decided by the result of this. See one clinging with a fearful tenacity and supernatural strength of clutch to the last resolution of such fearful import! He is safe: Spectators of the effort shout for joy as they see him raising himself up from the flood which was drowning him. But alas! the strength which might have saved him here, has been exhausted in past struggles, and he abandons himself to abandonment.—The piles of the Observatory Bridge fail him, and he goes over the falls!

He goes over the falls, surrounded by everything that can be combined of the terrible in the physical world,—the roaring cataract, to him "the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds," sports with his body and drowns out his soul!

The ideal but not unreal demons of delirium make of his brains a play-ground, in which to torture the inebriate. See him spasmodically clutch at them for vengeance! What a wreck of the moral, of the mental and the physical man is here! What a crushing of all the finer feelings and affections of the heart! Here is a punishment, an hour of which might well be called an eternity. Our comparison fails us where we thought it most perfect. The destruction of a man by gradually passing through the rapids and over the falls of the Niagara, soul-rending as is its contemplation, must not be mentioned with that of the inebriate.

Reader, enter not upon the water of this moral Niagara!—Where is the necessity for doing so? Has not the good God surrounded you with means enough of enjoyment, that you must run the risk of a drunkard's death to increase their number? Are you already embarked? Are you already indulging in the occasional or frequent draught? Land! land immediately upon the terra firma of total abstinence! It is your only safety from the falls. It is the step which shall increase rather than diminish your enjoyments. It is your duty to yourself, friends, and Him who is God. Do you say you would but cannot? Find a reformed drunkard and tell him so.

A Police Officer's Experience in Rum Drinking.

In common with thousands of deluded men, I have been in the daily habit of using potent drinks, under the impression that they were conducive to my health and happiness, and though I was generally respected by my acquaintances, yet things continued to go down-hill with me until I was forced to make very humble application, and finally succeeded in receiving an appointment as a police officer.

I thought myself very fortunate, for I knew the pay was regular, and was in hopes to support my family at least comfortably. But past experience had not as yet taught me the true secret of the cause of my always being behindhand with grocers and bakers, and in fact with all from whom I purchased supplies.

One night I returned home after receiving my pay, in "a pretty mellow state." My little daughter came bounding to me and said, "Pa, will you give mother the money to buy me a hat? now do, I'll be a good girl, and I do want to go to church next Sunday with Emily Jones."

I tried to postpone the purchase until the next pay-day, for the best of reasons, having paid some small bills, I had exhausted my finances. When the child was informed of my inability she burst into tears, and reminded me that I had put her off from time to time, and said: "Pa, what do you do with all your money?"

That simple question haunted me for days; I began to reflect upon the subject, and could only answer to myself, rum.

I felt a degree of shame and regret that I cannot describe, and sincerely resolved, with God's help, to conquer my depraved appetite.

A year has since rolled away, I am a teetotaler, a better, healthier, and happier man; my home, though humble, is happy, and no child of mine asks in vain for food or raiment.

I know well by sad experience what the rum-drinker suffers in body and mind, and I know that no man is worthy of being entrusted to protect the lives and property of his fellow citizens who indulges in strong drink. One may be drunk for years and not stagger or fall down in the gutter. I never used to think that I was drunk, but when I reflect upon my acts, ay, as an officer! I am astonished, and know my former unfitnes.

I feel as one who has morally triumphed over his greatest enemy, and thank God from the depths of my heart that he has given me strength to conquer.

I hope this true statement may meet the eyes of my brother officers, and that they may be induced, one and all, to go and do likewise, and thereby secure the regard of their friends, the affection of their families, and the respect and confidence of that community, the protection of whose lives and property are entrusted to their hands.—*N. Y. Organ.*

Tobacco.—By Philanthropist.

(From the National Temperance Magazine.)

Tobacco is an herbaceous annual plant of a very rapid growth. It requires considerable heat to bring it to maturity. The seeds which are minute, are sown in beds, prepared for the purpose, from which the plants are taken to the fields, as soon as the season will permit. They are very susceptible of cold, and frost is destructive to them. The ground on which the crop is to be grown, must be well prepared by a plentiful supply of strong manure, as the plant will not thrive except in a rich soil. If properly treated, it will grow from three to six feet high, and full of large oblong leaves,—in which consists its chief value. It is a very succulent plant, and growing rapidly upon highly manured soil, of course abstracts a large quantity of the juices of this fattened earth: and its growth being arrested in its vigor by breaking off the top, these juices are consolidated in the leaves of the plant, and give that peculiar ammoniacal flavor which renders the various preparations therefrom so agreeable to those habituated to its use: and it is this concretion, dissolved by mastication, that gives to the saliva of the tobacco chewer that peculiar color and odor which need no description. Its cultivation, modes of curing, by drying, sweetening, fermentation, &c., and preparation for use, however interesting, are no part of my present purpose. I am more directly interested in its consumption.

The plant under consideration was found by the English in Virginia, and by the Spaniards in the West Indies. It was first introduced into England in 1559. The discoverers of the New World learned its use from the natives; whereby we perceive that it is wholly a savage custom; and succeeding generations have given abundant proof, that the habit thus learned, has not been forgotten. The analysis of tobacco shows its chief ingredient to be *nicotina*, which appears to be converted into *emphyreumatic oil* during combustion. Carbonate of *ammonia* is also produced by burning. The action of *nicotina* is highly poisonous. A quarter of a drop will kill a rabbit, and a drop will kill a dog. It causes convulsions, foaming at the mouth, quick respiration, palpitation of the heart, with staggering and paralysis and finally death.

Virginia tobacco yields about one-tenth of its weight of this substance, two or three drops of which inserted in a raw