

THE BRANDY SELLER.

Of all the crimes that ever have been,
 Re-selling grog is the greatest sin;
 It has caused more misery, pain, and woe,
 Than any other crime below.

Chorus—Get out of the way, you brandy-seller,
 You've ruined many a clever fellow—
 Get out of the way, you brandy-seller,
 You've ruined many a clever fellow.

You have spread distress on every hand,
 And scattered strife all o'er the land;
 You have turned the husband to a knave,
 And caus'd the wife to be a slave.

Chorus—Get out of the way, &c.

You have took the shoes from woman's feet,
 And the bread their children need to eat;
 You have robbed them of their winter cloths,
 And left them naked and almost froze.

Chorus—Get out of the way, &c.

You have made the father hate his child,
 And set the mother almost wild,
 When in his drunken apens at night,
 He oft times put them all to flight.

Chorus—Get out of the way, &c.

You have caused a many a child to cry,
 And the tears to stream from its mother's eye,
 As oft she has heard them cry for bread,
 When hungry they must go to bed.

Chorus—Get out of the way, &c.

You have robbed the strong man of his strength,
 And laid him down in the mud full length,
 And left him there to wallow and roll,
 As drunk as a beast in a mud hole.

Chorus—Get out of the way, &c.

You are guilty of the meanest thing,
 Perhaps, that has ever been;
 You've robb'd the rich, you've wrong'd the poor,
 And turned the needy from your door.

Chorus—Get out of the way, &c.

You have crowned some mighty kings with mud,
 Some palaces you have filled with blood;
 You have brought some mighty cities low,
 And proved some nations' overthrow.

Chorus—Get out of the way, &c.

And now I tell you plainly, Sir,
 In your mad career you have gone too far,
 You have led too many men astray,
 But the pledge will knock you out of the way.

Chorus—Get out the way, &c.

The Rumseller's Dream.

"Well, wife, this is too hard; 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, and 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 a blazing fire, and such devils!—oh! I cannot endure it. My hair stands on end, and I am so filled with horror I can scarcely speak! Oh! if I ever sell rum again!"

"My dear, you are frightened."

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

"My dear, perhaps—"

"Oh, don't talk to me. I am determined not to have anything more to do with rum, anyhow. Don't you think Tom Wilson came to me with his throat cut from ear to ear, and such a horrible gash, and it was so hard for him to speak, and so much blood; and says he, 'See here, Joe, the result of rumselling!' My blood chilled at the sight, and just then the house seemed to turn 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-seller!' On and on, the imp led 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 followed us, whispering, 'Drunkard! Drunkard!' 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; there were thousands of old, worn-out rum drinkers, crying most piteously, 'Rum, rum, give me some rum!' 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, hurling me in, shut the door. For a moment they fixed their ferocious eyes upon me, and then uttered 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 not!"

EDITORIAL PERTINACITY.

The following dialogue once occurred in an editor's sanctum in England. A distinguished editor was in his study. A long, thin, and ghostly-visaged gentleman was announced. With an asthmatic voice, but in a tone of civility,—for otherwise the editor would have transfixed him with a fiery paragraph the next morning,—the stranger said—

"Sir, your journal of yesterday contained false information."

"Impossible, sir. But tell me to what you allude."

"You said that Mr. M. had been tried."

"True."

"Condemned."

"Very true."

"Hung."

"Most true."

"Now, sir, I am the gentleman himself."

"Impossible."

"I assure it is a fact; and now I hope that you will contradict what you have alleged."

"By no means, sir."

"How, what do you mean? You are deranged."

"I may be so, sir, but I will not do it."

"I will complain to a magistrate."

"As you please; but I never retract. The most that I can do for you, is to announce that the rope broke, and that you are now in perfect health. I have my principles, sir; I never deceive."

NEW YORK.

Our exchanges from this State are filled with the doings of the recent State Temperance Convention. A Convention of females was met together at the same time. These latter marched one day, into the legislative halls and presented a mammoth petition. The Washingtonian of Albany holds this language:

"The Grand Temperance Demonstration of the present week, fully answers the expectations of the friends of temperance in the numbers of friends present, in the enthusiasm manifested, and in the able and soul-stirring addresses that were delivered. The State Society met at the State Street Baptist Church on Tuesday, as advertised. In the evening a public meeting was held in the same church, which was crowded to overflowing. Rev. Mr. Cuyler, of New Jersey, and T. W. Brown, Esq., of Auburn, delivered addresses which commanded the most respectful attention, and frequently called down outbursts of applause."

"On Wednesday the procession was formed, consisting of the State Society, Sons of Temperance and Rechabites, headed with bands of music and appropriate banners, and marched through the principal streets to the capitol, where the Hon. Neal Dow, and Rev. Mr. Cuyler delivered two most excellent and interesting addresses, while another portion of the procession were listening to Dr. Jewett and T. W. Brown, in the Baptist Church, near by."

GEORGIA.—There seems to be a general awakening in this State. A State Convention has been called, to meet at Atlanta, and the papers are filled with calls of meetings to appoint delegates to that body. As showing the object of the said assemblage, and as indicating the spirit which animates the temperance men, we give one of these calls:

"The citizens of Green county, opposed to the License and Grog-shop system, are invited to attend a public meeting at Greensboro', on the first Tuesday in February next, to appoint delegates to the Convention to be held in Atlanta on the 22d of February."

The Madness of Intemperance.

Judge Johnson, of Georgia, in recently sentencing a culprit to death, said:

"Nor shall the place be forgotten in which occurred this shedding of blood. It was in one of these thousand and antechambers of hell which mar, like plague spots, the fair face of our State. You need not be told that I mean a tipping shop, the meeting place of Satan's minions, and the foul cesspool which, by spontaneous generation, breeds disgusting vice, profligacy, and babbling, and vulgarity, and Sabbath breaking. I would not be the owner of a groggery for the price of this globe converted into precious ore. For the pitiful sum of a dime he furnished the poison which made the victim of the deed a fool, and converted this trembling culprit into a demon. How paltry this price of two human lives. This traffic is tolerated by law, and therefore the vendor has committed an offense not cognizable by earthly tribunals; but in the sight of Him who is unerring in wisdom, he who deliberately furnishes the intoxicating draught which inflames man to anger and violence and blood-shed, *particeps criminis* in the moral turpitude of the deed. Is it not high time that these sinks of vice and crime should be held rigidly to the law of the land, and placed under the ban of an enlightened and virtuous public opinion?"

Questions for Liquor Dealers.

- 1st. Can it be right for me to derive my living from that which is spreading disease, poverty, and premature death through my neighborhood? How would it be in any other case? Would it be right for me to derive my living from selling poison, or from propagating plague and leprosy around me?
- 2d. Can it be right for me to derive my living from that which is debasing the minds and ruining the souls of my neighbors? How would it be in any other case? Would it be right for me to derive my living from the sale of a drug which produced misery or madness; which excited the passions and brutalized the mind, and ruined the souls of my fellow-men?
- 3rd. Can it be right for me to derive my living from that which destroys forever the happiness of the domestic circle—which is filling the land with women and children in a condition far more deplorable than that of widows and orphans?
- 4th. Can it be right for me to derive my living from that which is known to be the cause of nine-tenths of all the crimes which are perpetrated against society?
- 5th. Can it be right for me to derive my living from that which accomplishes all these at once, and which it does without ceasing?
- 6th. Do you say that you do not know that the liquor which you are selling will produce these results?—Do you know that nine hundred and ninety-nine gallons produce these effects for one which is used innocently? I ask then,

7th. Would it be right for me to sell poison on the ground that there was one chance in a thousand that the purchaser would not die of it?

8th. Do you say that you are not responsible for the acts of your neighbors? Is this clearly so? Is it not he who furnishes a murderer with a weapon considered an accomplice?

If these things be so, and that they are so who can dispute?—I ask you, my respected fellow-citizens, what is to be done? Let me ask, is not this trade altogether wrong? Why then should we not altogether abandon it? If any man thinks otherwise, and chooses to continue it, I have but one word to say: My brother, when you order a cargo of intoxicating drinks, think how much misery you are importing into the community. As you store it up, think how many curses you may be heaping together against yourself. As you roll it out of your warehouse, think how many families each cask will ruin. Let your thoughts then revert to your own fire-side, wife, and your little ones, then look up to him who judgeth righteously, and ask yourself, my brother, is it right! —Wayland.

"This hand never Struck Me."

We recently heard the following most touching incident. A little boy had died. His body was laid out in a darkened room, waiting to be laid away in the lone cold grave. His afflicted mother and bereaved little sister went in to look at the sweet face of the precious sleeper, for his face was beautiful even in death. As they stood gazing upon the form of one so cherished and beloved, the little girl asked to take his hand. The mother at first did not think it best, but her child repeated the request, and seemed very anxious about it. She took the cold, bloodless hand of her sleeping boy, and placed it in the hand of his weeping sister. The dear child looked at it a moment, caressed it fondly, and then looked up to her mother, through the tears of affection and love, and said, "Mother, THIS LITTLE HAND NEVER STRUCK ME!" What could be more touching and lovely?

Young readers, have you always been so gentle to your brothers and sisters, that were you to die, such a tribute as this could be paid to your memory? Could a brother or sister take your hand, were it cold, and say, "This hand never struck me?"

What an alleviation to our grief when we are called to part with our friends, to be able to remember only words and actions of mutual kindness and love! How bitter must be the sorrow, and how scalding the tears of remorse, of an unkind child, as he looks upon the cold form, or stands at the grave of a brother or sister, a father or mother, toward whom he had manifested unkindness. Let us all remember, whatsoever we sow, in this respect, that shall we also reap.—Well Spring.

ANECDOTE OF COL. CROCKET.—Once upon a time, during a debate in the U. States' House of Representatives, on a bill for increasing the number of hospitals, one of the Western members arose and observed:

"Mr. Speaker—My opinion is that the *generality* of mankind—in *general*, are disposed to take the advantage—of the *generality*—of mankind in *general*."

"Sit down, sit down," whispered the Colonel, who sat near him, "you are coming out of the same hole that you went in at."

The Journal of Organic and Medical Chemistry is out against pork, and debas all hog-eaters, chemists, and physiologists to prove that hogs' flesh is a healthy article of diet.