

meet; but for his sake they would and did sign, and he with them.

And now for the first time the truth poured into his mind, and he saw his condition, and sat down bathed in tears.

"Now," said he, "gentlemen, you must go and communicate these facts to my wife—poor woman! I know she will be glad to hear it, but I cannot tell her."

Two of them started for that purpose. The lady met them at the door, pale and trembling with emotion.

"What," she inquired, "is the matter? What has happened to my husband?"

They bid her dismiss her fears, assuring her they had come to bring her tidings of her husband—but good tidings, such as she would be glad to hear.

"Your husband has signed the temperance pledge—yea, signed it in good faith."

The joyous news nearly overcame her—she trembled with excitement—wept freely, and clasping her hand, devotionally, she looked up to heaven, and thanked God for the happy change.

"Now," said she, "I have a husband as he once was, in the days of our early love."

"But this was not what moved me," said the gentleman. "There was in the same vicinity another gentleman—a generous, noble soul—married young—married well—into a charming family, and the flower of it. His wine-drinking habits had aroused the fears of his friends, and one day, when several of them were together, one said to another, 'Let us sign the pledge.' 'I will if you will,' said one to another, till all had agreed to it, and the thing was done.

This gentleman thought it rather a small business, and felt a little sensitive about revealing to his wife what he had done. But on returning home he said to her:

"Mary, my dear, I have done what I fear will displease you."

"Well, what is it?"

"Why, I have signed the temperance pledge."

"Have you!"

"Yes, I have certainly."

Watching his manner as he replied, and reading in it sincerity, she entwined her arms around his neck, laid her head upon his bosom, and burst into tears. Her husband was affected deeply by this conduct of his wife, and said:

"Mary, don't weep; I did not know it would afflict you so, or I would not have done it—I will go and take my name off immediately."

"Take your name off!" said she; no, no! let it be there. I shall now have no more solitude in reference to your becoming a drunkard. I shall spend no more wakeful hours. I shall no more steep my pillows in tears."

Now, for the first time, shone upon his mind, and he folded to his bosom his young and beautiful wife, and wept with her. Now, I can't stand these facts, and I am going to sign the pledge.—*Speech of Gov Briggs.*

THAT "HALF-WAY HOUSE."

If the traveller between New York and Newark, after crossing the Hackensack bridge will look to the right, he will see by the side of the "old causeway," a small house standing alone. For many years it has been called the "half-way-house," and situated as it is in the salt marshes it has a forlorn look. On the 12th of May, 1833, being the Sabbath, about

noon, a man, (a very hard-looking man he was,) entered that house for refreshment.—Not long after that another man rode up rapidly, and telling the landlord he was in pursuit of a murderer, arrested the traveller. On his person were found articles of jewelry, a gold watch, rings, &c., and in his bundle clothing recognised as belonging to the murdered. The fugitive was very tired as well he might be for he had accomplished much in fourteen hours. He had murdered his employer and wife, and their colored servant girl. The two former he had buried in the barn-yard. He had then ransacked the house broken open drawers, closets, and trunks in search of valuables, had packed up his plunder, and travelled nearly thirty miles to the "Half-way-House."

This scene of the murder was a quiet village, "beautiful for situation," and not nameless in the history of our Revolution. Its citizens were orderly and industrious, kept the Sabbath, and prided themselves not a little on the pleasantness and safety of their town as a place of residence. That Sabbath morning, one of them found, a little way from town, several articles of clothing with marks on them which showed that they belonged to a citizen of the place. He and his neighbours concluded that a robbery had been committed, and went to the house to find out. All there was still as death. They found the servant in her bed murdered. Further search led them to the dead bodies of the murdered gentleman and his wife, buried in the barn-yard. The paleness of every face showed how horrible had been the discovery. Meanwhile the villagers were in quiet performing their Sabbath morning duties, and getting ready for church. Not a wheel rattled in the street, not a sound disturbed the quiet, when suddenly a man on horseback rode through the streets and spread the alarm of the murder. Never was a village more excited. In an instant all was in an uproar, and crowds were running to the house of the murdered family. In a very short time the sheriff and his posse were in the saddle, and on the track. The fugitive was traced for miles by articles of clothing which he had stolen, but thrown away in his flight. "Who is safe?" was the general feeling. Indignation ran high, so much so that it seemed for a time doubtful whether a jury could be selected out of a large and populous county. When the trial came on, and the judge charged the jury, recounted the transactions with an evident attempt at entire self-command, but as he closed his horrid review, his self-control vanished and he exclaimed, "Judge ye gentlemen of the ruthlessness of such a monster." The judge did but echo the opinions and feelings of the community. The murder was so horrible and on so large a scale, that the prisoner had none but his counsel to speak a word in his behalf.

In looking over the published account of the trial, one is struck by the somewhat unpleasant coincidence between the prisoner's confession and the testimony of two witnesses.—From his testimony it appears that hardened as he was, he did not feel brave enough to commit the murder without alcoholic stimulants, and from the testimony of two witnesses who dealt in such stimulants, it appears that one of them sold him four glasses of hard cider which he drank, and the other sold him a glass of brandy, which the man drank in his bar room. Thus encouraged the bad man went home and did the triple murder. It is also a singular fact that the man who sold the

glass of brandy, which gave courage to the murderer was the first to overtake the murderer at the "half-way house." He no doubt did his duty at the "half-way house" on that Sabbath day, but whether or no he did not transcend his duty on the evening previous, in selling the brandy, I must leave to casuists.

I often think of this murder, and of the fearful excitement in that town as the horseman rode along the streets that Sabbath morning.

"And murder, murder, was the dreadful cry," and yet the same county, (and indeed every other county,) has had scenes as fearful as this, but people looked at them without alarm. In a certain quiet valley, many years ago, lived a very respectable and worthy farmer, who had several sons. The father and his sons became miserable drunkards. The whipping of a wife, or the cursing of a neighbour was a very common thing among them. Long before they died they became curses to their families, although naturally "kindly affectioned." One after another they died in middle life, as certainly killed "before their time," as was the unhappy family whose murder I have described. The misery suffered by themselves and their families was more protracted and intolerable than that suffered by the murdered family. In that case the victims suffered only a few minutes, but in the other it lasted through years; in that case the family of the murdered grieved as though their hearts would break, but in a few months found consolation in the virtues of the dead, but in the other the heart-breaking grief lasted through years, and when death closed the scene, the memory of the past and the anticipation of the future brought no consolation. Nor is this the worst of it. Had the killing process stopped with the father and his sons, it would not have been so sad as it actually was. But it did not stop there. It cursed children's children to the third and fourth generation. Some most fearful cases of run-killing have occurred in succeeding generations.

Another case my memory calls, and which excited no very great feeling. A father, his sons, and a son-in-law, all fell before this destroyer, and when they fell no horseman rode through the streets shouting "murder! murder!" These two poor wives are in their graves from the brutality of their drunken husbands, and yet no excited judge from the bench said to the sympathizing jury, "judge ye, gentlemen, of the ruthlessness of these monsters!" And when, not long since, a jury of inquest brought in a verdict "that this man came to his death by drinking rum mixed with deadly poison," no warrant was issued for the man who sold the poison, and no judge said to him "you stand convicted of the murder of —, &c.," as in the case of the murderer arrested at the "half-way house." The parallel is worth a thought, at least, for I find, as a minister, some huts and houses invested with the same sort of melancholy interest that attaches to the house where that awful murder was committed, and the "half-way house" where the murderer was overtaken.—*N. Y. Observer.*

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW AND PROHIBITION.

"There are some trades to which the state applies, not restriction merely, but prohibition. Thus the business of coining money is utterly