

vulsively to his feet, and hastened to the shed; but found his horses so nearly starved by the avaricious landlord that he could not trust to their taking him home through the snow. His next thought was to run to Mr. Holliston's, which he did, and acquainted him with the state of his affairs, trusting he might prove a comfort to his wife, both as physician and minister. Mr. Holliston got up his own horses, and took poor Durham to his family with all despatch, being also ignorant of the length of time that he had been absent from them. They passed Ma'am Tobey's, but found the house sunk in a snowdrift, and not a soul in it. This excited alarm in Durham's mind. They then hurried as fast as the unbroken road would admit, struggling on till sundown, when they succeeded in reaching the house; but found it also buried in the snow, and no sign of life near, except a few half-starved and half-frozen cattle. Durham jumped out of the sleigh, and, rushing ahead, pushed his way by force through the closed door, when he found the interior a complete drift, that had come down chimney, and sifted through every unguarded crevice. By this time Mr. Holliston was upon his heels, anxious to find how matters stood within.

But O, horror! horror! God have mercy on the drunkard's family! There lay Mrs. Durham on her own bed, cold and stiff, with a new-born infant, naked, at her side, also dead and frozen! Behind the mother, and pressed close against her person, was dear little Charles, with his icy arms enfolding her, and every drop of blood congealed in his veins. They then hastened to the little girls' room, and found them in their bed, emaciated to mere skeletons, but not so long dead as to be completely frozen. They, too, were locked in each other's little arms. The fears of poor Mrs. Durham had evidently brought on a premature birth, ending in convulsions, the very night of her husband's departure, and she and the infant had frozen together. Little Charles, with a child's instinct, had clung to his dead mother, and his arms were soon frozen by the icy contact, from which point the frosts of death gradually spread over his whole body. The little girls had kept up as long as they could, without wood or food, and then had crept together into their bed, to find an icy grave. Poor little Amelia's prophetic dream was more than fulfilled.

No words, no description, can reach the reality. It was a charnel-house of the horrible traffic in intoxicating drinks.—The frozen victims of this worse than Moloch, in his thirst for innocent blood, with the lines of sorrow still visible in their indurated features, uttered, in the dumb accents of death, such a remonstrance against our legislation on this subject, as to appal and confound those who have given their voice and vote in its favor. O, detestable legislation! Who can number thy dead? Who can estimate thy crimes? Who can tell the extent of thy pauperage, the poverty and wretchedness, which owe their being to thee?

Mr. Holliston was silent. And so was Durham. It was a case to baffle feeling, and beggar language. They dug some wood from under the snow, and lighted a fire. Durham was helpful in all this. Mr. Holliston then proposed to go and bring in the neighbours.

"Mr. Durham," said he, "perhaps you will feel better to go with me."

"No," said Durham, quietly, "You go, and I'll stay and watch the fire and keep the house."

"Very well; I'll be back soon," said Mr. Holliston, not a little surprised at the self-possession of the miserable man. But had he looked cautiously, he would have seen in it the suicide's calmness. His eyes were glassy and fixed. It was the repose of despair; it was the self-possession of one to whom living is death, and death is only life. Not a tear did he shed, not a groan did he utter, not a complaint did he make. As soon as Mr. Holliston was gone, he took the pen that had dropped from the fingers of his dying wife, thawed out the inkstand, and wrote on the paper, under the last tear

besmeared lines of her agitated hand, the following note:—

"This world is my hell. There can be no worse. I have a duty to do to my departed wife and children, which I go to discharge. I must confess at their feet my crime, and beseech them to forgive me. Dear, dear ones, I follow you to the spiritland!"

CHARLES DURHAM."

When Mr. Holliston returned, with the neighbours, they found him hung with a rope to one of the beams of his house, and quite dead!

At the funeral, which was attended by the whole town—yea, by neighbouring towns, also,—Mr. Holliston delivered an address on the evils of the liquor-traffic, in which he detailed its sad ravages in their once peaceful and prosperous town. They then buried the whole family in one grave, laying the dear little infant on the breast of its sorrow-stricken Mother, and the others side by side, according to their ages. After the burial Thomas Bludgeon harangued the assembled multitude.

"Gentlemen," said he, "what's to be done? Here is a den in our town which the sober, respectable and industrious, enter, to come out drunkards, paupers and beggars. Here is a den into which our children are decoyed, and come out a blight to parental hopes. Here is a den which the happy wedded couple visit, only to violate their plighted vows, and become a curse to their children. Here is a den to sink forever the hard earnings of labor; yea, worse, to make them a blight and curse to those by whose sweat they were acquired. This den is inhabited by a sorcerer, the touch of whose wand converts ministers and churches into hypocrites, Sabbaths into scenes of bacchanalian riot and revelry, school-houses into kennels, and earth into hell. Here is a monster before whom law is a rope of sand, and the bonds of society a gossamer web, to be blown to the winds.—Here is a school which graduates moderate drinkers confirmed drunkards, honest people knaves, cut-throats and assassins. Will you suffer this den longer to exist among you? Will you allow this sorcerer longer to exercise his damnable magic? Will you allow this monster to seize more victims, and this school to multiply among us its detestable pupils?"

"No, no, no!" cried many thousands, all bathed in tears at the spectacle they had witnessed, and mad with indignation against its guilty cause. Law or no law,—no, no, no! Down with the groggery!"

"Yes, law or no law," replied Bludgeon; and, raising his hands to heaven, shaking his iron frame in defiance, and casting his flaming eyes in the direction of the inn, he added, "I swear, by the eternal God, that hell shall not pollute this town another day. Who dares stand by right against law? Let him speak."

"I dare!" "I!" "I!" "I!" cried innumerable voices. "Down with the groggery! down with the groggery! down with the groggery!"

"Come on, then!" said Bludgeon: "come on, come on, ye men of Mapleton, who are for casting out the devil in spite of priests and lawyers! follow me to the assault!"

"To the assault! to the assault! lead on, and we'll follow! Down with the groggery! down with the groggery!" repeated a thousand stentorian voices, in tones that made the welkin ring. Off rushed the infuriated multitude, headed by Bludgeon, and began their work, by emptying the detestable sink of all its valuables, pouring its alcohol into the gutter, and ending by making a bonfire of the building.

"Where's the landlord?—this hell-bound,—where is he? where is he?" cried innumerable voices.

"Here he is! here he is, hid in the stable!" replied some.

"Bring him out! bring him out!" was the imperious demand on all sides. The trembling publican was brought out, and, after a mock trial, was condemned to a coat of tar and feathers, and to be rode out of town upon a rail. The decree was no sooner passed than executed, and the miserable