

How transcendently wise would be the law of any State, that should allow no person unless duly "*licensed*," to commit murder with a stiff dagger of *steel*, and at the same time permit any person to goad a fellow being to death by thrusting into his body and limbs ten thousand small pins of the *same* material?

Just so absurd, and ridiculous, and transcendently wise is that law upon the Statute Book of Massachusetts, which prohibits the unlicensed sale of *alcohol*, when flowing from the *still-house*, and permits it to be sold without license, or restraint, when flowing either from the *cider-mill*, or from the *brewery*:—in other words,—makes it *criminal* to sell any portion of that fluid, however small, when mixed with *water and sugar*, and at the same time counts it perfectly *legal*, to sell a like portion of it, when mixed with *water and malt*!

Alcohol, in the form of *malt*, and other *fermented* liquors, is now doing far more injury in the community than alcohol in the form of what is commonly called *distilled*, or *ardent* spirit. It is high time that the law-making power of the commonwealth should open its eyes, and seeing this monster, as it is in its wiles and wickedness, should prohibit the sale of all those beverages—whatever may be their respective hues, and other ingredients,—through which this subtle, and evil spirit attempts to infuse into the very soul, as well as body, of the recipient, its pauperizing, demoralizing and murderous poison.

Beer shops and cider shops are multiplying rapidly in all parts of the State, and in connection with confectionery, oysters, and other nick-nack eatables, are luring thousands and thousands of heedless young men into those gently and imperceptibly, but *wofully descending* paths, that are now, within the limits of this country even, leading down *thirty thousand* victims *annually* to the gulf of inebriate perdition.

Rhode Island has recently set a good example to her sister States, by enacting, that all *malt liquors* shall be embraced in the same category with rum, gin, and brandy,—thus enabling the friends of sobriety to shut up the *ale, beer and cider*, as well as the more *ardent* drunkeries within her borders. The following is one of the sections of the new statute, amendatory of the old one, viz:—

Sec. 6. If any person shall sell, or suffer to be sold by any person in any town, any malt liquor by retail in any less quantity than ten gallons without license from the town Council of such town first had and obtained, he shall forfeit and pay the same penalty as for selling without license, ale, wine, or strong liquors, to be recovered by the same process, in the same manner, and to the same use: and the same provisions of the act entitled, "An Act enabling town Councils to grant licenses for retailing strong liquors, and for other purposes, and of the several acts which are or may be passed in addition to, or in amendment of the same, shall apply to malt liquors with the same force and effect as to ale, wine, or strong liquors:" and no Town Council shall license any person to retail any ale, wine, strong, or malt liquor on Sunday.—*Cataract*.

## DRUNKENNESS, AN ILLUSTRATION.

BY H. MUDGE.

You are passing along a principal street in a provincial town, and see a house remarkable for its *eccentricity*

—every part of it seems to be off its proper centre. The wall is tottering; the stacks of chimnies are overhanging; the windows of various sizes and patterns; the shutters for water are inclining the wrong way; while chinks and cracks daubed with untempered mortar admit the wet in all quarters. Stopping for a moment and looking up at it, you very naturally exclaim, "Surely, the fellows were drunk, when they built that house!"

Just so it is with the *body* of a drunkard! The *house* he lives in! The workmen building it are drunk, and so they are doing their work miserably, and putting things into a confused heap, where there ought to be a scientific arrangement of materials.

Let me explain. Through the body is flowing a river of blood, kept in motion by a wonderful forcing pump, the *heart*, which commenced its strokes under the direction of the great God at the earliest period of life, and will not cease them till the same Almighty Architect takes back the breath he gave. Along the banks of this river, [that is, at the sides of the arteries and veins through which the blood runs] there are stationed millions of little workmen, whose business it is to take out of the vital current the materials for building up the body, and to set them in regular order in their respective places. Yes, the whole material fabric of the body is fished, ready for use, out of the blood! There they are at work for years, and years, and years, without weariness, though at it night and day; and if they could be left to themselves, they would go on in uninterrupted harmony. Some are making eyes, some skin, some bones, some sinews, some brain, some liver, some lungs and so on! "O Lord, how marvellous are thy works; in wisdom hast thou formed them all!"

The waste of the materials from the blood is made good from the food we eat and drink; that digested forms blood; and from the blood is formed (as stated) all other parts.

Now see what happens when alcohol is drank; it goes into the vessels and mixes with the blood, and the consequence is, the little workmen we have spoken of get affected by it, and are made drunk; when of course the order and propriety of their work are interfered with. For example, those at work on the eye are blinded so that they select red blood, and deposit it where there ought only to be white, hence *redness of eyes*: those on the nose instead of keeping a rounded comely ornament, heap up materials of flesh, and blood, and skin, till we have a most unsightly carbuncled protuberance: those in the liver form tubercles: hence dropsy, those in the lungs another kind of tubercles, hence consumption: those employed about the joints forget the oil, so these hinges grate and stiffen: some, perhaps stationed in the finger, upset a hod of lime just by the joint, instead of carrying it in to make bone of, and we actually see it working out through the skin in the shape of a chalk-stone!

In this way we can account for a host of diseases that afflict the drinkers of alcohol; from the sensation of sinking, which annoys the delicate lady in the forenoon, to the oppression of insensibility which apoplexy brings after a debauch! Nor has any one a right to expect better things: suppose a mason picked up in his work a