

frame, he feels the rest of his pillow, the comfort even of his prison couch. He sees the sunshine on the wall, and the dawn of morning comes upon him, as it was wont in childhood, with a flood of joy. He hears the distant song, it may be of a captive bird, but nature is strong within him, and the note of gladness reaches his soul. It is the flush of life, that warms him, as it thrills through every vein. It is the flush of life, with all its recollections of the past, its anticipations.—Oh! agony! he sees—he feels it all. The iron has entered into his soul—he is a doomed man—the hour of his execution is at hand.

Unequal in her present state to any violent conflict of feeling, Eleanor Bond had sometimes closed her eyes, and buried her face in her pillow, wishing, that with that effort she could shut out one painful thought. As her strength returned, however, and as she regained the power of attending to her children, so many sources of interest and pleasure opened again upon her, that she had less time to dwell upon that one root of bitterness, so well calculated to poison all.

(To be Continued)

A Glimpse at "Merric England."

Professor E. Wright, (known as the able and ingenious translator of La Fontaine's Fables,) in his Letters to the Boston Chronicle, makes the following shrewd observations upon the state of affairs in England:—Suppose you abolish the taxes and tithes, and give England a cheap government, and free church, and full suffrage, to what will it amount, so far as the masses are concerned? Precisely to more beer and consequences of beer! I may be mistaken: truly, I have found warm and zealous supporters of thorough temperance, but they seem to be regarded as the maddest of fanatics. Nine men out of ten of the labouring classes, so far as I have been able to observe, and I have been quite inquisitive, have not the slightest barrier between themselves and drunkenness, but their inability to get enough beer. It is their undoubted creed, that beer is a blessing, and one of their deepest sorrows their wages will not allow them to get plenty of it, with a drop or two of gin by way of luxury. Look at poor charity, befogged in beer, fighting as often as any way against itself, and selling to its worst enemies even the little suffrage it commands. If the masses of England could be roused to enter upon the career so gloriously begun by those of Ireland, they would soon take a position which would settle many of the knottiest questions of politics. The state and the church would then take their places as servants of the people—not masters. Yet with all this, which to an American mind is so evident, staring them in the face, there are plenty of sincere philanthropists here, enemies of slavery, of corn laws, of church tyranny, of a vampire aristocracy, who will pity you for not drinking wine with them: who will raise the cup of Circe to their own lips, and then lament the oppression and degradation of England's poor! Put the brewers of England in the same condition with her feudal castles and monasteries, and the poor will soon take care of other vices.

There is one sign of the times, however, which is hopeful. The discovery in Germany of the wonderful sanatory properties of cold water, is making a deep impression on the higher and middle classes here. The doctors are not able to laugh it down. After spending fortunes on physicians in vain, invalids go to Grafenberg and are healed. A child in the scarlet fever is wrapped in a wet sheet and gets well. Men rummage their libraries and find that just such cures have been performed at Malvern a hundred years ago, and the water when analyzed is the purest possible. And they find cases in which patients with raging fever and delirium, have broken forth from their nurses and jumped into the Thames or some horsepond, and their madness has proved better than the wisdom of doctors.

Many are coming to the conclusion that disease is chiefly some mysterious modification of that great poison *alcohol*, with which we are sent into the world to battle, and this redounds greatly to the advantage of pure water. Setting poisons to catch poisons is growing into disrepute with these people, and consequently they may be expected by and by to see the absurdity of sending one dram into the stomach to cure the disease made by its predecessor. The multitude of experiments which have now put the matter fairly to the test, seem to demonstrate that coldness combined with pure water, is the best means that has ever been tried to quench human inflammations, and when properly applied will cure any patient who has strength to be cured in any way. This being true, the occupation—I do not say of the doctors, for it will require

science and wisdom to apply cold water—but of the druggists—of all medical poison manufacturers, is gone. And shall not alcohol be included?

From the hold this subject has taken of the most intelligent here, I look for a great *pathological* reform, which I think cannot fail to set the principle of total abstinence upon a more commanding foundation than it has hitherto occupied. If you can get the *crime* out of the heads of the philanthropic of the higher class, then will they see clearly the effects of beer upon the lower. Both once delivered, the nation would not be long in discovering the folly of working itself to death to support a class of hereditary drones, nor long in devising means of relief. See if the now vision bestowed on the Irish people does not work out such results. England wants an oculist like Father Matthew.

A Dangerous Hiding Place.

"To hide
Where dangers lurk, is dangerous."

In a certain village there is a man who keeps a rum-selling and gambling establishment, on an extensive scale. Everything is fitted up in the most elegant style, and calculated to invite men of the higher class. To this place great numbers of the youth of the village duly or nightly repair to spend their time and money to drink and gamble. It is said that no man in the place has made more money during three or four years than this man. However this may be, it is quite certain there is no man there who has done more to demoralize the people than he, especially the youth of the place. Some through his means have already become confirmed drunkards, and others are in a fair way to be so.

Not long since, one of our ministers happened to fall in company with this rum-seller in traveling, and the following conversation took place:

Minister. Did you hear the lecture on temperance which was delivered in the street, opposite your place, last evening?

Rum-seller. Yes; but I cared nothing about it, although he attempted to make it out that a rum-seller was worse than a sheep-stealer.

Minister. Well, I thought he succeeded in the attempt most admirably; for he said a sheep-stealer only took a man's property from him, whereas the rum-seller takes not only his property but his character also. I thought he made rum-selling rather a dishonest business.

Rum-seller. As dishonest as it is, I suppose you would take the money we make as profits in this business for your own support, and for the support of benevolent institutions, if we would give it to you would you not?

Minister. I suppose the money you might give in payment of debt, or for any benevolent objects, would be just as good as though it had not passed through your hands. You are accountable, not we, for the manner you came in possession of that money.

Rum-seller. Well, I used to hire a seat in Mr. ———'s church for several years; but, whenever I went to church, I had to take it from the pulpit. My business was declared to be dishonest, and destructive of good morals; and I was denounced as a sinner, until I became perfectly tired; so I have lately taken a seat in another church, where I can sit in peace and quiet.

Minister. But does not your minister say anything against selling rum and keeping gambling-houses?

Rum-seller. No! he minds his own business, and lets other people's business alone, as every minister ought.

Minister. Well my dear sir, I think you have gone to the wrong place to hide—you are not quite out of danger. You cannot hide from God, nor from your sin. Although you may hide from your conscience for a while, yet God has his eye upon you, and your sin will sooner or later find you out. I should be sorry to be the minister who should cry, peace, peace, when God had not spoken it.

The License Question.

It is not unnatural that some should hesitate about the entire withholding of licenses throughout their country and the State, because the change would be so great. It may appear to some like a novel experiment, the results of which cannot be foretold.

There are two ways of quieting such fears—by reasoning upon the facts and principles involved, and by an appeal to experience. One word here upon the latter.

The experiment is not an untried one. It is now some thirteen years since any licenses have been granted in the contiguous