

mercy, and endeavored to win her back to consciousness:

'Mother! mother!' It touched a chord—the last attenuated fibre of natural affection.

'Ah! if I only had my time to live over again! cried Mrs. Darby, in a husky voice.

'What would you do, mother?' asked the tremulous voice at her pillow.

'*Shun liquor as I would hell!*' screamed the mother.

'Mother, have you forgotten my generous, high-minded father—the Henry Temple of your youth?'

'Don't taunt me with him—don't I know what Henry Temple was, and is—and did he not spurn his young wife for one falling only—cast her off upon a merciless world, because *she loved wine?*'

'He did all he could, mother; he bore with you till it brought him to the edge of the grave; he tried to wean you from it.'

'*Wean!* repeated the wretched woman with scorn, 'as if he thought to cheat me from it like a child—as if I loved it no better than the babe its mother's milk. Little knows he of the drunkard's devotion! Gentle reproof—kind suasion, entreaties! he ought to have incarcerated me in a dungeon—kept me in perpetual imprisonment; he ought to have forced me into sobriety! *Force*, yes, that is the word; nothing else will do for one devoted to the bottle. Talk of moral suasion [I think I know whom she meant when she penned these lines;] you had just as well talk of extinguishing a burning pile with the dews of night. Fiends of fury!' she continued, pushing the bandage from her gaping brow, 'what use is signing the pledge! If I had written my name down with the blood exuded drop by drop from my heart, I should still have drunk on! Can the sick cure himself? Never was there a disease more lingering, and as fatal as the cholera! When one has the ship-fever, or breaks his limbs, or loses his senses, they take him to the hospital: but the *drunkard* dies in the loathsome cellar, with a stone for his pillow, and a curse for his prayer.'

'O, mother! why did you ever take to it?'

'I used to steal it from my mother's closet. She always kept it there in a beautiful bottle, with a silver stopper: *but she only used it as a medicine.* After I was married I tried to wean myself from it, but I craved it more and more. I loved your father—he was very handsome; *but I loved rum better.* I loved you when you first opened your eyes, when I felt your precious lips upon my quivering, my very heart-strings; *but I loved wine better.* I loved the fashion and gayety of life, its pomp and show; but I loved the bottle with the silver stopper, better than the glory of the world, or—

"The hope of Heaven."

While she thus suffers, the poor girl tries to point her to God; but liquor had burned the thought of God out of her mind.

'I will not die! I cannot die!' screamed the frantic woman. 'God! heaven! hell! No! ha! ha! It is only a scarecrow held up to frighten people from their evil ways. God never made us with such horrid propensities and dispositions, to punish us for giving way to them! Oh, no! the Savior never died on the cross; his blood cannot wash out the foul stains of the soul! Heaven and the angels! it all sounds very sweet to dying ears, I suppose, but it cannot be! No! we sink into the earth, we lie and rot and mingle with the sod.'

'No, mother, no! the soul is immortal, and Christ has died to redeem it, and he is ready now to intercede for you, if you will only yield your heart to him.'

'Ah! if it is all true what you say, and what Jane Fairmount [her sister] said long ago, it does me no good. I have sinned past hope! I have never given God one thought! I have left friends, husband and child—'

Her eyeballs glared from their livid lids; her frizzled hair stood out from her ashy brow, with its frightful bleeding fissure; her mouth was wreathed with distorted smiles. 'Oh, no, I cannot die! There is that within me which cannot be annihilated; 'tis the burning curse—the raging fire that has been consuming me; I carry my punishment with me. Oh! Temple, strike me not with that heated club! it belongs to hell! to the fiend with a thousand fangs! Ah, yes, I see it now—it is my own *precious bottle with its jewelled stopper.* Don't pour it on my heart! it burns like vitriol! Oh! for water to cool the consuming flames that are destroying soul and body! I thought that death was cold and turgid—that its breath was chilly and its hands were icy! I thought that the grave was damp, cold and quiet, and that the worms would crawl in silence over the stiffened form: but, no, it is a furnace of never-dying of molten lead, seething and hissing like a volcano of eternal heat! Yes, yes, there is a God—a terrible God!'

'Yes, mother, but his name is love. Jesus is your friend.'

'No, not the drunkard's!' replied Mrs. Darby, tearing the bandages from her wounds, and the clothes from her bosom, 'there is no water to quench the burning heart! a stream of liquid fire lathes the never-dying soul! Oh, for one drop of water! water! water!'

And thus died the fashionable tippler, "without hope—without God."

All the scenes of the book are not as horrid as this—for some of her characters are neither drunkards nor rumsellers! But, when she portrays the curse of intemperance, it must be painted in colors that make the soul shrink, or else the painting is not true to life.

I ought, my dear Doctor, to stop here, but I cannot forbear one extract more.

Clarence Duval, another one who had learned to love the accursed bowl, falls a victim to the "scorpion's drug that paralyzes the heart and maddens the brain."

'His death,' continues the authoress, 'cannot record the awful demoniac sentiments and phrases that composed that terrific drama. They have passed from my memory like some sacrilegious fantasy—some unholy dream—leaving only the thrill and pathos, chilling the heart and curdling the blood; but I can never forget how he looked, with eyes gleaming like phosphoric rays from their dark, deep cavities—muttering incoherent and unknown sounds—striking the air with his clenched fists—defying the world to mortal combat—screaming and crying—now prostrate, rolling and wallowing—blaspheming—battling an army of imaginary devils—now sinking into torpidity—now locked in the rigid embrace of a revolting slumber, his eyes half open, his mouth ajar, crusted with the froth that issued from his bloated lips and gurdled down his mustache. His whole nature was paralyzed. All effort to arouse him a mockery—hopeless and helpless. He expired amid the shrieks of his own blasphemies! All prospect of Heaven blotted out forever, he writhes in vivid anticipation of all the