

was lavishing on champagne, &c. Away started George for Bridgeport and arriving there a little past mid-day, without removing his baggage from the steamboat, he went direct to the tavern named and enquired for Mr. Smithson. The bar-keeper showed him to his room. It is impossible to depict the surprise with which his father regarded him; he at once declared his readiness to go home with his son in two days from that time, but before that time expired, he would not stir from Bridgeport. Finding him so resolute, George went back to the steamboat and ordered his baggage to be sent to the hotel; but the moment his father found himself alone, he settled his bill, called a carriage, and departed without leaving the least clue by which his son could trace him. On George's return to the hotel, great was his vexation and disappointment and at once he recommenced the search.

At the end of a week he heard mention made of the amount of Champagne a boarder of Mr. ———'s consumed, and at once suspecting it to be his recreant parent, he called to see him, and was at once admitted to his presence. But oh, what a trial awaited him!—Mr. Smithson had been for three days labouring under delirium tremens, and with all the wild fancies of the maniac he was fighting with the horrible and loathsome phantoms of his imagination. It was a weary task that now devolved upon the noble youth, but faithfully and patiently did he discharge his duty. The family in which the erring man had found friends to watch over him, though they could not control his debasing appetite, were now nearly exhausted by their attendance upon him, for he could not be left a moment alone, lest in his madness he should commit suicide. George at once took upon himself the office of doctor and nurse, and prohibited every thing that could intoxicate from his fallen father. Oh, it was soul-moving to hear the manner in which the poor inebriate would plead for his wine to be allowed to allay the fever that was consuming his vitals; but his son maintained his steadiness of purpose, and at the end of a few days he had the pleasure of finding his father calm and rational. George at once proposed their immediate departure for home, and although evident traces of severe illness showed themselves at times in his father's countenance, he not only consented, but urged George to use every exertion to facilitate their return. He also permitted George to retain the money he had taken from him when delirious, and begged him to liquidate the debt he had incurred for the wine which had apparently given him his death blow. With a full heart George waited upon the creditor, and found his father had averaged three bottles daily, at \$2.50 per bottle; but the wasted money seemed nought to him in comparison with the wasted state of his father's health. He speedily embarked for New York, and on arriving here summoned the best physicians to his father's bed side; but in vain. The excesses into which his wine bibbing propensities had led him, acting upon an already shattered constitution, had sapped the foundation, and soon after their arrival in this city hope and life departed together.

In a conversation held with his son a few hours previous to his decease, he expressed his sorrow that his family had shielded him from the shame of his first heavy frolics, by confining him to his office and not permitting him even to approach their dwelling while intoxicated, lest other eyes than their own should witness his condition. To this day the friends of Mr. Smithson are ignorant as to what caused his death. Alas! "He died as a fool dieth."

#### THE DYING DRUNKARD.

His wife and two little helpless infants were standing by his bedside—she gazing with tearful eyes on his pale ema-

ciated countenance, while her little ones clung round her knees crying for bread. Alas! to what an awful standing had he brought himself and family! He was once happy, and held a reputation unsullied and pure, but he became a lover of his glass, gradually got acquainted with loose and dissipated company, and from thence steered direct for destruction and ruin. His neat little cottage soon lost the mark of respectability which it cherished—his wife soon learned how to weep with a broken heart—his children soon began to feel the pangs of hunger, and know the want of warm clothing; and himself—he soon what? No matter; look at him now! And thus it is with thousands. Men who would be our most useful members of society—men who would be ornaments to the country which gave them birth, perish through the baneful and accursed influence of intoxicating drink. But look—see he opened his hollow-sunken eyes, wrapt in haze, and gazed wistfully round the room.

"Margaret," he cried, in a very tremulous voice, "where are you? It is growing dark and dismal, so that I cannot see you; hush, did any one call me?"

"No, no, love, it's no one," sobbed the poor heart-broken wife; "do you want any thing? If you do, tell me, and ———"

"Stop, then, and I'll tell you," interrupted he, and as he spoke he made a convulsive effort to raise himself up in the bed. "Where is your hand, Margaret! Say, do you remember when I used to press it, how I used to breathe my vows of eternal constancy and love to you? when the nights bounded swiftly away from us as we sat locked in each other's arms, leaving us in astonishment how they vanished so quickly, eh?"

He had touched a chord, a tender one, which had not been awake for years.—"Samuel, my own Samuel," answered she, in checked accents, as she imprinted on his brow but once manly countenance a kiss, "for my sake lie down, and compose yourself, and all will be well."

"Ah, no, Margaret, that can never be," answered he, "would to God I had the opportunity, I would well profit by it; but ———," as he spoke his voice faltered, "a few moments, and 'twill be over. Where are my little ones? Bring them to me, that I may embrace the innocents whom I starved and robbed of their rights."

They were accordingly brought to him, and after pressing to his bosom and kissing them one by one, he requested of his wife to assist him in lying down. This done a calm and tranquil stillness reigned throughout the apartment, interrupted only by the stifled sobs of the unhappy wife, and the low moaning of his children. Death was hovering near: his lamp had burned down to its socket, and was fluttering. "Mercy—Oh heaven?" were his last words. A smile played upon his features—the spirit of life flew—the wife stood a widow, and her children were orphans.—*English paper.*

#### A WASHINGTONIAN.

The captain very cheerfully consented to have a temperance meeting in the cabin, and he kindly passed around inviting the passengers to assemble, and listen to the remarks of Judge S. The company met, near one hundred in number, in the beautiful upper cabin, to constitute the first Temperance meeting, probably, that ever listened to an address, while gliding over the crystal waters of Lake Huron. At the request of the Judge, I opened the meeting with prayer, and introduced the speaker by reading some certificates of his character. He then highly interested the audience by relating the following facts concerning himself. He came to Ohio with a good fortune, a strong constitution and a happy family, became an active and suc-