

Vol. XVII

THE CANADA

TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE, & NEWS.

PLEDGE.—We, the undersigned, do agree, that we will not use intoxicating liquors as a Beverage, nor Traffic in them; that we will not provide them as an article of Entertainment, nor for persons in our Employment; and that in all suitable ways we will discountenance their use throughout the community.

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MONTREAL, JUNE 16, 1851.

No. 13

The Maniac Mother, a Sketch from Real Life.

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(From the New England Diadem.)

It was night; a cold January night, when a physician was called to visit a sick child. The person who came for the physician gave him to understand that his services were required in an abode of poverty, but accustomed as he was to scenes of suffering and wretchedness, such as are only to be found in large cities, the Doctor was not prepared for the sight which met his eyes upon this occasion.

After proceeding for some time through a series of dark, poorly lighted streets, known to be tenanted by the humbler, and in too many instances by the lowest class in the community, his guide entered a gloomy alley, and stopped at the door of a wretched dilapidated building.

His guide here cautioned him to be careful of the steps or stairs leading to the sick chamber, as they were so much broken and decayed as to render them dangerous even by daylight.

Onward and upward they groped their way in darkness, and at length reached the door of the sick chamber.

It was an attic, a small attic, not more than twelve feet square.

But language is inadequate to describe the desolate appearance of that room. Of furniture, there was literally none, a sack of straw upon the bare floor in one corner of the room served as an apology for a bed, while a bundle of rags in another corner served as another. Of chairs, tables, &c., there was none, a few broken stools supplied the place of chairs, an old chest cover was the only table, a broken tea pot, a few cracked cups and saucers, and you have an inventory of all the furniture of that wretched apartment. No, not all, for strangely out of place in such a situation, there were hanging against the damp, dark walls of that old garret, two splendid portraits, but the rich gilt frames which had once surrounded them had disappeared.

But it is time that we introduce the occupant of this abode of misery to our readers.

Upon entering the room, the first object that met the eye was the figure of a tall, but bowed down and still beautiful woman, seated over a small furnace in which were a few embers, not affording heat that could be felt three feet from it, yet it contained the last particle of fuel they had.

It needed but a glance to satisfy any one, that that poor woman had not always fared thus, had not always been a child of want. In her arms she held the little patient, a lovely child of a beautiful mother.

With a feeble voice, but a kindly, lady like greeting, she welcomed the doctor, and thanked him for his attendance.

'You will perceive doctor,' said she, sorrowfully casting her eyes about the room, while for a moment they rested upon the portraits already alluded to, 'that gratitude is the only

recompense I now can offer in return for your services; alas! it was not so always, but God's will be done.'

The doctor's attention was at once called to the poor little sufferer. The child was sick—very sick—not only so, but famishing; dying slowly, but certainly dying, for want of the nourishment suited to its condition. Poor thing! it had never known what it was to be well. The inheritor of disease through a consumptive, broken-hearted mother, its little life had been all shadows, not a beam of bright sunlight had ever appeared upon her path. And she was now dying, unconscious that life had any phases save those of suffering.

It would have been in vain to attempt to conceal from that mother the real danger of the child; nay the terrible truth, that a few days, perhaps hours of suffering would close the scene in death. All that skill and kindness could suggest to palliate and soften her sufferings were done, but in a few days her sufferings ended. The mother wept, of course, but it was not 'as those weep who have no hope.'

She was not left childless. A son, a boy about twelve years of age, was left her. Edwin was a youth every way worthy of such a mother, he loved and worshipped her as his divinity. Worthy mother! noble boy! they were indeed a lovely pair.

It is hardly necessary to tell the reader that the physician exerted himself to relieve this family from the condition in which he first found them. Friends were raised up for them, they were removed to more comfortable quarters, and means supplied to relieve their necessities. Shortly after, by the death of a distant relative of the lady, she was placed in a condition if not of affluence, at least of comfort.

In the meantime, her history had been made known to the physician and friends who relieved her in the hour of adversity.

It was a sad one, but not sadder than a thousand others in our land.

She was a child of wealthy parents, who died in her infancy, leaving her vast riches.

In early womanhood she gave her hand, her heart, her all to Charles—, and all appeared bright and beautiful in the future.

Charles— was a lawyer of eminent abilities, and was by all who knew him deemed every way worthy of the beautiful and accomplished heiress Ella.

Who could have imagined that a day bright as theirs would ever have a cloud? Who supposed that a blight could fall upon that trusting, loving woman's heart?

Who believes that in such a paradise as surrounded them there could lurk a destroying demon?

But so it was. By slow, and at first almost imperceptible degrees, the tempter made his advances. Charles— was ensnared, the wine-cup commenced the work of havoc, the brandy bottle completed the task.

By a course of dissipation, as well as unfortunate speculation, their property disappeared until all was gone save the