

that has swept thousands of unsuspecting souls to the bottomless pit. Must this out-offspring, the richest gift of heaven, always bear the degrading name of a drunkard's daughter? Forbid it, merciful heavens! Here was a pause, for grief overpowered her utterance. As I said before, my father was a tender-hearted man, and this was too much for him to bear; he had bowed his head and was weeping like a child. 'Mary,' said he, 'I yielded to the entreaties of wicked men; I know that I am the most unworthy wretch on this side of eternity. I have not a heart to ask your forgiveness; you know that you were the first that won my heart, and I have never taken so much comfort as in your society; and now that I have betrayed that confidence, and been the cause of so many scalding tears, it is too much for nature to bear.' His tears were expressive of shame, sorrow, and disgrace. For a time silence was unbroken, except by the choking sighs, in which by this time I began freely to participate. At length mother composed herself a little, arose from the seat and approached her companion. 'Charles,' said she, 'I have been too severe upon you; I am now satisfied of your repentance and good resolutions; look up and say that you will forgive my rashness, and we will remember the past no more.' 'Would to heaven,' said he, 'that I could forgive myself; and now, Mary, if you can repose any confidence in my word, believe that I will drink no more; and as there is pardon in heaven for guilty men, I will show by my future sobriety, that above all things I esteem domestic felicity, and detest the sarcasm of a drunkard's grave.'"

"The vows thus plighted were kept as sacred as if recorded in heaven, nor was our felicity disturbed for the space of two years. But our comfort was too satisfactory to be of long continuance. The demon of destruction was about to cross our threshold, and turn our joys to sorrows. Father took a voyage to the West Indies, to transact some business devolving upon him. It was hard to part with one so tender and so beloved, little knowing whether he would ever again grace, with his presence, the little family that now bewailed his absence. His final farewell went to the soul; and it seems that I can yet hear the sound of the bell that bemoaned his departure. We watched the ship that bore him away, until she seemed a mere speck upon the azure sky. The two months that rolled so slowly away, we thought a long while to be deprived of his cheering society. The time at length passed away and we once more beheld his visage. But, oh! he was an altered man. He had been in company with those who delight in sipping the hellish liquor, until he had been influenced to swallow that which he had resolved never to touch. And when he had once yielded the government of himself, his former appetites returned with a power that overcame his resistance. Rum soon destroyed his tender and manly sentiments, and instead of spending his evenings in the domestic circle, he would be visiting the by-ways to hell; and he soon became one to replenish the ranks of drunkards. Still he seemed sensible of his ruin, and often have I seen him weep over his own barbarity, and the abuses he had inflicted upon his family; and often would he promise, in the most solemn manner, that he would in future abstain from this degrading evil. But rum had become his god, and though he pledged many vows, yet for this darling idol, he broke them all. And, when intoxicated, no behaviour that could be invented by the infernal spirits of the lower world, was too bad for him to practise, and the miseries of the three succeeding years are beyond the power of language to express. Rum had destroyed his fortune, his character, and his health; and, after suffering great debility, he was attacked with the *delirium tremens*, a disease common to the victims of unbridled appetites, when they have indulged to a certain extent in their accustomed stimulant. Death, in all its changing varieties, can never affect the human soul with such awful sensations, as it experiences

while standing by the bedside of a wretched inebriate, suffering with this terrible disease. My poor father's reeling brain, and terrified imagination, had conjured up a multitude of fancies, far more terrible than ever tantalized the wildest maniac. His glaring eyes would alternately roll in their strained sockets, as if in pursuit of ever-changing objects, which he imagined had left the abodes of hell, and come to torment him. When breathing his last, he convulsively grasped the air, and struck with appalling energy at the approaching phantoms with which he imagined himself surrounded; and, giving a wild and frightful shriek, he sunk back upon his pillow, and put off mortality. Mother, who had watched by his bedside with fearful anxiety, for three weeks, sank into a state of exhaustion, and almost insanity. The many and severe trials through which she had been called to pass, during the three preceding years, had made many inroads upon her constitution, which terminated in a fatal disease, and now her mortal remains lie beside those of my father; and I am left alone to mourn their loss, until the Lord shall see fit to call me to himself, and wipe away my tears."

Thus she closed this mournful narrative, which has rested with so much weight upon my mind, that I now present it to the public, in hopes that it may be the feeble means, in the hand of God, of doing some little good in the cause of temperance.

J. MARTIN.

Osnabruck, August 20, 1849.

#### A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

The following thrilling quotation we make from the very interesting volume just published of *Lectures and Writings of Dr. Jewett on Temperance*.

The vice we are especially considering accomplishes with apparent ease, and sometimes with the most frightful rapidity, a work of utter devastation upon the characters and affections of individuals, which the united influence of all other known vices for years, without the aid of intemperance, can but barely accomplish. A single illustration may serve to convey to you precisely my meaning, and at the same time scatter any doubt you may at first entertain of the soundness of the view I am laboring to present. Some years since, while engaged in the practice of my profession in the state of Rhode Island, I was consulted in the case of a little girl of about fourteen years of age, if I rightly recollect, whose parents resided within a hundred rods of my office. The child was suffering under that terrible form of disease, consumption; and I was well aware that all the service I could render her would be, by a careful and judicious employment of appropriate means, to relieve distressing symptoms, which might from time to time occur, while organic disease of a vital organ, the lungs, was daily moving forward to a fatal termination. Kind words, and the manifestation of an affectionate interest in all that might concern the sufferer, together with what is understood by good nursing, is far better in such a case as the one I have described, than much medicine, though the employment of medicine may be very efficient sometimes in relieving the pains attendant on a disease of a fatal character, if its administration be directed by sound physiological principles and common sense. With such views of my duties in the case before me, I called frequently on the little sufferer. The gratitude she ever evinced for any service rendered her, the noble fortitude with which she bore her sufferings, and the sweet, angelic temper of mind she ever evinced under circumstances which might have been regarded as a sufficient apology for peevishness and petulance, and, added to all this, her cheerful acquiescence in any arrangement which her friends about her judged for the best, together completed a character which secured my admiration—ay, more, my love. Although I had no reason to expect any