

that saved me. After those around me grew intoxicated, I had enough to do to protect myself from them. Some attacked and dared me to fight; others pressed the poisonous draught to my lips, and bade me drink. My lips and throat were parched with thirst, but I knew if I drank with them I must lose my reason as they did, and perhaps blaspheme my Maker.

"One by one they died, these poor infuriated wretches; their shrieks and groans still seem to ring in my ears. It was in vain that the captain and other officers, and a few good men, warned them of what would ensue if they thus continued to drink, and tried every method to restore them to order. They still drank the intoxicating liquor; they grew delirious and died in heaps.

"Dear mother, our sufferings from hunger and cold you cannot imagine. After my feet were frozen, but before I lost the use of my hands, I discovered a box among fragments of the wreck, far under water. I toiled with a rope to drag it up; but my strength was not sufficient. A comrade, who was still able to move a little, assisted me. We hoped it might contain bread, and took courage; uniting our strength we burst it open. It contained only a few bottles of olive oil; yet we gave God thanks, for we found that by occasionally moistening our lips, and swallowing a little, it allayed the gnawing burning pain in the stomach. At length my comrade died, and I lay beside him as one dead, surrounded by corpses.

"Presently the violence of the tempest that had so long raged, subsided, and I heard quick footsteps and strange voices amid the wreck where we lay. They were the blessed people of Plymouth, who had dared every danger to save us. They lifted in their arms and wrapped in blankets all who could speak; then they earnestly sought all who could move; but every drunkard was among the dead, and I was so exhausted with toil and suffering, and cold, that I could not stretch a hand to my deliverers. They passed me again, and again.

"They carried the living to the boat. I feared that I was left behind. Then I prayed earnestly in my heart, 'O Lord, for the sake of my widowed mother, for the sake of my dear sister, save me!'

"Methought the last man had gone, and I besought my Redeemer to receive my spirit. But I felt a warm breath in my face; I strained every nerve; my whole soul strove and shuddered within me. Still my body was immovable as marble. Then a loud voice said, 'Come back, and help me out with this poor lad; one of his eyelids trembles—he lives!' O the music of that sweet voice to me! The trembling eyelid, the prayer to God, and your own lessons of temperance, my mother, saved me."

Then the loving sister embraced him with tears, and the mother said, "Praise be to Him who hath spared my son to be the comfort of my age."

**SOBER LEGISLATION.**—Has not the time fully come when the temperance strength of the nation should demand of the various political parties, that their candidates for the National Legislature shall be practically temperance men, and pledged to the cause of prohibition in the District of Columbia? Why should the grog-shop thrive under the legislation of the General Government, if it is the duty of our State Legislatures to prohibit it? This question must be met ere long; the sooner the better. Why should political parties demand our suffrages

for men whose position upon this subject no true temperance man dare sanction, when they have those in their ranks who are not only sound on the question of temperance, but eminently qualified for any office in the gift of the people. Let us have as candidates for office, men who neither make nor vend, nor use the drunkard's drink, and who are well qualified in all other respects, to sustain the honor and character of the nation. Surely, the difficult processes of legislation can be as satisfactorily elaborated in the brain that is free from the poison alcohol, as in that which is inflamed and scorched by wine or brandy. Give us sober men for legislators, and we shall have sober laws. Give us sober Presidents, Cabinets, Judges, Marshalls, &c., and our laws will be soberly administered. I trust that the friends of temperance throughout the State and Union will ponder these simple truths, and in the exercise of the elective franchise, remember how intimately our character and destiny as a people are involved in the sobriety of our rulers. If on this point their wishes are disregarded by politicians, the remedy is in their own hands, and they will not only be wanting in self-respect, but traitors to every principle of morality and every impulse of patriotism, if they hesitate to use it.—*Delavan.*

### The Tree of Death.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Let the king of the grave be asked to tell  
The plant that he loveth best,  
And it will not be the cypress tree,  
Though 'tis ever the churchyard guest;  
He will not mark the hemlock dark,  
Nor stay where the night shade spreads;  
He will not say 'tis the sombre yew;  
Though it springs o'er skeleton heads:  
He will not point to the willow branch,  
Where breaking spirits pine beneath;  
For a brighter leaf sheds deeper grief;  
And a fairer tree is the tree of death.

But where the green rich stalks are seen,  
Where ripe fruit gush and shifo,  
'This, this,' cries he, 'is the tree for me  
The vine, the beautiful vine!  
I crouch among the emerald leaves,  
Gemmed with the ruby grapes;  
I dip my spear, in the poison here,  
And he is strong that escapes.  
Crowd dance around, with satyr bound,  
Till my dart is hurled from its traitor sheath,  
When I shriek with glee—no friend to me  
Is so true as the vine—the tree of death.'

O, the glossy vine has a serpent charm,  
It bears an unblest fruit;  
There's a taint about each tendrilled arm,  
And a curse upon its root.  
Its juice may flow warm to the brow,  
And wildly lighten the eye,  
But the phrenzied mirth of a revelling crew  
Will make the wise man sigh;  
For the maniac laugh the trembling frame,  
The idiot speech and pestilent breath,  
The shattered mind, the blasted frame,  
Are wrought by the vine—the tree of death.

Fill, fill the glass, and let it pass;  
But ye who quaff! O think  
That even the heart that loves must loathe  
The lips that deeply drink,  
The breast may mourn o'er a close link torn,  
And the scalding drops may roll;  
But 'tis better to mourn o'er a painless form  
Than the wreck of a living soul.  
Then, a health to the hemlock, the cypress, and yew,  
The worm-hiding grass, and the willow wreath;  
For, though shading the tomb, they fling not a gloom  
So dark as the vine—the tree of death.