

ployments. All my friends who were worth preserving abandoned me, and my only associates were drunkards and gamblers. When almost reduced to want (for I had left off business,) I received a letter, informing me of the death of my father—that father who had watched over my early years—who loved me so tenderly. And did I act as an affectionate child? No. Vice had destroyed the human feelings of my heart, and left only the animal passions and appetites—as the letter contained a check for 500 dollars, a part of my poor father's hard earnings, I drowned my grief that night at a revel, and in a few days I was again penniless. I will not dwell upon the every day scenes of my life, which were such as may at all times be witnessed at any of the *dram shops of your city*, where wretched men squander the little pittance that justly belongs to their suffering wives and children. For nearly three years I have been a drunken, wandering outcast. Six months ago I received a letter from my dear mother, enclosing a hundred dollars, and informing me that she was fast sinking with disease, and entreating with all a mother's feeling, to come home and see her before she died. For a time I felt the appeal, and resolved to comply with her request; and accordingly took passage in a steamboat for that purpose. For two days I refrained from liquor: but at length my appetite overpowered my better feelings, and I approached the Bar and demanded the liquid fire. I was soon intoxicated, when I madly sought the gaming table; and before the boat reached Louisville, I was stripped of every cent. Thus all hopes of seeing my dying mother cut off, I remained at Louisville several weeks: and in the which time I learned that my mother had died, and that her last breath was spent in prayer for her wretched child. From Louisville I shipped on board the steamer *Brazil*, as a deck hand, and came to this place, where I was discharged for drunkenness. Let every young man reflect upon this picture, I, who had moved in the first circles of society—had been the guest of distinguished public men, and a favourite among the literati of our country—was now turned off as unfit for a deck hand in a steamboat! yes, *intemperance* had done this much.

I loitered about this city for several weeks, and was sometimes engaged in posting up the books of some *Dram Shop*, for which I was paid in the liquid fire, kept for customers. One evening I fell in company with a man who has lately been lodged in jail for passing counterfeit money. We played cards, and I won from him the three dollar bill in question. The next day I learned it was a counterfeit, and I did not offer to pass it for some days. But at last I got out of all employment. I had no other money—I could meet no one who would ask me to drink. My appetite was like a fire within me. I sought a *dram shop*—offered the bill—it was accepted; and when found a few hours after, by the officers of justice, I was beastly drunk.

The evidence of guilt was conclusive, and before my brain was clear of the intoxicating fumes, I was lodged in jail to await my trial. I am now done. I have not detained the Court with any hope or wish that clemency would be extended to my case. But with a hope that my example may be a warning to other young men—that those who hear me may, when asked to play a *social game of cards* or drink a *social glass*, think of my fate and refrain

They may think themselves secure—they may believe they can stop when they please; but let them remember that I argued thus until I was lost." [Here the defendant sunk down and appeared to be very much affected; and for a few moments silence reigned throughout the Court House.]

At length the judge, who is as much distinguished for the qualities of his heart as he is for learning as a Judge, proceeded in a brief but appropriate manner to pass sentence upon the defendant, putting his punishment in the Penitentiary down to the shortest time allowed by the law—*Missouri Pennant*.

THE SAILOR.

About four months since I was accosted by a weather beaten tar, whose appearance showed that he had weathered many a storm, but whose blackened eye and trembling limbs proved that the perils on land had been more disastrous than the dangers of the deep. He had for years whilst on shore been the victim of rum-selling, and the prey of those harpies that infest sinks of iniquity. He approached with a dejected look and spoke as follows:

"I hope you will excuse me, sir, but I am in a very bad state as you perceive. I have suffered dreadfully for a long time from drinking, and although I don't care much about it myself, I can't help it, when I am where it is, and my shipmates are urging me to drink."

"You had better make up your mind to leave it off at once," I said.

"That is what I want to do, sir,—and if you will put my name on the Temperance Book, I would thank you."

"I will gladly do it," said I; "and if you will come up to-night I will go with you to the Temperance Meeting."

"I will, sir—I will."

A little before the time named he presented himself with his nerves somewhat steadier, but still a pitiable object of intertemperance.

"Well," said I, "you are true to your time,"—and off to the meeting we went, and as soon as the invitation to sign the pledge was given, up he stepped, and down went his name.

After the meeting I gave him a caution to stand fast and we parted. The next morning my new convert made his appearance,—and with a sorrowful look, he said:

"I can't stop where I am, Sir; if I do I shall break my pledge. My landlord and shipmates are trying all they can to get me drunk. I can't stand it, sir."

"Well," said I, "you must leave. How long have you been in the house—what is the amount of your bill?"

"I have only been there for two or three days, but my bill for grog is rather heavy," he replied.

I paid the amount of his bill, which was nearly nine dollars, and had his dunnage taken to the Sailor's Home, where he stopped about a week, kept his pledge, got thoroughly sober, and obtained a voyage up the Straits—and for once in his life, rendered himself on board, a sober seaman, in possession of his senses, and knowing what port he was bound for.

Three months slipped round, and brought back my honest tar. He met me with a look of gratitude, and gave me such a grip as made my fingers fairly ache.

"Well," said I, "have you kept your pledge?"

"Oh, yes, sir, and mean to keep it."