

*Brother Jonathan's Cottage;*  
*Or,*

A FRIEND TO THE FALLEN.

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BY  
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"MODERN BENEFACTORS," &c.

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## PREFACE.

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The following sketches have been drawn with the design of portraying some of the baleful consequences which are perpetually arising among us from the use of alcoholic drinks.

If it were possible to depict all the evils attributable to this source as they actually exist, not only in our own, but in other lands—all the bitter tears which they cause to flow—the anguish of heart which they cause to be experienced—the agonizing spectacles which they cause to be seen, and the death-like groans and sufferings which they cause to be heard and felt, there would be a sight of horror presented to the world, appalling and sickening.

If we shall have succeeded in contributing somewhat to the advancement of a cause having for its express object the alleviation of human misery—the doing away of a traffic, demoralizing in its every aspect and tendency—the wiping out of a stain which has been sinking deeper and deeper into the human character for centuries, and the regulating of a depraved and depraving public appetite, which has been consumptive of a revenue amply sufficient, if judiciously applied, to have rendered poverty a phrase no longer in use, and paupers a race of beings long since extinct—the great end of this volume will have been attained.

The evils of infidelity and atheism are scattered and fluctuating; those of war and slavery are comparatively limited and local; but those of intemperance encompass the earth, and are spread from pole to pole. They seem literally to grow with the growth of civilization, and to strengthen with its strength.

There are, however, in our country, at this time, noble minds laboring, as such only will labor, and pleading, as such only will plead, for a suppression of this traffic, and for some feasible mode of protecting themselves and their posterity from the influence of the unholy beverage.

PREFACE.

The fervor of philanthropists, the eloquence of poets, the pictures of painters, the skilfulness of artists, the creations of sculptors, and the wisdom of sages are required to effect, by their concerted efforts, an universal deliverance from the bondage of the cup. A spirit of self-redemption from the bonds of this monster tyrant is abroad in this land, and may its quickening energies be augmented, till it shall stand up proudly, nobly, manfully, and say "*Sic semper tyrannus.*"

We want the souls which this Nadir would utterly ruin, to become our companions in happiness here and hereafter. We want the funds which he would squander, to feed, clothe, and educate our children. We want the prisons which he would fill with wretches, to become abodes for happy men and women. We don't want another grave dug for the inebriate; nor another alms-house built for his wife and children. We don't want another scaffold erected for the drunkard who slays his brother; nor another brother to prepare or aid in preparing a man for so unhappy a doom, while there is a possibility of avoiding it. Let it be said that the time is come when

"Man's humanity to man,  
Fills countless hearts with joy."

Certain it is that none can be too zealous in such a cause, where-soever zeal is guided by judgment. And we know, moreover, that every successive pulse-beat either forwards or retards the task of human amelioration.

Have we minds? then let us consider what important work they may accomplish. Have we hearts? then let us resolve on some appropriate object to engage their affections. Have we hands? then let us apply them to the performing of some beneficent office, so that when our last hour shall have come, we may lay an undefiled hand on an unsullied heart

"And robed in garments white,  
Rise from the couch of death, to an eternal light."

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### CHAPTER I.

#### A MOTHER'S COUNSEL AND PRECAUTION.

Early in the morning of a lovely day in May, a mother and her son were absorbed in earnest converse, seated on a twisted elm chair which was standing on a pleasant grass-plat, fronting a plainly constructed but neatly furnished dwelling in the village of S——, New Hampshire. A vernal sun had already tempered the winter winds, and the genial warmth of spring was infusing a new life everywhere. The bloom was returning once more to the cheek of Nature, and her life-blood bounded afresh through every vein; while summer, like a budding rose, was seen at a distance, and exhaled her virgin odors as the heralds of her approach. The young man listened with an attentiveness which proved the high value he set on the words uttered by his loved parent.

She was possessed of a tall, well-formed, commanding figure, a full light-blue eye, and delicately wrought features, together with a countenance expressive of superior native intelligence, lofty moral feelings, and the tenderest maternal affection. Her conversation was dignified, yet pointed, while

the earnestness of tone which almost invariably characterized her remarks, gave authoritativeness to all she said. Her manner was simple, yet natural, and she manifested an ease and elegance of address fitting her to adorn any sphere of life.

Her son, a young man of two-and-twenty years, inherited the imposing and elegantly formed person of his mother, her general cast of features and expression, along with a large share of her intellectual vigor, moral purity, social tenderness, and cordiality of feeling, besides a certain daring, enterprising spirit, which rendered him entirely self-confident, and therefore restless when unemployed. These latter qualities were, however, more peculiarly characteristic of his deceased father, Col. Vernon, who fell in battle while engaged in his country's defence.

We observed that the parent and child were earnestly absorbed in conversation.

"I can give you counsel, my son, but you alone must act."

"Aye, good mother, and your counsels shall guide my acts, even as the compass guides the mariner."

"I doubt it not, dear boy. I know that youth is always lavish of good promises; still, I doubt you not."

"By my uncle's love!" affirmed William, "I'll endeavor to redeem mine, and by-and-bye return to you, not like the prodigal son, a repentant sinner, but like a Spartan hero, wearing the wreath of success on my brow, and the flush of triumph on my cheek."

"Since your father's death," continued Mrs. Vernon, "I have leaned, as it were, on you; and now that you leave me, who shall I look to for daily help, save our Heavenly Father? for Edie is yet of tender age, and your sisters depend on me for everything."

"Heaven, in its mercy," replied William, "has granted you abundant pecuniary resources for several years to come, and then I hope to be able to supply you from my own coffers, should you need it."

"It is a grateful and a loving hope, my son; but can't you be persuaded to abandon your project, and remain at home with me?"

"What, in the name of goodness, dear mother, can I do here!" replied he, in an excited tone; "a mere country place like this affords few or no advantages for a man to rise in the world."

"Love and protect me while I live, for one thing," replied Mrs. Vernon, pleasantly; "and may we not rise in the estimation of God and all good men, wherever we are?" added she, gently laying her hand on his manly shoulder.

"True, we may," replied William, taking off his hat and dandling it unconsciously; "but then you know mankind differ as to what constitutes a great man, as the world goes; and I too, among the rest, entertain my opinion about it."

"I see, then, William, that you are resolved to try your fortune among strangers," said Mrs. Vernon, in a more pliant tone.

"Would it seem so strange, then, to any one, that I should secure fortune, or even fame too, by acting upon that resolution?" questioned he, boldly.

"Not at all," she replied, blandly, "not at all, my son; but in New-York, you know, as in every large town, a young man is so beset with temptation, that I almost fear"—

"Oh, fear not, dear mother," interrupted he. "I'll be more circumspect on that account," as with compressed lips he drew in a long breath of stern determination for pursuing a course of unflinching rectitude.

"I can't help thinking, said Mrs. Vernon, feelingly, "how many temperate, industrious, moral young men leave their quiet country homes, and in the course of a few years become wretched inebriates, with their wives and innocent children poverty stricken, disgraced and unhappy. Oh! William, should I ever live to see"—and bursting into tears, she wept only as a mother can weep, when either present or prospect.

ive dangers threaten her child. William's eye moistened as he beheld the loving anxiety of his mother manifest itself in heart-melting sobs, and sat reverently silent at her side.

Recovering herself somewhat, she added in broken accents, "How many things would I say to you now ! My heart is full ; a lifetime seems too short, in which to tell you all ; but you'll remember never to touch"—

"The poisonous beverage," interrupted William. "Nay, mother, while I live," added he, "while I live, and by Heaven's blessing, I never will."

"Nor ever enter the —"

"Gambling House," interrupted he again ; "nay, by the Holy One, I will ever pass it by ; and by my remembrance of you, I will despise it."

"Be it so, my boy. God, our Heavenly Father, is a witness to this promise," observed Mrs. Vernon, emphatically.

"Yes, and may He forsake me, if I ever break it, so long as I'm a sane man," exclaimed William, in a most self-confident and determined manner.

Mrs. Vernon, at this moment, stooping down, plucked a grass-blade, and holding it up before them, observed—"My son, behold the dew-drops on this blade of grass. They are symbols of a holy life ; so live in this sphere, that when you're born into the next, you'll be found a spiritual dew-drop glittering on the rose of truth. You'll find the world tenacious of its own interests, and the truly disinterested only one among a myriad. You'll meet with gains and losses as a business man, and manhood 'll never be more called for than when misfortune falls upon you. You'll often think of home and early years ; yet remember that years of joy or sorrow may follow the obedience or disobedience of simple home advice. Let conscience be your girdle, and reason your shield. The higher you rise, the more dangerously you'll be tempted but trample the tempter, in whatsoever form he may appear, beneath the heel of honesty, or face him with a dis-

pellling frown. See, dear William, see ! the sun has made a cloudless rise, and the cheerful lustre of his diamond front augurs a lovely day. 'Tis so with you ; and O, my child, I pray your every earthly step may lead you on to happiness and heaven."

She now entered the house in order to prepare breakfast, as her three daughters, the eldest fifteen years, and her youngest son, aged eight years, were engaged in the garden, cultivating flowers and preparing beds for gardening purposes.

William sat musing alone beneath the green willow tree. How touching would naturally be his varied thoughts ! "In a few hours," said he, "I'm to leave, for a longer or shorter period of time—perhaps, forever—the dearest objects to me on earth ; a kind and indulgent mother, three loving sisters, and Edie, dear little Edie, my only brother. Shall I ever again sit by my mother's side, beneath these over-hanging branches ? Shall I ever again return to this plain but cheerful home, happy as I am now ? Yes, I must leave all. O, now adieu, ye cherished objects of my native place ! Adieu, ye gently murmuring brooks ; I'll yearn to list to your refreshing music often ere I visit you again ! Adieu, ye granite hills, that stud the arch of heaven ; I'll long to inhale your bracing airs when far away ! Adieu, ye sacred forests ; my interviews with ye are hallowed, and memory's eye shall oftentimes gaze upon ye as jewelled relics ! Adieu, ye winding paths and mossy seats ; other paths invite my steps, and other seats must now repose my weary frame, for years to come ! Adieu, ye summer flowers, whose odors will no longer charm my sense ; and ye wintry snows, upon whose pure white bosom I shall look no more as I erst have done ! O, ye are friends, from whom I cannot part without a pang. I know the sun will rise wherever I may go ; but rising, will he shine so fair as over my place of birth ? I know that I shall eat and sleep and read elsewhere, as I do here ; but richest viands abroad, relish poorer than plainest fare at home. Among

strangers, a bed of softest down lies harder than the most indifferent couch beneath a parent's roof; and where can a good book be read so eloquently as at the centre of one's own family circle? Alas, is my sweet sister band to look and call oft for their Willie to come home; but to look and call in vain? And who will be a companion for little Edie?" he asked plaintively, pausing to wipe away the unbidden drops which fell in quick succession down his healthy cheek. After slightly suppressing the emotions which reflections like these would instinctively induce in an affectionate bosom, he added—"Nevertheless, I hope to return at some future day, a man nobly distinguished among men; in short, I'm determined to rise in the world, at all sacrifice sanctioned by reason and conscience."

"Come, my son, to breakfast," said Mrs. Vernon, as she opened the door, with a motherly smile playing on her countenance; "come, you don't know what good things I've got for you this morning."

William arose, and slowly but thoughtfully followed his mother; and with her, his brother, and three sisters, was soon seated at the table; but his heart was heavy and his countenance sad.

"Why, Willie," exclaimed Amanda, whose quick eye saw that all was not as usual, "what makes your eyes look so red? you look as pale—mother, is Willie sick?" added the child in a low voice. Mrs. Vernon was silent for a moment.

"Say, Willie, what is the matter?" entreated Amanda, with trembling voice; and receiving no immediate reply, she covered her sweet face with her little hands and sobbed aloud.

"Children," observed Mrs. Vernon, with as much firmness as she could command, "Willie is going to New York to become a clerk in his uncle's store, and it makes him feel unhappy to think he will be so far away from you and me."

A short silence followed this unexpected announcement.

At length, Laura, his eldest sister, raising her apron to her eyes, said: "Oh, Willie! what makes you go away so far? we'll be so lonesome when night comes."

"Do not go to the big city, among strangers, Willie! He won't go, will he, mamma?" said Martha, looking up through loving tears to her mother.

Little Amanda was now become intensely excited as the reality of her brother's leaving flashed fearfully before her; and with the intuitive policy of an ardent-hearted child, sprang to his side, and throwing her small white arms around his neck, cried: "O, Willie, Willie! you must'nt go away; mamma'll cry so when you're gone, and I'll, I'll"—she faintly added, bursting into an irrepressible fit of grief on William's bosom.

"How can I leave a home filled with so much love for me?" said William mentally, while his eye filled and his lips quivered with emotion.

"You must'nt feel so sad, Amanda, because, when I come back, I'll bring you a pretty dress, some good books, and a great many nice things," said he, raising her slowly from his bosom, meanwhile resting his hand gently on her head, and imprinting a kiss on a her pale fair brow. "Yes," he continued, by way of consolation, "you, Laura, Martha and Edie, shall all have presents when Willie comes home again."

Little Edie, who had been a silent, though knowing observer of this scene, stood closely by his mother's side, as if he must press closer to that side because Willie would be no longer there. At this instant, the village coach came at full speed up to the street gate. It was near six miles to the railroad depot. As he again pressed the hands of those dear ones, tears burst forth afresh; a moment more, the last loving look was taken, the coach door was slammed to, the porter's whip cracked and flourished in the air, and the coach with its sacred contents rolled away. Elijah, when he rode towards

the city not made with hands, in his chariot of fire, was not followed by a more heartfelt solicitude, than was William Vernon by those whom he left behind.

Mrs. Vernon and her precious little group returned again to their duties, she to the adjusting of her household, and they to the preparing of the garden. The day thus wore away; and, as the afternoon was passing, they would ever and anon interrogate each other, such as "Where now can Willie be? Mamma, you don't think brother 'll get hurt on the cars, do you?" was often on the lips of the blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked Amanda.

"No, my child, I think not; but you must trust in the Lord to protect your brother Willie from all harm."

Evening at length came, the lamp was lighted and placed on a work-stand in the centre of the sitting room, surrounded by the remaining family circle. Anon a gentle tapping was heard at the door, which opened to admit an old neighbor and familiar face.

"Good evening, Mr. Solomon," said Mrs. Vernon, "we are glad to see you. Laura, dear, set along a chair."

Mr. Solomon was one of that peculiar class, who, when somewhat advanced in years, and well-to-do in the world, become exceedingly inquisitive about other people's affairs, are rather loquacious, plain, blunt and homespun in their phraseology and manners, extremely sociable, and quite liberal in little things, such as a platter of apples, a glass of cider, penny donations, and the like; are eager to learn the latest news, and anxious to be the first to spread it among friends and acquaintances with a generous broad-cast, interspersing their remarks with a plentiful number of "They says," "I'm tolds," "I heards," and similar authorities, wherewith to confirm the truthfulness of what they may say, or at least to shield themselves, should their sayings by-and-bye return to harass their authors.

"How are the folks at home, Mr. Solomon?" asked Mrs. Vernon, smilingly.

"All well, thank you, only Betsy's got a cold, and Jimmy fell and hurt his knee this morning. How are all yours?"

"They're all here, and well, you see, except William, and he's gone to New-York," replied Mrs. Vernon.

"What! what! 's Billy gone cl'ar down to New-York? why how you talk. What on 'arth's sake has 'e gone thar for?" enquired Solomon, immensely astonished.

"Well, you know," replied Mrs. Vernon, "that his uncle, Mr. Wilkins, who retired from business a few years ago, and was succeeded by his son-in-law, Mr. Hulburt, wrote him a few weeks since, that if he would come to the city he should have an excellent situation in his son-in-law's store; so, you see, he left home this morning for New-York."

"Wal, wal, I al'ays knowed that Bill'd be a somebody more'n common, if he ever got a chance; then Bill's ra'ly gone, eh? But what salary does he get?" questioned Solomon, in a self-satisfied manner, as he pressed his short, thin lips with the head of his hickory cane.

"I can't tell you at present," responded Mrs. Vernon. "William promised, however, to write me all the particulars as soon as he should become fairly settled."

"I s'pose, then, we'll know, in a few weeks, what Bill's about down thar 'mong the 'big bugs.' O, I'll warrant you he'll be one on 'em in time," said Solomon, with a chuckle.

"What's the news around the village to-day, Mr. Solomon?" asked Mrs. Vernon, playfully.

"Oh, nothin' much, only they say that Bob Dale, who went off to Boston a few years ago, you know, has just got back," replied Solomon.

"You don't mean Robert Dale, whose parents were killed on the cars several years ago, do you?"

"Yes, ma'm, I do; Bob's got back agin," replied Solomon, courageously.

"He isn't married, Mr. Solomon?"

"He's nothin' else, Ma'm; yes sir, Bob's married, *I'm told*, and has two good lookin' young 'uns as anybody's folks; but oh, oh! *they say* what a poor, miserable cout he's got to be, tho'," continued Solomon, stamping his cane on the floor, and knitting his brow impressively.

"Where is he stopping?" asked Mrs. Vernon, with increased anxiety.

"Well, *I heard* that good old Honse, just above here, had him at his house: some call him Brother Jonathan, you know."

"How came he to go to Brother Jonathan's with his family?" questioned Mrs. Vernon; "is his wife related to Mr. or Mrs. Jonathan?"

"No," replied Solomon, "not that I know on; but they tell me that Honse got a letter from Bob's wife a spell ago, askin' him if Bob had any friends up here who'd be willin' to treat him kind'er good, and help him settle agin in his trade here, provided he come; and that Honse wrote back and told her and Bob to come rite along too, and he'd see to 'em."

"Did Mrs. Dale have any acquaintance with the Jonathans, that you know of, Mr. Solomon, before she came here?"

"No, s'pose not, ma'm; but then yer see, Bob's told her all about him, what a rale, right down kinder hearted critter he is. Bob's been 'shamed to write hisself, and so he's got his wife to do it, or else she's writ herself."

"But you don't mean to say, Mr. Solomon, that Robert, who was thought so sober and industrious when he left here, has become a confirmed tippler?"

"Yes, ma'm, I do; I'm told he's gulp'd it down awfuller—fact—raw, and every 'tother way, for the last year or so; they say he looks fairly blue, and bloated, jest like a sot. I kind'er think, though, that Honse 'll bring him up some; he's in the right hands. He's had sich poor errin' mortals in hand

afore, that I'm knoin' to; but it does beat the old boy that men can't drink without makin' pigs of themselves, that it does. I've drunk liquor more'n forty years, and I don't see as I'm worse off 'en other people. But I've al'ays said, and I say so still, any man who can't drink it as he or'ter, had better leave it jest altogether alone. I've al'ays said that, and I al'ays will."

"May the Lord be merciful to him, restore him again to a sober and industrious life, and protect his family from hunger and the elements," interrupted Mrs. Vernon, as with a heavy sigh her thoughts reverted to her own loved boy, who had just thrown himself amid the trials and temptations of the great world.

Solomon took his leave for the evening, entirely satisfied with what he had heard and said.

The family soon retired to rest; but Mrs. Vernon could not readily fall to sleep. Hour after hour she lay wrapped in yearning thoughts and fervent prayers for the safety of her absent son, till drowsy midnight came at last, and she, too, in common with millions of other mortals, forgot her cares and anxieties within old Morpheus' undisturbed embrace.

## CHAPTER II.

## A CATASTROPHE.

Near the evening of a lovely fall day, when the fields had yielded up their richest products, and the farmer smiled the smile of thanksgiving in return; when the fruit-trees had dropped their golden gems, and the lap of the garnerer was replenished with the precious offering; when the autumnal breezes had gathered around as grateful messengers, alike to the earth and all things upon it; then it was that Robert Dale, after the finishing of his daily task at the shop, walked leisurely over to the hotel across the street, to pass a social hour, as was his custom, with several of his neighbors, who were also in the habit of gathering there for a similar purpose.

On glancing over a Concord city paper that had just arrived, he read aloud as follows:

"Another Railroad Catastrophe! Over one hundred persons either killed or injured!! Tremendous excitement in New York, Boston, and adjacent towns!!! A collision of trains occurred at — town, about half way between Boston and New York, at eleven o'clock last night, which resulted in throwing both trains off the track, and precipitating them down a steep embankment; thus killing and maiming passengers at an appalling rate. The supposed cause, is, so far as can be ascertained, that the train going east was running several minutes ahead of its regular time. The conductor, who is now under arrest, was undoubtedly intoxicated at the time, and utterly unfit to officiate at the important post assigned him. So testify several of the passengers."

"Who's killed?" cried out several of the by-sitters. Robert continued to read, viz: "Mr. A——, of Bangor, Maine; Mrs. C——, of Ohio; Mrs. H—— and child, of Brooklyn,

New York; Mr. and Mrs. Dale, of S——, New Hampshire;" as these last words were uttered, the paper fell to the floor, as if an invisible cimeter had severed his arms from his body; a trembling seized his entire frame, his countenance became deathly pale, while with a choking utterance he exclaimed:

"My poor, poor, parents gone—dead! Oh! my God!" and, with a deep groan, staggered towards the door. His neighbors were, indeed, terror-stricken at this sudden and fearful change, not readily divining the cause. Soon as Robert had recovered himself somewhat, by inhaling the bracing evening air, he explained all in a word: "My parents," said he, "have been on a visit, the past two weeks, in the State of New Jersey, and I was daily in expectation of their return. Oh! where are they now?" he almost frantically exclaimed, as he sprang from those around him—rushed towards home—seized his father's horse, and rode with full speed on to the nearest railroad station leading southward to the scene of sorrow.

While Robert was hastening towards the depot, a scene occurred in the bar-room which was entirely characteristic of the place and the occasion. Of course, they were all excessively alive, in their way, to the thrilling account given of the accident—for such it was called by some, while others pronounced it an occurrence which might have been avoided. As a necessary consequence, the causes and effects of the bloody affair were rapidly and energetically discussed.

"They ought to string that conductor up by his heels—lynch him, I say," said one who had imbibed enough to elicit the fullest expression of his basest propensities.

"No, sir, hanging is too good for him," said another, adorning his inquisitorial programme with the intermingling of mirth, "he ought to be tickled to death with straws on the soles of his feet."

"I'll tell you, friends," observed a calm and rather philosophic old farmer, whose equilibrium a few glasses of the charmer could not disturb, "there ought to be a law against conductors drinking at all while on duty."



"Nonsense!" said still another, "men that'll drink at all, 'll drink on duty, or off duty, law or no law. Fact is, they consider it a duty to drink; and they'll carry a bottle full in their pocket, and take a sly nip, if they can't get it any other way."

"I tell you," remarked the chubby-built, red-faced landlord, "it won't do to lay all the blame to the conductors getting a little tight, for accidents happen when men are drunk, and when they a'nt drunk;" and he instinctively assumed an air of self-importance, which said in effect, "If you want light, come to me; if you want to be wise, listen to my words."

"No, Tobias," replied the serene old gentleman, "there's no use a-talking; two-thirds of these railroad smashes and steamboat fires come from nothing else than men's abusing rum and getting drunk."

"I know it's all in 'busing it, and not in using it; but on that other point," continued Tobias, "I don't agree with you. No doubt some of 'em comes from that; but not two-thirds, nor half of 'em; you can't make that out, for if they did, and I knew it for sartin, by jocky, I'd tear down my old rum-pole in the twitch of your eye. Now, Pete Sager, you know that," concluded the portly host, striking a match on his coat-sleeve to light a cigar with.

Such was the tenor of a conversation carried on by those veteran tipplers for an hour or more, with about as much good sense as is customary at like places under similar circumstances.

Early on the following morning, Robert arrived at the place of suffering. Exclamations of sorrow were every where heard; and sighs of anguish every where visible. Friends, bowed with grief, were running to and fro. Many of the dead had already been removed. Robert, with hastening steps, examined one by one of those remaining; and at length, casting his suffused eyes to a distant corner of the station room, he observed two persons, male and female forms, lying side by side.

Could those possibly be his own loved parents! Was that the mother who but yesterday had kissed him for a loving "good-bye;" and that the father who then looked upon him with the eye of parental regard! He approaches—alas, too true. There lay their bodies, mangled, bleeding, silent—dead; but they, their spirits, themselves, were gone. It was a moment for action rather than grief; therefore, procuring two roughly constructed coffins, appropriate for temporary use, he deposited their to him sacred dust within them, and they were conveyed home with all convenient despatch.

On arriving there, the bodies were appropriately arranged for their final rest, the customary funeral services were held, and they were entombed.

Thus it was that Robert Dale, an only child, without family, and nearly thirty years of life gone, found himself in a condition which provoked serious reflection concerning the future course to be pursued.

During the remainder of the half-expired week, several neighbors very kindly called upon him, and imparted cheering rays to a heart necessarily lonely from so sudden and unhappy a bereavement.

Among others, was the village pastor, Rev. Mr. Wilkes, who had officiated at the burial. This reverend gentleman was of a most amiable disposition, and remarkably beloved. He belonged to the Baptist order. His discourses were characterized by uniform good logic, and, be-times, by an exceeding beauty, peculiarly his own. His views were liberal, and his manner, if not that of an accomplished orator, was nevertheless moving and impressive. If he could not startle an audience by the fiery boldness of his thoughts, he could soothe them by their calm serene loveliness; but his remarkably exemplary life, and the daily ordering of his conversation, was such as to produce a more salutary influence throughout his congregation, than could possibly be effected by the most brilliant sermons without them.

As Mr. Wilkes entered the door, Robert observed, with a tearful smile closing the bible—

"I'm so glad you've called to see me, my dear sir, for certain questions have arisen in my mind to day, on which I'd like to have your opinion."

"With all pleasure; name them, my young friend," replied Mr. Wilkes, seating himself by Roberts' side.

"I've just been reading that portion of scripture which says, 'It is not for kings to drink wine, nor princes strong drink.' Now, what is your application of it?"

"My friend," replied Mr. Wilkes, "it strikes me, that the instruction designed to be conveyed to us, by God, through that passage, is this: that those who have the happiness or misery of others in their power, are strictly accountable for the manner in which they use it; and if, in using it, they cause misery to flow by the imbibing of wines, or strong drinks, He'll judge them accordingly, whether they have authority over one man, or a nation—a king on his throne, or a conductor on a train."

"Oh, if my poor heart was the only one which this catastrophe had caused to bleed! But it is not," observed Robert feelingly!

"Nor is this life the only one, in which he who is guilty of bringing this to pass, will suffer for his enormous crime—for this hundred-fold homicide. How conclusively do such things prove that rum is the main root of the tree of evil, in our day and generation?" said Mr Wilkes.

"What don't people do," asked Robert, "that's horrid, while under its influence?"

"Well may you ask such a question, my young friend, and every one has but to look through his own neighborhood to find an answer. 'The priest and the prophet,' says Isaiah, 'have erred through strong drink;' and the Bible is studded over with passages, which warn us with a surpassing eloquence and pathos, to eschew it. Why will men make maelstroms of their stomachs, in which to drown their souls?"

The interview was a protracted one, during which, Robert avowed his perpetual fidelity to the cause of total abstinence; and after it was ended, turned again to find companionship with his own lonely thoughts. The recent wholesale tragedy, in which his parents both fell victims, still continued uppermost in his mind; and as every object, alike in the house and shop, reminded him with a mournful silence of those dear ones departed, he therefore resolved to depart, for a few years at least, to some other and distant section of the country. He finally decided on removing to the city of Boston; in consequence of which, he disposed of the personal property that belonged to his father; reserving, however, the household furniture of his mother, which was carefully stowed away in the possession of a neighbor residing near by. He converted his other effects into money; and then bade farewell to the friends of his youth, while he sought other lands, and other associations.

## CHAPTER III

## ARRIVAL AT BOSTON, AND SUBSEQUENT EVENTS.

Robert's career on arriving at Boston was at once invested with an interest which it never before possessed. He was at present to secure a home and livelihood within its walls. If he was seeking a change of scenery, here he might behold it; if for wealth, here it could be found; if for happiness, here it might be secured; and if for honest employment, here it could undoubtedly be obtained. Nevertheless, his eyes, if open, must observe poverty-stricken mortals, unhappy mortals, and mortals unemployed in any good work, here as well as in every other city on the globe's face, however much less there might be comparatively in the "city of notions," than in other perhaps less Christian cities.

With robust health, athletic frame, and an excellent knowledge of his trade, so far as advantages had previously allowed, he soon procured a situation in a first-class manufactory establishment. Several weeks thus glided away pleasantly and profitably, bringing with them the acquaintance of a number of his brother workmen, who, finding "Bob," as they familiarly called him, a hale fellow, companionable, cheerful, and naturally cute, invited him to join them in the getting up of a riding party in the country, which he most cordially accepted. Accordingly, on the day appointed, he joined a jolly company, with a fair partner by his side, and a heart full of cheer. At dinner, he observed a young lady sitting opposite him at the table, to resolutely refuse even the taste of wine, while her partner indulged freely, ever courteously pressing her to partake, but she invariably, and as courteously refusing. Robert was struck with this moral heroism, so uncommonly found in young ladies bred to city life and habits, as he was

also led to admire her quiet, unobtrusive manners, and pleasant, respectful deportment to all. He resolved at once to obtain an introduction, which having been obtained, he entered into a conversation such as was calculated to elicit remarks and allusions whereby her general character might be accurately deciphered. He likewise instituted numerous inquiries, and ascertained from those who knew her intimately, that she was a person of most amiable disposition and exalted worth. Of course, he learned her address; and from that time forth, his soul was filled with the form, manners, and refined conversation of Cornelia Vale.

Miss Vale was an orphan girl, whose parents died at about the eighteenth year of her age. They were in indigent circumstances at the time of their death, caused partly by the heavy expenses incurred during their last lingering illness. Deprived, therefore, of all near friends and means of support, she resolved to apply for a situation at Madame Gardner's dress making establishment, on P—— street, as this was the only lady of her acquaintance similarly established. Her application was successful. Madame G., knowing her circumstances, very liberally permitted her to board at her own house, and in a few weeks she was receiving fair wages for her work. She exhibited great skill with the needle, and was a favorite hand with the proprietress. One evening, as she returned from the store, a billet was handed her by Madame G.'s servant. "Who could this note have come from?" she silently surmised, as with quickened step she tripped like a startled fawn up stairs to her own little boudoir. The seal was carefully broken, and glancing at the bottom of the letter, saw the name of Robert Dale signed. She perused it over and over again, with the relish of a reciprocal love. The letter was in due time answered, and a call from Robert was the result. The evening of their first private interview was passed in reviewing the pleasure excursion previously alluded to, whereat they quite singularly, and almost romantically, met; and the converse

at length turned upon the propriety of using intoxicating drinks. Robert, to the entire satisfaction of Miss Vale, expressed his utter disapprobation of their use. The call was repeated oftentimes during the year ; and they were in the habit of attending church nearly or quite every Sabbath together. Hallowed moments were now being enjoyed by them ; many silvery hours thus flew joyously away, as on cherub wings. The prospect of life seemed at once to possess a brighter glow, and a lovelier reality, from the warmth of their mutual love. In due time, they were affianced, and the day of days appointed. Miss Vale very properly deemed it her duty to acquaint her friend and benefactress of her future intentions, which was accordingly done, with a propriety that never forsook the tongue of Cornelia Vale. Madame G. expressed her unmingled delight, on hearing the designs of Cornelia ; and though she could not but greatly desire to retain so faithful and skilful a hand in her store, yet she very amiably assented ; and also observed that the little wedding party might be entertained at her own house. Cornelia expressed her thankfulness for so marked a favor in the most effective terms.

Suddenly, however, a shadow of thought passed athwart Madame G.'s face. As one transfixed, she stood absorbed, for a few moments, in a reverie of sadness. Cornelia's disclosure of her intentions had reset in motion a train of reminiscences in Madame G.'s experience, not untinged with life's most radiant joys, though the remembrance of them could but pain her to the very soul. Cornelia turned to leave the room, when Madame G., recalling her, asked, with a tremulous tone :

"Does this young man ever indulge in the use of wine?"

"No, Madame," was the laconic reply, "not to my knowledge."

"Did you ever question him in regard to it?" continued Madame G., requesting her to be seated.

"No, Madame," was the response, "but I've again and again heard him express his entire disgust of the using of it."

"God grant," said Madame G., "that he may be at present, and so may he ever continue to be, a man totally abstaining from all that can transform him into an inebriate ; for, Cornelia, I'd rather follow you to your grave—yes, follow you to your grave—than to see you pass through all the sorrows which I've passed through, between the eighteenth and thirtieth years of my life, from the influence of rum. Disappointments, blighted affections, hours of death-like anguish, mortified pride, violence, aye, violence ; the death of two little ones, for whom I'd rather have died than to have seen die ; and crowning with a crown worse than thorns, this monument of my afflictions, with a widowhood, such as I wear to-day, and shall continue to wear, till the latest hour of my life. Ah, yes !" she added, with accents which told of a broken, bleeding heart, "how often, dear girl, how often have I heard the winter winds howl around our little home, and no fuel to burn ! How often have I heard my darlings cry for hunger, and no food to eat ! My dear, sweet little Charley and Amelia, you are gone ! I've laid you down to rest, dears, to sleep !"—and her feelings so overcame her, that she sank exhausted on the floor. "Pray, do not give away to your feelings so ; try and forget the past, do," said Cornelia, anxiously.

"My girl, I've not told you half," continued Madame G., drawing from her bosom a locket, containing the likenesses of her deceased husband and children. They were sitting like attending angels at his side, looking cheerful and lovely, as they were during his sober and temperate days. "Here," said she, rubbing the glass with her tear-moistened handkerchief, "here are the shadows of those whom I loved, as I can love none besides ; but this locket, a few ringlets of hair, and a mournful memory, are all that remain. Oh, rum ! how thou hast bereft me ! Fatal, fatal cup ! Death is sweet,

compared to the bitterness of dregs such as I have tasted—nay, almost subsisted upon for years, because of thee !”

“Do not take it so sorely to heart, kind friend,” interrupted Cornelia, with great tenderness and sympathy.

“You’re right, my girl,” replied Madame G., looking up through a countenance whose autumn still retained distinct outlines of former beauty. “It’s of no earthly avail that I give way to my feelings now. They are gone—all gone ! but,” added she, “may my past lot be that of no other woman ; and yet I fear it is the sad, sad lot of thousands of my sex, at this very moment, throughout the world. My husband was a portrait painter, of surpassing ability ; and the first few years of our marriage life was filled with one uninterrupted strain of domestic felicity. Why could it not have lasted ? Why is it that human creatures are not more permanently seated on the throne of earthly bliss ? Who can divulge the secret cause of the rise and fall, the perpetual flux and reflux, of human prospects ? So it is ; like the doe in the fable, we oftentimes receive our mortal wound from a source whence we least expect it. Sometimes we look forward, and flatter ourselves that we descry, however dimly, a glorious season treasured up for us in the bosom of the future ; but alas ! when that future comes, the glories have vanished. Like the animal culæ when descried through a microscope, is our prospect when seen at a distance : remove the medium through which it is beheld, and it oftentimes sinks to an insignificance scarcely perceptible, if not entirely invisible. With Job, I feel to exclaim, ‘The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away ; blessed be the name of the Lord.’”

“Do not, dear friend, allow your thoughts to run that way so much,” observed Cornelia, solicitous of her mistress’ health.

“I will not,” replied Madame G., rising, “I will not ; but permit me to say a word or two more, before you leave. I am rejoiced beyond expression to learn from you that this young man, whom you design as your future husband—the

sharer of life’s pains and pleasures—is of strictly temperate habits ; and I would that my words could reach the ear of the young women throughout Christendom, when I say, Slay yourselves, rather than give your right hand to wine-bibbers in the bonds of wedlock ; pluck out the very heart from your bosom, sooner than bestow your love on those who use strong drink.

“My husband, when a young man, drank moderately. I then saw no danger in his so doing ; but I see it now ; I have felt it too long. ’Twas through that moderation that he fell. It proved a stepping stone to a confirmed habit in its use, and craving for it as a beverage. Day by day, a gradually increasing appetite wound its venomous folds around him, till he finally became a confirmed inebriate. As his intemperate habits increased, his patronage decreased, till he was ultimately reduced to the very keenest poverty. Can I tell it ? he died in a fit of the delirium tremens ! My two little ones soon followed him. I then applied myself to my present trade, and little by little I have accumulated a sufficient sum to preserve me, I trust, from penury and want, should my life be prolonged to age and helplessness. But God knows, I fear not to go whenever He calleth, though I’ll endeavor to discharge my duty while He permits me to live.”

“Yours is an example worthy of imitation ; I’ll lay it to heart,” observed Cornelia, thoughtfully.

“May your husband only be worthy of you, my young friend, and all will be well,” added Madame G., with a mournful smile.

“I’ll endeavor, with all my power, to be a faithful and dutiful wife,” responded Cornelia, rising to take her leave.

“Go, my girl ; but remember that my house is freely open on the forthcoming day, for the benefit of you and yours,” concluded Madame G., as she arose and walked toward the street window.

"Thank you, sincerely, my dear friend," replied Cornelia, leaving the room.

She occupied the intervening time, until the day of marriage, chiefly in preparing to entertain a few friends suitably for such an occasion—an occasion replete with a living interest to those in humble, as well as to those in opulent circumstances. As the day approached, all things were approaching a clock-like exactitude and readiness, beneath the magic touch of the buoyant, blooming, beautiful Cornelia. To her, at this time, engaged in such endearing preparations, there was indeed no ebbing to the tide of happiness which wafted her on its wingy billows, apparently to the very skies.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE MARRIAGE.

"Grace was in her steps; Heaven in her eye;  
In every gesture, dignity and love.—[MILTON.]

On the morning of the day appointed, Cornelia arose as the first beams of the rising sun were darting along the eastern horizon. It was a Sabbath morning. Busily was she engaged in arranging her toilet, till the brisk peals of the breakfast bell fell upon her ear.

After having breakfasted, Madame G., with that characteristic kindness of feeling which had hitherto invariably marked her conduct towards the young orphan, proffered her services for the occasion. What else could have been expected from so true-hearted a woman?

When the hour for repairing to church arrived, the bridegroom was in waiting, as was also the bride, in complete readiness.

"Cornelia, my girl, I never saw you look so charmingly in all my life."

"Nay, now, dear Madame, do not flatter me; I know I owe much of my present condition to you," she replied.

"The sight of your pleasant countenance this morning, more, a thousand times more than repays me for what I may have done, or may yet do, for your benefit," was the almost more than sisterly reply.

They descended into the parlor, (Madame G. serving as usher) where Cornelia was greeted by her loving and beloved Robert, who was equally happy with herself, and joyously awaiting her coming. Soon they were wending their way towards the church, at which they had so often heretofore mutually worshipped. Happy, inexpressibly happy hour

was this for the blushing, beauteous bride ! At the close of the services, they returned from church, hands and hearts joined inseparably together ; for they loved each other truly, deeply, fervently, devotedly.

On reaching Madame G's., with a few choice friends, they found a delightful repast prepared for them ; but while the table was spread with every delicacy which the season afforded, there was still to be seen none of that beverage which at last "stingeth like a serpent, and biteth like an adder."

Madame G. presided with a mingled grace and dignity which would have adorned the marriage supper of a princess ; and the day and evening were, to those present, like that day's setting sun, lovely, clear, and cloudless.

The honey-moon was enjoyed, for the most part, at several of the bride's distant relatives, residing a few hours' ride from the city ; after the expiration of which, they returned to Boston, and immediately commenced house-keeping—deeming that the most economical mode of living, while it accorded more especially with the quiet, retired, and unostentatious feelings of both.

Cornelia, who had learned by an early experience what were the duties of a true house-wife, found, therefore, no difficulty in agreeably employing herself in properly conducting her household affairs.

Robert also engaged to continue another year at the same establishment where he had been employed since his first arrival in Boston. His wages were considerably advanced, and his prospect as a mechanic seemed to him quite brilliant.

Days, weeks, and months, thus greeted Robert and Cornelia Dale with an unbroken round of connubial bliss. They were happy in their wedded life ; happy in their youth ; and happy in those habits of daily industry, which may not be foregone with impunity. There can, indeed, be no doubt that human joy and sorrow are conditions which may be

repelled or attracted at pleasure. Having, therefore, our own destiny so greatly within our own control, how cautiously should every step be taken, and how solicitous should every man be of his own prospective welfare ! knowing, moreover, as we do, that the weal and woe of one, is the literal weal or woe of many souls.

The leading points in Robert Dale's character were these : He was ardently attached to friends ; but his stability was comparatively weak. He lacked firmness. His propensities were strong and active ; still, he was conscientious, and had much kindly feeling. He was a man of few words. He loved home and its comforts ; and rather chose riches than fame. The meed of ambition was vanity to him. His judgment was fair ; though he was possessed of little brilliancy of mind. His impulses were excellent ; but he was wanting in that firm, unyielding energy, requisite to successfully carry them out under all circumstances.

In the latter part of December, he was requested, one day, to join several of his associates in the getting up of an oyster supper, at a restaurant in F—— street. He complied with the request ; partly to gratify his friends, and partly to break the dull monotony which a close application to business had induced. The evening was fixed upon ; and he observed to his wife at noon of the same day that he should not be home till betwixt nine and ten of the ensuing evening. At the hour set, they were each one punctually in attendance. The supper was ordered, and was soon brought steaming into their room. As the party became fairly engaged in consuming the feast before them, some one of the company suggested the propriety of "topping off," as he said, with a bottle or two of champagne. This suggestion was readily acceded to by all, except Robert, who stated his decided preference for a glass of water, or a dish of tea, or something of the like.

"Pshaw !" says one ; "Bah !" says another ; "Git out !" cried a third ; "Why Bob, you're crazy !" exclaimed



a fourth; "Bring on the champagne!" ejaculated a fifth. What was to be done? He had enlisted: was he turn his face from the enemy and flee? He had taken hold of the handle; was he to look back? Prudence would have answered, yes! But a false desire to please his friends answered, no! He would not sacrifice the approbation of his friends in order to save his own soul, or be made the butt of his companions in such a crisis; so, with uplifted hands, he joined in the fatal cry—"Bring on the champagne!" It was brought. He partook freely—bountifully. Bumpers were drank to the health of the entire company, and especially to the "*courage of Bob*." The excitement consequent upon repeated rounds, shortly manifested itself. Numerous questions were brought forth for discussion. What rendered the debates more interesting, at such a time, was, that one of the company was known by the abridged appellation of Dan, who lisped genteelly; and another by that of Sam, who stammered freely. Our friend Robert exhibited, for the first time, among his friends, a jocular trait; and no less jocular mode of displaying it, known as the "hiccough." This new and shining quality he rendered to the very life, and to the unmingled delight of the whole company. Among other subjects (strange to say) was that of the propriety of drinking any kind of ardent drinks. Now, Dan was a perfect blood, in his way, and the only unmarried man in the party. He had, by dint of great care and diligence, nourished into vigorous growth a genteel moustache, and an imperial of no ordinary stamp; besides this, his hair, naturally dark, was beautifully curled under, and of a becoming length. His eyes were large, lustrous, and dark, and his perceptions quick. He was therefore always talkative, and sometimes apt. He was, of course, fond of being seen and heard—was bound to shine, and conducted himself accordingly. His form was full and graceful; and he could display it to the completest possible advantage. So, tipping his chair back, thrusting his thumbs into

the arm-holes of his gaudy-colored vest, and raising his precious head to its utmost height, he said—looking around on the company with a complacent air:

"I thay, boyth! that every man hath a right, in thith free country, to eat, drink and wear what-thomever he pleatheth!"

This broad and formidable exordium struck the company to silence for a moment. Sam, however, soon ventured to break it, and put in his replication.

"I-I, d-don't know, b-bout that, D-Dan; its, ac-cording, w-w-whether he has a f-fa-family, or not. Its b-bad to g-get drunk, a-a-any way, D-Dan; th-that's so, n-n-now!"

This last sentence of Sam's went home, and was confirmed by acclamations around the table of "that's so!"

"Well thar," exclaimed Dan, rocking himself forward and back, "if you ever thee me a married man, you'll thee that I'll do precithly ath I thee fit, about thethe thingth!"

Sam, whose memory didn't fail him as to the "curtain lectures" he had often (no doubt very justly) received at home, responded with emphasis—

"M-maby, y-you w-would, and m-maby y-you w-wouldn't;" while the entire company fairly shouted at the experience which Sam's remark so casually shadowed forth.

"My wife might do ath the pleathed, and I'll do ath I pleathed," added Dan in a self-confident manner.

"M-maby y-you w-would, n-no-now!" reiterated Sam, in a low voice, to the infinite delight of the company.

Bob, who had just "done up" another bumper, felt himself in a speaking mood.

"It seems (hic) to me (hic), boys, if a (hic) man *does* (hic) (hic) get a little tight, (hic) he ought to do it (hic) on the very (hic) best ar- (hic) ticle!" holding forth his glass to have it re-filled.

"You're right, Bob!" observed two or three of the party.



"Yeth thur-e," added Dan, "thath tho, and no mithtake, I thay ; the betht or none !" Requesting his comrades to join him in drinking Sam's health and prosperity, which was done with great eclat.

Dan, Sam and Bob bore the burden of the discussion, and we therefore transcribe the most interesting of their remarks, to the entire exclusion of the others. However, what these three quasi sages advanced, was apparently to their minds "*tho thound*," as Dan would say, that they had no dissenting words to offer.

This discussion was conducted in a similar strain for an hour or more longer, when the party "*broke up*," or rather down, and left the saloon. While they had thus been regaling themselves, or refreshing the "inner man," within the gay saloon, the heavens without had been pouring down torrents of rain and hail on the earth. The side-walks were slippery enough. They now dispersed—three moving one way, and three the other. It so happened that Dan, Bob and Sam started off together. They had not gone far, before, like swine on the ice, they began to complain bitterly of the instability of their "understandings;" and as they approached a rise in the street, their situation became really deplorable.

"Hold on, boyth," cried Dan most piteously, as his underpinning slipped away—and falling headlong, struck Bob's stand-bys straight from under him, who followed in an exceedingly spirited manner, pulling down Sam "like a pillar of state" along with him. Sprawled at full length on the side-walk, we now behold these three "sons of intemperance." What a scene was that for the beings of a higher sphere to look down upon! The holy hour of midnight, how unholy kept! how desecrated! What could be the unhappy cause of so sacrilegious a sight? It would, however, be uncompassionable to leave the "jolly three" in this perilous predicament, and so we will endeavor to help them homeward.

Dan, after repeated trials, raising himself on "all fours,"

suggested "that each man should go for himthelf," and still further remarked, on securing an erect posture, "*Thatan for uth all!*"

"Well, 'spose, (hic) we do? (hic, hic)," said Bob, rolling over on his face, and making a desperate effort to secure a standing position.

"A-a-greed, I-I swear!" said Sam in an acquiescent tone, as he sat musing and commenting on the threatening aspect of the weather.

"I thay, boyth!" said Dan, speaking out with an energy which indicated that a new and important idea had struck him, "I thay, do you know that I've on a pair of new pegged booth, with no nailth in the heelth?"

"W-well, n-now," replied Sam, "th-that a-ac-counts fo-for your s-s-slipping so," following his remark with a zigzag rush up the inclined side-walk, which resulted in another fall of "the house" of "big-bodied" Sam; who declared by all that was above him, that it was clearing up, "f-for he s-saw s-s-stars p-alain enough."

Bob, at this juncture, remarked that, "Some (hic) ashes spread (hic, hic) on the side-walk would (hic) be good (hic, hic)," which was agreed to on all hands.

Dan, at this trying juncture, made a draft on his bank of expedients, and urged the propriety of their trying the middle of the street; and suiting a peculiar action to the word, he led off, followed by Sam and Bob, who were vociferous in their praise towards Dan for his happy expedient.

Before they had proceeded far, Bob, who had rolled and tumbled about so freely since leaving the saloon, and not being accustomed to such feasts of oysters and flows of champagne, began to feel a certain unpleasant disturbance around about the regions of digestion, much as though he'd been out a day or two on a rough sea. Being himself conscious that things within were rapidly rising to a terminus, he very prudently told Sam to hold his "beaver," while he

made off to the nearest lamp-post; where, leaning his head and right hand for a pillow, against it, and pressing gently his "troubled parts" with the left, commenced the vigorous footing up of an account of not long standing.

Sam, *perhaps*, didn't know, experimentally, what was forthcoming! A few seconds only had elapsed before certain unintelligible phrases, expressive of feelings which may be felt, but cannot be adequately described, proceeded from the spot where Bob was supposed to be.

"Ou wah," was soon heard lugubriously ringing on the heavy midnight air. "Ou wah," was over and again heard from the spot to which Bob had retreated; while the intervening time was economically filled up with piteous exclamations: such as, "My God! O, my God! help me! ou wah. O, help me! ou wah; ou wah."

Dan came up at this critical moment, and very sympathetically offered "*to athitht*;" but Bob motioned him away, as though it required a higher power to pacify the "troubled deep" than he was, observing, wofully, as well as he could, "thank heaven, (ou wah) it's most over (ou wah, ou wah) with now."

Sam, who had been holding his sides and rolling over in the street, with immoderate, but somewhat suppressed laughter at the auricular scene, now came up, hat in hand, to commiserate Bob on account of his sufferings.

"Bob," said, Sam, piteously biting his lips, "I-I s-say, its r-rather hard, i-isn't it?"

Bob's only reply was, "Ou wah; ugh, ugh."

"I thay, Tham," said Dan in rather a low sick-room tone, stroking down his moustache and gently pulling his imperial, "*I thay, keth a perfect dove at heaving up, ith'nt he!*"

"Its done p-p-perfectly," replied Sam, stuffing his cambric, a pair of kids, and half of his huge fist into his elastic mouth.

Bob, who at this time weighed about as heavily as when he sat down to the oyster supper, began to be himself

again, and requested Dan and Sam to sit down quietly for a moment on the curb-stone.

They acquiesced. Bob's musical taste was on the alert, although he and Messieurs Hic & Ugh, had not as yet fully closed up their partnership affairs.

"Come, (hic) Dan," says Bob, buttoning up his coat with great ease, which an hour previously had been much too small and didn't *come together* — "give, (hic) give us a song."

"Thay what it thall be," was Dan's accommodating response.

"'Lisping Julia,' (hic) of course, (hic)," answered Bob, wiping the perspiration from his brow.

"G-g-good!" exclaimed Sam, opening both ears with his two fore-fingers.

Dan's lisp, which was one of the inherent elements of his unique genius, and the general character of the man, enabled him to acquit himself to the entire satisfaction of his hearers, in the singing of "Lisping Julia."

Dan sang it with great spirit and effect, after which the listening parties showered down on the head of their charmer encomiums which would have excited the vanity of a philosopher; but Dan's only reply was that "He wath happy if hith muthical geniuth had contributed in the thmalleth degree to their happineth."

The brotherly three arose; and after much gymnastic discipline, together with bruised knees, cut hands, wrenched backs, and stiffened muscles, finally reached Bob's destination. Sam and Dan, then bidding their friend a hearty "good night," (good morning, rather) moved onward as best they could towards their stopping places, not far beyond.

Robert Dale, thus left alone at an hour long after midnight, and having recovered in a degree from the delirium into which he had been lost for hours past, began slightly to reflect. He shuddered to think of the promise he had made his wife

to return at a seasonable hour, though his brain was still reeling beneath the influence of the night's fearful revel. With his night-key, he enters the house as he wished to, without disturbing, his wife's peaceful slumber. His heavy step was, notwithstanding, soon heard on the stairway. His chamber door softly opens; he looks up, and a light, borne by the hand of Cornelia, illumines his before darksome way.

"Why, Robert, is this you! I was so fearful you'd met with some serious accident!" said Cornelia, clasping his arm, and smiling sweetly on him.

"Yes, I'm hurt, (hic) wife; I'm hurt."

"Hurt! where, dearest? do tell me!" asked she, anxiously, leading him to an arm-chair, fronting the fire. "Do tell me, Robert, where you feel the pain, so that I may try and do something for you!"

"Oh, wife! its very (hic) slippery out, and coming home, I fell and struck (hic) my left knee."

The injured knee was quickly examined, and applications made to keep out the cold."

"Are you injured anywhere else, Robert?" she enquired, kneeling before him, that she might the more effectually press her enquiries.

"Yes, wife: on my (hic) right elbow."

That, too, was speedily dressed.

"Any where else, Robert?"

"Yes, Nealie! (hic)," holding forth the palms of both hands, which were considerably cut in several places.

"Why, husband, how badly you're injured, though! You might have killed yourself," exclaimed Cornelia, with apparent astonishment.

"Yes, wife, (hic) I might 've, that's true; ain't I a lucky (hic) feller, anyhow?" Cornelia could not refrain from smiling, for one may smile at a funeral.

"Any more bruises, Robert? tell me all, I pray you."

"No, I guess you've (hic) cured 'em all, Nealie," was

Robert's response, laying his hands on his stomach, and complaining of a nauseous sensation there.

"O, a little peppermint or penny-royal tea will help that." She at once set about preparing a dish of both kinds, so that he might have his choice.

While the herbs were steeping, she kneeled by his side, saying, "Oh, Robert, how much more worried I should have been the past night, had I known that these injuries were to befall you!"

"I know (hic) you would, Nealie, (hic) I know you would," laying his arm around her neck.

"How sorry I am that you are injured so! It will lay you up, I fear, for some time; besides, the pain you must undergo!" said she, resting her face, buried in her hands, on her husband's knee.

"Where do you think, Nealie, I've been? (hic)," he asked, feeling uneasy while the secret cause of his present condition remained undivulged.

"I don't know, I'm sure," she replied, wiping her eyes; "only I know you said you were going down town."

"Well, what do you suppose (hic) I've been about?" he asked, still unsatisfied.

"Why, Robert, for my life I could'nt say precisely what. I know you said you had some business to attend to during the evening, and would return home"—

"Well, what did you think, Nealie, because (hic) I didn't come home as I agreed?" interrupting her with his question, and also pressing his forehead with the back of his right hand.

"What could I think, Robert, save that your engagements had detained you longer than you expected? But your head aches, dearest, I know it does," rising to press it with her hands.

"Neele, to tell the truth. you're (hic) right; it does ache some."

"Let me lay a cool wet cloth on it," she observed, "and bind my handkerchief around it; perhaps that will relieve it."

"Wife, you're a (hic) capital nurse," said Robert, looking up with a haggard countenance and glassy eyes, which were of themselves indubitable proofs of the real cause of his multiplied ailments; though Cornelia's quick eye and searching perceptions needed them not to give her a complete insight to the whole affair—a single glance on the stair-way had revealed all.

"Come, Robert, try your tea. I've two kinds prepared for you—peppermint and penny-royal: which will you have?"

"Give me the penny-(hic) royal, Nealie; that's good for the stomach (hic) they say."

The penny-royal proved an excellent antidote; and a few minutes after having drank off the tea, he proposed retiring, feeling indeed quite composed and comfortable. Cornelia excused herself from joining him immediately, observing that she would secure the fire, &c. first. He soon fell into a profound sleep, and she into a reverie of thoughtfulness, such as the events of the night would inevitably inspire. Cornelia sought that source of help and consolation to which woman, when anguish of soul and great trials overtake her, almost invariably flies—prayer. By her bedside, she fell on her knees, and prayed deeply, earnestly, and fervently. Her prayer was not of the body, but of the spirit—not that which the pastor offers for his people, but that which the wife offers for her errant husband—not such as the philanthropist would pour forth for his race, but such as a mother would send upward, in behalf of the misguided husband of her child—not with the precision which some even well-meaning souls express themselves; but with the broken appeals, and tremulous accents of a solicitous wife and mother. Yes, she prayed, for she could not sleep. She continued to pray—what else could she, should she do? Morning came, but it brought not with it to Cornelia Dale the joys, the raptures, which it erst

had done. Robert awoke, and by his bed-side, gently pressing his aching brow, with watchful, reddened, tearful eye, looking down upon him amid benignant smiles, stood his anchor on earth—his tutelar angel—the mother of his first-born.

The dream of intoxication which had bound hand and foot his real perceptions, like condemned criminals, during the past night, was broken; and a full realization of the blackening scenes through which he had passed, burst like vengeance upon him. He rolled his swollen eyes in wild confusion and astonishment around. He beheld his wife, and gazing fixedly upon her, broke out into exclamations of sorrow and repentance. "Cornelia," he exclaimed, stretching forth his arms to embrace her, "Cornelia, dearest, is it you?"

"It is me, Robert," she answered, as she sank on his bosom; and the sounds of their mingled sobs filled the room. After a few moments, he added, "I know I've sinned, against both Heaven and you—but forgive me, Cornelia?"

"I do forgive you, Robert, and I've implored Heaven to forgive you also," she replied, raising herself slowly from his bosom and reclining on the bedside; and she gave him such a look of pity as to awaken every noble sentiment within his breast.

"Oh, God! Oh! have mercy! I've sinned before Thee—do not cast"—again a sense of his guiltiness flashed over him, and he hid his face in the pillow, for very grief and shame.

During the evening of the same day, she lured him into a protracted conversation on the subject of Temperance. She described her "beau ideal" of a true man; and gave to temperance a most conspicuous place, in enumerating the catalogue of his virtues. Words descriptive of her admiration of such an one, flowed in graphic beauty from her lips. Robert listened with the attentiveness of an admiring husband, as he felt the strong electric current of her eloquence course along every nerve and fibre of his heart. For the time being, with-

out doubt, it sent still deeper the root of a resolution for living a temperate life ; which, but for its becoming, time after time, drenched with a poisonous liquid and its very infancy perverted and stunned, would have ultimately arisen to commanding, august proportions, defying the shock of age, and hallowing the very ground on which it might stand. Robert at once solemnly vowed never to imbibe the exhilarating draught again ; and for more than a year the vow was sacredly kept. But another unguarded hour at length came, and again he fell ; and with his second fall, Cornelia resolved to adopt some other expedient. It was that of settling in some thriving village, where the temptation to vice would be less potent.

Having repeatedly heard Robert allude to an old friend of his father's, who resided near the borders of his native village, named Brother Jonathan, she therefore concluded to write him relative to their condition, and request his advice and assistance. In due time she was favored with a reply, wherein the hand of fellowship was cordially extended.

On presenting the letter to Robert, and disclosing to him her plans for the future, he seemed highly pleased, and readily consented to adopt them. He had, for many months previously, given himself up entirely to his intemperate habits ; and the consequence was, an unnatural flush of cheek. In order to "bleach up" some, as he termed it, they resolved to pass a few days at some pleasant village between Boston and Brother Jonathan's. Nothing could exceed the unfeigned delight with which Cornelia welcomed the prospect, so replete with hope and future prosperity, as was that which at present filled her eager vision.

## CHAPTER V.

## BROTHER JONATHAN'S COTTAGE.

Certainly the jaunt of our two young friends into the country gave a very fresh hue to Cornelia's cheek, at least ; and though it produced no very marked change in the countenance of Robert—striking, as his complexion did, from the inside, out—nevertheless, he was once more without the shadow of temptation's court. The city, with its million and one allurements to vice of every character and color, was exchanged for country scenes, country restraints, and country associations. It was near noon, on a cool, clear June day, when they were within a few miles only of the residence of Brother Jonathan,—a neat and convenient cottage, of the octagon order, two and a half stories high, painted white, and occupying a commanding site, some forty yards from the main thoroughfare. A dark gravelled walk led up to it, parting within about one-third of the distance from the house, and meeting again at the front door. The circle was surrounded by a row of thick box-wood, while flowering almonds, altheas, and choice evergreens adorned it. In the centre, stood a large statue, representing the good Samaritan healing the sick man in the wilderness. A row of choice maples lined each side of the walk ; and the grounds, from the road to the cottage, were altogether inviting. On entering the dwelling, we are not struck with dazzling mirrors, gorgeous pictures, splendid furniture, costly chandeliers, and richly variegated carpets. We behold little else than the substantial comforts, the real requirements of life. It is furnished with every necessary, but in no superfluous style ; in short, the interior arrangement of the cottage corresponds with its outward appearance. The occupants of this happy abode are not all in at present ; but let us glance at those that are. There is moving around here,

busily employed, a full-sized, plain-featured, healthy-cheeked, primly-dressed matron, of near two score and ten years. She seems never in actual haste, and never idle. No scolding look, no fretful words pollute those fresh and almost maiden-looking lips. No hurly-burly is seen here; and here ennui is absolutely unknown. All is peace and harmony, and the blessings of Almighty God pervade the place. A bright-eyed lad, just entering his teens, is seen sitting peacefully, alone in a quiet corner of the room, pouring over a pictorial geographical map—turning his head now this way, now that—as with sparkling eye and parted lip he is intent on literally devouring the sights before him. He has innumerable questions for his mother to answer, which are propounded, too, with a rapidity that would require a tongue of electric movement to keep pace with in its responses. He is evidently a child in whom are centered the fondest hope of fond parents.

"There now, Reuben, don't you think you've studied enough for one day? wouldn't you like to go to your play-house, my child, and play ball-bounce—top—or something? or else go out on the back green, and play hoop with little Snow?" observed Mrs. Jonathan, raising a certain cover of her cook-stove, and with her fork trying the condition of the eatibles within.

"Yes, mamma, I'll just look at this one picture yet—then I will," replied Reuben, not once looking up, but turning the map around, so as to afford a new view of the object before him.

"You'll mind now, child, and not fall and hurt yourself, as you did yesterday," remarked Mrs. Jonathan, with a mother's caution.

"No, I won't, mamma; but Snow tripped me up, you see; didn't you, Snow?" said the child, patting the little white favorite, frisking at his side.

"O, Reuben, bring mamma an armful of wood in, before you go to play, won't you?"

"Yes," he replied, smilingly; "come, Snow, you must go and help me," and out they both tripped merrily.

"When'll papa be home?" enquired Reuben, on returning with a heaped-up armful of combustibles.

"I expect him every moment, my child," replied Mrs. Jonathan, rolling out the table, preparatory to dinner.

"What is he doing, mamma?"

"He's planting corn, my son, down in the field," she answered, walking sprightly towards the dish-closet.

Reuben and little Snow now made off for the green, where we leave them sporting briskly together.

If the reader will cast his eye a-down the meadow-lane, he will perceive, walking leisurely along, broad-brimmed sea-weed hat in hand, a man of majestic frame and movement—with a great brow, hair of lightish brown, profuse and slightly curled; with a nose prominent and finely formed, besides a compression of lip indicative of unshaken fixedness of purpose. His eye is a dark blue, full, and overhung with a heavy eyebrow; while goodness flashes from its every motion. His smile is the smile of one whom you would trust in trouble; and his voice is the voice of one whom, in listening to, you will love. Health gives a wholesome cast to all his features, and cheerfulness dwells in his countenance. He halts, and is taking in alike a telescopic and microscopic view of the whole prospect before him, and is obviously enjoying the works of nature—with a heart, too, from which there continually flows a deep-felt gratitude towards nature's God.

With measured step, he moves towards the cottage. Mrs. Jonathan anon will inform us who this remarkable personage is. Smilingly he enters the door, and Mrs. Jonathan, observing him, bestirs herself with increased briskness, as she says:

"Husband, I'm glad you've come, for dinner is just ready; besides, I've got up precisely that kind of a dinner which you always relish so highly."



"My good wife, I'm rejoiced at knowing that we are to have so relishable a dinner to-day, for I expect some old acquaintances here to dine with us. I expect them every moment," replied Brother Jonathan, stepping into the porch to enjoy a face-and-hand wash.

"Where from?" asked Mrs. Jonathan.

"Boston," was the reply.

"Who are they, then?"

"Robert Dale and his wife."

"How I'd like to see Robert, though."

"Yes."

"How long do you expect them to tarry with us?"

"I can't tell exactly how long."

"How came you to know that they were coming here to-day? I'm sure I have'n't heard you lisp a word about it, before this instant," said Mrs. Jonathan.

"I must have dreamed it last night," replied Brother Jonathan, cheerfully.

"O, now, husband, let us know, really."

"Very well, wife, you shall know all my secrets," he observed, seating himself in the old arm chair. "Since Robert has been in Boston, it appears that he's contracted the habit of using ardent spirits to such an excess, that he must either leave that city, or else do worse. So you see, his wife wrote me for assistance and advice; and I replied that I would do what I could for them, and advised them to come hither."

"When did she write you to that effect?"

"About two weeks ago."

"Why didn't Robert write you himself?" asked Mrs. Jonathan, helping herself to a chair.

"Shame, dear wife—shame was the cause; for no doubt he carries the shame of his intemperate habits on his countenance, and dislikes to be seen here among old acquaintances."

"O, now if he would only sign the temperance pledge,

settle down here in the village, and attend to his trade, how happy he might be—how well he might do!"

"Certainly. In one word, you've laid out the course he should pursue; therefore let us join our wits; and by God's help we will change his course, and render him a happier man: for the older I grow, the more I see that life is scarcely worth a thistle-blow, unless we do something besides eating, and drinking, and sleeping it away," said he, rising and walking towards the front window.

"What! I declare, the coach has this moment passed, and here Robert, his wife, and little girl are coming up the walk. I must go out and meet them."

As the parties came up, Brother Jonathan pressed them warmly by the hand, and bade them both welcome. On entering the house, Mrs. Jonathan, too, received them in the most cordial manner. Cornelia's countenance glowed with unusual gratitude, at this kind and sympathetic reception.

"Husband and friends," remarked Mrs. Jonathan, presently, in her own good-natured way, "our dinner is ready, will you be seated?"

"Come, my friends," said Brother Jonathan, seating himself at the festive board, "come, feel yourselves at home; and consider yourselves as members of the family."

Our host offered a prayer, in which "temperance in all things," and total abstinence in some things, were forcibly enjoined; after which they were helped bountifully, and Robert, especially, ate with a keenness of relish, indicating that he had enjoyed his morning's ride.

"My friends, I cannot express my delight in having you with us to-day," said Brother Jonathan, with a paternal smile.

"It's a pleasure beyond what I had anticipated," replied Cornelia.

"Friends, it seems so truly sociable, to have you with us," said Mrs. Jonathan, passing round a platter of home-made

bread, the very sight of which would of itself almost re-create an appetite after a hearty meal.

All were lavish of their praises of Mrs. Jonathan's "home-made bread;" in which Brother Jonathan himself joined, declaring "that a woman who couldn't get up such bread, had yet something to learn," and turning to Mrs. Dale, enquired how she would relish the idea of settling permanently up there in "the old granite."

"O, sir! I'm pleased with the appearance of the country, and know that I should like the people; and I trust that Robert will conclude to re-settle here, and not return to Boston," she replied.

"You'll not return to Boston, Robert, very soon, again, I'll venture to say," said Mrs. Jonathan, persuasively.

"I would, surely, dislike to leave some of those whom I once knew; and I've longed to be with them ere this; but somehow, circumstances would never permit," replied Robert, candidly.

"Oh, friend Robert, you city livers know not what real fresh air is to breathe; nor what pure sparkling cold water is to drink; the heavenly calmness of evening is almost unknown to you; and the delight of rising with the early morn is realized by but few among you. I could never, from my earliest boyhood, make up my mind that a city life was the most natural life for man to live," observed Brother Jonathan calmly.

"I've always thought so too, though I've resided in Boston from infancy," replied Cornelia, catching Robert's eye.

"There's truth in that view of it," said Robert, while a shade of earnestness flitted across his countenance, which indicated that Brother Jonathan's simple observations had made an impression on his mind.

"I do hope that Reuben 'll always live in some quiet country place, like ours," said Mrs. Jonathan.

"He would be sure then to escape many temptations to

ruin," remarked Robert, unquestionably recalling his own unfortunate career, mentally.

Dinner being over, Brother Jonathan, turning to Robert, said—

"My friend, wouldn't you enjoy a stroll with me over my little farm? It's summer now, but the spring's tender beauty still lingers on the face of nature. Spring always reminds me forcibly of my youth, when angel hands led me onward to a future strown with flowers, and not a star shone in the firmament, but beckoned me to it with promise of joys seraphic."

"I would," replied Robert.

"My good wife, we'll leave you and Mrs. Dale to entertain yourselves for a time," said Brother Jonathan, complacently.

"You needn't fear," replied Mrs. Jonathan, "but that we shall find something to talk about."

"Not at all, wife; women never find time a burden, so long as they have free use of their tongues."

"True, true!" replied Mrs. Jonathan, "and the simple reason why men are growing so much wiser than formerly, is that it has become fashionable now-a-days for them to listen attentively to the utterances of that tongue."

All laughed heartily at these pleasant repartees, while Brother Jonathan and Robert sallied forth towards the fields.

Arm-in-arm they walked down the lane, within full view of the whole farm; and as they were passing along, Brother Jonathan pointed out a field here, that had yielded so many bushels of corn; there one, which had yielded so many bushels of oats; yonder, one from which he had cut so many tons of hay, and the like of potatoes, beans, turnips, etc. Robert observed the neatness and regularity of the fences; the orderly plan of the lots, and the like. Brother Jonathan then related to him his calculations for the coming year, with a grace and vigor peculiarly his own; and pointing to a



beautiful piece of spring wheat, which looked as though a green carpet had been spread over the field, says—

"That, sir, is grain of my own sowing! Do you see any streaks in it?"

"Not a streak," replied Robert, "it has been sown with a skilful hand."

"Yes, Robert! and if it please Heaven, the hand that scattered the seed, the same shall reap the harvest, or at least shall aid in so doing."

"You delight to till the soil, my friend?" said Robert.

"Delight in it, Robert? believe me, sir, I glory in it! I revel in it! It's one of the great joys of my life! The dignified worth of the farmer's calling, has the stamp of ages upon it; and the favor of the great and good attends it! The breath of his herds is healthier than the civets of drawing-rooms! Draughts fresh from the streamlets which chant through his lawns, are healthier than the choicest drinks, quaffed in bacchanalian saloons! His nobleness of thought and purpose is not lessened because his humble steps follow in the furrow; nor his penetration more shallow because he digs deep with his flashing spade into the earth. He desires as earnestly to have his life, as his lands, free from whatsoever is foul. In his brawny arms, a falling nation must be caught or dashed to destruction; and a rising one be nourished, or dwindle to an untimely end. When he garners lightly, the world's heart beats heavily. The true farmer is always employed in heaven's service. Each stroke of his axe is another step in a nation's progress. Each drain he digs, is another sand in the life-glass of a republic. Each acre he clears up is another tube to the lungs of human freedom. I look on each field as a friend; and my garden as a paradise, with no tree of forbidden fruit therein. Is there not found a sweeter rest beneath the roof of a farmer's cottage, after the day's honest toil, than that which fortune's parasites find within the marble

walls of palaces? I love my calling, and call on those who love their country, to respect it; for when it shall be derided, rather than delighted in, by my countrymen, then, ah! then, the comparatively minor spots on our republic's disc will enlarge, till it becomes a universal blank! The farmer, sir, is the most life and liberty enjoying man in existence! Had I a thousand years to live in this world, Robert, they should be lived up, partly, in tilling at least a small portion of God's beautiful earth."

"How long, friend Jonathan, have you owned this farm?" asked Robert.

"Rising of twenty years, sir; and from the twentieth to thirtieth years of my life, I taught common and select schools in several towns throughout the New England states. In that time, sir, I taught over two thousand scholars, and taught them, too, conscientiously, and to the best of my ability. I acquired some two thousand dollars by my efforts. I then married, and purchased these forty acres—a mere garden spot, to be sure; and here I've remained ever since; and here I design to remain till the end of my days."

"You've improved it greatly, no doubt," said Robert, desirous of gleaning what he could of his friend's history.

"It is not the same place. I have, by slow degrees, re-modelled every thing from the foundation, except the soil; which was modelled by One whose works require from man only an intelligent culture and proper use."

"It is, indeed, a pleasant place to live in," observed Robert.

"Aye, and to die in, also, Robert, for one who has improved his mind and moments as he may," replied Jonathan, clasping Robert by the arm, and leading him towards a small burying-ground at a remote corner of the lot. It was neatly fenced, and two plain marble slabs with suitable inscriptions, marked the last resting-place of his mother and only daughter. "Here," said Brother Jonathan, halting at the grave of his mother, "here, some ten years ago, I deposited the earthly

remains of my aged mother. An excellent woman. She died happy. I believe a Christian's death was hers. I often visit her grave; and this cypress, planted by the hand of her youngest son, shall be protected by him till he lies mouldering by her side."

"It reminds me of the sudden death of my own poor parents," said Robert, raising his handkerchief to his eyes.

With a trembling hand, Brother Jonathan grasped Robert by the arm, and gently drew him a few paces farther, to the grave of Julia—aged 17 years. It was a loving father at the grave of an only daughter.\* He paused a moment; remembrances of by-gone years rushed upon him.

"Julia!" said the good man, kneeling on her grave-side, and resting his strong arm on her head-stone—"Julia, my daughter! how sweet, how precious, is thy memory! O, my child! my child! how thou wert snatched from my sight! A flower rudely plucked in its earliest bloom! but what a fragrance doth thy remembrance shed throughout my soul! How sweet! how sweet! Thou art gone! yes, gone! But I'll join thee again, my child! Nothing shall separate us up yonder! Oh, God! let me live in thy service, and labor to banish from the earth that which has robbed me of such a treasure. Rum! Rum! if the names of all thy victims were written one beneath another, the record of thy butcheries must fill a scroll that would belt the globe! What a charge have I lying almost dust to dust beneath me to bring against thee to-day! Alone, it would procure thy banishment, in the judgment of Heaven, from off the earth! Oh, of what hours of bliss hast thou deprived the human heart! What heathen inlets hast thou made to all earthly happiness! O, Father of light and love! help me to aid in extirpating this enemy

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\* This amiable and accomplished young woman came to her death by the overturning of a stage coach, while the steeds were running at full speed, through the mismanagement of the driver, who was intoxicated at the time of its occurrence.

of man—thus saving the human family from the countless curses of the cup."

He arose from the grave. Its soil had been moistened a hundred times before with his tears. An hundred times before had he supplicated heaven as he did to-day; but to-day his prayer filled the ear of one who needed it, and all the salutary effects which it was capable of producing. They slowly retreated from the grave-yard. As Jonathan closed the gate, he stood a few moments and gazed on those hallowed mounds with an intentness which showed how dearly his heart loved to linger around them, and how unwilling he was to leave.

They turned away; but had not gone far, before Brother Jonathan, pointing down a well-beaten foot-path, observed,

"Robert, will you walk with me down this path a short distance? I wish to show you a jewel of more value to mankind than the richest diamond of Golconda."

"I'd walk some distance," replied Robert, "to enjoy such a sight."

"Walk along, then, a little farther with me, and you shall be gratified."

They followed the path, which led them beneath a ledge of rocks, till they came to one which projected about two and a half feet from the ground. This rock was open at the top, and the opening was nearly a foot in diameter, and very nearly round. It was the shape of an egg. A long-handled drinking-cup hung within this rock, and was fastened by a bright steel chain which was attached to a small post driven into the ground near by. The sun had not descended so far but that his rays still partially fell on a fountain of as pure water as ever quenched the thirst of mortal. In fact, whenever the sun's rays fell upon the waters within, they seemed literally like a massive diamond, and the sight conveyed the most pleasing sensations to the mind of the observer.

"Robert," said Brother Jonathan, "look within this rock, and you will see my jewel of jewels."

Robert advanced, and resting one hand and knee on the rock, gazed mysteriously down. His eyes seemed at once riveted and fixed as on a bright vision.

"Do you see it?" said Jonathan, smiling to himself.

"Let's drink?" replied Robert, grasping hold of the steel chain, not even waiting for mine host to politely help him.

"Drink," said Brother Jonathan, laconically, and then folded his arms on his breast, as one who was resolved to be patient.

Robert quaffed freely of that beverage which possesses a sparkle brighter than wine, and a virtue unknown to strong drinks.

He refilled the cup, and very kindly proffered it to Brother Jonathan, with an expression of countenance which said, "*drink quick!*"

"Drink again," said Jonathan, not once unfolding his arms, nor changing his patient attitude.

Robert applied himself to the second cup, with as yet undiminished ardor, breaking away every few seconds to catch breath and exclaim—

"How sweet! O, how refreshing!"

As to the delights afforded by a draught of cool spring water on a summer day, the experience of every reader will accord with Robert's, and more especially after having walked some distance, and got the blood thoroughly heated up as he had.

"Did you ever taste anything like it in Boston?" enquired mine host.

"Never, I assure you! Never, anything that tasted so good to me as this does," replied Robert, applying himself again till he had drained the second cupful.

"How do you feel, Robert?" asked mine host, raising a brimming cupful to his own lips.

"Buncombe," replied Robert, drying his mouth with his handkerchief, and raising himself, for perfect comfort's sake, to a most dignified attitude, and adding—

"Then this is Brother Jonathan's jewel, eh?" taking another wistful glance at the bright life-reviving fountain of waters within.

"It's one of heaven's choicest blessings to man," replied Brother Jonathan, and holding forth the silver cup, observed, "Behold this lovely element! it is purer than the goblet which contains it—than the lips that quaff it! It can purify even the pure, making them purer still; for the very glow of health displays some lovelier tints beneath its magic touch! It speaks of heaven, Robert—of those bright realms, where the most exquisite earthly joys are but as excruciating pains; where, what we call wondrous beauty here below, is but a dull deformity; where the noblest thoughts which clay-encompassed creatures can conceive, are merely as the crude reflections of a barbarous brain. Yonder, up among the developed deities who have risen Godward for unnumbered ages, and are chanting anthems of praise heavenlier than any of which an Orpheus or a Mozart ever dreamed—this beverage points, and pointing, bids us rise."

"It's a blessed thing after all, cold water is—it's the only natural drink, if men could only be made to think and act accordingly. Fact is, I never actually realized it so deeply as now," said Robert earnestly.

"Do you think, my friend, that you'll feel any the worse an hour hence for what you've drank?" questioned Brother Jonathan.

"It makes me feel good and cool all through my body and soul, so far," was the prompt reply.

"Yes, my young friend, believe me, it will never treat you otherwise than well; but there are liquids which men drink, of man's, not of nature's make, that use their consumers every other wise than well," said Jonathan, requesting

Robert to be seated on a seat constructed purposely for the ease of visitors to this remarkable fountain.

"But men will drink them," said Robert, speaking from observation and experience.

"Some half-men will drink them," replied Jonathan, decisively, "but no whole man, no complete man, will ever unman himself so far, Robert, as to drink ought that can intoxicate."

"I have seen many respectable men do it, though," said Robert, persistently.

"Respectable! grant it, but wouldn't they have been infinitely more respectable to have refrained from using it? A beautiful woman may please the eye, though she has lost her character; but how much more pleasing would she appear without that loss!"

"Fact! I don't know but 'tis so," replied Robert, casting his eye in the direction of his falling argument.

"A'nt you positive it is so? Don't you know that they would be more highly respected by the most respectable men, as well as by the God who gave them existence, and gave it them, too, for pure and noble, not for debased and brutish purposes?"

"Well, it does kind 'o seem so, really."

"Don't you know and feel, within your very conscience, that it's so?" repeated Brother Jonathan, laying his hand on Robert's shoulder, as if to electrize him into the bright belief.

"Well, yes, yes! I must say, I think you're right," was the frank reply.

Both eyes of Robert's conscience were for once fairly open, and the light from Jonathan's mind enabled him to clearly discern differences where they really existed.

"Robert, I want you to answer me one question."

"Of course, I'm bound to answer it, my friend."

"My question is this: Have you any settled determination

in your mind, whether you will or will not abstain from the use of ardent spirits during the whole of your future life?"

"I hav'nt."

"Will you answer me another plain question? for you know I'm a plain man."

"I will," replied Robert, courteously.

"Was you in the habit of using intoxicating drinks while in Boston?"

"I was," he replied, with a slight suffusion of countenance.

"Did you ever in your life have any good reason for believing that either you or your family was the happier for your using them?"

"Never!" replied Robert, "on the contrary, I am free to acknowledge to you, that both my family and myself were always the worse for such use."

"You love your wife and child, Robert? I know you do."

"Friend Jonathan, I believe I have the best wife breathing! No cross word or look did she ever give me, and God knows how often I've given her cause for both," said Robert with a quivering lip and a heavy sigh.

"Now tell me frankly, Robert, what was the real cause of your ever giving your wife occasion for reproof, if she had chosen to reprove you?"

"Rum! my venerable friend, rum! It has made me abuse my wife! It has disgraced me in my own eyes! It has shattered my constitution! It has robbed me of employment! It has blackened my once fair reputation! In one word, friend Jonathan, it has driven me friendless and penniless from the city of Boston!" he replied, quite excited on thus unexpectedly reviewing his troubles in life, and the sole cause of them.

"Fortunate, thrice fortunate man are you, Robert, that it has not brought you to an hundred, nay, a thousand fold more unhappy a pass than it has! Remember this, you are yet

young, and can soon out-grow the degenerate past," said Brother Jonathan encouragingly.

"If I only could, my good friend," said Robert, sadly. "If I only could do so, for my poor Cornelia and little Lilly's sake."

"Robert, you have an ear for choice music, I know," said Brother Jonathan very blandly.

"Somewhat," he replied.

"Then lay your ear close down on the opening of this rock, and you'll hear the angels sing."

The peculiar formation of the rock was such that the moving of the waters within produced the most delightful symphonies, and Robert, laying his ear to the opening for a moment, exclaimed—

"My God! how can this be? Heaven itself is whispering in my ear!"

"Do you understand what it says, Robert?"

"No, I don't; but how sweet! how charming!" said he, pressing his ear still closer. "Cornelia must hear this."

"Shall I interpret the meaning of those sounds for you?"

"O, do, do!" he replied, withdrawing his ear reluctantly.

Brother Jonathan then repeated the following lines in his clear sonorous voice—

"O, who would drink wine, when nature has given  
A beverage that flows from the fountains of heaven?  
The lily and rose from this fountain drink fres!  
Then away with your wines—bright water for me."

"They are words almost fitting such music," said Robert.

"My young friend," said Brother Jonathan, grasping him by both hands, and looking serenely towards heaven, "you are dear to me, inexpressibly dear; and now will you, here, by the side of this rock, which is an emblem of truth—within sound of these angelic strains, uttered by nature herself—within sight of these pure waters, which flow in such splendor beneath us—and before God—pledge yourself from

this time forth never to indulge in the intoxicating bowl?"

"I will," replied he, in a profoundly earnest tone.

"Do you?" said Brother Jonathan, pressing him still more firmly by the hands.

"I do," was the resolute reply.

"May Almighty God prosper this pledge, and may great good arise therefrom," said Brother Jonathan, stepping calmly up to the rock, and presenting Robert with another draught of its blessed contents, which he drank with a heartiness and pleasure expressed by his joyous features, filled with a divine renewal of life.

"I feel like another man," said he with a grateful smile to Brother Jonathan, as they left the fountain to return home.

The summer sun rolled as it were with increased speed down the western sky, as if hastening to convey the intelligence of another redeemed soul around the globe; while the saviour and saved, arm-in-arm, and with uplifted hearts, retired from the scene of triumph.

Among the many other things which kept up the conversation between Mrs. Jonathan and her guest, was the following in reference to Robert Dale:

"If Robert would only resolve to settle in this village, and pledge himself before God not to indulge for the future in any kind of intoxicating drink, I believe in my heart I should be the happiest woman in the world," remarked Cornelia, as she sat hemming an apron for her little daughter.

"Somehow, it seems to me he'll do both," said Mrs. Jonathan consolingly.

"It would be too much bliss, almost—and yet I hope and pray, dear sister, that your words may prove true."

"I have an impression, Mrs. Dale, that he has resolved to do both already. It comes to my mind as plain as day that my husband has prevailed on him to do so."

"Why, how you talk, Mrs. Jonathan. Your words, if true, will fill my heart with a joy almost overpowering," said

Cornelia, as a tear rolled down her lovely cheek, from the joyous hope which Mrs. Jonathan's words had inspired.

"We shall see, when they return from the fields, if I am not right," said Mrs. Jonathan consolingly.

"Robert has always been to me a true husband in all other respects except that blighting habit. O, if he would only"—

Here her remark was cut short by little Reuben's running to the door suddenly, and crying, "Papa and the gentleman are coming, mamma."

"Well, my child, we're glad of that," said his mother.

As Brother Jonathan and Robert entered the door, Cornelia read in an instant, by her husband's countenance, that a great change had come over him.

"Robert, I hope you've enjoyed your stroll over the farm," said Mrs. Jonathan.

"O, very much, I assure you," he replied, calling Lilly to his side.

"I presume you've very nearly made a farmer of Robert by this time," said Cornelia, smiling through her recent tears, as she addressed Brother Jonathan, who knew their meaning perfectly.

"Something better than that, if possible," he replied. "Friend Robert has become, since he left the house this noon, a temperance man. He seems more like a brother to me than ever."

"I'm a changed man, Cornelia; I've taken a pledge, and God has witnessed it." He could say no more, but he wept like a child, while he pressed his sweet little daughter to his bosom, as if it would be a purer pillow for her to rest upon henceforth, than it had been in days gone by.

"Happy, happy hour!" said Cornelia, through streaming tears of joy.

"It has proved a delightful stroll for you then, Robert," said Mrs. Jonathan.

"It has, thank God!" he replied, with a choked utterance.

"The Lord has been with us to-day," said Brother Jonathan, opening the Bible, and reading aloud the twenty-third chapter of Proverbs. It was read in a calm, solemn and impressive manner, which conveyed the full force of the meaning contained therein directly to the heart and understanding of all. After he had finished reading it, a silence of some minutes ensued, as if prayer was unconsciously absorbing each heart. At length, Robert broke it by saying,

"Would that I had understood as I now understand, seen as I now see, felt as I now feel, and been what I now feel myself to be, five years ago; for then I should have had a lovelier past life to look upon than I have."

"Be thankful," observed Brother Jonathan, "that reformation was not deferred five years later; be doubly thankful that it has arrived so early in life; and that so long a term of your life's lease still remains before you."

"I know," he replied, "I should be thankful. I am thankful; and by Heaven's help I will continue to be thankful for this deliverance, till the end of my days."

"Are you not happier to-day than you were yesterday, this hour?" asked Jonathan.

"A hundred fold," replied Robert, promptly; "for yesterday, about this time, I was swallowing that dreadful liquor."

"Did the best liquor you ever drank bring the joy, the content, you now feel?"

"It could not—how could it?" replied Robert.

"You're right, it could not; and I'll tell you how it could not. Because a man could as soon swallow boiling-hot ley, with impunity, as drink ardent spirits, and not be killed by half-inches in so doing. For though by cunningly devised plans a law-breaker may escape the punishment of men, yet from an infringement of nature's laws, there is no escape to be made, no refuge to be had. Obedience, implicit obedience, is the only offering she will accept; while misery and certain destruction follow an opposite course."



"It is so; I have experienced it," said Robert.

"Yes, my young friend, it is so, for from the pulling out of a single hair, to the cutting off of a hand—from the school-boy's fib, to the foulest crime—and from the sins of a single man, to the stupendous outrages of a nation, there can be no disobeying of nature's laws, from the least unto the greatest, without a corresponding suffering somewhere, sooner or later; and that, too, by the actual delinquents, however much the innocent may suffer through them also."

"I believe it," said Robert, thoughtfully.

"How greatly does the rum-consumer violate the laws of his being! and what dire disasters follow such violations, merely in social life! Who but has known women—lovely, virtuous women—treated by their husbands, while under the influence of the destroyer, as you would not treat a sheep-stealing dog? known wives and children to carry with them to their graves, scars inflicted on them by their husbands and fathers, on returning from their drunken, maddening revels?—known families in comfortable, and even opulent circumstances, to be reduced, in a few years, to penury and beggary by its wicked wiles?—known fireside circles, which to-day were as bright and peaceful as yon evening star, who to-morrow were wrapt in the flames of a burning discord, from the influence of wine? And these are only a few of its lightest evils. Ah! who has the nerve to relate the heaviest?"

"Its effects are horrible—too horrible to be dwelt upon!" said Robert, whose feelings arose as the theme progressed in the hands of his benefactor.

"How much more horrible to be felt!" said Brother Jonathan, "as they actually are, by tens of thousands throughout our country, while you and I sit here this evening."

"I know it," replied Robert. "I look at it now as I never did before. It is an awful, a murderous, business. No true Christian man or woman could ever make or deal it out to a fellow mortal."

"For me, Robert, I would rather see the flowers bloom over the grave of my son, than see him a rum-trafficker."

"My kind friend, do you think that the custom of publicly making, selling and using ardent spirits will ever be broken up entirely in this country?"

"Will it be broken up, did you say?—broken up? Yes, sir; and broken down, and broken every other way necessary to break it all to atoms."

"How will it be done, and how long will it take to do it?" asked Robert, anxious to draw out the good man's views on a subject fraught with such freshly augmented interest to him.

"Popular opinion is rendering it unfashionable to use alcoholic drinks on public occasions, and private custom will follow; and if there are no consumers, there will be no manufacturers and venders. Besides, an increasing intelligence, and a longing for purity and perfection of life, are leading the rising generation to eschew it; and that same benign influence will gradually shame out the habit in those who are advanced in years. Moreover, sir, every temperance lecture is a lamp hung out over the ruins of darkness; every article soundly written on this subject, and appearing in our dailies and weeklies, is a slow match which will by-and-bye blow this whole traffic to the clouds. Every temperance hotel throughout the world is a glorious worker in the cause; every sermon on the subject rolls the wheels of human redemption once more around, and another degree onward; every pamphlet or tract written to expose the evils of intemperance, is a child arguing with the learned doctors, till they stand confounded and abashed. Every vote cast in favor of measures conducive to its utter suppression, is another round in the ladder of universal temperance; and every true man, elected to our legislatures by such votes, and on such principles, is a standing reference in our country's history of advancing civilization; and that State which adopts laws tending most effectually to abrogate its use, has, of all

others, the smile of heaven most directly resting upon it. These are some of the means whereby the great work will finally be consummated, and the monster bound, not for a single—no, nor a half-score of ages, but for all time to come.

"You ask how long it may take to accomplish this work. I answer, no matter, much, how long it requires, (though despatch in a good cause is desirable) so long as it is finally accomplished. It is an evil of such magnitude, that although it require fifty, a hundred, or even five hundred years to eradicate it wholly from the world, mankind will still have marched onward at a rapid rate. It is, indeed, a vast, a mighty work to achieve; but have not temperance men strong hands, steady nerves, buoyant hopes, brave hearts, firm purposes, clear heads, industrious habits, and other qualities requisite for its achievement? But, sir, believe me, it will be achieved before we are aware of it. Like the American revolution, it may require us to struggle heroically for a while against an odds disheartening to all but true men; yet soon a capture will be made here, a battle will be won there, aid from unexpected sources will rise up in our defense, and in a few years, the enemy, defeated on every hand, will surrender his entire forces and strongholds into our undisputed possession, and evacuate our shores forever."

"May the Lord God grant these things," said Robert, deeply impressed with the earnest words uttered by his venerable friend.

Mrs. Jonathan and Mrs. Dale had been enjoying a short evening visit with a near neighbor, during the time their husbands were holding the above conversation. After their return, of course supper was served. Brother Jonathan was a very model of hospitality and kindness in his home, and nothing could be more certain than the manifest delight he experienced in gratifying the harmless tastes and preferences of those who partook of his bounty. As to his own personal habits, he was a slow eater. He ate long, though he ate but

little, because he masticated his food thoroughly, and enjoyed it. Cheerfulness he loved and practiced, and he could relate an anecdote to a charm. He drank no tea or coffee while eating, and puffed no pipe or segar after finishing his meal. His teeth were all there, "and as sound (we have his own words for it) as steel," and pearly white, though nearly sixty years of age. He retired seasonably, and rose with the sun. His habits were simple and regular, and his health uniformly good.

After the serving of the evening meal, and everything was "*in its place*," as it must be with a New England housewife, Cornelia, addressing Brother Jonathan, said—

"You appear to be a person who enjoys the best of health," being desirous as she was of eliciting a conversation with such a man on a subject to her at present all-absorbing.

"Really, I do, Mrs. Dale, enjoy excellent health. I haven't been confined to bed a single day from ill-health for more than thirty years," he replied, taking a sip or two of pure cold water, which had just been brought to him by his little son.

"What do you attribute that to, principally?" asked Cornelia. "Your manual exercises for one thing, I presume?"

"Yes, my dear madame, that is one cause; early rising and pure air constitute another; cheerfulness is another; dispassionate temper still another; but here, my dear madame," replied he, holding up to the light a glass partially filled with clear sparkling fresh spring water, "here you behold my great panacea for the many afflictions which affect mankind."

"It is a simple remedy, isn't it?" said Robert, smiling.

"Nature is always simple, and what has not within it the element of true simplicity, is not truly natural," he replied, sipping his remedial agent, and pleasantly observing that he drank to the health and prosperity of all true temperance men and women throughout Christendom.

"Yes, I must say," observed Mrs. Jonathan in her quaint



way, "that I never knew my husband to complain in the least of not feeling well, but that his first and last steps in effecting a cure were in walking to and from the well."

"Indeed, the secret of Æsculapius is revealed now," said Brother Jonathan humorously.

"Not entirely," she replied.

"What remains, wife? come, do reveal all."

"Why, it is this, that I'm sure to get rid of the labor of bringing water from the well myself at such times."

A merry laugh filled the room.

"You must know, my good friends, that Mrs. Jonathan takes advantage of my remedy when she is indisposed, and of my indisposition when she is in health—a double advantage you see."

"But your indisposition-days, to my misfortune, as I said, are too like the annular eclipses, they are few, and occur at long intervals. As for the double advantage, it's high time we women were allowed that, in order to make good in the future the influence we've lost over the world in times past. It's an even exchange, that's all."

"Thanks to a clever wife and pure water for my few *indisposition-days*," said Brother Jonathan, joining in the general mirth.

The remaining portion of the evening was passed in cheerful converse on divers topics, each contributing a due share towards the social enjoyment of the hour, till the clock struck ten, when an eventful and memorable day closed over a happy band in BROTHER JONATHAN'S COTTAGE.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE METROPOLIS.

"Honors best thrive  
When rather from our acts we them derive,  
Than our foregoers "

Robert Dale being now under the immediate protection and loving care of the leading character of our story, let us not forget William Vernon, the gifted and promising youth whom we last saw on his way towards the gem of American enterprise, of American civilization, of American greatness, and the pride of the western world—New-York city.

Surrounded with every evidence of wealth and luxury to be seen in a first-class dwelling on the Fifth Avenue of this great commercial emporium, sit William Vernon and his uncle, James Wilkins, holding a strictly private conversation.

"That's the idea, William! that's the idea! It's by acting on the principle of stern integrity that I reached my present position," said Mr. Wilkins.

"That's the principle upon which I design to act, uncle, and that only," replied William.

"Yes, my nephew, and when shielded by such an armor, come what may, your conscience will remain unscathed."

"I've always thought that a man's honor should be kept sacred, and his conscience trebly so, in his dealings with the world," remarked William.

"Exactly! exactly!" replied Mr. Wilkins. "Grow rich slowly and honestly, rather than hastily and dishonestly. I've acquired my fortune by forty years of incessant toil and untiring application to business. Honesty is sometimes slow, but always safe."

"My ambition is to attain an honorable position in the mercantile world,"

"A laudable ambition, surely," remarked Mr. Wilkins  
 "Will my uncle favor me with an introductory note to Mr Hulburt?"

"I will introduce you in person, nephew."

"Thank you, dear uncle."

"And should you put the right foot forward, in one year from this day, you shall be promoted to a partnership with my son-in-law," said Mr. Wilkins in his blandest manner.

"I'll leave no stone unturned nor steps untaken in the performance of my duty," replied William.

"I believe you, nephew."

"How could I do otherwise," added William, "so long as there is a drop of Wilkins' blood coursing in my veins?"

"You might entertain a far more ignoble idea than that," observed Mr. Wilkins.

"Indeed, I might, uncle."

"After your elevation to a partnership with Mr. Hulburt, you may then board either with his family or mine, as you choose; and until then, you might procure board in some quiet pious family, where you'll enjoy yourself."

"I'll do so, uncle."

"Remember this, also, nephew, never indulge to excess in any kind of strong drink. If you use wine at all, use it sparingly," said Mr. Wilkins, with a free and easy philosophy on this head.

"I never use it at all," replied William.

"I'm glad to hear it, nephew. I've always used it; but with great care and moderation. I don't know that I'm a particle the worse off for so doing; but ah! how many, how many have I seen ruined by it!"

Too many there are, who, like Mr. Wilkins, though they can flourish the intoxicating bowl harmlessly over their own heads, yet display an example which leads others with a less self-governing cast of mind to follow in their wake with results the most disastrous. Such men have an account-

ability greater than they are aware of. Whoso leads man into temptation, has more to answer for than those who yield to his influence.

"I sometimes indulged while at college," observed William, "with my fellow students; but I've solemnly vowed to my mother never to partake of ought that can intoxicate during my future life."

"You have an excellent mother, therefore keep your promise inviolate, if you would be happy," said Mr. Wilkins.

"I would sooner cut off my right hand than break it."

"I like such filial fidelity, nephew; it speaks well, for the promise which a child makes to its parent, next to his God, should be kept sacred. Shame and filial ingratitude are united twins—a monster birth. But come, nephew, the carriage is in readiness—let us go and wait on Mr. Hulburt."

In the counting-room of a first-class wholesale dry-goods establishment at No. — Broadway, we find Mr. Wilkins, his nephew, and Mr. Hulburt, and the latter observing—

"I am happy to form your acquaintance, Mr. Vernon; I've often heard your uncle allude to you, sir, when speaking of your family."

"I reciprocate the happiness of this acquaintance, and rejoice to find my kind uncle in such good health and spirits," replied William, seating himself in an easy arm-chair.

"I tell you, my boys, I feel some of the vigor and snap of five-and-twenty still lingering about me at three-and-sixty years," said Mr. Wilkins, jocosely.

He was a man of rather more than medium height, quite corpulent, with an eye black, flashing and round as a cherry, an easy address, and well calculated to enjoy life and make others enjoy it with him. His habit, since his retirement, was fuller, and a superabundance of animal spirits possessed him. His perceptive intellect was superb, nor was he wanting in that practical wisdom which age and a protracted business life enabled him to garner up.

"I judge uncle's practice through life to have been much like that of *Æsop's*," said William.

"How is that, nephew?"

"Not to keep the bow strung too long at a time."

"Exactly! exactly so!" said Mr. Wilkins, speaking in his quick sharp voice. "Though I was always a very close business man during business hours, yet at other times I've felt and enjoyed the hilarity of a mountain buck. Like a true student, nephew, I've always studied hard during study hours, and played briskly during play hours."

"I believe it, uncle."

"I'm a living witness to its verity," said Mr. Hulburt. "I never could get up as healthy a glow on my cheek as father, though I should attend to every customer who entered the store."

"Bless your soul, my son, you might as soon expect to find a rose flourishing in a cavern, as to see a healthy color on a man's cheek so long as he rides from his house to his store and back, month after month, and to whom the rising sun and morning breeze are total strangers."

"Father, I'll endeavor to reform my habits—only be generous to me in your lecture to-day," replied Mr. Hulburt, in a humorous tone.

"Endeavor to, my son. You must reform. Pride must bow to reason, or your body to the grave; for your thin cheek indicates a waning vitality."

"Well, father," said Mr. Hulburt, desirous of drawing off the old gentleman from his cutting but truthful discourse, "what department do you wish your nephew to have charge of, and what salary must he have for his services?"

"The highest department in the store, and a hundred dollars per month."

"Very well. When will you take charge of it, Mr. Vernon?" said Mr. Hulburt in a polite and affable manner.

"To-morrow morning, sir," said William.

"I have an engagement," remarked Mr. Wilkins, "to enjoy a ride in the country with my family this afternoon, and must hasten to meet it. You'll please give my nephew what further information he may require, my son," said Mr. Wilkins, as he turned to leave the store.

Agreeably to promise, Mr. Hulburt showed William the department referred to by his uncle, and observed that the young gentleman occupying it would remain a few days with him, and give him many valuable suggestions requisite for its proper management.

At the expiration of one week after William's arrival, he wrote his mother, according to her requirement on the morning of his departure for the city.

#### MY DEAR MOTHER :

It is ten o'clock, P. M., and the moon sheds her pale beams on the table where I write. It is a lovely night, and I am alone in my room, thinking of you, Laura, Martha, Amanda, and little Edie. God bless you all!

Uncle received me in a peculiarly kind, cordial, and affectionate manner, and introduced me in person to Mr. Hulburt, who also exhibited every demonstration of regard towards me. I'm to receive twelve hundred dollars for the present year, and have the highest department in the store.

Uncle has promised to promote me to a partnership with Mr. Hulburt at the expiration of one year, at which time he says I may board at his house. He is exceedingly kind. My heart is full of gladness, and I am entirely happy. You will pray, dear mother, that my happiness and prosperity may continue.

Affectionately yours,

W. VERNON.

P. S.—I have your miniature now on the table before me. As I look upon it, all the sweet advice you gave me comes up afresh. May I never swerve from its blessed guidance. Adieu.

W.



Near the close of the second week of William's clerkship, as he was returning to his boarding place between eight and nine in the evening, he was accosted by a bright-eyed pale-featured little girl, who reached forth her hand and cried—

"A penny, mister, to buy bread for mother."

"Where does your mother live?" enquired William; and glancing at her, saw that she was less a professional beggar than one through whom nature said "give, or I perish."

"Down here in the alley," replied the urchin.

"Is your mother sick?"

"Yes, sir; father got drunk 'tother night and whipped her so that she a'nt worked any since! She a'nt had nothing to eat since morning," and raising her ragged apron with her little hands to her face, burst out crying.

"Where is your father, now?"

"Off drunk, somewhere, I 'spose."

"What does your father do for a living?"

"He used to be a brick-layer; but he drinks so now, no one won't hire him."

"Have you any brothers and sisters?"

"My two oldest sisters are dead, and little Edie and I are left." Her feelings choked her utterance. The name of Edie came directly home to William's heart, which rose in his throat as though it would leave the body which contained it, and fly to relieve the distressed. He patted the little worse than orphan on her shoulder, and said in a subdued tone—

"Show me where your mother lives."

She led him a few blocks down a cross street, and then turned into a narrow and filthy alley, dark and stenchy, which led to a wooden hovel scarcely fit to be a sleeping place for rats and vermin. It required decided resolution, courage and firmness for one to descend from an elegant silk and satin department in a store on Broadway, to so extreme a place of wretchedness and filth as was this; but the young man's sympathies were aroused, and he was determined to

ascertain the true condition of the little girl's mother. As the door of the wretched hovel opened, he heard a feeble and tremulous voice exclaim—

"My God, is he coming again! What shall I do? what shall I do?"

"It's a gentleman, mother."

"Who is he, child?"

"A good man, I know."

"Madame," said William, "I was induced to come here by your little daughter, who asked me for alms in the street. I never like to give till I know where it goes, and what it goes for."

"Hettie'll have to beg for her poor mother only a few days longer."

"My good woman, are you very much injured?"

"O yes, sir! I've bruise upon bruise on every limb, and a great gash cut in my forehead! I almost bled to death on the spot! I wish I had! I'll soon lay in Potter's field! O, my poor, poor children!"

"Do not give up so, my good woman; do not despair."

Despair had seized her, but love for her children still held back the parting soul from a more speedy exit. A faint light glimmered from out an old, dilapidated fire-place. There were no candles in the shanty; but there lay scattered a few pieces of pine knots on the broken hearth-stone. William lighted one of them, and held it near the centre of the room. He had thus a full view of its contents. Three partly broken wooden-seated chairs, two rough boards laid across an old barrel for a table, a few cracked dishes, a dim, disfigured oil painting, and a bed of straw, whereon lay the sick mother, were all the notable articles in the room. As to its inmates, there, outstretched in rags, her wounds still bleeding, lay that pale, emaciated, starving, dying mother—God's image. At her side, sat the little child called Edie, on an old patched torn quilt, wadded up together, serving for a chair and bed

alike. William's eyes re-filled, as he looked upon him, bearing, as he did, his brother's name. Hettie was on her knees by the fire, trying to get up something of a cheerful light by piling together a few half-burnt knots and coals with her little fingers. Her sobs and childish sorrow were greatly suppressed, which was, as she supposed, what respect for a stranger required. Still, sometimes a rush of grief would come upon her, and her tears would trickle down her cheeks like rain. Thoughts of her poor mother would break through all restraint, and forgetting herself while rocking to and fro, she moaned aloud. This is no overdrawn sketch; it is felt daily, and by thousands. Mother! can you imagine such a husband yours, and such children yours, starving before your eyes, and still tolerate the existence of the cause of these things—rum? Father! imagine this mother to have been your daughter—what would be your feelings? Man! imagine her to have been your sister—would it seem possible to you that she could have come to this? “O no, it seems hardly possible,” methinks I hear you say, as you sit in your easy chair, surrounded by a loving and beloved wife and children, with every means and appliance which the world can afford to contribute at your pleasure to your joint comfort. You have yourselves escaped so far, and perhaps your friends; but who knows what the future may reveal? Alas! may it never, never bring you or yours to this woful pass. But will you not labor to avert the fell calamity from falling with its ponderous, crushing weight, on the heads of others? Will you not remove the cause of these calamities altogether, and thus save mankind from becoming the future victims to them? “O! yes, we will,” comes floating on the wind from ten thousand peaceful families, “O yes, we will!”

William gave the little girl a few shillings, and sent her out to provide candles and food. During the child's absence, he prosecuted his inquiries relative to her past history, glean-

ing what he could from her broken sentences and almost inaudible voice.

“How long have you been married, good woman?”

“Fourteen years, sir.”

“How long has your husband drank in this way?”

“Nearly five years.”

“Was he in the habit of drinking when you married him?”

“O, no, he was a sober, kind man,” she replied, with a sigh, as though the joys which fleeting hours had borne away could return to her no more while here on earth.

“How came he to get into this dreadful habit?”

“About six years ago,” she replied, “we were burnt out, and lost nearly everything we had. He became discouraged and took to drinking, and then—then”—the poor heart-broken creature could tell her story no farther, but groaned like one dying at the stake.

“How many children have you?”

“Two, my good sir; and two are gone where I shall soon go; and little Edie and Hettie, God only knows what will become of them. O, if it wa'nt for them, how willingly I could die this moment! I must die—I must die, and leave them! I wish we were all dead!”

After a few moments respite, William asked still further:

“How does your husband get money to buy liquor with, now?”

“Sometimes,” she replied, “he will work a day or two, and then lie round and drink till the last penny is gone, and not bring a morsel of food in the house to eat. Since the birth of my youngest child, my health has been poor; but I have begged some sewing to do, so as to get bread to eat; and sometimes, when he knew I had a few shillings by me, he would threaten to take my life, if I did 'nt give them up for him to go and get drunk on. It was because I refused to give him what little I had, a few days ago, that he fell to beating me. I told him the children would starve, and that

they had no clothes to wear ; but he only beat me the more, until I fell senseless ; and a couple of black men, hearing my cries, come in and took him away. O, why can't I die ? I want to die ! He 'll beat me again when he comes back, I know he will !"

Her little daughter had returned from the street with light and nourishment ; and William, handing the woman three dollars, said, "Take that. It's all I have by me. I'll call again within a week, and give you more, and try to get you out of this place. I will also send you a surgeon to dress your wounds."

"I thank you, sir. I'll bless you for this in heaven ! It is the last I shall ever need. When this is gone, I'll be gone ; and poor little Edie and Hettie 'll have no mother in this world ! O, my poor children, my little ones"—her strength entirely failed her—she could say no more. William assured her that the law would provide at least a tolerable subsistence for her children ; and spoke to her many words of sympathy and consolation ; but they seemed scarcely to reach her ear—anguish of body, and thoughts of another world, appeared to absorb her soul.

Precisely one week from this time, William called again at this miserable abode. It was somewhat later in the evening than before. On opening the door, he beheld the senseless form of a woman, lying on the two strips of board which had been her only table. She was dead ! A poor old woman, who was kind and motherly of heart, was her only watcher ; and was holding on her lap little Edie, who had wept himself to sleep in her arms. Hettie was kneeling at the side of her mother's corpse ; and so intense was her grief, that she had not noticed William's entering the room, and was wholly unconscious of what transpired around her. William stood still for a few moments, and gazed upon the scene. It was touching ; but he felt that he had done his duty. He could

not save her from death ; but he had given her little remaining life a breath of comfort. He then asked :

"Where is the father of these children ?"

"Off, drunk," responded the old woman, in a frank, blunt, but sincere manner.

"Has he been here to-day ?"

"He was here jest before she died this morning, and swore he'd kill her if he found her alive when he came back."

"The brute ! the wretch !" exclaimed William, mentally. "Does he look like a man, or a beast ?"

"O, he's a good lookin' man 'nough ; and I've known Rich' Morgan when he was worth money, and was a kind, likely man ; but that 'ar rum, ye see, mister, that's it, that's the cause."

Rum the cause ! rum the cause of this ! cursed liquor !" muttered William, indignantly.

"Who 'll bury the body ?" he asked.

"They 'll bury it, I 'spose."

"Who are they ?"

"Why, the Corperlations," replied the illiterate woman.

"Where 'll such relatives as you speak of bury her ?"

"O, Potter's Field, in course, where all the poor ones like I and she is tucked away, or cut up by the doctors after we dies."

"When will she be buried ?"

"Early to-morrow morning, I guess ; mebbly sooner."

"No funeral services ?"

"O, la ! she's too poor for that ; 'twould'nt pay, that."

"Will her husband go to see her buried ?"

"Not he ; he 'll be off somewhar', dead drunk ; there's whar' he 'll be."

"Where will these children go ?"

"Poor-house, in course. Do you know Rich' Morgan, then, mister ?"

"No, nor don't want to know such a worse than brute."



"There's no tellin', mister, what that poor body's suffered. If I've hearn her cry and scream for help once, I have a hundred times, I'll bet."

"Why don't the watch take him to the lock-up, the scoundrel that he is?"

"Way back here in this hog of a place, the stars won't shine. They don't come; besides, they can't hear nothin'; and they wouldn't come, if they did," said the old woman, with a shrewd grin.

William gave the kind old woman two dollars for her attendance, and the manifest interest she took in the motherless children of the deceased; and also left a dollar each to be given them for food, till the authorities could take charge of them. With a saddened look, he now bent his steps toward home. A condemning epithet involuntarily broke forth, at every grog-shop and liquor-vending saloon he passed. He immediately retired to his room, seated himself by a window opening towards the east, leaned his elbow on the window casing, his cheek on his hand, and sat musing in silence and alone. Soft lunar rays gilded the sweet foliage of all the shade-trees around; the roofs glistened beneath their touch; and they played tenderly through the flowing locks which overhung and adorned his own fine brow. A fresh burst of light filled his eye. He looked up, and beheld two as fair round moons as ever blessed the night. As if enraptured, he continued to gaze on the heavenly picture. Meanwhile, he was meditating on that sublime passage of scripture which says, "The sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood," when suddenly he was startled by the touch of some unknown, invisible hand. He sprang from his chair, looked behind him and around the room, but saw no one. All was silent as the tomb. To render certainty trebly certain, he lighted the lamp, looked under the bed and in his wardrobe. No one could be seen. He re-seated himself again by the window side, with what calmness of nerve he

could command. The natural moon still smiled sweetly upon him, but the other, and if possible, the lovelier of the two, had vanished. Suddenly a voice was heard, proceeding as it were from the centre of the room, saying, "Young man, I am your friend." It was the voice of one who had just passed through a trying ordeal, through scenes of solemnity, possessing, withal, a tone of triumph and gratitude; and continued, "Listen to my words, and forget them not. Beware of the temptations which surround you. Dangers encompass you. Let the chariot of your life run on the wheels of conscience and reason; let your steeds be knowledge and love; let your path be that of truth alone, and you shall arrive safely at the city of God. There is an enemy whose right cheek is red, and whose left cheek is pale: the former is a symbol of blood, and the latter of death. Blood and death are his trophies. This night you have passed his dwelling-place—this night you have beheld his trophies. Turn not your back to this enemy, lest he still flee, and flourish elsewhere; but spurn him to nought beneath your feet. Banish him forever from your presence. Ask God for help, and you shall receive help. Pray for victory, and victory shall answer your prayer."

"Who are you?" asked William, tremblingly.

"Your grateful friend," was the soft and gentle reply, in tones, too, of unearthly sweetness.

That it was a friend, be it who or what it might, William had no doubt. His fears subsided, and he pressed his inquiries:

"What is your name?"

"You cannot know at present."

"What would you have me do?"

"Remember my words, and obey them."

"Are you a spirit?"

"I am your true and grateful friend. Good bye."

"Who or what could it be, that has thus addressed me?"

It is a spirit, I believe. No matter. It is, thank heaven, a friendly one, for it spoke balmy words; it gave heavenly counsel," muttered William, in a low voice. A full hour longer he sat, revolving in his mind the impressive words he had listened to, and in earnest efforts to interpret their meaning. He remembered them all,—not one word, intonation, inflection, or peculiar emphasis of that voice had escaped his ear; for with parted lips, intent look, and a half-rising attitude, he had listened while that thrilling voice was addressing him. It was a late hour when William finally retired; but no hour could be too late, which brought with it such an absorbing scene.

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE CALL.

"He is gracious, if he be observed!  
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand  
Open as a day, for melting charity."—[Shakspeare]

On the succeeding morning, Brother Jonathan directed his steps towards the village, with the design of securing a situation for his young friend. He called on a man who bore the name of Durno, and carried on the best carriage manufactory establishment in the place. It was known that he had lost his partner in business but a few weeks previously, and that he was at present much in want of a first-class workman, either as a partner or otherwise.

Brother Jonathan mentioned Mr. Dale's name, and spoke of his qualifications as a mechanic, and of his skill as a workman, in due terms of commendation. As Mr. Durno had arrived in the place subsequent to Robert's departure, therefore Mr. Jonathan stated the fact that Robert Dale was accustomed to country life and manners, quite as much or more than those of the city, and that he had been employed for several years in a first-class establishment in Boston.

"I should be glad to obtain such a hand as you recommend Mr. Dale to be," said Mr. Durno.

"When?" asked Brother Jonathan.

"To-day, if he can come; I'm greatly pressed with work just now," replied Mr. Durno.

"Will to-morrow morning be in time, sir?"

"In time, sir," responded Mr. Durno.

"What is your annual salary for a first-class hand?"

"I'll give Mr. Dale seven hundred dollars per annum, if he comes up to your recommendations," answered Mr. Durno,

relying as he did with the most implicit confidence on every word which Brother Jonathan had uttered, for none knew him but to confide in him, and none confided in him but found that confidence a sacred trust.

On returning home, Brother Jonathan observed a house advertised to be let, and informed the lessee that a gentleman then at his house would undoubtedly rent it the location of the dwelling, etc., being in his judgment, such as his young friend would desire.

"Where is the gentleman from?" enquired the lessee.

"Boston," replied Brother Jonathan.

"His name, please, sir?"

"Robert Dale, sir," was the reply.

"Not the son of old Mr. Dale, deceased?"

"That very same."

"Neighbor Solomon tells me he drinks; now, how is that?"

"Cold water, to be sure," replied Brother Jonathan, with a gratified smile, because he could testify to so commendable a fact.

"No, rum! Can't let it to a man who gets drunk! Rather let it stand empty," replied the lessee, coolly.

"I beg your pardon; on my word, he drinks nothing which can intoxicate."

"He has renounced that habit, recently, then?"

"Yesterday," remarked Brother Jonathan.

"In your presence?" asked the lessee.

"Yes, sir, in my presence, he vowed before God never to touch ardent spirits again."

"At your instance?"

"At my suggestion; but of his own voluntary will he made the vow."

"If he only keeps it?"

"I believe he will," replied Brother Jonathan.

"He has a tidy family, Mr. Jonathan?"

"Very, I should judge."

"I shall require security for the rent, Mr. Jonathan."

"I'll sign the lease."

"Very well; when does he wish possession?" asked the lessee.

"To-day," replied Brother Jonathan.

"All right! We'll execute the lease immediately, and I'll have the keys sent at once to the house." Which was accordingly done, and Brother Jonathan returned home to announce his success to Robert and Cornelia, for which he received their sincerest thanks and warmest gratitude.

During the day, his own team and cart conveyed the plain but cherishable and useful articles of furniture which had been stored away on Robert's departure for Boston. Brother Jonathan gave him an order, on which he procured other articles requisite for comfortable housekeeping, and ere that day's setting sun, he was situated so as to procure a livelihood for himself and family, far removed from the gilded temptations of a city life, so fatal to those possessed of warm affections, generous impulses and an ardent temperament, with rather deficient forecast and firmness of purpose, as was Robert Dale.

A few weeks subsequently to Robert's commencing work for Mr. Durno, Brother Jonathan was seen leisurely to enter the shop one day, and with his accustomed smile, addressing himself to Robert, said—

"If Noah had'nt been a mechanic, would you and I have been here to-day, friend Robert?"

"It is doubtful," replied Robert, with a look of grateful cheer.

"Act nobly, and you must necessarily give dignity to any employment which you may see fit to engage in."

"I'm proud of my calling," said Robert, smoothing off the shaft of an axle.

"You ought to be, my friend, if only because it's so useful."

"The world," said Mr. Durno, putting in a word for social pastime, "could'n't get along very well, I take it, without farmers and mechanics."

"I think, Mr. Durno, it'd get along something like a wheel, with the main spokes wanting—that is, break down pretty soon," observed Jonathan.

"No doubt," replied Mr. Durno, highly pleased with the remark, and chiselling out with increased briskness, a spoke-hole in a hub.

"How do you find our friend Robert, as a fellow workman?" asked Brother Jonathan.

"Up to the scratch, sir—up to the scratch," replied Mr. Durno, promptly.

"I never enjoyed myself, friend Jonathan, more thoroughly than at present, with work enough to do, bread enough to eat, and water enough to drink," said Robert, while his eyes sparkled with untold delight.

"Yes," replied Brother Jonathan, "the very fact that the earth beneath us, and the heavens above us, are so full of the beverage, is proof that nature designed the supply to be ample."

"I suppose you don't think that God made liquor too, as well as water, for man's use," said Mr. Durno, addressing his conversation to Mr. Jonathan.

"I never knew before, my friend, that He made liquor at all," was the reply.

"Well, but He lets the grape and grain grow, out of which men make spirits, though."

"O yes," replied Brother Jonathan, as the lustre began to glow in his large blue eye, "we know that men make many different kinds of poisonous drugs out of grains and grapes, and the minerals of the earth. Men also, you know, make bullets of lead and cannon balls of iron; and though God created the lead and the iron, yet who will say He designed, in so doing, that men should construct implements for their

own destruction out of these, or any other materials of creation?"

"Hem, hem! but don't you believe that any kind of spirits are good for man?" asked Mr. Durno, slightly embarrassed.

"Good spirits—that is, the spirits of doing good, are undoubtedly excellent; yet such are not to be found dropping from the wine-press, nor filling up rum, gin or brandy distilleries," replied Brother Jonathan.

"No, but now really, Mr. Jonathan, don't you think liquor is good in its place, and when not abused?" asked Mr. Durno, again.

"In the bottom of the sea, where its place is, it may do some good—and as much there, I'll venture to assert, as any where; but as to its being abused, I don't know who ever undertook that job and didn't get the worst of it. No man can use it without getting thoroughly abused; and what, then, won't he get, if he undertakes to abuse it? Will you answer me that, Mr. Durno?"

"Then you mean to be understood, my good sir, as conveying the idea that alcoholic drinks are entirely useless to community?"

"Yes, sir," replied Brother Jonathan promptly, "as utterly useless as tobacco, tea, coffee, or any other absolutely useless thing."

"Ah! I can't agree with you there," replied Mr. Durno.

"Why can't you?"

"Well, because I can't, that's all," replied Mr. Durno, in a sort of backing-out mood, as if he found himself getting up to his chin in water, and must either swim on the bladders of more sophistry than he possessed, or with the natural limbs of reason and truth, which the cause he espoused was too weak to afford, or do worse, and so was for retreating.

"Not that, sir. O no, not because you can't, for you can agree with me—you must agree with me, and you'll see the

happy time, before you die of old age, that you will agree with me."

"Not I, not I, sir—never! I have used a little almost every day of my life, since my fifteenth year; and now I'm forty, and I've never felt any injury from it that I know of, for one. No, sir—I've a great respect for your opinion, but I must say that liquor is good in its place. I must say that."

Mr. Durno was a man of rare probity, so far as he knew to be right. He loved life and health dearly; and, in fact, drank ardent spirits—and drank moderately, too—because he judged, by so doing, he was promoting both longevity and healthfulness. There are thousands like him. Such minds only require light. Show them the light, and they'll walk in it. He was, moreover, a man of strong common sense, and would instinctively shrink from the commission of a great sin, knowing it to be such. He had a large share of moral caution, which only required to be thoroughly aroused and brought out, to reform him at once. He was a man of much tenderness of feeling, and he could not witness sights of suffering without an overwhelming shudder. In this respect he was peculiar. Brother Jonathan was aware of that peculiarity, and therefore proceeded to reply to his last remarks as follows:

"I am a number of years older than you, Mr. Durno, and have probably observed a vast deal more of the evil effects of rum on mankind than you have. Did you ever see a man suffer from delirium tremens, a disease induced by long continued and excessive use of ardent spirits?"

"No, I'm glad to say I never did; for that must be actually a horrible sight."

"Half of its actual horrors no language can ever tell," said Brother Jonathan, as an expression of sadness darkened his face—sadness caused by the recurrence of unpleasant memories of what he had seen in this respect.

"Have you ever, my dear sir, seen any one suffer from it?"

"Yes, many—oh, too many!" replied the good man, with a sigh which sent a thrill through Mr. Durno's very soul.

"I never want to suffer it, nor see any one else suffer it," said Mr. Durno, dropping his implements; and his small clear chestnut-colored eyes were for a moment fixed in earnest thought.

"And yet," continued Brother Jonathan, "you are in favor of using the very thing which alone can cause it."

"But that's the abuse of it, my dear sir, is'nt it?" said Mr. Durno.

"O, the abuse of it—eh! that's your dodge, is it? Still pitying rum, the heartless monster! nay, almost shedding tears over him, because he's abused so much! Do not weep for Satan, lest your tears burn out the eyes that shed them. How, I ask you, do men first come to abuse it? Why, by first using it, don't they? and that, too, in very moderate potations. I have known men who at first didn't use it freer than yourself, but in three years time died with the delirium tremens."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Mr. Durno.

"Aye, sir; possible, and exceedingly probable, too," replied Brother Jonathan, who grew calmer as he grew stronger.

"I'd never touch another drop, if I knew that in so short a time I'd die with that disease;" and looking towards Robert earnestly, he continued, "I wouldn't, believe me."

"It's dangerous to trust to oneself; no telling, now-a-days, what rum won't lead a man to," said Robert.

"Hundreds and thousands as well meaning as you are, Mr. Durno, and as firm in what they believed to be right, have stood where you now stand, and have fallen as you may some day fall; for I tell you," added Brother Jonathan with emphasis, "that caged tigers may lick their master's cheek to-day, and to-morrow bite off their heads. So that there is no absolute safety, except in the banishment or destruction of such deceitful enemies."

"How long do men who are attacked with it generally suffer before they die?" asked Mr. Durno, as if prompted by some invisible power to push his enquiries.

"Some linger along for several days," replied Brother Jonathan. "A strong constitution may bear up under several attacks before it finally breaks."

"Won't you give us a description of a man dying with such a disease?" asked Robert.

"It's a picture always painful to dwell upon," replied Brother Jonathan, "yet as you call for it, I'll give it you in my feeble way:

"Imagine before you an enormous anaconda, rendered fierce by excessive hunger, holding in his slimy jaws a brother of yours, whom no earthly power can rescue! Slowly he coils his venomous folds around the bending form of the unfortunate man; while each coil breaks some bone and wrings from the helpless victim loud groans and piercing shrieks of agony. Imagine his bloody eyes ready to burst from their sockets, looking up imploringly to you for help, but imploring in vain. The poisonous viper still continues his coils with increased fury, and bones still continue to crack beneath the mighty pressure. Blood is now oozing from his mouth and ears; nay, literally bursting from every part of his body. His face is blackening with a deadly anguish, and this process is protracted by slow degrees for several successive days and nights with scarcely an hour's respite."

"O, my God! can it be so, my friend?" exclaimed Mr. Durno, apparently terror-stricken at what Brother Jonathan himself says is a feeble outline, a faint sketch, of the living reality.

"Yes, sir, it is possible; it is more than possible. But it is impossible adequately to depict that concentrated torment of soul—that miniature hell. A torture such as that of branding the entire surface of your body with a red-hot iron, or pulling out each hair of your head one by one, every

one causing a pain as excruciating as the extracting of a tooth, or the plucking out of an eye, would give but a dim conception. Now, sir, there are probably one thousand throughout the United States, and at least five thousand throughout the world, who die annually from the delirium tremens. Imagine, finally, five thousand human beings before you: one fifth of the number suffering on the rack; another fifth bound to the stake; another to the tortures of the boot; another sinking beneath the pains of the lash, and the remainder gorged with melted lead, and you have a meagre sketch of the many-fold tortures of this disease. Wouldn't such a sight haunt you for life?"

"Eternally!" exclaimed Mr. Durno, much excited.

"Wouldn't such a scene," continued Brother Jonathan, whose voice was appropriate to the words spoken, and his looks to both, "be an impressive picture of your most hideous ideas of the lost and damned? Now, sir, such is altogether too lame a portraiture of the legitimate effects of rum! Such is the delirium tremens! You, sir," eyeing him as he alone could eye him, the good man added, "and all who indulge the least in the use of ardent spirits, are walking in the too well beaten path which leads directly on to this awful ultimatum."

"Enough, enough, good sir! I'll give you my word never to drink another drop of liquor, except for medicinal purposes, while my name is Thomas Durno."

"You have taken a noble and a manly stand, Mr. Durno, a sublime resolution; but if you would rest on my platform, if you would make bare your head before high Heaven, and do God's will unreservedly, you must eschew it wholly, alike in sickness and in health—in health, that you may retain that blessed boon; and in sickness, that you may be restored to health; for it is well known that many have risen from a sick-bed with a hankering after intoxicating drinks, excited within them from using the same while ill, which has

resulted in a confirmed appetite, and an inebriate's death. As for that 'medicinal purpose,' it is like Pluto's invisible garb, hiding more sins than have yet been repented of; and it is the downfall of many who possess so little valiantry as to don it. The dagger of the alcoholic assassin pierces it like gauze, and amid man's dying agonies he stands and laughs at its protective mockery."

"No more, dear sir—no more; I'll stand on your platform any way. I'm bound to heave it all overboard at once. I do want to feel myself safe in this world—there's nothing like it, I think."

"Mr. Thomas Durno, give me your hand! You've covered the well up, and the child isn't yet drowned—no, nor the man either. You've closed the last loop-hole of the enemy. You stand on an eminence, where angel forms surround you, and angel hands will protect you. You've filled up the most dangerous pit into which you could have fallen. Your feet rest on terra firma. Don't you feel safer now?" asked Brother Jonathan, with a sweet, fraternal smile.

"I do feel safer, and it is my greatest joy that I can feel so; and thanks be to God, through you, for it!" replied Mr. Durno, shaking Brother Jonathan warmly by the hand.

Mr. Solomon now entered the shop; and though himself not what could be called a drinking man, as the phrase goes, yet he would occasionally take a drop too much, especially at another's expense; and it appeared, on this occasion, that he had taken more than a single drop. Being a short, thick set man, he always took quick steps, and when a little "nipped," his "quick step," or "dog trot," as some called it, was inimitable.

"How are you this afternoon, neighbor Solomon?" said Brother Jonathan, extending his hand.

"Tol'able, Uncle Honse. How is yourself?"

"What news, Mr. Solomon?"

"O, nothin', as I knows on, but my son Jake's bob-tailed

hoss—best hoss about—one of my own raisin'—run a nail in his off hind foot a day or two ago, and is awful lame. I was afeard I'd lose him yesterday."

"Bad, bad, Mr. Solomon; but is the nail taken out?" observed Brother Jonathan, who seemed rather to enjoy the remarks of the peculiar old gentleman; and though he was illiterate, still he was rich. Mr. Solomon evidently deemed it a rare privilege to hold even a few minutes conversation with a man so universally beloved and respected, not merely for his talents and learning, but for his goodness, which was above all; and he therefore endeavored to display himself to the very best advantage—"to put the best foot forward." He continued:

"Yes, it's out, and I put on some turpentine spirits, to keep the cold out. Have you heard, Uncle Honse, that Bill Vernon has gone to New York City?"

"I hadn't. What's he gone there for?"

"I'm told," replied Mr. Solomon, "he's to be a clerk in his uncle's store. Who'd ever thought Bill'd get away off thar? But thar's no tellin' what boys'll do next, now-a-days. The world's nothin' like it use to be when I and you was young;" and here Solomon stamped his cane on the shop floor, and laughed right out, in a manner indicating that he deemed his remarks very shrewd, and that they must contain something new and striking, even to such a man as Brother Jonathan.

"Well, Mr. Solomon, I trust William will prosper. I always judged him to be a fine, promising youth. He is well educated, and pleasant in his manners; no doubt his uncle will do well by him."

"O, fust rate. I heerd he gits a thousand and two hundred dollars for the fust year; that's comin' up, eh?" said Solomon, who considered any one a rising man, if he was making money, it mattered not much, in what way. He rated men by their money, being careful not to forget himself in



making the estimate. Of course, he had acquired his wealth by fifty years of hard toil. It had come to him little by little, and he had a perfect right to set a high value on it. His right hand and both eyes always knew what his left hand gave for charitable purposes.

"How is your health now-a-days, Mr. Solomon?"

"Not fust-best, Uncle Honse."

"What appears to be the matter?"

"I'm troubled with what the doctors calls lemoncholic. I had a touch of it agin this morning, but it's kind'o gone over with this afternoon."

"Troubled with melancholy, are you? Well, that is very unpleasant. But what do you do for it, Mr. Solomon?"

"When I gets clar down in my feelin's, I goes to see the neighbors, and hears the news. If that don't do the work, then I takes a glass."

"Of water, Mr. Solomon?"

"No sir'e, Uncle Honse—no water for me; little of what the doctors call stemilent."

"Stimulant, you mean."

"Yes, yes, that's it. You don't believe in that, Uncle Honse? I often said, all I have agin you is your temperance ways," said Solomon, speaking rather hesitatingly, as if he had'nt the courage to say bravely before Brother Jonathan's face, what he had often cowardly said in his absence. But he was addressing himself to one who had taken a few lessons in human nature, and had learned to bear and forbear—to take men and things as they came, and to change them to what they should be, as he could, ever making the best of every passing circumstance. He therefore merely said in reply:

"You don't like my temperance views, then, Mr. Solomon?"

"That's it," replied Solomon; "but I hated to say so, because I think a good deal on you. Them ideas may be

good to die by, but I wants somethin' to live by. I'm for livin', not dyin'. Give me freedom—that's what the old folks fit for—so I can drink wine, gin or champlain, whenever I wants it."

"But my ideas are good to live and die by, both, Mr. Solomon, if you'll only think so."

"Can't think so—don't want to think so—won't think so. I think a great deal on you, as I said. Everybody thinks a good deal on Uncle Honse, 'specially poor people, as I often hearn 'em say."

"If you were to leave it to the judgment of your family, what would they say about your taking a glass? You know it is wise for a man to consult his wife, especially in cases of sickness," observed Brother Jonathan, mildly.

"I'll tell you, Uncle Honse, all 'bout that. Ye see," said Solomon, in a low, confidential tone, "Sally, my wife, does scold some when I comes home shinin'; but I don't mind that so much, 'cause a wife will jaw her old man sometimes, 'bout somethin' or other. She's young, ye see, and I kind'o baby her along, and it all comes out well in the end," and Solomon burst out into a bluff laugh, as if he had been disclosing a very funny secret which everybody did not know already; and placing the head of his staff to his lips, observed, immensely tickled, and enjoining secrecy, "you know, Uncle Honse, you know."

Brother Jonathan smiled as he turned to leave the shop, and with it one who could neither be persuaded nor driven, except by a statute book and an M. P., to refrain from a public use of intoxicating drinks.

The old gentleman chatted awhile longer with Mr. Durno, in his usual interesting style, and then left for home and the family discipline.

## CHAPTER VIII

## MODERATE DRINKER AT HOME.

On returning home, Mr. Solomon fell in with an old friend and adjoining townsman, whom he had not seen for months. As an almost necessary consequence, the health of each must not be neglected. This friend felt it his duty to stand the burden of the expense for so important an occasion, and Solomon hadn't the heart to object to his so doing. They therefore called at the nearest hotel, and partook of a "stiff one" for "old acquaintance' sake." A brief conversation ensued concerning matters and things in general, until each, expressing a fear lest his family should be alarmed on account of his long absence, "tore himself from the other's congenial presence," but not without having first repeated the "pledge of friendship."

As the twilight was losing itself in settled darkness, Solomon swung wide open the wicket gate, and moved briskly (cane in use) towards the house door. He pressed the latch and found it locked; whereupon he gave one of those peculiar taps with the head of his cane, which Sally, the "gude wife," ever recognized as an infallible indication of a certain condition which she invariably called by the right name.

Now, Sally was a very plump, short, active, black-eyed specimen of female humanity, with a temper that would almost make the sparks fly from a piece of ice, if she eyed it sharply in one of her 96-in-the-shade-moods. She could give lessons to the ant in industry, and to a man who set a reeling foot in her house, which the latter at least would be likely to treasure up. She was more than five-and-twenty years younger than her husband; and it had been very ungenerously suspected by some of her gossiping neighbors, that if

she hadn't married Mr. Solomon for love, she had for money. She was scrupulously neat and tidy in her household arrangements, and had ordinarily no small share of good will towards others, and of obedience and respect for her "lord." But whenever he came home "drunk," as she called it, she at once became a fit representative of the whole tribe of furies, and her frightful sarcasm and rage scarcely knew any bounds.

"Drunk again," said she, with a scowl sour enough to have set a "nervous" man's "teeth on edge," as with defiant strides she moved towards the door.

"Hold on, Sally!" said Solomon, in as pacific and compromising a manner as possible.

"I'll 'hold on Sally,' if you say two words to me."

"You will, eh!" said Solomon, seemingly a little touched.

"Yes, I will! you old sot! I'll tear what little hair there is left out of your old pate, for two cents! Coming home drunk again! A'nt you 'shamed!—puh!"

"I'm not out of the way, am I Sally?"

"Yes! and in the way, too!" she replied, kicking the shoes which he'd that moment slipped off, one here and the other there.

"Now don't, Sally! Don't, for pity sake, don't!"

"'Don't!' I will! I'll break up your drunken rows, or I'll break up this hickory stick over your old calabash!"

"You wouldn't kill me, Sally?" said Solomon, glancing at her countenance to observe whether his pitiful words had the desired effect; but the disconsolate expression which overspread his phiz as he withdrew his eyes, proved too truly that he must prepare for the storm.

"'Kill you!' You look like dying! Our old cheese-stealing cat is fitter to die any day, than you are!"

"Why, Sally! I never thought you'd talk so, when we got married!"

"I talk! how do you act, old brandy breath? I'd as lief live in an old brandy cask, as to live in the room with you! Pah! pah! what a breath!"

"Now, Sal! that's saying a little too much of one thing."

"'Now Sal! '—do you call me Sal, just once more, and you'll find your carcass sprawling on the floor," said she, moving desperately towards him.

"O, I didn't mean—I didn't mean to say so!" exclaimed Solomon, holding up his hands in self-defense, and looking imploringly into Sally's snapping black eyes.

"'You didn't mean to!' You don't know what you mean, Sol! you old twaddle-boots! You're as drunk to-night as a rooster with his head wrung off—and know about as much."

"Wal, Sally, I'll tell you how it was," said Solomon, desirous of apologizing for his delinquent conduct, "I met my old friend, Mr.—"

"I don't want to hear who you met. You met old Mr. Brandy-Bottle, if any body. He's about the only old twaddler that'll have any thing to say or do with you any more."

Solomon was never so heartily good-natured as when heartily "drunk," as Sally would call it, which was truly a most fortunate characteristic of the old gentleman's, for had it been otherwise, scratched faces and scattered locks could alone have told of the calamitous consequences.

"Sally," said Solomon, looking up meekly, "won't you set me out a bite?"

"I'll set you down on the floor, and let you bite your finger-nails, if you're so starved! No! not a mouthful will I get for you this night."

"Now, Sal, that's not the way for a wife to talk and act. O, O, O!" said Solomon quickly, having forgotten himself, "I didn't mean—"

"Sal, again!—there, take that, will you!" said she, throwing a spool-stand full drive at his head, which but for his having warded it off with his hands, would doubtless have "laid him out."

"There, Sally, I'll bet you've broke that now," feeling his acquisitiveness wounded somewhat.

"If I'd only broke your thick skull a little, I wouldn't care."

"Why, Sally, if you had some men to deal with, I guess—"

"I'll 'some men' you, if you come on with that stuff! I'd like to see the man that I'm afraid on. Any man that'll come home drunk, ought to be dealt with ten times worser as I deal with you. Don't let me hear any more about 'some men.' You'll spend every red cent you've got for rum; now mark my words if you don't."

"Why, Sally, I've drunk five times to-day, and it ha'nt cost me a single iota—not a cent—it ha'nt."

"You've drunk five times, and are five times drunker than any decent man ought'r be. It shows what an old swill-tub you are."

"O, only a little mite at a time, Sally; only a little mite."

"Who ever see you drink less than a round gill at a time? I'd like to see the man that had; yes, I would. Don't you tell me 'bout its not costing you anything; that's always your cry. Besides, when a man's drunk, he's drunk, I don't care if the governor treated him."

"Why, Sally, don't you know that governors get a little out of the way, 'casionally?"

"Governors get drunk! I'll be blamed, if I was a governor's wife, I'd learn him to govern himself, or I'd govern him with a broom-stick. A man that'll get drunk, an't no more fit to be governor than our old Towser, that I know."

"Sally, don't talk so loud. What would folks say, if they should come along the road, and hear such a jawing here?"

"What do you suppose I care? An't I in my own house? and an't you drunk? They may come along, and say what they like. I wish, by my soul, they would, I do! We'd see who'd look the purtiest, you or I."

"A husband or a scolding wife, eh!" replied Solomon, who had caught by the way a sprinkling of Sally's sarcastic

spirit, and designing at the same time to be uncommonly facetious.

"Yes, a drunken brute, or a wife who's trying to learn him how to behave himself!" said Sally, hurling one of her slippers at his head, which hit its mark and went off like a percussion cap.

"O, wife! I can't stand this. It's too much. You've hurt me," said Solomon piteously, and with a seventy-five-pound sigh.

"Then lay down by it, will you; and for every cross word you give me to-night, you'll get what you don't want, let me tell you that."

Sally was a veritable queen among those who entertain a belief that a good round switching don't "set a drunken man back any," and however much we may differ from her as to the philosophy of adopting such a course, we must nevertheless frankly admit that it saves many oftentimes needless hours of anguish and bitter tears. A woman like Sally would be apt to pine away but little under any ordinary demorality in her worser half's conduct.

"Well, I won't touch it again; see if I do," simpered Solomon, trying what effect a perfect submission would produce on his arbitress' mind; for Solomon loved her as much as he could, because she was young, good looking, and an economical housewife, besides actually respecting her for the real "woman's pluck" which she unquestionably possessed.

"Touch it again!" You'd better ask somebody that's a bigger fool than I am, and that don't know you as well as I do, to believe such a thing. You'll come home 'zactly as you are now, the next time you go down to the village and can get it for nothing, I'll bet a cooky of that," replied Sally, holding up her knitting-work between her eye and the light, and added, looking at him meaningly, "There, I've as good a notion as ever I had to eat to throw this knitting-work, chair and all at your head, for dropping a stitch, listening to your nonsense."

"Now, you'll see if I drink any more, you will," said Solomon, crossing his legs and folding his arms across his lap with a matchless complacency and patient indifference as to the real result and final putting in force of his resolution.

"No seeing 'bout it! Don't I know you, you old scalawag! Don't let's hear another word from your snout to-night, 'bout not sucking any more, or you'll get a handful of yeast in it."

Solomon shrugged his shoulders a little at this veto on his "liberty of speech," which was the more remarkable, belonging as he did, of course, to the "unterrified," and sat cringing mopingly down into the chimney-corner, as if he was dolefully contemplating the kind of bed which Sally had apportioned him for the night.

"I'd been a happier woman than I am, had I married the poorest boy in town," observed Sally, making an unsuccessful effort at pathos; but immediately recovering herself, finished the sentence by saying, "I wish I'd never seen nor heard of such an old two-boots (I ought to say tow-boat) as you are!"

"Lucy never used me as you do, Sally, never!" and Solomon almost wept.

Lucy was Solomon's first wife, and like all first love, (which is said to be the strongest,) he would therefore refer to her with his characteristic sympathy and fervor, whenever he wished to present a perfect model of womanly obedience before his subsequent wives (for he remembered that Sally was "his fourth," not fourth of July, NOT HIS JUBILEE, but his fourth wife, simply.)

"Lucy was too good a woman for you, I believe, in my heart," said Sally.

"Your heart!" interrupted Solomon, with a grain of irony, as much as to say he was astonished to learn that she had such a rare gem about her.

Sally arose like an Amazon, as if in one leap to pounce

upon him. Solomon quaked and quailed, and performed all kinds of submissive feats, till he flattered her out of her perilous notion, and she calmly resumed her eulogy on Lucy.

"Yes!" she repeated with emphasis, "in my heart—do you understand now?—in my heart, I believe it! I know it, poor thing! She's gone, and you didn't care much neither how soon her time come! No doubt she wanted to go! But you don't frighten me to death, if you drink till your eyes bulge-out like a calf's."

"Don't you know, Sally, if I was a mind to, I could cut you off, all but your thirds?" said Solomon, straightening himself up, as though that idea would bring her down.

"Cut off all but my thirds? Well, do it—the quicker the better—and the D—I prosper you in it! If it comes to the pinch, I can live without either you or your thirds, or all you've got! So do your purtiest!"

"Purtiest" was one of Sally's most classic phrases, and she always used that word when she wished to express every thing in a breath. When she looked in the glass, "purty" would always sit first on her tongue; though it was too sacred a word, when applied to herself, for her ever to give it an audible utterance.

"Well," said Solomon, with one of those sighs of his, "I shall soon foller Lucy, if things goes on in this way much longer, I know I shall."

"Follow her as soon and as fast as you please. But I don't believe she'll care much 'bout your ketching up with her; and I should'nt wonder if she took some pains to keep out of your way. She an't me, if she don't, let her be where she will. But I don't want to hear any more—not another word about Lucy, for I guess, if the truth was known, the less you say and think about her, the better for your conscience, if you've got any."

"O, dear! O, dear!" exclaimed Solomon, wofully, rising

and walking, none of the straightest, towards the adjoining bed-room, the door of which was open.

"Not in this bed do you lay your old liquor-cask this night," said Sally, giving him a push which sent him completely against the wall on the other side of the room.

Solomon, recovering himself, made for his arm-chair again, and observed, with a forced smile, "Sally, you'd make a good M. P., if they ever stopped the liquor business by law."

"I wish, from my head to my feet, they would get up a law here in New-Hamp, to break up this confounded liquor business, and we women could be officers to force it. Would'nt we make such great bloats as you are skip and hum! would'nt we!"

"What'd you do now, Sally, if it was so?" remarked Solomon, rejoicing within himself that the distant dawning of Sally's good humor was perceptible.

"Do? what would I do? I'd make you go out of this State, to get high or low, or any other way, on rum—you'd better believe that. Confound these rum-sellers, rum-makers and rum-drinkers, all," she continued, rising with the occasion, "every one of 'em. They ought to be made to run a five mile gauntlet, till they sweat out every drop of rum in 'em, and then be kept on bread and water six months afterwards."

"O, now Sally, you would'nt use your own husband so, would you?"

"Would'nt I, though? would'nt I? Ha! ha! I'd be cussed if I would'nt put him through first, to make sure of punishin' one sinner as he ought to be."

"I do believe, Sally, you'd as leave kill me as not," said Solomon, as his forlorn fever returned.

"You'd better die that way, ten times over, than to kill yourself with rum; I'll tell you so much, for your soul's good," replied Sally, compassionately.

"Well, I 'spose, then," said Solomon, rising, "that I must

go up stairs agin, and crawl in with the childrens," who, of course, had not been awake all this time, nor been listening by the stove-pipe hole, nor laughing themselves tired over "dad and mam's row."

"Up with you, then," said she, following after him; and as he reached the chamber door, and opened it, he stepped up carefully a step or two, then turning round, observed whiningly, for he was doing penance against his will:

"I shall want a light, Sally, sha'n't I?"

"Not a spark of light do you get to go to bed by this night, unless you set your brandy breath on fire, and light yourself up that way."

"Well, well," said Solomon, as an utter blight came over him, "good night, Sally, good night."

"You'd better move on more, and talk less, or you'll find it a worse night than it has been yet, that I can tell you." So saying, she slammed the door to, set the chairs "to rights" in the most expedite manner, drew the lamp-stand up to her bed-side, and then looking into the glass, as though addressing her image therein reflected, she soliloquised as follows:

"I was the biggest fool in the world for marrying that old Josey, that I was. He's sixty, and I'm thirty-five. His hair is white, and as stiff as bristles; mine, only see once, it's as black and soft as a raven's wing. I'll warrent some people think I married old Sol for his money. Let 'em think so; perhaps they an't fur out of the way, hem! Pshaw! Now what an odds 'twixt us two!—only think of it! I look like a girl—plump cheeks, white teeth, bright eyes (black too, at that, which some gentlemen admires so), glossy hair, and add a few thousand to this, and, I'd 'draw well. But then, he hangs on like side-pork, drink or no drink. Let me see, five years more afore I'll be forty. Well, now, ye see, for a widder, that's not so bad! That's time enough; none to spare, to be sure, but's enough; and

it's true, that enough's enough, if it is an old saying. Some old things is good and some an't. He'll go to heaven afore that time; if he don't, my wishing he may go to such a place, won't do any good, then. After all, I must confess to myself, that if he did'n't drink so, have his spreeds, and his breath smell so, puh! I could love him some, yet. But who can love a drunken husband? An angel might, but I can't. There's no use a-talking. Still, I'll do the best I can for his children, that I will; for my two, any way. I never could've went on so, as I have to-night, never, if he hadn't came home drunk as he did. But he uses me like a good for nothin' wench by getting drunk, and I'll use him like a good for nothin' nigger because he gets drunk. I'll be even with him, and a little over. I'll treat him, every time he comes home so, as I have to-night; for if he once finds out that he can master me, and that I'm afeard of him, he'll raise the very old cat, I know. He can bet his gold he don't come that, so long as I've got two hands, ten fingers and a tongue. I can't, and I never could, do like some women, coax and coax and coax my life out of me, to make a husband stop drinking rum. I'll show him he must stop sooner or later, or take up with what he gets."

Sally then seated herself by the bed-side, adjusted her hair for the night, put on her night-cap, tied a kerchief around her neck, extinguished the light, and retired to rest, silently, calmly, and alone.

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE STORM.

"When the Christian bade her be comforted,  
Proffering his zealous aid in whatsoe'er  
Might please her to appoint, a feeble smile  
Passed slowly over her pale countenance,  
Like moonshine on a marble statue."—SOUTHEY.

In the evening of a cold, stormy December day, Brother Jonathan and his mutual friend, Mr. Durno, were returning home together from a village some six miles distant from their own. It was one of those fearful storms which usually visit this northern latitude during the opening winter month.

For days previously, the sky had been overcast with a thick, bleaching, massive cloud, which was evidently preparing to cover the earth with a raiment whiter than wool and purer than the diamond. Already the mountains are attired like angels, and the hills appear in a becoming garb, while a low musical murmur arises from all the forests around. Nought is seen, save some farm-house lamp dimly glimmering at a distance, and the huskish, rustling eddies of fast-falling snows. Nought is heard, save the lonely, solemn, far-off howl of the watch-dog, or the booming sound of some aged tree, which has just been hurled to the earth by the raging storm. Awe unfolds her banner over us, and beneath it we bow in humble reverence to the Power above.

They had not ridden a distance of over two miles, before the sleigh-runner struck a yielding body of some kind, and immediately a deep groan, conveying with it tones of agony, was heard by the roadside. Brother Jonathan halted his steed,

alighted quickly, and running back a few rods, beheld a living body nearly covered over with drifting snow. He cried:

"Who's here?"

A faint groan was the only response.

"Friend Durno," said he, "here is some man either injured or intoxicated, lying in the snow, and we must help him up and convey him to the nearest house."

They lifted up the stiffened, helpless form, and behold it was a strong-bodied man, holding in his right hand, with an eagle's grasp, an earthen jug partly filled with some kind of liquid. Having laid him in their sleigh as best they could, they proceeded rapidly on to the first dwelling, some half-mile distant. It was a small, old-fashioned frame house, evidently the abiding-place of some poor family. Arriving opposite the door, Brother Jonathan called out:

"Halloo!—a light! a light!"

Forthwith the door opened, and a pale, anxious-looking, care-worn, emaciated, middle-aged woman appeared.

"Here is some poor man nearly frozen to death," said Brother Jonathan. "We want you to permit us to bring him in to the fire."

"Charles! Charles! Oh, my God! my God! It's him! I know it's him!" exclaimed the almost frantic woman, as with tottering step she rushed out into the snow, towards the sleigh. They raised up his snow-covered form. The light from the door flashed upon it. Sure enough, it was her husband—it was Charles!

"Ah! my husband! my poor husband! God save you! Oh! help me, help me!" she repeated, again and again, in most heart-rending accents, as they were carrying his body into the house. They laid him on the floor in front of the fire, and as they brushed away the snow from his mouth, eyes and face, several little voices cried out:

"It's father! Oh, father!" and they turned away in mute grief, each little heart weeping out its life-blood in silent,



fast-flowing tears. The work of restoration now commenced. His eyes were frozen shut, his ears were filled with snow, his garments were frozen stiff, and the extremities of his body were like chunks of frozen rotten-wood. It was evident that efforts to restore him to entire consciousness would prove ineffectual. Cold wet cloths were applied to his person, and every attempt was made to procure a free circulation. When his eyelids were sufficiently thawed, he opened them, and rolled his eyes slowly around. They expressed in their glaring gaze only a dim recognition of his whereabouts and condition. His breath grew fainter and shorter. His wife, kneeling down by him, said :

"Charles, do you know me? Do you know where you are? Can't you answer me, Charles? Oh! oh! my poor husband!—what shall I do?" she would ejaculate, over and over, still wringing her hands, and presenting a countenance of despair which cannot be described.

His lips slightly moved; but the glare of his eyes became momentarily more foreboding. He made an effort to say something, but could not; and a heavy groan followed. His eyes closed again, and with them closed the portal of her hope. She collapsed by his side—and darkness came over her soul.

The unhappy man lay in this condition for a short time, and then re-opening his eyes, made a second attempt to speak. Brother Jonathan laid his ear close to his lips, and twice he heard him faintly whisper, "Emily! Emily!" which was his wife's name.

His eyes closed again, and closed forever. Several long, hard breaths and convulsive motions followed, and all was over—he had drawn his last breath. He left the world, as it were, with a rum-jug in his hand. What a passport was that to admit him into another world—into heaven! What a condition was that for angels to receive him in! The departing spirit reeled under the blackening influence of alcohol, as

it forsook its frozen tenement! The husband and father was gone; but ah, the widow and orphans remained! Nothing could be more touching than the unaffected grief in which those little ones indulged, over the lifeless remains of their beloved parent.

"Who'll get wood for us to burn now?" asked a little thoughtful, affectionate, bright-eyed girl, turning to her sister. "Father is dead—what shall we do? Oh, mother! mother!" and leaning her head upon the bed where her unconscious mother lay, her little body shook with sobs and lamentations.

"Your mother shall have wood to burn, my daughter; don't fear about that," said Brother Jonathan, as he stood by her bedside, applying various restoratives to the swooned parent. When sufficiently restored to speak, she asked, with as much vigor of voice as she could command :

"Where is he? How is Charles?"

"He is doing well, now," said the good man, endeavoring to pacify her feelings, so far as possible.

"Ah! ah! why did he do so? why did he?" said she, bitterly.

"Do not disturb yourself too much, now; he's better off, perhaps, than any of us."

"Yes, yes! he's gone! I know he's gone! What shall I do? what shall I do? Oh, dear! oh! oh!" and another cloud came over her. But she was gradually restored to a full realization of her loss; and instead of its affecting her so unfavorably as to render her helpless, she seemed indeed to settle down into a holy quietude—to acquire a strength of body and fortitude of mind adequate to the full discharge of every incumbent duty.

She soon raised herself partially up in the bed, and casting her eyes wildly upon the floor, asked—

"Is he dead, then?"

"He has gone to a better world, madam.

"Yes, there he lies," she added, endeavoring to rise from

the bed. She struggled hard, as if she must go and fall upon his body and thaw it to life with her tears, but was so weak that she fell back again on the pillow; and Brother Jonathan prevailed on her to remain quiet a while longer.

"Oh, if he'd only done as I told him," said she, "and not touched it, this thing would never have happened; but he would drink when he got where it was, and now see what it has come to. It seems that I can't believe he's gone so soon. Now we can all see what rum does; but it's too late to save him."

"It is the scourge of scourges to mankind," said Brother Jonathan, impressively.

"It is, sir! I always knew it was, and always said so. But some people won't believe it till it comes home to them; and have no care what sorrow it brings to so many poor women and their children."

Mr. Durno, who had gone forth to procure assistance among the distant neighbors, being returned, the family was therefore placed under their charge, and the two good Samaritans hastened homeward. The burden of their converse on the way, naturally enough arose from the scene which they had just beheld—a scene through which more families throughout Christendom have been called to pass, for the last half century, than we have employed letters in depicting it.

"We've seen to-night, another fallen Adam, who had tasted of the forbidden fruits of rum, my friend," said Brother Jonathan.

"May the attractions of such fruit never persuade me to touch it again," replied Mr. Durno.

"If earth is an Eden, then surely the rum-tree is the great forbidden tree within its borders. It is, moreover, amphibious—it flourishes in every clime and season; its leaves remain unfrozen through winter's blasts, and unscorched through summer's heat! It is a species of evergreen, and green enough are those who feed on its fruits. Ignorance planted

it, and passion has protected it; but reason will destroy it," said Brother Jonathan.

"May it soon cease to encumber the ground," replied Mr. Durno.

"Reason must, sooner or later, fell it; and when it falls, men and angels will chant together—the song of the stars will be heard; the sunbeams will touch earth's keys like seraphs' fingers, and strains unheard before will entrance the world. Think you not thus, my friend?"

"I do, indeed!" replied Mr. Durno, "and I've thought, too, in my plain humble way, that if twenty thousand men were stationed, each man at a separate post, and at a distance which our liquor establishments are now situated from each other in the various cities and villages throughout the United States, and each person holding such a station should stand with a drawn sword, and strike at least once each day an arm from this one, a leg from that one, and a head from the other among the passers-by, there would scarcely be that immense surge of wailing produced that there is by those double-edged alcoholic swords which so many thousand liquor dealers wield with a careless hand, justified alike by their country's statute laws and the habitual customs of their countrymen."

"Your words are solemnly true, my friend," said Brother Jonathan.

"If so, then, let no man ask, henceforth, what rum has done that is so very bad," observed Mr. Durno.

"Ask what rum has done!" continued Brother Jonathan, in a voice solemn as the tempest which roared above them. "Let our answer be, rum has torn the bandage from the eyes of justice, and robbed her scales of their impartial balance; has stained the judicial ermine in open court, and set injustice on the bench. Rum has transformed the ballot-box to a dicer's thimble—to a thing of chance; and filled our legislative halls with illegitimate sots, making them resound with

treason's defiant yells, still hurling wisdom headlong from its native courts. Rum has stamped his black signet on the desk divine, has given a fetid breath to those who cling around its altars, and clipped the wing of inspiration to the quick! Rum has spit into the scientific eye, rammed his sharp finger in the author's listening ear, and with his poisonous fang pinned the sweet lips of eloquence! Rum has run his keen-edged scalpel round the arm of strength, and the cords of manhood have snapped asunder in its wake! Rum has cupped the breast of beauty with a shocking skill in every age; has dragged fair Vesta from her sacred throne, and placed a Niobe there! These things rum has done! Shall it do more? Shall it do these things longer?"

"God forbid!" said Mr. Durno, whose soul was deeply impressed by these pungent words.

"Man forbid! let us rather say in this case, for men have brought this evil upon themselves, and they must remove it," replied the good man.

"God and man forbid!" exclaimed Mr. Durno, feelingly, "that rum shall do these things longer!"

"But pure water, on the other hand," observed Brother Jonathan, "is man's true and loyal friend. It keeps the needle from the shroud, that shroud from the body, that body from the coffin, and that coffin from the grave! It gives a lustre to the eye of age, and adds a bloom unto the oldest cheek."

Thus conversation beguiled the stormy hour, and they soon found themselves within the precincts of their own village, and approaching their own blessed abodes, their families the while not apprehensive for their fate, as many are, from the influence of the unholy beverage; and they soon exchanged the howling, bustling storm without, for that happy calm which threw its nameless charms around the firesides within.

## CHAPTER X.

## THE PROMOTION.

"Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime!  
And departing, leave behind us  
Foot-prints in the sands of time.—LONGFELLOW.

"Are the papers drawn up?" asked Mr. Wilkins, quietly puffing his pipe.

"They are," replied Mr. Hulburt.

"William is to receive one-third of the net profits, and defray one-third of the outlays, I take it?"

"Precisely," said Mr. Hulburt.

"Nephew, sign that indenture of copartnership. My son, you'll sign it too."

"HULBURT & VERNON....how does that look, father?" asked Mr. Hulburt, for a little pleasantry.

"Excellent," replied the ever good-natured Mr. Wilkins. "Draw together now, and I'll warrant you success to your heart's content."

"But suppose we should chance to get mired by any fortuitous events, father, what then?"

"Well, then, try to extricate yourselves first; and if you can't, why, call on Hercules," replied Mr. Wilkins, laying his right hand unctiously on his breast.

"A convenient resource, surely," replied Mr. Hulburt smilingly.

"Well, my nephew, where'll you henceforth make it your home, at my son's residence, or at your uncle's?"

"Between two paradises, how could I make a choice, dear uncle?"

"By trying both of them," replied Mr. Wilkins.

"That would be asking too much, I fear, even of the generous gods."

A merry laugh burst forth from all three.

"Well, if I must be arbiter in this affair, I shall decide on having you live with me at my house," said Mr. Wilkins, very cordially.

"*Avec plaisir*," replied William.

"My son, what amount have you cleared the past year?"

"Thirty thousand."

"Ten thousand dollars for you then, nephew, at the expiration of the ensuing year. At that rate, in ten years you will have accumulated a handsome fortune."

"It's a golden privilege, uncle, and I trust I shall prove myself worthy of it."

"Eight o'clock," said Mr. Wilkins, looking at his watch.

"Is your carriage at the door, my son?"

"No, father; I use nature's mode of conveyance, quite to my own advantage, since your piquant health-hints twelve months ago."

"I spoke the words of experience and truth: heed them, my son. Come, then, let us, arm-in-arm and like true brothers, direct our steps up street."

Mr. Hulburt's residence was only a few blocks distant from his father-in-law's, and a brief half hour's walk brought them to the door of the latter.

"Come, my son—an hour passed with me might be passed less pleasantly. Walk in; my library contains many good things which none of us have yet learned."

They entered the house, and were conducted to an elegantly furnished room, containing several thousand choice volumes.

"This, William, is the student's true seraglio, and those are his only true sultanas," observed Mr. Wilkins, jovially, pointing to the rows of books which filled up two sides of the large room.

"I'd rather sit as Grand Seignior over this room and its contents than over the whole Turkish empire. It is the only harem a true man could ever desire to have control of," replied William.

"That's Platonic enough, to be sure; but I've just been reading Plutarch's life of Mark Anthony. His was an eventful career. Cæsar was not so great an enemy to Anthony, as Anthony was to himself," observed Mr. Wilkins.

"But there is something in the melancholy fall of Anthony under the combined influence of Bacchus and Venus, which has always impressed me strangely," remarked William, with his eyes fixed in a momentary revery.

"Isn't it strange," said Mr. Wilkins, "that such a hero should allow himself to be vanquished by his own passions?"

"O, it was his so freely quaffing the intoxicating beverage from the golden goblet of the Egyptian queen that sent him down the steep of power and place with more painful struggles than it cost him to ascend them."

"You are right, William; it is far pleasanter to rise twice to eminence, than to fall once therefrom. We ascend the pyramids more cheerfully than we descend them."

"Great misfortunes, I've observed, dear uncle, seem fairly to grab by the throat and choke our moderate drinkers down to the very bogs and mire of intemperance."

"I've witnessed full a hundred such cases in my day, nephew, I've no doubt. One instance of the like now recurs to me. It was a Mr. D——, of P—— street, this city. He had amassed an immense fortune, and was designing soon to retire from business. He was one of the most temperate men I ever knew, never using strong drink except on rare occasions, and then very sparingly. He was withal a happy man in his family. He met with sudden reverses, however, whereby he lost everything, and in three years time he died in a fit of the delirium tremens. Wasn't it horrible?"

"Awful!" replied William, as a shadow of sadness passed athwart his noble countenance.

"I have always endeavored to prepare myself for such untoward events, by looking at them calmly and with a philosophic eye in advance. Still, I too might share a similar fate under similar circumstances," and a solemn expression did for once get possession of Mr. Wilkins' countenance.

" 'We know not much of what we are,' says a modern poet, 'and far less of what we may be.' But is it possible to keep good health while the air is filled with poisonous effluvia? that is, will there cease to be cases like the one you've just mentioned, so long as liquor trafficking prevails so extensively and publicly among us, inviting with every fascinating art the man of troubles to hide them in the mazes of intoxication? Misfortune usually excites us, and then we need a calming influence, a moral tonic—not still more excitement of that nature which ends in undue weakness, if not in utter prostration."

"How shall we prevent men from using liquor whenever and wherever they may see fit to do so?" asked Mr. Wilkins.

"By destroying it."

"How destroy it? By persuading people to leave it entirely alone? That would be its utter destruction, to be sure."

"Yes, by moral suasion, if possible; if not, then by legal suasion."

"What, by law, William?"

"Yes, by law, uncle, by law," replied William, emphatically.

"Impossible, nephew."

"Not so, dear uncle, nor improbable either. By law it must, and by law it will be destroyed; and the sooner we try that remedy, the better."

"But that would be coercing people to disuse what some think we ought to be entirely unrestrained in using, as much so as air or water."

"If it were as useful, uncle, and as harmless to the constitution as air and water are, your argument would count."

"Do you think it republican, nephew, any way, to limit a man by force to the using whatsoever he may see fit to use, and can honestly procure?"

"Arsenic, prussic acid, strychnine, and all kinds of poison, are prohibited by law from being dealt out without a written prescription from a physician, are they not? Is't rum a poison? It's a little slower than some others, perhaps, but none the less fatal; and the more dangerous, because a far more palatable poison to many than any other. As for force, don't you approve, with your whole heart, of forcing men to suffer the penalty affixed to any law of the land which they may violate?"

"Of course—of course."

"Well, then, in the name of justice, mercy, reason, republicanism, and every other divine principle, is't the old saying, that 'a gill of prevention is better than gallons of cure,' correct? Is't it an infinitely more humane and wise policy for this, or any other government, to prevent crime and suffering by removing the temptation thereto, than to entice people to sin, as it were, and then punish them for sinning? Is't 'lead us not into temptation,' the most significant sentence in the Lord's prayer? Remove the serpent from paradise, and both Eve and Adam are safe," replied William, vehemently.

"Won't it be rather difficult to make the masses understand that to pursue the course which you suggest is the right, the feasible one?" asked Mr. Wilkins, smiling at the earnest resolution which his nephew displayed.

"I've a high confidence in the sterling good sense of the great masses of mankind, of their innate integrity, and of their vigorous zeal in prosecuting every humane and reasonable measure, without much hesitation, though it be ever so new; while in a country like ours, where all, or nearly all,

are free to think, and more accustomed to reflection than in any other, the introduction of new measures is facilitated. I consider the difficulty of having the great common sense masses understand our idea, and comprehend our view of the matter, as being very light, very inconsiderable. Give us a legal charter for our scheme, and we'll risk its triumphant operation. Give us an unreserving prohibitory law throughout this State, and all will be rejoicing in its beneficent effects in less than two twelve months. The law must come—it must. People will have it legally enacted, or they'll assume its legal enactment, sooner or later. It will come, and come soon. I have an eye which you don't see—and that invisible eye sees its coming."

"I have my doubts," said Mr. Wilkins.

"Have you reasons, dear uncle?"

"One is, the rum power is so potent throughout this State, that you might as well undertake to cut your way through a mountain of granite with a pick-axe, as to break up their rocky phalanxes sufficiently to get a bill passed, and its measures in successful operation."

"O, doubt not, dear uncle, but that the same divine Hand which enabled the great psalmist of Israel to overcome his enemies—which gave a power to the simple truths uttered by the youth of Nazareth, both world-enlightening and world-commanding—which aided the parent of the protestant reformation in the fifteenth century, and which strengthened the hero of the political revolution of the eighteenth century, will enable those engaged in the temperance reformation of the nineteenth century, to add still another flower to the wreath of moral triumph. Moreover, our numbers are increasing daily. Orphans of both sexes, who have experienced the bitter, bitter sorrows arising in consequence of their having had intemperate parents, will swell our numbers vastly, in a few years; and how many widows and mothers are there who will add their mite, though

but a tear, a sigh, or a single 'God bless you,' and thus augment our influence until it shall finally become mighty, powerful, irresistible!"

William arose from his chair in uttering this brief speech, and paced the floor, while a deep-seated earnestness, and a heart-felt conviction of the justness of his cause, gave a glow to his countenance, and lighted up his whole features as with the breath of inspiration. As he uttered the last few words, he walked directly in front of his uncle, and riveting his fine blue eye upon him, spoke them with such feeling and power as made the old gentleman tremble in his chair.

"Well, I think, myself, nephew, that whenever the great State of New York shall enforce some prohibitory scheme successfully, there will be followers throughout the Union."

"You're right, good uncle; for when the lion roars, all the other beasts prick up their ears; and when this State leads in a prohibitory van, what State will not follow?"

"I tell you, my good friends," said Mr. Hulburt, who had been sometimes reader and sometimes listener, during this short argument, raising himself to a more perpendicular posture in his chair, "I tell you, I'd sooner saw off my right arm, than vote for a law which would deprive me of one jot of freedom in using freely, and at any time, whatever I see fit to use, or whatever I may deem necessary to be used for my own health and comfort."

"But," replied William, "suppose some poisonous insect were to infest the wheat or rice crop throughout the land, and that its effects on five out of every ten persons who might consume these staples were to result fatally, and that you by your vote could aid in banishing or averting such a pestilence—would you, could you, refuse it?"

"Ah! you suppose an impossibility, my friend."

"Not at all, Mr. Hulburt. Grain injured by the weavel is said not to make healthy bread; and potatoes injured by the rot are productive of disease."

"My son, my son," exclaimed Mr. Wilkins, laughing, "let's have your vote."

"Such are the conclusions arrived at by the most skilful chemists among us," added William, "that you know full well."

"But suppose these same eatables should prove wholesome to me," said Mr. Hulburt, "why ought I to deprive myself of them, merely because they happen to injure others? Isn't one man's meat another man's poison?"

"Well," replied William, "let's carry the supposition a little farther. Suppose that you were one of the unfortunate ones, and so constituted physically as to suffer by their use, wouldn't you think it entirely unchristian in me to refuse my aid, when, by granting it, you and millions of others might have your lives saved, or be greatly benefited thereby?"

"Why, yes—I don't know but I should."

"And don't I give you higher authority than Paul, when I say to you, 'whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do you even so unto them?'"

"Your vote, my son, your vote!" cried Mr. Wilkins, rubbing his hands briskly, and shaking with laughter.

"I ask you, Mr. Hulburt, can we learn too soon or too well how to make sacrifices for our fellow men? and remember," added William, "that the iron hand of enmity and discord cannot be exchanged for the golden cestus of universal brotherhood, so long as rum holds so lofty a place in the affections of mankind."

"Why, I verily believe," replied Mr. Hulburt, "that you'd prove yourself a Cleostratus, if the occasion required."

"Aye, sir!" responded William, "and without harm to myself, too, if you'd only prove yourself a Menestratus."

"Your argument is eighteen hundred years too old, my son. It won't take. Its assumed moral was repealed long ago."

"Had this traffic existed," continued William, "as it now exists, four thousand years ago, before the light which two scores of centuries have been shedding with an increasing

lustre—before the expositions of modern science respecting the laws of life and health, and the inter-relational effects which body and mind have over each other—mankind would have been guilty of a sin, which, because of their universal ignorance concerning it, Omnipotence might have 'winked at.' But at this period of humanity's pilgrimage on earth—now, as the firmament of knowledge seems well nigh cloudless, and studded over with ten thousand lights in the different departments of our physical, intellectual, and moral nature; now that the geologist reads each successive page of the globe's history, from the center to its circumference, with a skill approaching infallibility—now that even the 'heaven of heavens' is yielding up its secrets before the spiritual ken of man—it is no time to be framing apologies or originating excuses for a sin so flagrant in its constitution and so hideous in its outlines as is the rum traffic."

"I'm free to admit," said Mr. Hulburt, "that the traffic has done much injury to mankind in all ages; but not as much, I opine, as men have been wont to attribute to it. I grant its effects are beastly; but for that very reason, we are inclined to color those deleterious effects too highly."

"If all those," replied William, "who have been prematurely ushered from this life into the next, from the days of Noah down to the present era, through the direct or indirect influence of intoxicating drinks, were to return again to the earth, what area would encompass them? Would the earth itself contain the immense throng?"

"Your calculations surprise me, William, certainly," said Mr. Hulburt.

"Not more than the sophistry of your argument, my respected sir, surprises me."

"I have custom, though you may have reason on your side," said Mr. Hulburt, who felt that he had been kicking against the pricks.

"Custom is often a poor argument, but reason never; and



shall an American bow to custom rather than to reason? Could such a course have advanced us to our present commanding position?" replied William energetically.

"My son, what'll you have—a glass of claret? or Croton, welliced?" asked Mr. Wilkins, with a suppressed smile.

"The latter would be the coolest—and for the sake of being agreeable, I'd prefer it," replied Mr. Hulburt, rising from his chair.

A servant now entered with a glass for each of deliciously cool lemonade, which was sipped with the utmost cordiality of feeling and hearty good cheer, after which they separated for the evening.

## CHAPTER XI.

## CALIFORNIA.

The golden attractions of this distant land at length won the interest of Robert Dale. Its Ophiric treasures were being heralded throughout the civilized world, and thousands of Americans were drawn thither as by an irresistible magic. That land over which the star of Lucifer rose with almost unwonted splendor, was the chosen Mecca of the day. It was a star which men followed with an alacrity more intense, if possible, than that which inspired the eastern Magi to draw nigh unto a Redeemer's birth-place; but to the moderns—at least, to many of them—it proved a ruiner instead of a savior; and the breaking up of families, together with the separation of friends, which ensued, caused innumerable heart-aches, absolute distress, and disappointments throughout the land. Some of the adventurers were fortunate, however, and secured an abundant supply of gold.

Robert persuaded himself into the belief that he was one of the chosen followers of the mighty god. But to leave a wife and children to whom he was ardently attached—to throw away a thriving business—to venture forth into a strange land, merely for the purpose of acquiring wealth somewhat more speedily than by daily toil at an honest and useful trade, were matters for serious consideration.

He considered and re-considered the case; and at last decided to leave all, and try his fortune in a land of fortune. He accordingly resolved on going without delay, and that arrangements should be made forthwith. Consequently, on the afternoon of the same day, he disclosed his intentions to his family. His wife listened with her accustomed calmness and attention to his designs, as he unfolded, one by one, the



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advantages which wealth affords in the education of children, and that, with his uniform good health and great physical strength, he could so well bear up under the fatigues of gold-digging and the effects of a strange climate, as to enable him to reap, to a more than ordinary degree, the advantages of such an enterprise. When Robert had concluded, Cornelia seated herself by his side, gently rested her hand on his shoulder, and looking on him with a smile of fervent affection, said :

"Husband, such a home as we have, and your presence in it day by day, are a wealth to me above California's gold—above compare."

"Would'nt you, wife, like to ride out some day in your coach and four?" asked Robert, in a kind of parleying manner, although he himself desired riches more for his children's sake than for any ambitious purposes, or mere worldly display. But his vanity-exciting question had no power to weaken the affection and common sense of his wife.

"No. no, Robert," she replied, "nor in my coach and eight, at the expense of your comfort, and the risk of your life and health."

"I would sacrifice all for your sake, Cornelia, except—"

"Going to California," she interrupted, looking him directly in the eye.

"No, except Heaven itself."

"It is there, dearest," she added, "that I wish to seek for treasures, and there lay them up beyond the reach of time and the elements."

"But we are on the earth at present, you know, and we must be more or less earthly."

"At the best we shall be too earthly, Robert; and hav'nt we enough of everything for comfort now?" she asked.

"But what have we for old age?"

"We're young yet, my husband, and with prudence and industry we shall have all we need, ere that."

"It seems to me, Cornelia, I must confess, that if gold can be got there so fast as they say it can, I may as well have a hand in the dough as any one." He then read aloud a long article from a late paper, describing the unparalleled prospect at the mines in glowing terms, and the present brilliant success of miners.

"'Tis a long way for a story to travel, Robert, and like a comet, a good story never loses anything by traveling around the world, you know."

"No, nor a bad one either, for that matter."

"True! therefore we should make great allowance for exciting news under exciting circumstances. Now, Robert, really, you don't believe that every thing goes off as swimmingly there as this article and similar articles tell for?"

"Well, well," replied Robert, hesitatingly, "I don't know that I do; but still there must be something in it, or else—"

"The papers wouldn't say so," said Cornelia, finishing up the sentence.

"Yes, for they wouldn't fib it so by wholesale. Can't be possible," replied Robert, eying the paragraph rather suspiciously.

"They may not intend 'fibbing it,' as you say, but then one adds a little and another a little, until a plain fact becomes inflated into a marvel, and appears like a form of ordinary mould arrayed in rich robes and jewels."

"Cornelia, really, you're getting poetical. I fear it's a resource by which you intend to break my design in a pleasing inoffensive manner."

"Robert, I wish from my very heart that I WERE poet enough to describe to you the charms of our dear, dear little home. I doubt not I could banish California and its treasures forever from your mind. O, how my soul revels in the sweet comforts of this happy place! See," said she, walking towards the front window, "what a quiet pleasant village is ours! What kind cordial neighbors surround us! How

delightfully our house is situated—flowers, shrubs, and fruit trees, a rich garden, and everything that the heart can wish!”

“I’m glad of it,” replied Robert, rather shrewdly, “for then you’ll enjoy yourself so much the more while I’m away.”

“Ah, say not so, dear husband,” replied Cornelia, as a tear gathered in her downcast eye, “say not so, for poverty and your presence is more to me than riches and your absence. Besides, what would Eden itself have been to Eve had not Adam been her bosom companion, her abiding comfort? But here goes your friend, Brother Jonathan, by the door.”

“God bless him! I’ll call him in. I want his counsel and advice in this affair,” said Robert, walking hastily towards the door.

Brother Jonathan complied with his accustomed heartiness and good cheer.

“My friend,” said Robert, setting along a chair, “what think you about my going to California?”

“I’d rather see you go to your work-shop, down in the village,” replied Brother Jonathan, jocosely, not deeming Robert in earnest.

“O, but earnestly, I think of starting in a day or two,” said Robert.

“Earnestly, then, I repeat that I judge the best California for me is my farm, and for you, is your shop.”

“But others,” continued Robert, “are getting rich there in a few months; and why not I?”

“I doubt, my young friend, whether any man acquires a fortune there in so short a time, honestly—by hard digging in the mines. It must be done by speculation, or some game of chance mode; besides, you are too useful a man in this community to go there, and you love your family too truly to ever leave them for such a journey and for so long an absence. Those possessing opposite traits from yours, will flow there

in sufficiently large numbers to dig all the gold within its borders,” replied Brother Jonathan, well aware that such a step would be exposing him to those temptations which he had heretofore so feebly withstood.

“Say you will not go—do!” said Cornelia, with a sudden gush of feeling.

“Wife, I must tell you and my good friend here, that something urges me to go, and go I must.”

“Tell that ‘something,’” said Brother Jonathan, “that your name is Robert Dale. That you are a son of the ‘old granite state,’ that you are as firm as her everlasting hills, and that nothing shall urge you beyond the limits of reason and duty.”

“What good will it do? It urges still,” replied Robert, while a shadow of mingled hope and despair flitted across his countenance, as if some gold-loving goblin had actually got possession of him, and was urging him irresistibly on, against the strongest tide of reason and affection.

“Tell it again, then,” replied Brother Jonathan, “and tell it, too, with an emphasis such as shall send it where I fear your happiness and that of your family will be, if you yield and do its bidding.”

“Pray, where is that, good sir?” asked Robert, apparently alarmed.

“To the shades of this world,” replied Brother Jonathan, prophetically.

“That remains to be seen, my friend,” observed Robert.

“Alas! and felt, too, dear husband, I fear! O, do, do heed the counsels of your friend, Robert! Do, if not for my sake, nor your own! Do, for the children’s,” said Cornelia, walking into another room, to pour out her wounded feelings unrestrainedly and alone.

As she was leaving, Brother Jonathan pointed to her and observed:

“Robert, behold your wife, and learn how lovely a creature



a true woman is! What exalted virtue—what piercing perceptions—what vigor of affection are hers! Her grace of figure and elegance of address, how exquisite! Her smile is the essence of sweetness! In her eye, what ecstatic loveliness! Her voice, how tenderly thrilling! She is the queen-angel of beauties, and the favorite being of creation. The mantle of her love protects man under gloomy, trying circumstances in this frosty-hearted world, as the genial moss protects the benighted Laplander in his subterranean hut. Under her balmy influence, the grim gusts of man's passions may growl, but cannot bite; and her tears settle the dust of their wrath, while her caressing smiles are a muzzle to their mouth."

Robert seemed, himself, considerably affected by the deep feeling which his wife manifested because of his contemplated departure; but for once, a rather unflinching spirit did possess him, and he gave few signs of willingness to relinquish his design. As Cornelia re-entered the room, Brother Jonathan observed still farther:

"I see you are resolved to go, my young friend, and if so, I would advise your wife to become reconciled thereto as soon as may be."

"I am resigned," answered Cornelia, in a gentle, plaintive tone.

"Robert, a word or two before we part," said Brother Jonathan. "Hold not the ingot so closely to your eye, as to shut out the light of heaven. Better have no companions, than intemperate ones; and no friends, than those of incorrect habits. Quarrel with no one, whatever be the provocation. Provoke no one, if you can possibly avoid it, for quarrels oft times end in combats, and combats in serious consequences. Think daily of home, and the loved ones there, and those thoughts will be anchors to you under temptation. Let thoughts of love dispel those of sin. If you fail to secure gold as readily and as easily when you shall arrive there as

you now anticipate, resume your trade rather than take up speculation. Become a street scavenger, sooner than a palace gambler—and the laughing-stock of your acquaintance, sooner than touch ought which can intoxicate. And I tell you as an old friend, that a street-scavenger and a rag-picker may have sweet dreams, though their heads should rest on stones; but the gambler and the pickpocket are tormented, though lying on beds of flowers. Therefore, thumb bible leaves rather than cards; and pick rags from the streets, sooner than men's pockets, for a livelihood. Remember, also, that there is more success ensured by one fervent prayer, than by a thousand blasphemies. You will find God your best friend, both at home or abroad, the world over; and may He prosper and bless you till the end of your days."

A few more precious, fleeting hours, a few more endearing interchanges of thought, and Robert Dale breathed his last breath of those pure airs which fan the valleys and hills of New Hampshire.

## CHAPTER XII.

## THE VISIT.

"My mother's voice: how oft doth creep  
 Its cadence o'er my lonely hours,  
 Like healing sent on wings of sleep,  
 Or dew to the unconscious flowers!  
 I can forget her melting prayer  
 While leaping pulses madly fly;  
 But in the still unbroken air,  
 Her gentle tones come stealing by,  
 And years, and sin, and manhood flee,  
 And leave me at my mother's knee."—WILLIS.

It was the gay month of June that William Vernon chose in which to visit his aged mother and the place of his birth, for the first time since his departure therefrom, years before. The day on which he was to arrive at that sacred retreat, opened with one of those mornings which we shall look for in unbroken numbers during the reign of the millennium. He arose early. The sun had just lifted his full round front above the horizon, and his golden lashes were still wet with the rising dew. The night and her nymphs had fled once more with their enchanting wands to the realms of Hecate, while a fresh burst of joyous life shook Diana's frame. A delicately tempered breeze, as if produced by a band of hovering angels, swept gently by, bearing with it soul-enchanting strains and sense-ravishing odors, and a new charm possessed the voice of every bird, and an additional sweetness filled the petal of every flower. His home-yearning heart was swallowed up in the blissful harmony and universal cheer which abounded throughout nature. It was, too, his bridal month, and the fair object of his choice graced the occasion of his happy pilgrimage. She was of eminent descent, thoroughly educated, and skilled in every accomplishment of

life. A tall sylph-like form was her's, and the very graces vied in doing her homage. A light brunette complexion, large lustrous dark eye and speaking lash; a brow fuller, but not less fair than Venus', gracefully defined with fitting hair; a mouth wrought in Cupid's happiest mood, and trimmed with the choicest coral tints were her's, while every feature revealed nature's master touches, and spoke of an artist all divine. Her conversation was apt and often instructive, and her manners were agreeable. She was ardent, but not impulsive in her affections, and was endowed with a rich vein of purity and goodness.

One lovely child, a lad of seven summers, whose beauty of feature surpassed even the rules of art and filled the most exacting eye, whose vivacity of spirit and cherubic cheer would change gloom itself to glee, whose light brown ringlets hung exquisitely over his little frame, with a complexion of girl-like delicacy, and a form of rarest mould, also blessed the happy parents with his presence. Thus it was that William, now doubly crowned with life's dearest delights, favored by fortune above the common lot, enjoying a social position second to none in a mighty metropolis, and finally, basking in a past remembrance as pleasing as it was spotless—was soon to embrace a fond mother whose love is sweeter than honors, and whose smile of welcome outweighs a world's applause. Happy, oh, how ineffable must be that reunion where parent and child can mingle their tears, not of grief, but of rapturous joy?

On the morning of the last day of William's visit with his mother, he called on Brother Jonathan. The interview was exceedingly interesting; but it is only that portion of their conversation which pertains to the further elucidation of our subject that we shall transcribe.

"It is an evil of such vastness as to need the advent of another Messiah to exterminate it wholly," observed William Vernon, with great earnestness.

"Sir," replied Brother Jonathan, "a myriad of first-class reformers would hardly suffice to redeem mankind from its terrors as speedily as one could wish."

"Indeed, they would," said William thoughtfully.

"It is equally certain," continued Brother Jonathan, "that its power and influence will lessen in precise ratio to the efforts—the rational and persevering efforts—of those engaged in the reform."

"Unquestionably," replied William; "but to my idea, a great difficulty in the way of progress is, that temperance men are divided as to whether ardent spirits ought to be dispensed with altogether. Some believe them necessary as medicines, and others that they are not."

"There can be no doubt, dear sir," replied Brother Jonathan, "but that medicinal substitutes exist in nature, which would be found infinitely more efficacious in relieving the ailments which these poisons are now so universally resorted to to effect. Besides, those substitutes will bring with them no such dangerous consequences in their use. I take this ground after years of reflection—earnest, calm reflection and observation—that alcoholic drinks, in every form, are entirely useless, and worse than useless to man, and that the apparent relief which they may have effected, could have been produced by other means more natural and less disastrous to society."

"I've lived many years," observed William, "without touching a single drop of intoxicating liquor, and can therefore give in my testimony corroborative of the truth of your position. Although my physical ailments have always been few and light, still I've been more effectually relieved during that period by other means of those same complaints than I ever was before in applying alcoholic liquors in different forms."

"My experience," remarked Brother Jonathan, warming up to his subject, "of more than sixty years, confirms it likewise. I've never in all my life used alcoholic drinks in any

form; neither did my parents before me; nor do I wish my son to use it after me. I've wished sometimes that I could stand on the summit of Mount Washington and proclaim this view to a listening world; or that I could write on the tablet of each man's memory, with an electric speed and power, the truth that alcohol in any form, whether in sickness or in health, can and should be dispensed with, and that there is more healing power in water—pure God-given water—than in all the intoxicating liquids ever manufactured by man; and that the two oceans, though double their present area, and filled with the choicest wines, couldn't impart a tithe of that health to man which a single pool of Siloam would afford. Who has an eloquence fitting him adequately to describe the renovating capacity of a Jordan? More than fifty centuries are unimpeachable witnesses of the surpassing efficacy of pure water in relieving the human family from every species of disease. Who can enumerate the multitudes who have proclaimed its virtues in every age and under every zone? The earth is filled with the sweet beverage, and the heavens anoint us therewith in every rain-drop and snow-flake that falls."

"But mankind," continued William, with a smile of satisfaction at what he had just heard, "entertain the conceited prejudice that rum contains medicinal qualities which cannot be dispensed with."

"It is indeed a prejudice, and that only," replied Brother Jonathan; "and it is because this error of opinion is so wide spread among the generality of men that it behoves particular men, men wholly distinguished from the generality, to assume grounds contrariwise, and maintain them at all sacrifice—men who will stand on the rock of right so long as the rock itself stands, and will sink alone when it sinks, and not until then. For error, like an enemy in an unrighteous cause, may hold out for a while; but when the moment arrives for testing the true metal, its edge turns, and the contest is won. Don't



you think so, Mr. Vernon? and don't you think we have men in our ranks who will prosper the cause against the world?"

"Although," replied William, "by the side of your years, my inexperience, like a dark spot on the brightest orb, will seem blank in the extreme, still I'll venture to assert, that so far as I have been able to observe and judge, the cause of temperance is not, at the present day, defended by men of questionable virtue, of undecided intelligence, or of negative heroism; they are rather men like anchorites in morals, like Titans in intellect, and whose positive valor will finally make all opposition quake and withdraw from the contest as did Æneas from Troy's defense, when he beheld old Neptune shaking its walls, and the wife of Jupiter leading forward the besieging band."

"Besides," continued Brother Jonathan, raising his eye of awful sweetness towards heaven, and exclaiming, in a voice calmly sublime, "who can hope to be successful in defying the power of that God who holds creation as an infant on his hand, its every sun merely a smile of love? The cause requires men whose character is in principles, not in the pattern of their garments; in charitable works—not in the titles of their ancestry; not patched with bonds and paltry obligations, but vested in virtue's realm, which yields a revenue whereon archangels flourish."

"There is a strong conservative influence, which is ever operating against a free manifestation of our power. How can it be dispelled or destroyed?" asked William.

"We'll educate it—we'll strengthen its feeble sight—we'll cordially invite the distinguished invalid to visit the water-cure establishment of radicalism, till he shall find restoration. We must be generous, you know, my dear sir. Generosity is the very genesis of progress. Or let modern radicalism present ancient conservatism with a pair of leather spectacles, inset with smoked glass, if the light of the former becomes too powerful for the latter to behold with impunity. But let

us hope that decrepid conservatism, though totally blind for a season, will, like some aged persons, regain its sight once more ere its final departure from the earth, if only just long enough to look fairly around and exclaim, in a spirit of hopeful repentance, 'Heaven be merciful to me, a sinner!'"

"Dare we hope," observed William, in a tone which craved sympathy and light, in order to surmount the beehive-like barriers which the enemy presented, "can we hope to succeed in entirely suppressing its use, while liquor distilleries, those great reservoirs of the enemy, exist?"

"There is no good result under heaven which we may not look for and find. A judicious perseverance will, with its more than Argus eyes, find it for us. They exist, however, rather in men's appetites, than in the mammoth establishments of "Sharky & Co." Destroy the appetite that consumes rum, and you destroy the distilleries which supply it. But I feel the full force of your remark. Distilleries! Are they not all pandemoniums of disease and death? Are not demijohns deceivers, which might be re-filled many times with the tears of those who embrace them? Are not rum decanters gilded vipers, whom to touch is torment? Is not the wine-glass a medium through which unnumbered sorrows are communicated to mankind?"

"They are, indeed," replied William, with his apprehension still apparently strong.

"I scarcely know," continued Brother Jonathan, calmly, "in what language to express my utter disapprobation of liquor distilleries. Are they not Odin's halls, in which, like the Scandinavian warriors of antiquity, their proprietors might drink wine from the skulls of the victims which fall beneath their bloody traffic? Nay, would not their owners change the harmonious beauties of a Tempe's valley, or an Arcadia, into burning Tartaruses, and soon fill them with the hideous spectacle of a multitude of outcast souls? Can they be other than men whose consciences would allow them

to sell the heart's blood of myriads for its weight in brass, if thereby they could erect for themselves costly mansions, and secure the wealth of nabobs? Show me the man who wouldn't exchange peace of conscience for a prince's revenue, and I'll call him brother; or one who would willingly make his death-bed in a manger ere he would build himself up on the downfall of others, and I'll press him to my bosom. And when the time shall arrive in which all liquor distilling becomes obsolete, the number of this latter class will be increased, and the globe shall roll through its cycle, carrying on its surface men more truly noble than it ever yet has done. But we are not to despair, oh, no! for man may build cloud-high battlements to withstand the rushing winds; and, while they are at rest, he may jeer and exclaim, 'look you, nature surrenders to us!' Anon the mighty element rises, approaches in its invisible majesty, and the trembling walls, like a thousand peals of thunder, roll down to ruin. This will be the ultimate fate of all opposition, and of every attempt to crush our cause."

"I feel strong in your sphere of thought, my good sir," observed William, "and I may not be permitted to doubt but that the views which you advance are correct; and that your last words, especially, will be in due time fully realized."

"Doubting is the tongue-tie of a good cause," said Brother Jonathan. "Faith looks up, but the eye of doubt is ever downcast. Let the soul shake off the earthly taints of doubt, like dust from an eagle's wing."

William doubted not in his heart; but he had an intense desire to draw the good man out, and receive all the instruction which a short interview would enable him to impart.

"But the rum traffic is so deeply seated, and has become such a second nature to mankind, that it seems difficult to get at the very bottom, and uproot it," said William.

"The upshot of this whole traffic, it seems to me, resolves

itself simply into this," replied Brother Jonathan. "So long as rum is required, there will be men ready and willing to supply it. Distillers *do* make money by their business, and therefore they follow it. Grocers and hotel keepers can get rich by selling it, and therefore they sell it. Rum-drinkers generate rum-venders, and rum-venders in turn multiply customers. Venders take less pleasure in vending, than consumers in consuming it. The latter procure it for the low pleasures and excitements it affords, and the former provide it merely for wealth-procuring purposes. The distiller says, 'Men will have ardent spirits to use, and I may as well make and supply them with it as my neighbors.' The rum-seller says, 'Men will get intoxicated, and why not I have the profits arising from a retail sale of it, as well as my neighbor?' Few, or none, I judge, make or sell it for the delight of making and selling it; but few there are who use it without delighting therein. Therefore it will be found, that as consumers and purchasers decrease in numbers, those who distil and vend it will decrease also; and when the first class run out altogether, the second class will inevitably follow. The truth is, rummy is dry, and sharky very generously quenches his thirst—rummy grows poor, and sharky grows rich—rummy loses his respectability, and sharky becomes respectable—rummy dresses shabbily, sharky attires himself out of a large and splendid wardrobe—rummy's family subsist on garbage, and sharky's regale themselves on the choicest viands and luxuries—rummy's children grow up half clothed and half educated, sharky's strut their way up to manhood and into society, under the common prestige of brocades and broadcloths, diamonds and gold—rummy dies in a hovel on a bed of straw, and unattended, sharky in a palace, on a royal couch, and amid an array of medical attendants. This is the opposite tendency to extremes, of these two classes everywhere. Is it not a deplorable state of society which leads to these results? Both are profound sinners, but he

only flourishes who sins shrewdly. Rum is the great tempter—the direct cause of these abominable things; and so long as rum exists, these things will exist, in spite of heaven and earth, of God and man. Now, an inhibitory law is a good step towards its final and utter destruction; therefore, let it be enacted soon, as it must be enacted ultimately, and enforced to the very fullness, here and every where. Many will deem it an outrageous course at the outset; but time will reconcile them, and then its bitterest opponents will become its most strenuous advocates. It is human nature to be so; for minds that are not sufficiently developed to see a great truth at a glance, must be urged to look, and look, until they do see it. They must have it thrust upon them—must, if needs be, have it cast—nay, fixed before them, so that if they open their eyes at all, they can't avoid seeing it, ultimately; and if they won't open their eyes voluntarily, we must gently force them open. The main limb of society is disjointed, and there is no moral ether yet manufactured, of which we are aware, that may be given in order to avert the pains necessary in its re-adjustment. Many will complain for a moment; but when they come to see things as they should be, blessings, not curses, will fall from their lips; tears, not threats, will burst from their eyes; and gratitude, not revenge, will linger in their smile. We shall be opposed—cunningly, persistently, powerfully opposed—and perchance temporarily overthrown; but thwart the realizing of our cherished purpose as our enemies may for a moment, yet triumph we will at last; for, like the inextinguishable polypus, though cut into never so many parts, we will nevertheless reunite ourselves, reassume our wonted power, and live and labor for the accomplishing of our designs. Our hyperion flag floats towards heaven, in a cause pure as heaven itself, and beneath it we will plead, until the virtues of our warning voice shall, like the echos of Nassa, roll in thundering volumes through the world.”

“Falling in such a cause,” said William, greatly delighted with what he had been listening to with undivided attention, “is indeed rising to felicity; it's like dying in Neptune's silvery arms while bearing up Leander's lovely cross.”

“And for its success,” said Brother Jonathan, extending his hand, “let us join hands, and lift our souls like double-topped Dindymus in silent prayer to God.”

The interview being closed, William hastened to rejoin his mother and receive her parting blessing before leaving for the city, which he had designed to do the present day. As he re-entered once more the humble dwelling of his beloved parent, his thoughts reverted to his early life, and his heart bled with tender recollections.

He found Orietta and his mother sitting together and conversing most cheerfully; for the naturally refined tastes and surpassing culture of both rendered their society not only agreeable but absorbing to each other. The age and experience of the one was a happy offset to the more varied accomplishments and artificial advantages of the other.

When the hour arrived for the final departure, there arose that certain undefinable waste of feeling, that goneness of thought, that void blank-like gloom, which such a separation ever produces in loving hearts—hearts that never beat so gaily, nor enliven the countenance with expressions so endearing, as when in each others presence. He had already presented his mother, and his brother—who was become a young man, honorably engaged in business at the capital of his native state—and his three sisters, each with a thousand dollar bank note, as a memento from their beloved ‘Willie.’ William now seated himself by his mother's side, and taking her hand in his, looked upon her with emotions of the deepest solicitude and regard. His eyes were fixed, but he could not speak, while the dignity of manhood broke down beneath the pressure of filial love, and his cheeks were wet with unbidden tears. As he beheld that mild but aged and somewhat

sunken eye, which had watched his childish pranks, and followed his footsteps with a fond mother's tender care—that hand, now palsied, which had been once so apt and willing an agent to administer to his boyhood's every want—that hand which had fed him so often, and pressed him to the maternal bosom with an untold ecstasy—those tresses, once glossy as the unsereed tassel, but now streaked with a venerable grey, as if the morning of immortal life was dawning—that brow, once smoother than a Latonian pebble, and fairer than the new blown lily, now plaited with years, and with years grown pale—what were his emotions? What were they not that is overpowering to a heart like his, in which every social virtue found a peaceful abode?

“Mother,” said he, after a short silence, “you shall want for none of the comforts or even luxuries of this life. Be happy! All that I possess is at your dear command; and in turn, I only crave your blessing on me and mine.”

“My son,” replied Mrs. Vernon, “a mother's blessing comes unsought. Her heart is like a blooming Eden, from whose deep fragrant bowers there breathes forever forth a more than Gilead balm. Within it, her children reign. No hissing tongue has power to enter and secure their banishment. Love undying walls it in like an ever-brightening halo, and seraph sentinels ward off encroachments from without. What legacy is so rich as a mother's blessing heeded? and mine is truly yours.”

“May I live worthy of it,” said William, earnestly.

“Let universal love shine out intensely from the heaven of your daily life, and your enemies will seek the shade of silence. Love all—and if hate you must, let it begin and end at your own heart. Look kindly on those eyes that once eyed you with scorn, and gently press the palm that smote you. If all the objects you seek are love, knowledge, and true progress, you'll finally reach a goal of living glory.”

“Mother, on my soul of souls be these words ineffaceably engraven.”

“My son,” she added, “the finger of age is upon me, and the ozier will soon wave over this crumbling casket: still, my spirit feels more youthful than ever. I shall hear only a few more knells before my own will be heard. I shall follow only a few more to their tombs, before I shall be followed to my own. As a child returning from a visit, quickens its steps on approaching its home, so I'm travelling towards my heavenly home, and seem to move swifter and swifter onward as I approach its blessed rest. You're taking your last look on your fond mother's face. You're receiving the last pressure of her hand this side the grave. But oh, dear William! though my spirit return to the skies, from whence it came, yet its holiest prayers forever more and ever more are yours.”

“Mother—farewell!” it was all that he could say, and yet he said all.

“Farewell, my son, your heart is on your tongue, and your tongue is in your tears, which flow with an eloquence of love that words can never reach. Once more, farewell—farewell!” She then kissed her little grandson, pressed its parents again by the hand, and they passed away.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE TRIAL.

"As on a rock of adamant, we build  
Our mountain hopes, spin out eternal schemes,  
And big with life's futurities, expire."—YOUNG.

In the forenoon of a clear, sweet day in August, Cornelia had resolved to enjoy a short stroll, in a meadow near by where she and Robert had often sauntered, hand in hand, during happier days. Her morning task had been completed, and her household affairs were arranged with her accustomed tidiness for the day, while her two little ones were engaged in their play-house, out on the back green. Hark! she speaks: "I'll go forth into the fields, and commune with flowers; besides, they say that the lonely heart finds a companion in the sighing zephyr." She is now in readiness; and with a copy of the Pilgrim's Progress in her hand, she glides away. Reading was not resorted to by her for mere amusement: she read to remember, and to reflect, likewise, on whatsoever she might read. One or two family papers she always enjoyed; and such books as conveyed combined instruction and delight to her mind, she alone sought. The refreshing face of nature ever filled her soul with inspiration. On reaching the meadow, and looking joyously around, she remarked:

"Those who love heavenly days, love such a day as this." She breathed a silent prayer to heaven; then casting her eyes to the ground, she observed, smilingly,

"Here is a dandelion, the rustic oracle;" and stooping down, she added, "come, let me pluck thee from thy glassy

stalk. I'll charge thy sweet feathery spheres as full of tender thoughts as cherubs are of love, and turning towards the sacred south, will, with my purest breath, despatch ye as aerial messengers of my true heart's fondest far-off treasure. Now, hie ye hence." Whereupon she blew with a gentle breath, and scores of aigrettes hastened, as it were, on their journey of affection.

"Robert, dear," she continued, "dost thou this moment think of thy poor Cornelia? if so, then all is well as love and absence can render it. I'll blow again, for proof. See! see! three several tender tufts are still remaining. What volumes do they speak of Robert's dear remembrance! Oh, heaven be thanked, if this be so; and let me roam among these living charms of nature, still adoring the power which created them."

She was arrayed in a thin white morning dress, a becoming hood covered her head, and her hair of auburn hue floated in sweet ringlets over her faultless neck and shoulders. Like another Proserpine, she glided through the flowery fields, and the fragrant hosts blushed like maids of honor as their queen appeared among them. A delightful hour she thus whiled away, and finally returned to her little home with a cheek whereon health sat smiling, and an eye in which love reposed. But the scene changes. A dark cloud floats over us, and its sombre shadows rest upon our picture.

During her absence, the carrier had left her a letter, post-marked California. It was from Robert. As she glanced it over, a paleness like unto death settled over her countenance. The letter quivers in her trembling hands, heavy sighs interrupt her breathing, and a painful solicitude evidently possesses her. She had fervently anticipated either the remittance of a sum sufficient to defray her expenses thither, or else the far more welcome news that he was about returning. In both of these expectations she was doomed to an agonizing disappointment.

Cornelia was a person whose natural gifts were liberal, and they had been cultured to no ordinary degree. She was of a cheerful buoyant disposition, extremely ardent in her attachments, pious, and hopeful without limit. She was of medium height, of blonde complexion, and her physical organization was highly refined. Hers was an eye of great spiritual loveliness and a happy address. Her intellect was vigorous, her language was elegant, and she was blessed with communicative powers of the rarest order.

Lily, entering the room, saw her mother weeping, and said—

"Don't, now, mother—don't do so! I can't bear to see you,"—and she kneeled by her side.

"My child! how can I help it?" interrupted Cornelia, bursting into renewed sobs of grief.

"Isn't papa well?" asked Lilly, drawing closer to her mother's side, as if to soothe her.

"Yes, dear, I hope so," replied her mother.

"Doesn't he say he'd like to see us, mamma?"

"Yes, my child."

"Oh, wouldn't we all be so glad now, if he was to open the door this blessed minute! O, I'd be so glad, I don't know what I'd do"—and a gleam of joy ran over the child's features. She had inherited the strong fraternal feelings of her father, with the delicate and refined organization of her mother; and though she might grieve at times bitterly, yet there was always a hope in her grief which finally rose above it.

"I fear, Lily," said Cornelia, plaintively, "you'll never see your papa open that door again."

"Why not, mamma? He said he'd come back, didn't he?" asked the child, with the instinctive belief, common to most children, that promises once made are not to be broken, whether in small or great matters.

"Yes, my daughter, he said so; but I suppose he can't now; so we'll have to go where he is."

"What! to California, so many hundred miles away? How can we get there? it's so far, and it'll cost so much." The child sighed heavily, and threw her little alabaster arm around her mother's neck.

"The Lord will help us, Lily."

"I hope so, for I wan't to see papa so bad, that I can't hardly sleep nights, sometimes," said the child, in a sweet simplicity, which of itself affected Cornelia deeply, on account of it's so truly expressing her own feelings, which a fuller realization of the actual circumstances of their case disabled her from doing at the time.

Cornelia arose, and slowly walked the room, saying to herself, in a low voice—

"Oh, Robert! Robert! why did you leave me? I'd rather have lived on bread and water, and slept on straw, than to have had you left me."

She seemed to be literally addressing her husband, which showed how intensely she was drawn towards him. Are there not moments when the whole earth would be a trifle to give, if it could secure some loved one's immediate presence?

"But I'll go, mamma, if you do! I don't care how far it is! I'd walk there if I could, only to see my papa! Wouldn't he be so glad to see brother, he's grown so much since papa went off"—saying which she clasped little Orlando around his neck, and kissed him many times.

"Will you carry a letter for me up to Brother Jonathan's house, and leave it there for him, Lily?"

"O, yes! I know he's papa's friend! He'll help us to go!" and she jumped up and down for very delight, at the new and thrilling thought.

"Perhaps so," replied Cornelia.

"I'll come right back, mamma," said Lily, fearing to give her mother the slightest uneasiness during her absence.

"Do, my child," said Cornelia, with an involuntary smile of mingled love and admiration for so lovely an image of herself.

The letter merely contained a request for Brother Jonathan to call at her house at his earliest convenience, as she desired to take counsel of him concerning a matter of great moment, and that she had heard from Robert. Not a half hour had elapsed before the good man made his appearance, and greeted her with a benignant smile, saying—

“Is our friend Robert well, and doing well at the mines?”

“Here is his letter which I’ve just received, kind sir,” replied Cornelia, “will you please be seated, and glance it over.”

He read it over carefully, and observed—

“Cornelia, your presence is necessary to Robert’s welfare and prosperity. Your counsel and gentle admonitions were never more requisite than at this moment....I take it from the import of this epistle. His mind seems not to be settled, and it’s doubtful therefore whether he’ll follow his better impulses long, if he has not swerved from them already; for thoughts you know there are in every mind, which if followed conduct us all to happiness, but if rejected we are drawn aside into snareful tracks, and soon, like wounded harts, we bound unheeding along in restless agony towards some dangerous labyrinth or dread abyss.”

“True,” said Cornelia, with a suppressed sigh, “but it’s a journey of several thousand miles, and to defray my expenses there, I’d be compelled to sell his mother’s things and my own; and even then I fear I’d fail to secure the required amount.”

“Has he sent you no funds recently?” asked Brother Jonathan.

“I’ve received only fifty dollars from him since he left home, eighteen months ago; and my illness shortly after his departure, of itself nearly consumed that sum, and my needle has been my only resource to support myself since he sailed; and see,” she added, “with what an unsteady hand this letter has been written, compared with the others. Ah!

sir, I fear he hasn’t followed your advice.” She here showed Brother Jonathan three other letters which Robert had written her since his arrival there; and as he compared them one by one, a cloud of apprehension flitted across his features.

“Yes, yes, I see it! You’d better sell your shoes from your feet, than not go, for your going thither may save him from some calamitous fate.” A tear gathered in the good man’s eyes as he foresaw a moral relapse in Robert’s future; for he loved him as his son, because he had been as a father unto him.

“I’ll follow your advice, sir,” said Cornelia.

“Then, my good madame, you’ll not cease to hope for the better till the reality proves it otherwise,” observed Brother Jonathan.

“O, no, kind sir! Like the apostle of Tarsus, it is my soul’s fond anchor,” and raising her eyes heavenward, she exclaimed, “Unearthly delight! O, everlasting Hope! thou drawest us on and on from infancy through infinitude of being! Thou art a lovely daughter, ever blessing the parent who begetteth thee! Thine eye is fixed on God’s, and God’s on thine! O, give me thy hand, and take my heart, irrevocably thine!”

“Madame, I’ll advance you the required amount, and you may thus save that sacrifice which a peremptory sale of this furniture would lead to,” said the good man.

“It is paternal kindness in you, dear sir; but dare I accept it? Will not the world censure? I know your heart, but gossip is heartless.”

“Madame, my mother taught me it was better to be born a Caliph’s slave, with governable passions, than the mightiest prince, and be a slave unto them. As for the world, need I tell you that its favors are too often like northern lights, that never streak up until the dark day of want is set? and even then, its light is rather for us to look at, than to warm by. Public censure is oftentimes private praise,” replied Brother Jonathan



"Who," continued Cornelia, "will rid mankind of that false custom which plunges woman down to perdition's depths for peccadilloes, while man scarce suffers in repute, though his acts would put to blush a thug of India?"

"Time," replied Brother Jonathan, pointedly.

"On earth's four wings our vices fly—our virtues, like crickets, are left to flourish in a corner. And, let me repeat, mote-like flaws in our conduct are considered beams, whereas beam-like flaws in man's conduct are thought motes. So thinks the trifling-thoughted world; but Heaven, that gives mote for mote, and beam for beam, in its dealings with mortals, thinks otherwise. Then Heaven be my umpire. I will accept an offering which I prize above all gold." Brother Jonathan handed her three fifty dollar bank notes, and bade her a final farewell. As she closed the door after him, she turned and said, in a soft, touching voice:

"When a dark, gloomy, dreary day closes over us, we rejoice within ourselves, and feel grateful to heaven that time is not stationary, and that the weather of a day changes. Such a day we part from with slight reluctance; but when the morning opens, like the smile of a spirit blessed, and the day continues to unfold a series of charms and beauties as it advances, we bid it adieu reluctantly—we would even fain prolong its stay, as though it were the first signs and evidences of the millennium itself; and on finally parting from it, when part we must, our blessings mingle with and embrace its receding rays, while its remembrance is cherished evermore. It is thus with the life of men. He whose works are a curse to mankind, mankind most willingly forget; but whose blesses them, they will remember with unfeigned gratitude and delight."

A few days hence, and she beholds, with moistened eyes, that home which she had loved so dearly dying away in the distance, and her steps are bent towards the land of the orange, the fig-tree and the vine—a land, too, possessing

hearts which are beautiful with a friendship more golden than the orange, whose love is sweeter than the fig, and whose fidelity clings closer than the vine. Our choicest blessings wait before and follow after her footsteps; and may the smile of heaven surround her like a halo, everywhere.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## THE DOWNFALL.

Thoughtfully pacing the well stored library of a magnificent residence situated in the wealthiest and most fashionable portion of New York city, we again behold William Vernon. His mind is evidently wrought up to an intense degree of excitement. Now he stops suddenly, stamps his foot upon the yielding carpet; and now, with a knitted brow, he raises both hands firmly clenched in an unutterable agony of suspense. What means all this? A noble and a gifted soul is here in trouble. Hark! he speaks to himself. Listen!

"If that vessel is lost, then lost is my fortune, for my other untold losses have of late drawn so heavily on my resources, that this cannot possibly come upon me at so critical a juncture without sweeping all," and he sank in his chair overwhelmed with apprehension.

The door opens, and Mrs. Vernon and her little son enter the library. She seems unusually cheerful, and her beautiful features are enlivened with an unclouded joy and peace of heart. William made an effort to control his real emotions on observing her enter; but that was not possible. At a glance she perceived, with that intuition so peculiar to woman, that all was not well; and seating herself by his side, she said—

"William, you're in trouble, dear! What is it?"

"O, nothing Orietta, to annoy you with, dear! I'm nervous, I guess, more than anything else."

"You're greatly troubled about something, William, I fear."

"Come to me, my son," said he to Albert; and as he drew

the child—an only child—up to his side, he burst into tears, and they all three wept together.

"Don't, papa! O, don't weep! What makes you?" asked the lad in his naive childishness.

"I'll weep no more, my son. I was thinking how unhappy I should feel, and lonely, without you and mamma with me."

"We're a-going to stay with you. We a'nt going to leave you, are we mamma?" and the child wiped the tear drops from its father's cheek.

A servant now entered the room, and handed Mr. Vernon a morning paper. With trembling hands, he took it, and glanced over the column containing an account of the arrival of the last steamer B—. He arose quickly from his chair, and began again to pace the room, with his hands clasped convulsively behind him. He requested his wife and child to retire from the library, which request Orietta gracefully but reluctantly obeyed.

William observed, as they passed out, "Orietta, I shall not be able to return to you until late this evening." She made no reply, but raised her handkerchief to her eyes, and retired weeping to her room.

What unhappy reflections, what dread forebodings, what dismal realities, possessed his mind in a moment like this, we may imagine, but cannot describe. The effects of years of industry and enterprise swept away!—age coming on with hastening step!—his family standing reduced!—and to disclose the real circumstances of their situation to them, more painful than all. With solemn and affecting earnestness he poured forth his feelings.

"Now must I wave an everlasting adieu to fortune and her bounties! Is this, then, the destiny of mortals? Man, conceited man, thy weakness should beget humility in thee. Yesterday, thou may'st have been as a chief light in the firmament, a mass of glory in mid-heaven....to-day, thy

beams scarcely suffice to illumine thine own bed-chamber; to-morrow, thou'lt be the least among a million of objects, and the world 'll know not that thou wert. I have risked all within reach of the Python of mischance, and like Laocoon, must endure the anguish of his crushing coils. Alas! how unhappy is that soul whose love is too exclusively set on earthly objects! For though fortune sometimes comes armed like Briareus, and thrills us with an hundred sweet embraces, yet at other times she spurns us like pests from her presence."

What was left him now but to announce his insolvency to the world, and have his creditors come on and divide his remaining possessions among themselves? His kind old uncle had long since left the world; and Mr. Hulburt, too, on whom he might have leaned in this dark hour, had followed him. He left his library with a languid step, for even that, in which he had always so much delighted, would not be spared him in the final account. He entered his store that morning with a heavy heart, and informed his head clerk, Mr. Edwin Granger, a man in whom the most unbounded confidence might be reposed—a man of firm warm friendship, and of enlightened mind, who was also ardently attached to his benefactor—that he must suspend business forthwith. He therefore gave orders to that effect; and on turning to leave the counting-room, he informed Mr. Granger that he desired an interview with him on his return early the ensuing evening. Nothing save death itself or loss of character could have so wilted every ambitious shoot in the breast of Mr. Granger as such an announcement.

It was one of those extreme moments—one of those cape-turning points—in human career, which come with a fearful summons to nearly every one. If he weathered the tempestuous sea before him for only a brief period, perchance, though his outer sacrifice would be great, yet his inner loss would be small. Let us follow him with a careful, as we must with a solicitous eye, and we shall soon behold the result.

Down the thickly thronged street he sallies, not with an easy open and business-like air, but with a heavy close burthen-crushed aspect of countenance. He moves along in common with thousands of other; but how he moves or whither he is hastening, he is scarcely conscious.

Oh, rum! hide thy hydra visage for one moment, and he is safe! Oh, temptation! stand aside from his path for only an instant, and it will be well with him! He is our brother! We love him! O, spare us that anguish of soul which his fall must bring upon us! Thoughts that he would return home, disclose everything to his family, and re-commence at fortune's feet, are flitting through his mind; but they do not find a lodgment there! Alas, look at his mind! read it now! See, another dark thought possesses it; and that thought is, how readily the infant troubles of his school-boy days were either drowned or quieted by imbibing a few drops of the enchanting exhilarating liquid. Again that good thought drives it away, and again it returns with redoubled energy—rushes upon him—seizes him like a swooping condor—bears him on with a desperate flight; and before he seems literally to realize what he has been doing, or what he is going to do, he finds himself seated by a marble-topped table, in a magnificently furnished saloon, and calling for his second bottle of wine.

The rubicon of self-guidance is passed. The demon that had dispossessed his real self, still retained possession, and an energy no less desperate than a fallen god's was keeping his better spirit at bay. He imbibed his second bottle, and his third, until his mind was wrought to such a degree of excitement that he imagined himself almost restored to his former estate. But of this he was not quite certain, and a voice arose, as it were, from the rosy-lipped beverage, declaring to him that fortune sat smiling and awaiting his approach at a faro-bank, or any other gambling table he might choose, and that she would receive him with open arms. And he

mutters to himself: "Hav'nt I hitherto been fortune's special favorite? She cannot cast me off so suddenly! No, no! I'll go thither!" Ah! thither our friend is hastening! No kind paternal words are listened to! No brotherly counsel is heeded! No loving tearful smile, beckoning him away, conjuring him not to take that second step, less terrible, but not less ineffectual than the first, which even an angel could offer, were of any avail. As he gazed upon the treasures of Lucifer which lay in piles around him, and knew that its possession would be his salvation, he flattered himself for once that Bacchus was a clever prophet—a belief confirmed by his winning the first few ventures. He had over a thousand dollars by him, and with it he resolved to win fifty times that amount, or lose all. Not two hours had elapsed before the last dollar was taken away, and he was left with a few shillings and a wretched experience. He wished to borrow; but neither borrowing nor lending were words to be found in the bye-laws of this institution. He retired to an ante-room alone, and called for a glass of brandy and water, and sat muttering many things to himself, much of which was so inarticulate as not to be understood. But his countenance expressed that he was without a friend, and surrounded by enemies, in a dangerously dark sphere of existence. Anon, a single audible sentence did fall from his lips, and it spoke of unenviable reflections within. Gazing about the room in a wild despair, he exclaimed, in tones never to be forgotten, "How! am I alone in this dreadful place, whose walls do resound with my moans of friendless poverty! I'm like a child lost in a strange forest, making the heavenly hills echo its cries of despairing helplessness. O, God! O, God! has it come to this! Orietta! Orietta! I wish you were in heaven, and our little immortal bud pinned to your bosom there. Ah, if she knew this!" and to avoid bursting out in loud grief, he pulled the bell-cord and ordered another glass of brandy and water. While quaffing it, his engage-

ment with Mr. Granger at the counting-room recurred to him, and he left this double den of moral destruction with a contemptuous shudder.

The news of his insolvency had spread every where among his acquaintances and friends during the day, several of whom he chanced to meet on his return; but they appeared somehow, if alone, to be so unusually absorbed in meditation as not to notice his passing; or if two together, they were so engaged in conversation as not to happen to look up; and some others he observed turned down by-streets, or dashed across the main street, as if they desired to avoid coming in contact with him—at least, our friend suspected so—and these things were as kicks after he had fallen, thus rendering the fall doubly painful. He entered the counting-room, and there sat his faithful friend, with a handkerchief bound about his aching brow. His reddened eyes bespoke that tears had been his day-long companions, and his pallid features told the observer that uncommon feelings of commiseration for his benefactor's misfortune were filling his bosom.

"My young friend," said William, taking him by the hand, "I am penniless, homeless, friendless, and hopeless. These are the corner-stones of my life to-day, and misery is the superstructure. No, I'm not homeless: misery's habitation is my home, and my heart is her habitation."

"You are not friendless, dear sir, while I have breath and reason. Life has no such charm as a friend, in adversity. What little I have of this world's goods, is at your disposal," said Edwin, greatly affected in observing his friend's condition—a condition in which neither he nor any other being had ever beheld him before, or could have dreamed of beholding him. How we may fall!

"Edwin, I felt a cruel chill come over my heart," said William; "but you have warmed it up again, somewhat. I thought, a moment since, I could have seen the world starve, and not have shed a tear; but your loving words have driven

the Timon back." Are such things right? Do we not erect a new tenement on the ruins of the old? and is our fallen brother of less value than the house he rears and inhabits? Do we not graft anew on an old trunk? and is immortal man less note-worthy than the fruit tree in our garden? Heaven forbid! Is'nt a smile in adversity far sweeter than a smile in prosperity? Does not the hand of sympathy cordially outstretched to a fallen one, impart a thrill of ecstasy which is of God? O, yes, it does! and should it be withheld?

The slights of those who were under every obligation to him for past favors, harrowed up his heart. He could not shake it off. The hideous appearance of such signal ingratitude, stirred his high-tempered spirit to its depths. While hastily walking the floor, he said in a half-pitying and half-sorrowful tone—

"My friends, who an hour ago almost outnumbered the hairs of my head, who bowed bows of respect with every step I took, smiled smiles of approbation with every breath I drew, and actually beset me with their attentions—where are they now? Ah! human nature, thy hour of infallibility is not yet come. Those who for years have hung around my heart like jewels around the neck of beauty—the lustre of whose love I deemed as fixed as heaven—have suddenly grown dull, and lost their wonted brilliancy. When I was flourishing, and like the elm of the valley, lifting my branches to the hill-tops around, they flocked unto me; but when the first jar of the axman's stroke was felt, and its first sound heard, they clapped their wings in fright and disappeared."

"Let not the recreancy of friends induce you to desert your noble nature's dignity," said Edwin, thus giving an indirect thrust at his present condition of partial intoxication, although he was not as yet aware that the sharpers of the gambling-house had robbed him of every dollar that he could command as his own. William hesitated a moment, as if realizing the pertinency of the remark, and then replied

"Man! man! behold the havoc of the hellish cup! Rum is not a Phaeton's car, which rolls destructively a single day. 'Tis a Plutonic enemy, who holds a life-lease of years between his teeth, and with his two hands scatters poisons and death throughout the earth. Beneficent Heaven! give me sun-like eyes, that I may see the whole world's villainy in one day's observation; then give me Jupiter's intellect, and let me devise plans for a speedy redemption of my race; or give me Neptune's power, and I'll wash away all human sins and stains of error; or arm me as Mars is armed, and I'll put to rout every earth-born foe or mortal demon. O, God! this world is drunk with wickedness! O, let me sober it again, and then obliterate the cause of its huge orgies. But man is stubborn, and worse than deaf and blind to his own interest. Alas! if the very globe itself on which we live and breathe, were changed in a star's twinkle to a million-fold lovelier place of being than it is now, would wayward man change with it if he could? O, what have I come to? Like the war-horse who in his day braved the enemy unflinchingly, I stand at length downcast among the vanquished."

William paced the floor for a few moments longer in mute agony, and then wended his way homeward with a heavier step than ever before.

## CHAPTER XV.

## THREE GRADUATES.

"Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contention? They that tarry long at the wine, they that go to seek mixed wine."—SOLOMON.

In one of the second-rate rum-shops of a second-rate street in the city of New-York, kept open in the basement story of an old and somewhat dilapidated building, wherein were congregated rum-drinkers of every color, sex, and age, sat three middle-aged men, whose countenances bore indistinct traces of bygone superiority and advantages of no ordinary kind. They sat apart from the others on three shaky, backless, joint-screeching chairs, each holding in his hand a pot of ale, which was ever and anon sipped with more than common grace and gusto—indeed, as though it were the finest flavored wine, and they were quaffing it in one of the most superb bacchanalian saloons in the metropolis. The proprietor of this groggery was a rather tall and exceedingly corpulent fellow, with features of the coarsest mould, while their expression was of the lowest order, and the very personification of selfishness. Especially was there a fierce, cruel look of the eye; and with almost every breath, he uttered some vengeful epithet or horrid oath. His liquors, like himself, were reduced to the lowest possible plane; and both were rank poison to those who yielded to their influence. The three are enjoying a social confab exclusively between themselves.

"I tell you, Josh," said Jake, "life and the weather are full of changes."

"'Tis so, Jake—sometimes clear and sometimes cloudy; but with me, I must say, for the last few years, there has'nt

been much better about it—it's all worse and worse. How is't with you, Seth?"

Seth Sanders having already mastered several pots of ale, began to feel in a wonderfully talkative mood; and though extremely verbose at all times, yet when excited with drinking, he was words, and little else but words.

"It's confoundedly, intolerably, contemptibly bad. Well, it's no use talking—it's so, now, I tell you. There's a ponderous, gigantic, herculean fate always, forever and everlastingly, if not eternally and forevermore, hanging over some people's souls and bodies, and all over 'em. I'm some how or other, and there's no telling exactly, precisely or particularly how, but some how, one of that deplorably unfortunate class—I am," said Seth.

"You're excited, Seth," said Jake, laughing.

"Seth talks as a nightingale sings," said Josh—"with so much ease, that he never knows how much he says, when he gets a going."

"I tell you, gents, when I entered the sophomore class, in the year —, at C—— college, in the State of T——, in the spring of that year, and in the month of May of that spring, I considered myself decidedly one of the most promising and naturally capable lingual students in the college. I could, with remarkable, astounding, surpassing readiness and facility speak and write Latin, Italian, French, German and Spanish, and was master of Greek, Hebrew, Celtic, Turkish, Hungarian and Danish. In fact, I do believe, on my honor as a gentleman and—"

"And the strength of this ale, Seth," interrupted Jake, very discourteously.

"No, on my honor alone," repeated Seth, "that by diligent application and uninterrupted attention for a score of years, I could acquire an available knowledge, sufficient for all practical purposes, of the eighty languages and three thousand dialects."

"Why, Seth, you'll get up another day of Pentecost alone, if you try hard. As it is, you're a walking polyglot. As for my experience during college life, I may say," said Jack, "I always entertained a passion for the study of law and genealogy; so did my grandfather before me"—and Jake affectionately pressed his lips to the pewter.

"When I was at college, physiology was my favorite theme; and not having sprung from distinguished ancestors, like Jake's, whom he loves so to hint about in conversations—not intentionally, of course, nor to make strangers think, wonder, &c.—I therefore became naturally sanguine, and looked to the future. I belong to the prospectives, rather than the retrospectives," said Josh.

"A beautiful prospectus your life must be to you, judging by the past, must'nt it, Seth?" observed Jake, sarcastically.

"It ought to be, for my grandfather's was before me," replied Josh.

"The D—I before you," retorted Jake, bitterly.

"Gents, look here! I want to say a word—just one word—one single word only, and no more. Stop your quarreling over nothing, and listen to me once in your life"—and Seth succeeded in arresting their attention, and thus preventing a plug muss or a pitched battle, no doubt, for the beer was working mischief. "I say, let the old Deuce and his troops take the narrow, contracted, miserable, little, withered, wrinkled, stale, and worse than unprofitable advantages arising from the graves of *distingue* ancestry; and I say, moreover, away with your moon-and-star-struck imaginations—your modern hallucinations—your castles above the clouds—your hope-all, expect-all, ever-anticipating souls—your go-aheads-at-all-hazards, rush-everythings, brain-smashers.... I except brandy-smashers, because they're a rare and uncommon thing now-a-days with me. I except them kind of smashers, gents."

"Three cheers," cried Jake and Josh, "for Seth's single exception to our general rules."

"It was well taken," said Jake, speaking like an L. L. D.

"It was a prescription whose effects will tend to equalize and harmonize the circulation of our extremities," observed Josh, speaking like an M. D.

"*Est modus in rebus*," observed Seth, highly gratified with his success in effecting a reconciliation between his friends; and the treaty was forthwith ratified by another round of ale.

"Gents," said Jake, "let me tell you one thing, and that is, if I had my life to live over again, I'd set my foot down the first day I entered college, 'touch not, taste not, handle not, the unclean thing.'"

"I agree with you there," said Josh, "for I've known many of my 'chums' to float down the rapids of intemperance, till they finally come to the jumping-off place; and though they cried for help, yet over they went. I must say—no matter what I am myself; but between us, I must say to you—students don't realize it at the time, yet their 'college sprees' and 'fine times' result too often in poor rulers to live under, and hard times to live through, when age comes on."

"Indubitably, unquestionably, reliably true; but a man must come to his death some way, and if he don't die by drinking, he may by eating; if not by eating, he may by working; if not by working, he may by laziness, or some other certain, inevitable, unavoidable method," remarked Seth.

"Nonsense, Seth! you're sophistical. Any man with a pennyweight of common sense can avoid dying in any way you've mentioned," said Josh.

"I'd like to see that proved out," said Jake, skeptically. "but not too brief, Seth. Too much brevity mars the beauty of a majestic thought. I say, how would Hercules look,



eating with his elbows, or walking on his knees? Tell us that, will you? But give us logic—logic, sir—in whatsoever you utter; for what doesn't smack of Hudibras is nothing but brass and a huddle of words, producing, you know, no agreeable emotions in the mind."

Seth took another rousing swallow of ale, and proceeded as follows to reply: "May that low and mighty king who rules with an absolute, unlimited, despotic sway over that immensely vast realm where all good, true, honest, liberal, sober, trustworthy men, like you and ourself don't go—understand that word, don't go—take your logic, instead of you. You're logic, all logic, and nothing but logic. O, pulverized sugar, maple sugar, home-made molasses, and New Orleans syrup, besides some sweet things in this sour catalogue of culinary preparations, have compassion on my logic-eaten friend! Save a small piece of his precious body for the worms to get a chaw on, after his logical soul leaves it. How does my logic taste? Come, smack your chops, and tell us how it tastes, or I'll chop the head of your confounded logic smack off. Who ever knew or heard of a horse foundering on ale, or whiskey? Cold water founders more than a horse can draw, every year. Hurrah! for another 'foamer,' or else a hot whiskey punch. I want to punch your logic in the sides till it gives up the ghost. I'll save you, Jake, from the clutches of the low and mighty king—I'll do it. I say, have I been too brief—that is, logically speaking?"

"Logically speaking! O, heavens! logically speaking! If that is speaking logically, then I don't know, Seth, what sophistry refined is; that's all I've got to say on that point," replied Jake.

"Yes, hem! pointed, hem! very—yes, full of points, you'll find—when you come to 'pint' up at the bar, there'll be lots of pints to pay for—that is, logically speaking."

The expenses of the present session, it appears, devolved on Jake; and agreeably to Seth's suggestion, he began to

think of "footing up." At this stage of the proceedings, an aged, withered, wretched-looking woman entered the establishment to procure a bottle of gin. Jake glanced towards her with a critical eye, and satirically observed:

"What is mere beauty, but a rose at twenty, a piony at forty, and at sixty dried grass?"

A waggish carman, half-intoxicated, happening to overhear the remark, said:

"I'd rather have an armful of dried grass for my horse, than all the roses and pinys you can bring." A burst of low laughter filled the den of drunkenness.

"What a tasteless brute you are, to be sure!" replied Jake, feeling slightly discomfited.

"Of my own taste, I've too much modesty to speak. But I can speak a word for my Major; and will say, that for a steed of his inches, he has as much taste as any nag I know on, for it costs me a pocket full of dust every year to keep him," was the cool reply.

"Keep a horse on a pocket full of dust a whole year! ha! ha! O, saddle and bridle me if that an't cheap! cheap as as dirt!" said Jake, throwing his coat collar back with an important air.

"Not so cheap, if you've got to go to California to get the dust, though, and scrape it together yourself, after you get there, old child. Come, treat now, will you? The joke is on you."

"I don't drink," replied Jake, scratching his head.

"I don't ask you to drink—I ask you to treat. I expect to do the drinking myself, and don't expect to pay for it, either. Come, be a man, or else don the calico."

Another boisterous laugh drowned the speaker's voice. Jake thrust his hand in his pant-pockets, drew in a long breath, and walked up.

There is at present entering the door of this low dram-shop—this gross groggery—a person of gentlemanly appearance.

As we look upon his fine form and features, discern that noble, sad, but thoughtful countenance—that rare bearing of marked native greatness, rendered even more attractive, if possible, by a culture as refined as it has been thorough—that eye of genius, misguided though it be, diverted from its legitimate channel, stricken down from its true sphere.... as we observe these things, we become at once interested—yes, strangely drawn towards him. An unaffected ease and dignity of address are his. We long to hear him speak. We have confidence in his intellectual resources. There is something of a fallen angel about him. But he is not a stranger in this place. He is at once recognized by the presiding fiend, calls for a glass of ale, drinks it leisurely; and being more intent on drinking than on paying for what he drinks, he calls for the second glass.

The uncrowned Nero behind the bar looks sharply at him and says—

"I won't let you have another drop without the money, though the whole city of New York says I must; so you may put yourself at rest on that point, Bill Vernon," and thus it is disclosed who this real personage is. 'Tis a sad disclosure.

"Puh!" said William, indignantly, still holding fast to the bar to keep from staggering, so excessively besotted was he already; notwithstanding, so long as he could say anything, his thoughts, though erratic, were tinged with genius, and told sadly of what he might have been. "Puh!" he repeated, "let New York beneath the Atlantic sink, and the monsters of the deep gambol where now she proudly stands, still will I have my way and what I want. Freedom, or fall, is my word! Cities are but earth! Men's bodies are but earth also, and the earth belongs to God alone! A single soul is worth more in His sight than all cities, or bodies either; therefore, sir, he who does a needless injury to any soul by denying it its dearest wants, does sacrilege to the power

above! Beware, sir! beware of Him who can say, Let there be darkness, and there will be darkness."

This brief speech arrested the attention of all present. Jake stepped up to the bar, and in an informal manner, asked William to drink. An acquaintance ensued. He joined the company and entered into their conversation with spirit, the points of which were *What a Man might drink* and *Drinking to excess*. One contended that a man could drink so much a day without its hurting him. Another stated confidently, that good Philadelphia ale or London porter injured no man, and that they were, in point of fact, decidedly beneficial to health.

The mammoth behind the bar observed, in a wheezing guttural voice, uncorking a bottle of porter for a colored customer, "I've drunk twenty glasses of ale or porter every day of my life on the average for the last ten years;" and striking his hand on his stomach, which sounded like a muffled drum, added, "I'm growing fatter and healthier every hour. Its natural for a man to stimulate—can't live without it; but a man who makes a beast of himself, and get's dead drunk, is a fool! That's what plays the d—l with us, and gives cold water fanatics the whip-row—gives 'em something to spout about. If men 'd be half-way decent, and drink just enough, and stop, it'd all be right, wouldn't it, Bill?"

"A man," said William, "who would fain add blackness to a demon's character, make the idiot a greater fool, reduce the dwarf to a stature more diminutive, augment the poison of an adder's fang, render the snail slower still in speed, impart to the tiger a more savage look, give to the sloth another drawl of laziness, and out of nothing deduct something less, from his extreme love of extremes,—such a man couldn't look on rum without drinking it, nor drink it without getting drunk, nor get drunk without falling into the ditch."

"Good! good! Best thing that's been said in a month,"

exclaimed the company; and Seth declared that Bill was "everything great, besides being a buster," and even the mighty host laughed till the floor shook. William was the cynosure of the party.

There was a josey-looking fellow sitting in one corner of the room on an old bench, with a cane in his hand, busily engaged in killing some ants that kept running out of a hole in the ceiling to pick up the scattered crumbs; and whenever he made a jab and crushed one of the little tiny creatures, he gave a hearty chuckle, as if mightily pleased. William saw this, and feeling exactly in the right tune, stepped up, tapped him on the shoulder, and said,

"Here's a fly which has this instant, lighted on my hand. 'Tis no larger than the diamond in a lady's ring, yet in heaven's sight, more valuable than all the precious stones on earth. Look at it. 'Tis true, it's but a fly—it lives, it flies, it dies—still it has intelligence in its way, and feeling, too. Could the wisdom of this world create a creature like it? Can you tell me how many legs it has? how many joints in each leg? See, how it rubs its two fore feet together, and then over its neck and forehead, as you would your hands and face while washing of a summer's morning; now it brushes the dust from its gossamer wings, as you would dust your garment; now it reaches its proboscis forth to absorb that particle of perspiration, no larger than the root of one of your fine hairs, just as you'd reach forth your hand at table to procure a favorite dish. I see you smile—is't because you find yourself more like a fly than you ever thought before? Remember this, my friend, never to kill a harmless insect wantonly. When annoyed, use your judgment; but otherwise, exercise that mercy towards the meanest living creature which you and I so much desire of God."

The ant-killer looked up at the close of this lecture, with a part ashamed, part impertinent air, as if to say, "Who are you? Where did you learn so much? What business have

you to meddle with my affairs? You think you are somebody, or somebody else, I reckon!" But the remarks had gone home, and our josey soon arose from his seat, took a few sneaking strides around the room, and as Seth said, "eloped with his little colored aunt." A surge of laughter followed him, and the company again resumed their conversation. Jake opened it by observing—

"It's no disgrace, gents, as I can see, for us to get drunk, if we choose, so long as our great men—men that pretend to be the fixed stars of the world, and fill in part our starry seats—get so tarnal tight themselves."

"Hem!" said Seth, "I've thought of that very remarkable identical thing myself, more times than we've all got teeth, fingers and toes, and its just precisely so now. It's been a consolation to me, that thought has. I've grown fat on it in my time. I've often got drunk on the strength of that fact alone. It's an honorable excuse. It's a magnificent, splendiferous screen. It really brings an everlasting delight to me, that idea does. It's a—

"Hold on Seth, and let me have my say, too," said Josh, who looked ahead for everything, "and so doing, corroborate yours and Jake's remarks. I will simply add that our great men, as you call 'em, are rendering drinking respectable; and by-and-bye, you see, if these things keep flourishing, a man who doesn't get drunk at least seven times out of a week, 'll be thought a nobody. I say, we'll rise in the world under this state of things. I think I foresee an M.C. attached to my name, a sumptuous dinner daily on some choice roaster, and something choicer still to rinse it down for at least nine months out of the year, from thanksgiving till dog-days, besides eight dollars per diem and mileage unreduced."

"Ha! ha! ha!" shook the company, and they pressed Josh's hand, and congratulated him on his brilliant prospects.

"True, it's been so in every past age among our most

distinguished poets, statesmen and heroes," said Jake, "and it'll continue to be so, for what I know"—and he then related amusing incidents from the lives of several.

"You're right, Jake—you're both right; there's something sound in such ideas. It'll be my treat before you go. I'd like all my customers, everybody, except the cold water boobies, to hear such things, and lay 'em up for thought. You plead my cause, boys, and I'll plead your'n some day, when the sign's jest right," said the bloated behemoth behind the bar, while busily engaged in rinsing out tumblers and filling up liquor bottles.

"He only seems to have your good at heart," observed William, in a subdued tone of voice, who had'nt yet forgotten the insult he received on his first entrance, "and like a scurrilous pettifogger, feigns great interest in his client's cause, but merely seeks the fee. Rum, you know, makes some men liberal as princes to-day; and to-morrow they'll be the worst Dives on record, and they'll spurn you as they would a cur from the door. I've known only a few drams to unclasp some men's pockets and empty them of their precious contents, which, without the application of that magic key, would have remained as firmly closed as Vulcan's vise."

"It's so," replied Jake, "for I've found it out by experience and observation."

"As for the other point," continued William, "the fact that men of glorious gifts have been hurled to earth by Bacchus' bloody hand in every generation, it has harrowed up my heart with many a tear in by-gone days. Ah, yes! we celebrate the virtues of deceased greatness publicly....its vices form staple jests for casual conversation; and the latter is oftentimes more fearful than the former is admirable."

These remarks coming from a source which they had learned in so short a time to respect, were received with due consideration.

Evening being arrived, the party dispersed, William and

Josh going arm-in-arm for some distance together. William was an admirable conversationalist. He expressed himself with ease, fluency, and oftentimes elegantly; but always with a fearless independence. His voice was naturally musical, and he humored it well. His manner was alike graceful and dignified, and in whatsoever he might say or do, he possessed the air of an accomplished gentleman and scholar. He was'nt arrogant, but he felt his power within, and was therefore self-confident. Josh was immensely delighted with him, and nothing could exceed his respectful attention to William's every utterance; for though Josh himself was frank, generous and humorous, yet he was an indifferent talker, and made no pretensions to impromptu skill or conversational eminence. They had not gone far, when William halted, and pointing gracefully, said—

"Look, you! here is a man as is a man! See how erect he stands! Let our half-lunged, bow-backed, brainless Broadway dandies take note, for if they hav'nt brains like men, they may have manly bodies. Behold his skull of glass and the burning soul within, which sheds a glorious light around, and blesses every eye. He's modest withal, neither standing in the centre of the street or sidewalk. Literal merit and modesty go like united twins the world over, say what you will. Our night is his work-day: he is our antipode in that respect. 'Tis his only foreign air, and it becomes him so well, we'll overlook it. Like that star above him, he cheers up the long long night, and to us, in a dark night, he is far more useful than all the stars that *don't* shine so that we can see them. But he isn't alone in his glory, for he has a multitude of brethren standing like guardian angels along every street, some of greater and some of lesser lustre than himself. They never quarrel—envy is unknown to them. A quiet serenity abounds, and entire harmony prevails throughout their brilliant ranks. Don't they teach man a noble lesson, if he'd only look and learn! Come, now, let's walk in the light of his countenance. Is'nt it pleasant?"

"Why, Bill, I believe, I swear, you'd find poetry in the heel of my boot; if I don't, then boot me," said Josh, laughing grotesquely.

"Of course I could, Josh; for the poetical eye sees poetry everywhere," replied William.

On they strolled, still beguiling the time with quaint observations on men and things, until they arrived within a few blocks of the residence of Edwin Granger.

The evening was beautiful, and the lights of the firmament shone forth with unwonted brilliancy.

"I say, Josh—look up, will you?"

"And fall into the ditch, Bill? like that old astronomical blunderbuss, of whom we read."

"No! look up and get sober," continued William.

"Fudge! such dazzling beauty 'll only intoxicate me more yet. Do you see spirits, Bill? If so, tell me how they look, will you? and if they laugh at us poor fools, just observe whether they have teeth or no."

"Ah, Josh, we may be cheerful beneath, but not ridicule such an overhanging prospect. As for seeing those bright beings which are evermore above us, I can merely say, that kens we have whose more than Lynceus power might plunge in depths of unimagined day, and gaze on spiritual wonders; but they lie dormant—dead within us. Eyes more lustrous than the brightest gems that glow in heaven's casket, are bent forever on us; but while this thick bodily film hangs over us, we cannot see them; for there is not an orb that breaks the elysian blue, whose surface is not decked with hosts immortal, exquisitely wrought images of Him who set the universe in tune, while star and seraph mingle their anthemic strains. Oh! how I wish the hour were come, that I might pick this sensuous shell, and look on heaven's own hallowed light! My friend, I'm tired—oh, sick of sinning to live, and of living to sin! An angel of light seems to stand on my one side, and a fiend of darkness on the other; some-

times one leads me, and sometimes the other. Prayers and curses issue from my lips as it were simultaneously. Is there no end to vacillation? 'Tis a mystery to me, that my soul can rise at all in prayer, sustained as it is by no angelic acts. It's like a bat that flies without feathers—"

"And feeds, I fear, on nothing better than flies, Bill," interrupted Josh, with one of his laughable laughs.

"I believe you're right, Josh; for I've felt an awful buzzing about my head and ears, these two hours past," replied William, laughing in spite of himself, to see Josh squirm and shake so.

Pressing each other heartily by the hand, they pledged continued friendship, and separated for the night. As William sauntered homeward alone, his thoughts, accustomed to gloom, came back more gloomy than ever. It is an old saying, that "solitude and sin cannot go hand in hand." Excitement robs vice's sting of half its poison; but solitude arms conscience with a double goad.

As he entered the house, he was accosted in a casual manner by Mr. Granger, and a brief conversation ensued.

"What is the matter, William? You look uncommonly sad this evening," said the kind and indulgent Mr. Granger, who always treated him as a grateful son would an errant father.

"Edwin," replied William, with a tear-glistening eye, "the sun shines only to disclose my hideousness, and the clock ticks merely to increase my wretched moments. The earth upholds me, that I may be pointed at as a fallen follower of Bacchus; and my life is prolonged, solely to prolong my death, for what is life to me, but a death-perpetual? Gall is sweet, compared to the bitterness of my recollections; and my conscience burns like a furnace. O, my soul, what art thou? what art thou?"

"You mustn't give way to such feelings: they'll destroy your sanity of mind, William—now mark what I tell you," observed Mr. Granger.

"Talk of sanity, will you!" replied William, sarcastically. "What you call sanity, is to a rum-sharky mere madness; and what you call madness, is his sanity. Who'll tell what is lunacy in Heaven's sight, or what isn't? Bah! the world is a gigantic lunatic, the universe its asylum, and Deity the superintendent. Death brings this huge lunatic his first lucid interval; when the next will come, I'm not yet mad enough to foretell. Appeal to some oracle—say, a rum-seller, who's flourished a quarter century in his calling. He'll enlighten you, no doubt. If he can't, rest assured it's an event utterly beyond the power of the most aggravated species of madness to prognosticate."

Such was the gloomy closing of another of those melancholy days, which darken the lives of the dissipated.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE OUTRAGE

In a small dingy back room, connected with and leading to the low groggery which was alluded to in the preceding chapter, we are about to witness a scene not uncommon, and not seldom fatal, in our larger towns, among a certain class who are so demoralized as to sacrifice reason to rashness, love to lust, and goodness of heart to a heartless gain, under the benighting influence of rum. We feel, while standing here, that we are surrounded by the most repellant atmosphere imaginable. It seems like a place exactly fitted for every odious transaction. It is not devoted to one, but to every phase of infamy,—gambling on the very lowest scale—plug fights between two or more drunken wretches, who appear before us like vile spectres, while the shriek of the murdered, the wail of the robbed, and the piteous moan of those injured in body and soul by various diabolical processes, grate upon our ear. Implements of human torture are here. It is king alcohol's most degraded inquisitorial hall. We shudder as we realize our whereabouts, and call for a stronger spiritual influence to surround and preserve us from utter contamination.

A brown-eyed, dark-haired and finely-formed little girl of some ten summers, naturally quick-witted, and of pleasant features, is being led in here by a rather youngish-looking, gross, gain-loving woman. The child stares with a wild amazement and consternation on the dismal scene before her. She appears to have been born of respectable parents, and through some untoward circumstances, to have been finally lodged within the vortex of this vicious abode. Her dress



looked as if she had made it herself from out a bundle of rags, for it was patches, and nothing but patches. Alarm springs from her eyes as they rest upon a heavy whip and a bundle of ropes lying before her. The blear-eyed inquisitress opens a rough board shutter, and admits a little more light into this moral Nadir. The walls have about them a sickening gloom, and are marred and defaced, like the souls of those who frequent them.

The little one looks up with an eye which implores compassion and protection from danger. But as well might a man look for mercy in the clutches of an Egyptian Philitas, or down a hungry crocodile's throat, as here; and turning her eyes first to the ropes and whip, and then to her companion, she says, with a half-weeping smile—

"What is this for, Blanche—the ropes and whip?"

"Your father says you must own you told a falsehood in saying that you saw him take that money; and if you don't, I must whip you."

"Dear Blanche! as I have eyes, did I see him take it. How can my father whip me for telling the truth, when other children are whipped only for telling falsehoods? I could'nt wrong my father with a falsehood, for all the world! Oh, what have I done?" and the big tears rolled down her pale cheeks.

"No matter, Mary! You'd better say you didn't see him take it, and that you said so out of spite," said Blanche, brushing back the child's ringlets of dark brown hair.

"What spite, Blanche?" asked the little innocent, looking up with a mournful smile, which came from a heart in which there dwelt no spite.

"Because he boxed your ears a few days since for giving bread to that poor old Irish woman," replied Blanche.

"She said she was so hungry, Blanche! and hadn't had anything since the day before, and begged me so for a crust, and looked so out of her eyes, I couldn't help giving it to

her. I thought if it had been my mother or yours, how I should feel to see them begging so for a crust, and nobody to give them one. Perhaps I did wrong. I don't know how I can think so, though. No, Blanche, I've no spite against my father, although my head aches yet from the heavy blows he gave me," said Mary, pressing her forehead with her two little hands,

"You'd better, Mary—I tell you us a friend—for if you don't, I must have your hands tied, and break this heavy whip up over you. I don't like to do it, but your father says I must."

"O, Blanche! what have I ever said or done to you that you can use me so? When you laid sick with the fever, didn't I bring you water when you was dry? didn't I toast you bread when you was hungry? didn't I set up sometimes all night to fan you? How can you tie my hands?—they never did you harm—how can you, Blanche? Father scolded me for setting up so late with you, and said it made me good for nothing the next day. I told him poor Blanche might die, and then I should feel so bad if I didn't do what I could to help her."

"Come, girl, you must be whipped, or own up," said Blanche, grating her teeth, partly from sternness of purpose and partly because her undeveloped sympathy had been slightly touched by Mary's simple but loving words.

"Will you whip me, Blanche?" she asked, with a tone and look so piteous, that a heart less selfish than Blanche's would have burst with relenting sympathy.

"I must and will. You must do as I say, or else your father 'll be imprisoned," said Blanche, sternly.

"O, let them put me in prison! Make me work hard, feed me on dry crusts, and sleep on the hard floor, in my father's stead; but I can't tell a lie. O, how can he whip me because I tell the truth? I love you, Blanche."

"Confound his old carcass! I wish he'd do his own



whipping, that I do," said Blanche to herself, as another forced gleam of affection loomed up within her breast ; but it tarried only a moment, for it was a stranger in that place. Again the twenty dollars which the wretched, heartless man had promised her if she succeeded either in killing the child or making her deny the truth, took full possession of her, and she proceeded to her unwomanly task. She first tied her hands together with a strong cord, and then tied a rope around her ankles, and attached them to rings fixed in the floor. She next stripped the little one's ragged dress down to the waist, and with some gruff observation, raised the whip. Mary turned her tear-blue eyes to heaven, as if, failing to receive mercy here, she was instinctively looking upward for it ; and love divine did descend upon the soul of the little martyr, for her lips moved in prayer.

The gross and godless woman now took a bottle from her pocket and drank freely, although already much intoxicated. She then raised the whip again, and said sharply—

"Do you own up, or not?"

"I cannot tell a falsehood, Blanche! I cannot!"

The words had scarcely fallen from the child's trembling lips, when several fearful blows were dealt across its naked body, and with each blow a loud groan escaped the little victim. But those groans must be stopped, and the brutish woman tied a handkerchief securely over her mouth. When she had dealt some thirty lashes, some of which were laid on with her full strength, she again asked Mary if she "owned up now;" but no reply was given, and the whipping process was recommenced. Soon the blood began to ooze forth, and even dripped from the raw-hide's end. For nearly an hour did she continue to flay that little innocent (stopping now and then for breath and to drink) until her flesh was beaten almost to a jelly. The child swooned from excessive pain and loss of blood, and the cruel creature left the room with an oath, saying "the old sot might

go to h—l with his money, before she'd whip the child any longer."

Was it the woman, or the rum that had done this? Was not the former the principal and the latter the agent? Would so outrageous an act have been perpetrated, had not rum existed? Such a deed has nought of the woman in it! But what is woman—what would be even an angel—but a fiend, while under the maddening influence of the soul-crushing cup?

Scarcely had she closed the door behind her, before we see it open to admit the original instigator of this slaughterous scene, almost black with rage. He approaches. The child was hanging by its hands. With a horrid oath, he seized the gad, and said,

"You little lying b—h, I'll bring you to! You want to get me locked up, do you! You won't fetch it, though!"

Only a few blows with his strong arm were necessary to finish the work. The child soon gave a convulsive shriek, and expired under his savage strokes.

The body was forthwith clandestinely buried, and it was rumored that the child had "ran away" to parts unknown. The consequence was, no further investigations were instituted concerning the robbery which the rum-fiend who murdered her had perpetrated; because the little martyr's was the only eye which saw him commit it, and that was closed in death.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## THE BROKEN HEART.

"She pined in thought,  
And with a green and yellow melancholy  
She sat, like patience on a monument,  
Smiling at grief."

Comfortably situated in a plain but respectable family, who were in the enjoyment of the common comforts of life, we are again in the presence of Mrs. Vernon. From a few days subsequently to her husband's failure in business, and the debauchee life which he then commenced to live, they had not met. William avoided her society from a sense of utter shame and embarrassment, while she rapidly and unconsciously sunk into a mood of mind bordering on perpetual gloom.

Stricken down from her social height without a moment's warning; stripped of every elegance and luxury by one rude blast of misfortune; and, dread climax! deprived by death of her only child, who was thrown from his riding pony, and that, too, on the very day of her husband's failure.....this double calamity, rushing thus suddenly on one of her delicate organization, on one so uninured to hardship or trial, produced a withering effect upon her mind, for she was naturally deficient in hope; and her temperament being also not the most buoyant, she must, therefore, under such calamitous circumstances, be left almost without an anchor or a sail.

She had been defrauded of her own ample estate by the dishonesty of guardians in her youth, and was thus left with little else than her own unblemished moral character, and the

fortune of her husband—which was indeed once ample enough—as a resource. We find her at present living, as she never desired to live, in obscurity, and almost wholly on the charity of a few friends, from among the common walks, where such blessings are usually found, if found at all, in misfortune. Only a few months have elapsed since that fatal day, and yet the change in her appearance is so great, that she barely looks like herself. All is changed, and changed for the worse.

An aged female friend, who had once been her nurse, and retained for her the most affectionate regards, has entered the house, and is tripping up to her room with a still elastic step, holding in her hand a beautiful bunch of roses.

"Ah, these roses! how they remind me of former days, when, through my own blessed garden, I strolled on some moonlight evening or dew-bespangled morning, and plucked them from their prickly stems. But they've all faded in my grasp....the thorn—the thorn remains!" said Orietta, sadly, as she took them from the kind old lady's hand.

"Enjoy these, my daughter. I knew not what else to bring you, this morning." Mrs. Goodwin had, from long acquaintance and early associations, habituated herself to calling Mrs. Vernon daughter; and she was herself, in return, familiarly known as aunt Goodwin.

"What a dark, cloudy, dreary day this is, dear aunt," observed Orietta, indulging in thoughts of unmitigated gloom. Mrs. Goodwin was of a rare temperament—sanguine and hopeful to the last; and though she had been a widow many years, and had lost several children, still she was of boundless cheer, and would never allow sadness to enslave her soul. She therefore replied, not merely because she delighted in such a reply, but because it was true:

"O, no, it is a lovely day, my daughter; and there's not a cloud to be seen?"

"Since William's troubles," continued Orietta, "every day

is alike to me; and every day is dark and unlovely, like the depths of some lonely cavern, where nought but the gloomy sounds of distant waterfalls, or the still gloomier hootings of the owl, and the howlings of wild beasts, are heard."

"Cheer up, Orietta, cheer up," replied Mrs. Goodwin, in a brisk, merry tone of voice. "We all, every one of us, have our troubles; but we mustn't yield to them. Heaven has never breathed the breath of life into that soul which has not had its trials and perplexities. For my part, I've seen more unhappy moments than I've hairs on my head, and might have seen forty times that number, had I given away to my feelings. When gloom approaches your door, turn the key and laugh; and when melancholy invites you to her lank feasts of lamentations, let your reply be that the sweet little Miss Pun-cracker and the dignified Mrs. Hearty-laughter are expected to enjoy a four-o'clock, and spend the evening with you at your own house."

It was in vain, however, that the cheerful old lady tried to elicit a smile from a heart so plucked of every hopeful plume as Orietta's.

"Alas! aunt Goodwin, I have no home on earth—not even a beggar's home, which is content."

"We must beware, my child, of an over-exacting, distrustful imagination—one that finds crooks in plummet lines, doubts even demonstrations, sees darkness at mid-day, and evil everywhere. You could not count in many hours, one by one, the number of souls that are less happy than yourself."

Orietta replied merely in her old strain:

"O, if little Albert were here, some light would remain. But since he's gone, all is dark, dark, dark! and though this rose exhaled a fragrance sweeter than that which first regaled the delicate sense of Eve in Paradise, to me 'twould be as mildew."

"Press it to thy nostrils, Orietta; then look smilingly on it as thou sayest, 'I'll enjoy thee, sweet, while I may; and

when thou art gone, I'll hope to see thy like again.' As for Albert, Heaven 'll take care of him."

"Hope! hope!" replied the sorrow-broken heart. "In the barren tongue whose black, black words told me of my William's fall and Albert's death, hope cannot be found. Its alphabet is written with a pen of coal upon the inner walls of darkness; and the pages of its vocabulary look like dark clots of blood. Alcohol and its definitions, sorrow, tribulation and disappointment, fill up every page, leaving not even a white margin for relief. You've known me from my very cradle, dear aunt; you know what I have been better than I can tell you. I've seen joys, but they're vanished; I've had hope, but it's fled; life was a garland to me, but it's withered"—and the tear-drops hung upon her long dark lashes, like dew upon a raven's wing.

The motherly-hearted Mrs. Goodwin was much affected on listening to these words, and she said:

"Yes, Orietta, I've seen you when a nursling, smiling at your mother's breast; when a play-child, caressing your baby-doll, or building play-houses of strips of boards, and pieces of broken china; when an A B C girl, learning the alphabet at your parent's knee; when a budding maiden, just donning the long dress, with many bashful glances; when a young woman, with an eye which spoke of love-vows and heart exchanges; and finally, when the happy wife of a happy husband, and the mistress of a happy family. But now the fair tresses of earlier years are disheveled, and the snarls of age and misfortune are upon you. Only be patient—we must have patience. Your lot is the lot of multitudes of our sex, from the same cause. O, merciful Father, neither in my youth, nor in my age have I seen so great a cause of wretchedness as is rum! I've wondered, sometimes, Orietta, why our Heavenly Father don't set this poisonous liquid on fire and consume it, though those who make, sell and use it were consumed with it. I may be cruel, wicked in

saying so; still, it causes so much misery, how can I avoid saying what I honestly think and feel?"

"My whole career, dear aunt, passes before me in a life-like picture, by these few skilful words of yours," replied Orietta, "but I'm oppressed with thought, and my emotions prostrate me. I must lie down. O, that it were my winding, and not my night sheets, that are to cover me—my coffin, and not my bed, in which I am to lie—my grave, and not these hard brick walls, which close me in!"

Mrs. Goodwin bade her "good bye." It was their last visit. A few weeks hence, and a new grave mound was visible, headed by a plain marble slab, bearing the name of Orietta Vernon. A few days before her departure, a change came over her spirit. She became more cheerful, and a smile of joy wreathed her lips as she breathed her last.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## THE LILIES PERISH.

"Weep not for them! they are angels now  
 And tread the sapphire floor of Paradise!  
 All darkness wiped from their refulgent brows!  
 Sin, sorrow, suffering, banished from their eyes.  
 Victorious over death, to them appears  
 The vista'd joys of heaven's eternal years."

On arriving at San Francisco, Mrs. Dale's first object of course was to ascertain the whereabouts of her long absent husband. Having at last succeeded in learning that fact, she immediately penned a brief note, and being herself much fatigued, she despatched a messenger, a bright lad who had himself seen Robert for several days past near the outskirts of the city. Impatiently, and with a high-beating heart did she await the errand-boy's return; but he returned alone, and on beholding him she asked—

"Where did you leave Mr. Dale?"

"Where I found him, ma'am."

"Isn't he coming?"

"No, ma'am! not he."

"And why not?"

"He an't able to come."

"Why an't he able?"

"He can't walk."

"Why not, my son?"

"'Cause, he said I should tell his wife never to send for him again. He said he loved you; but he loves his bottle more, ma'am. I'll just tell you the reason why he can't come: he's too drunk to walk, and he's hardly got a stitch of clothes on his back. He don't see a sober day from one



week's end to another. I've known him six months, now, and I've never seen him what I'd call sober. He fights, he gambles, he—"

"Enough, my lad! Those words no more! They have destruction in them. Ah! they rush through my soul like a fell arctic blast over-sweeping some bloody battle-field, bringing with it Satanic sounds," exclaimed Cornelia, wringing her hands in breathless agony.

"My boy, will you go and show me where he is? for I'll go where he is, if he won't come to me."

"He'd kill me, ma'am, if I told you. He an't to where he was, now; he's gone, and I dasn't tell where, either."

"O, you must! you must, my son!"

"No! I can't! I dasn't! He said he'd kill me if I—"

"Let him kill me!" interrupted Cornelia, vehemently, "but you"—

"No! I dare not, ma'am! No! no! no!" and he turned quickly, and fled from her presence.

A fearful paleness came over her countenance. She raised her hands to her eyes, and sank to the floor.

After the first burst of grief had passed, she looked around her to see what could be done. Her strong common sense taught her at once that two little helpless ones depended on her entirely for support; and her equally vigorous hope buoyed her up under circumstances which would have crushed many a heart. Her needle was again resorted to, and by assiduous efforts day and night, she succeeded in providing a tolerable livelihood for herself and children.

Thus, week after week languished away. At length, Lily was attacked with a malignant fever, which soon brought her to the point of death. Day after day did that lovely little creature languish on a bed of sickness. She realized her condition to an extent far beyond her years, and calling her mother to her bed-side, one day, she said, in a sweet voice—

"I'm going somewhere, mamma. I feel that I am going to some happy place! But I don't like to leave you and Orlando behind."

"O, don't talk so my child. What will Orlando and I do when Lily is gone away?"

"I never did fear death, mamma. It isn't dreadful, is it?" observed the child, thoughtfully.

"No, dearest, not to the Christian—not to the good."

"You'll soon come where I am. We'll soon meet again." And the dying child smiled for joy.

"My child! O, my child!" said Cornelia, pressing the little hand to her bosom, "how could I part with you?" she spoke in a low tone of voice, for there is a grief which expresses itself in soft pensive whisperings—such is maternal grief.

"I dreamed last night that we were in a happy place! I can't tell you what a dear sweet place it was. A bright circle of light surrounded our home. Papa and brother were there, too, and we were all so happy! How I wish we were there. I long to go," and she closed her eyes as if to sink into that dream again, and be wafted on the wings of guardian angels up to that bright abode once more.

"Where do you long to go, my child? tell mamma, will you?" asked Cornelia, listening in breathless attention.

"To that lovely place which I've so often dreamed of. You'll say it's pleasant when you come there." She paused for a few moments, and then added, "You, and brother, and aunt Augusta," as she always called her mother's friend,—a woman of the kindest heart and most amiable disposition, who faithfully attended both the child and its mother during their last illness, "must keep close to me to-night—'twill be my last on earth. My dear papa, if he'd only come and bid his poor Lily good-bye once more, how happy I should be then! Why don't he come, mamma?" she asked, as if she had temporarily forgotten the real cause of his absence.



"Pray for him, daughter—pray for your father."

"I did last night, till I fell asleep, and then I had that sweet dream. Give me his miniature now, and let me look on it once more by the clear sunlight."

She took it, held it up with her little pale hands, gazed intently upon it with her eye of spiritual loveliness, pressed the glass to her lips, laid it on her bosom, and fell into an apparent sleep, in which she lay for several minutes ; and on arousing from it said, with a deep, thrilling sigh, returning it to her mother :

"Father, good bye."

As the day dwindled away, Lily's physical strength dwindled with it. The returning night brought on its darksome wing feelings not unmixed with gloom, even to the hopeful heart of Cornelia Dale. Notwithstanding, she well knew and realized, that if that messenger came who will come at last, during the approaching night, there would be only a blissful exchange of worlds ; and that her loved and loving one would, on the morrow, rise as the sun rises, until it reaches the very heart of heaven.

Lily spoke but little for several successive hours, only occasionally calling for drink, or to have her position slightly changed in bed. Her breath grew shorter and shorter, her pulse feebler, and every sign of death's presence could be seen and heard. As midnight came on, she suddenly threw open her eyes, and called aloud for her mother, who sat continually by her side :

"Look ! look ! mamma !" exclaimed the death-stricken child, "it comes ! see there !"

"What comes, dearest ?" asked Cornelia, rising and leaning over her with parted lips and suffused eyes.

"See ! oh, how beautiful !" repeated Lily. "Do see, mamma, quick ! quick ! How bright it looks ! It loves me ! It smiles as you used to, mamma ! Come ! come ! I'm ready—I'll go !" and she threw up her arms, as if to embrace

some loved friend, while her countenance beamed with a momentary expression of supernatural ecstasy. After a short interval of silence, she spoke again, and said, "Orlando, come now, Lily is going." Orlando was brought and seated on the bed by her side ; his little hand was laid in hers, and she looked upon him, saying, in an almost inarticulate voice :

"Love mamma, brother—love her, love her."

She then turned her eyes, and gave one fond look to her mother, and closing them, calmly uttered her last words, which were, "Mamma, good bye ;" and she passed away.

A few weeks subsequently, and we are called upon to witness another like scene. The soft mellow light of a cloudless southern evening is setting upon us. The twinkling hosts on high challenge our holiest admiration. A stillness akin to void hushes all ; and hovering night is again cooling the day-heated earth. The excitement consequent on the death of so lovely a child, and the continued dissipations of her husband, have thrown Cornelia Dale into a heavy fever, which is rapidly hastening her, too, towards the last page in the chapter of this life. Her true and devoted friend, Mrs. Augusta Hamilton, whose acquaintance she had fortunately formed, and whose friendship she had acquired soon after arriving, was in attendance.

She is sitting up awhile this evening, for a change ; and as she looks out at a window opening towards the west, she pensively observes, addressing her friend :

"See yon new moon ! 'Tis shaped like beauty's eye-brow. How it cheers up the western sky, like a new-born infant all the household ! Now, my most cheerful hour draws nigh, Augusta ; for to the Christian, death and cheer are wedded divinities—twain, one spirit."

"It was much such an evening as this, the night Lily died. 'Tis indeed a sweet evening. There is something genial in the face of nature, even to the sick," said Mrs. Hamilton, smiling sweetly.

Cornelia's voice trembled with untold emotions, as she remarked, in a half soliloquising manner:

"Lily! ah, Lily! dear child, never, O, never more can I see thee as I saw thee once! How can I give her up, Augusta? I set her chair at table, but she no longer comes to fill it. I see her little dresses hanging against the wall, and pale as that wall are my once blooming prospects of earthly joy. Her sweet words and ways are my dearest, saddest memories; but they are ended for this world. I look everywhere for her, and vacancy alone is seen. I call her name, and echo repeats the call, but still no Lily comes. O, she was my lovely solace, amid unnumbered cares!"

"My dear friend," said Augusta, consolingly, "the eye unseen is the only eye which can behold her angel form, and the ear unseen is the only ear which can hear her angel voice."

"True! true, Augusta! How unhappy we should be, had we no other organs of sight and hearing than those belonging to this world, when death removes our friends! In my dreams, Augusta, in my dreams, I both see and hear her. O, yes! O, yes! thank Heaven for so blessed a privilege, in my dreams, Augusta!" and she closed her eyes in momentary prayer.

When she opened them again, and cast a glance around the room, the old feeling came back, and she burst into tears.

"'Tis not that she is dead, so much as for what she suffered ere she died, that I thus weep. I could embalm her body in my tears; but O, I could not wish the happy spirit back again, even to inhabit so fair a form as hers. We may die too young; yet we cannot love death too dearly when it comes. To me, death is a lovely word—one of the fairest in the firmament of language. 'Tis the sweet moon-lit night which precedes the bridal morn of life immortal. Old age is the true altar, and death is the venerable priest who weds us to a fairer world above."

After these remarks, Cornelia reclined her head on the back of the arm-chair, and sank into a slumber. While sleeping, she dreamed; and while dreaming, she saw angels; and seeing them, she said, with that sweet spiritual expression so characteristic of her child's last hours, "Blessed ones, must you leave me? Your presence so becalms my soul! Why not remain still longer?"

"I'm with you, sister," said Augusta, in a loving voice.

"Didn't you see the dear angels this moment?" asked Cornelia, arousing from her dreaming slumbers.

"No, dear friend, I have seen no one since you last closed your eyes but ourselves," replied Augusta, holding a glass of water to her lips.

"O, Augusta, how lovely they appeared! I yearned to join them as they left me, but could not—something held me back and said, 'Sister, not yet, not yet.' They haven't gone far away, I know. They are waiting for me now." And a smile not of earth, crossed that pale face. It was a smile of faith in the certain fulfilment of her own words; and with that same smile still playing over her features, she added, "Their faces seemed familiar, Augusta, and shone like stars in summer. A thrill of holy joy shook my entire frame as my eyes met theirs."

"I'm glad you are so happy," observed Augusta, slightly fanning her.

"I've one favor to ask of you after I am dead and gone," said Cornelia.

"What is it, dear sister?" replied the angel hearted Augusta.

"It is," said Cornelia, "to tell father Gordon, who so generously promised to adopt Orlando if I should die and leave him, that my prayer shall ascend to God for his welfare in another world. Repeat to my son, as you have an opportunity, that all his poor mother had to leave him was a good name and a mother's love. Say to Robert, should you ever

see him, that if spirits are permitted to return to earth, I shall evermore be near him—rejoice when he rejoices, and grieve when he grieves. Write Brother Jonathan at the north, (ah, good man! what has my husband come to?) that my gratitude and high esteem are due him. Remember me kindly to his gentle wife and son. Say to him, that Lily went before me, an angel to an angel land, and I followed her, like a sparrow its young which has but lately tried the wing." She paused a few moments, and then added, "I would say more, Augusta, but there is a faintness coming over me." She leaned on Mrs. Hamilton's arm, and was conducted to her bed in an adjoining room, from which she never arose again.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## THE FATAL DESIGN.

Early in the evening of a cold, wet, fall day, William returned to his room at the house of his ever-faithful friend, Edwin Granger. He had been passing the day as usual among his associates, at the different rum-resorts which he was in the habit of frequenting; although he appears to have drank to-day with a sparing hand. He had for weeks past been nourishing a desperate purpose in his bosom, which was no less than that of assassinating a wealthy miser whom he knew, and robbing him of an immense sum of money which he had locked up in his sleeping apartment, so that he might guard it with a vigilant eye, night and day.

Incessant dissipation and continual association, more or less, daily, with the vulgar and the reckless, had transformed him almost to a human fiend. As he opened the door of his room, an awful sight appeared, which made him tremble with fear. Amazement rendered him speechless for a moment; and then he burst out in the following soliloquising strain:

"Ho! who's here? What! a dying man, and murdered, too! Ah, death! death! what a sight is this! See how he gasps for breath! His limbs quiver, and stiffen as they quiver; his eyes roll back horribly. Now death's mysterious lance is severing soul from body. How darker than darkness it seems! What now? Why, methinks I have done this deed! What! I—Vernon—a murderer! Almighty God! save me from that thought! Look! As I breathe, his blood's alive! It moves and separates, drop by drop; some turning into double-headed boas, ready to spring upon me, and others to bloody spears, pointing towards my heart!

His hairs seem burning faggots all ; his bones are knotty iron clubs, brandishing over me ; and every particle of flesh that was upon them is transformed into a thing of terror ! There is a dread meaning here, could I interpret it. Is't a haunting spectre of what I've done ? or is't a vexing vision of what I may do ? 'Tis a dream !—no, that's impossible, unless one may dream in noon-day wakefulness. I own, I've planned a desperate plan—but only planned it ; and this appalling sight appears, perchance, to frighten me from my purpose. O, Goodness ! help me to unplan that plan, and to unpurpose that purpose ! Now, what if I were murder guilty ! What then ? what follows ? Why, an arrest of my body by man's authority ; but the Authority above would have already arrested my soul . . . a future trial and condemnation by earthly judge and jury ; but the judge of judges and the jury of juries up yonder would, ere this, unless forgiven, have tried and condemned me as an immortal ogre. Then comes the scene of strangulation at the gallows, oftentimes more painful to observers than the observed ; but to be caught in the noose of an outraged conscience, is a punishment severer than bodily pangs, and must needs drum together our better thoughts, in deep consideration of our designs."

Several days previously, in one of his better moods, he had been favored, as he said, with a heavenly vision, an account of which he had promised to give his friend Edwin, as he always called Mr. Granger, on the present evening. He soon struck a light, and sat ruminating upon what he had just seen, or imagined he had seen, and endeavoring to interpret its hidden signification. He found but little difficulty in applying it to himself, though he appeared but slightly inclined to heed the application. Edwin soon entered the room, and the following interview occurred :

"My friend, I joy to see you at home in so seasonable an hour this stormy, inclement night," observed Mr. Granger, as he took a seat.

"When I make a promise to you, Edwin, I deem it sacred ; and as you requested me to relate my delightful vision to you this evening, I am in readiness to redeem my promise. But before relating it, will you do me a favor ?"

"Name it," replied Edwin.

"I've long wished to write to my poor aged mother," said William, with a sigh.

"I'll be your amanuensis," remarked Edwin, smiling.

Paper, ink and pen were brought, and William dictated the following epistle. Not until after repeated efforts, could he summon up sufficient courage or strength of nerve to dictate even a few lines to his mother, his only surviving parent.

"Tell her, Edwin, that I love her, but am no longer worthy of her love. Tell her," he continued, leaning on the back of his chair and sobbing like a child, "that I am ruined—ruined ! What deaths are wrapped up in that word ! Tell her that Orietta, whom she loved as her own daughter—how can I say it?—tell her Orietta is in heaven, Edwin . . . and where am I ?—O, where am I ? She was lovely and fair ; she strove to save me. Who can save me now ? I'm not worth saving !"

"Do not talk so, William," said Mr. Granger, himself greatly affected.

"I'm not worth a tear, Edwin—not a tear or a sigh. Her last words—oh, let me not think of them ! Tell my mother that Orietta, whom she loved so well, and who loved her, heaven knows how dearly, blessed me with her dying breath !"

"What else, my friend," asked Edwin, wiping the tear-drop from his eye.

"Tell her that little Albert, on whose head she once laid her hands in blessing . . . I cannot speak it ! Oh, God ! Albert ! dear boy, is that you ? Don't look on your poor father so. Those looks of love—O, they'll kill me ! Can I

say he's dead, when I seem to be looking this instant in his sweet blue eye, and hearing him say, 'Come up here, papa' ? I wish I could, my child—I wish I could come up there !" And William's eyes were bent for several minutes upon vacancy, to all appearance. Pale as a statue, he gazed intently, but spake nothing.

"What more, William," said Mr. Granger, breaking the solemn silence.

"O, don't call me William. It was a name once dear to my mother. I think I hear her call me William, now ! Ah, that heavenly voice, how it wrings my heart ! My mother ! my poor, poor kind mother ! I'm undone ! I'm lost ! Call me by any demeaning epithet, Edwin . . . the meanest is too noble for me ! You have seen me when I was myself ; look at me now ! Tell her, Edwin, as my last words, I have her likeness yet, and that ringlet of hair she gave me when I first left her in my youth." He took her likeness from his pocket, and as his eyes fell upon it, he wept aloud in an agony of grief. He could say no more.

Mr. Granger finished up the letter, with the exception of signing the name, and that William desired to do himself ; but in so doing, he blotted the paper badly, from a trembling of the hand ; and looking at it, he observed, in a characteristic way—

"How foul an ink-blot shows on a fair letter ! So appears a sin-blot on the human soul. And as the first seems fouler by day than night, so will the second appear viler in the upper world than it does here."

The letter was duly despatched ; but his aged mother had departed this life several days before it was received.

"Now for the vision, William."

"Sit you quiet, my friend, and I'll impart. I will be brief and to the point." He spake and said—

"I seemed to be suspended high in the air ; and O, how differently everything appeared to me, than when on earth !

New eyes, and new objects to see ! New ears, and new sounds to hear ! New nerves, and new emotions to feel ! And every sense was like and unlike what it had been before. Indeed, I felt myself wholly another being. The earth, I thought to be one of nature's many patent hives, and ministering multitudes were going to and from it, like bees to and from their hive ; and they apparently had some fair land of flowers, whereto, like lovely Proserpines, they winged their way, replenished their souls with heavenly nectar, and then returned swifter and brighter than rays of light unto the earth again. Another moment, and milky-way on milky-way appeared, broader and denser than a full-leaved forest. I feared I could not penetrate the bright clouds, and yet, God be praised ! I passed through conveniently, as a bird's flight through a grove in mid-summer. Another moment, and a massive sea of orbs arose in view, as far surpassing the other in brilliancy, as mid-noon surpasses midnight. O, what music filled my ears as I stood gazing wonder-struck on the more than gorgeous scene before me ! music, as though the starry mass were one vast harp of gold, and the Infinite One Himself was touching its strings to divinest melody. The air was like the mingled breath of cherubs filled with odors fresh from unknown elysiums. I trembled with emotions of ecstasy, which no mortal could feel, and live."

"Saw you no one ?" asked Edwin, impatient to know more of so interesting a vision.

"O, yes !" replied William, and a sweet smile beamed from his countenance.

"Said it nothing ?" asked Edwin, whose interest increased.

"It spoke ; and when it spoke, its accents were so calm, yet thrilling ; its gestures so graceful, yet striking ; its attitude so meek, yet majestic ; and there was such a harmonious mingling of opposite attractions in its composition, that style and substance strove hand in hand for the supremacy,

both rising to perfection, yet neither more perfect than the other."

"What said it, William? Do tell us."

"Listen! my young friend, and I'll tell you. It first bent its eye steadfastly upon me, as if to bless, and then said, 'O, man! trifle not with temptation! Would you gaily dance a crater-spanning-wire, though your skill had snatched the laurels from a king of feats? or, unarmed, mimic the roar of an approaching lion, though conscious of a Belgian giant's strength? O, no! you would not! Then beware of too much trifling in this world; for it is easier to fall a thousand times, than once to rise; but being down, the bruises and the burden first are felt, and felt more keenly the lower you have fallen. In speaking these things, I speak thine own experience, which, after all, gives wisdom a finish-touch to the admiration of every eye. I repeat, trifle not with temptation!'"

"Said it no more, William?"

"No more, audibly; but if every person were a prophet, and every prophet wielded a pen of lightning, their combined description of what its looks expressed, would be inadequate."

"Did you speak to it, William?" asked Edwin, intensely earnest.

"Admiration transformed me to a mute. I was all eyes and ears."

"Could you give me something of a description of how it looked, my friend?"

"Give me fitting language, and I'll do it; for there was not a feature, nor movement, which I did not note. I counted the folds in its robe, and the lily threads thereof. I seemed to number the very hairs of its head. Nothing escaped me."

"Try to describe it, will you?" implored Edwin.

William gave the following brief description:

"It was a heavenly visitant. Its presence shed a calm joy over me, like lunar light in summer. Its eyes, like brilliant gems set in the whitest rose, spoke only of heaven and happiness. Its brow advanced imposingly, as if its mind, having long feasted on celestial wisdom, had matured to a spiritual manhood. Its more than Phœbus locks hung round its head, like satellites around their parent planet. In its hand it held a beauteous palm, bespangled with Castalian dew. Its smile alone eclipsed all earthly loveliness; and as I gazed upon it, moments seemed ages of ordinary bliss, while every semblance of selfishness vanished from me, till I seemed twin angel with it."

After hearing these things, Edwin retired for the night, greatly pleased. He hoped and prayed that they might produce a salutary effect on William's mind; but the evil spirit had not crushed him quite low enough yet. The dreadful deed which he had for some time been contemplating, had not yet been perpetrated. This night, at twelve o'clock, was the hour set, and a little rest was necessary. Rum had rendered him desperate! It was now just the hour of ten. He had not lain long, before an awful sight, a dread spectre, a monster fiend, appeared unto him, offering him a glass of grog. A feeling of joint despair and fright seized him. He rolled and tumbled in agony on the couch. But the fell fiend had him bound soul and body in the dark land of lawless dreams. He at length exclaimed in loud tones of anguish—

"Away, away! I'm not athirst! What! do you return again, holding towards me the fatal glass? Begone, I say! It will not go, and like an evil spirit, smiles persuasively upon me, even in its hottest wrath—assuming, Proteus-like, a thousand different forms to draw me on. Away! I say once more, thou grinning, damning arch-deceiver. I've drunk dread torments from thy hand too long already! Blast thee, horrid monster, with form bloated to twice its natural size! Thine eyes look like two bloody moons! Thy flattened



brow, hyena-like, shows no sign of reason! Thy coarse Erinnys curls, like poisonous serpents dangle hideously! A purple gross complexion gives a sulphurous aspect to thy features, whose expression staggers the observer! Thy fierce half-opened jaws disclose wild boar tusches; and like perdition's entrance, the sight strikes horror through the soul. Be blasted, and scattered as dust in the fiercest whirlwind! See, see! it comes again! I'll fly! What now, monster of monsters? How darest thou offer me that hated glass once more? Thy hell-heated clutches might, should I rise to accept the offering, let it drop quickly, and pierce my flesh and bones like the hungry gluttonous condor's talons an unprotected lamb. O, God! O, Heaven! help me, and either strike me blind, or else remove this huge Apollyon from my sight! Annihilate me, soul and body, or give that life one breath of peace which thou hast breathed within me. O, dear! O, me! O, O!"

Edwin had heard his terrific screams, and rushed up stairs into his room. He found William apparently just waking up, and sweating like a pitcher filled with ice. Indeed, the icy demon of sin did possess him. He trembled violently. His coat was partly off, his vest was unbuttoned, his hair was bristled up frightfully, and his features looked as if he had been running a gauntlet through purgatory.

"My God! what is the matter, William?" asked Edwin.

"O, nothing but a dream, my friend—a dream—that's all. I lopped down a moment carelessly, and dropped asleep—that's all."

William was exceedingly apprehensive that his friend would suspect he had an attack of the tremens, and his pride was touched in a new spot, for he looked upon that as the most dire of human diseases—as the but-end of the Devil's execution—the most beastly final bidding off of body and soul.

"A touch of the incubus, perhaps," said Edwin, excusing the affair.

"O, yes, yes, something of that sort," said William, smoothing things over.

Edwin retired again to his room. After a few minutes, William walked to the window, and saw that the clouds had broken away. A rigid fierceness of expression again beclouded his countenance, as he vehemently said:

"The moon has risen, and from her royal chambers in the east moves an empress towards her midnight throne; but ere she reaches that august seat, I'll sit by fortune's side, or lie irretrievably ruined at her feet. Hark! the hour of eleven comes trembling upon the air. The day's within an hour of its death. Would to God that my end were so near, for then my birth into the upper world might be more as will the morrow's in this—glorious. Now the hum of this metropolis is dying out, and the busy, bustling world is going to rest. I go not with it—my rest is ended. Damnation is upon me. The Circean goblet has lured me on, till I'm transformed into a raving brute; and I'll be true to my new nature, be the hazards what they may. As braces of blood-hounds pursue wretched slaves flying from living death to doubtful liberty, and with fearful yells and savage looks at length capture the pursued, and prey upon their captives, so these poison venders pursue insane inebriates (vetoing every bill of self-enfranchisement passed at the session of their lucid thoughts), and with the law's approval, and monstrous schemes of avarice, do ultimately strip them of all possessions, prostrate their bodies, and pollute their souls.

"O! methinks I could leap into some burning crater; or swim a lake of molten lead; or barefoot, walk a hatchel from pole to pole; or brave the cruelest physical pangs, if thereby the end I seek could be attained without the means. But Ophir's wedge has tempted me; and though it rive my soul's soul, I'll try my luck to win it. I'm a madman among a band of wolves; and I'll attack my foes, if not attacked by them; for I feel a more than Milo's strength, to tear their

jaws asunder. Yet I would that my unhappy purpose were accomplished, as I've promised myself it shall be—like a child having some unpleasant labor to perform, and wishes it already done according to command. If to slay a fellow being would slay one's own fell passions, and place a wreath of virtue on the brow, 'twould be a rise in turn almost justifying such a fall. But knowing that a demoniac cause can never produce an angelic effect, and that whoso sows the Devil's seed will reap only a hellish harvest—our course is checked. What! checked, did I say? My course checked by petty meditative parleys? Never! no, never! I'm sworn to ease myself of misery, or burden myself with deeper misery. My hand shall relieve my heart, or my heart shall soon be handless. Fears, avaunt! Delays, avaunt! My course is planned, and I'll execute it to the foul finale! Come on, ye aiders and abettors of my bloody purpose! ye notorious scourgers of the past! I invoke your presence. Gather around me, and with united effort urge me on, on, to murderous notoriety! O, now the blood of all the Neros is boiling in my veins; the nerves of all the Herods are strengthening my arm! My bosom is the epitome of all the Cains since Cain. Vitellius was stoical in slaughterous passion, compared to me! Now could I fill out tables of the Decemvirs, around which all the damned might congregate as one, for a fiendish mental feast! Erebus comprises creation, and Lucifer is the ruler supreme; I'm his secretary, and must perform the duty committed to my charge, or lose my seat in the cabinet of hell! My dagger gleams impatient for the work. An hour hence, and it shall pierce a human heart!"

Thus was the bloody resolution passed; and leaving the house as noiselessly as possible, he hastened towards the spot of its final execution.

## CHAPTER XX.

## THE RESCUE.

"And the hand of the Lord was outstretched to save him."

Just as night's dreamy charm is breaking, and morn's rosy touch restores the beauty to sweet nature's cheek—just as the hallowed east is ushering in her glory-burning champion, who swallows up the lustre of unnumbered orbs, and with aurelian fingers uplifts every eye-lid—just then it is that we again behold the good man enjoying his accustomed walk over his little garden farm.

We follow him. Perplexing thoughts are exercising his mind, as their utterance soon proves.

"Shall I follow this impression, or shall I resist it? Shall I cast it off wholly as an unmeaning fantasy, or shall I obey the oft-repeated injunction, '*arise and go thou to New York city.*' Isn't it one of those evanescent thoughts which flash up oftentimes in the best-guarded mind, exploding ere the judgment can examine it, like the rocket that swiftly climbs the evening sky until it bursts, and with its fiery trail vanishes as it descends? But it has haunted me, as it were, for days. I'll consider it farther. It is morning,—an hour in which the wits of man are fresh, clear and vigorous; and if, when the day hangs trembling at its zenith, it urges still, I'll go. What though it serves no special purpose? may not the self-deception be of itself an useful precedent in times to come? Perchance, my obedience to an inward impulse, like that of Jonathan of old, may avert some dire calamity, save a fellow being from untimely death, or else hold back an assassin's hand from doing a deed of horror. Pure be my thoughts, and let my prayers ascend to God for guidance divine."

Forty-eight hours have not elapsed before we are again in the very heart of that great metropolis, New York city. Cast your eyes, dear reader, down its main thoroughfare, and you will observe our venerable friend Brother Jonathan, who has arrived hither not an hour ago, walking with energy and despatch. An unseen hand is guiding him; but he has no apprehension as to his own personal safety, though a stranger in a strange city. Now he turns the corner of a wealthy business street. Suddenly, he pauses, leans breathlessly forward with parted lips and eager eye.

"Hark! hark! hush!" he repeats softly to himself. He hears a grating sound at a basement door, as if some burglar was at his foul work. He fixes his eye steadfastly upon the spot from whence the sounds proceed. Stepping a few paces forward, the light of a dark lantern discloses to his astonished vision the features of a former friend—a familiar face. The door opens, and the burglar draws a dagger, first motioning as if to plunge it into another's bosom, or else into his own, which was saying in action, "either thou rivest another's heart, or thou rivest mine." "Forbear," fell upon the assassin's ear at this moment like a thunder-clap, although the word itself was uttered in tones of the tenderest compassion. "O, forbear," followed it in quick succession, and out the frightened burglar rushes, noticing the presence of no one, to every appearance; but as he reaches the sidewalk, he slackens his pace for fear of alarming the watch.

"Flee not! flee not!" exclaims that same voice. "I am your friend." The burglar partially recognizes that voice, and turning, walks cautiously back a few paces. Brother Jonathan advances, but the former does not yet recognize the features of this strange visitor. He therefore draws his dagger again, and says, in accents trembling with mingled fear and rage,

"If you are indeed my friend, then all is well; if not, I value your life far less than this weapon which shall rob you of it. Who are you? Sneak!"

"Who is Brother Jonathan?" was the characteristic reply.

"He was my friend. I loved him. A nobler man was never born, than he. Your accents sound like his. Who are you? Your name!"

"His words are falling upon your ear."

"What! Brother Jonathan here? O! O! heaven of heavens, save me! My friend! O, my friend!" ejaculated William Vernon, as he hurled his dagger to the earth, and rushed into the good man's arms, sobbing aloud, and groaning in anguish upon his bosom. "My friend! O, my friend! forgive me!" exclaimed William in the most touching tones. As soon as this sudden burst of feeling had subsided, he added, "A pitiless fortune has for years been boring into my very soul, until, like an Artesian well, a flood of desperation gushed spontaneously forth from its hidden depths."

"Here is my hand," said Brother Jonathan, "as a token of renewed friendship and fellowship in every good word and work; but will you longer listen to the intoxicating song of that siren who has already transformed you almost to her own image? Will you longer, like some benighted Ophite, kneel unto a serpent? By to-morrow's nightfall, will you answer me?"

"Aye! dear, dear friend! and may God help me to secure my own salvation in that response. Often have I vowed reform, but as often have those vows been broken."

"William, remember this,—from the planning of a holy work unto its execution, let the soul be vigilant, and visions of rapture will enfold it like a burning armature; for then the orb of man's future life is being shaped, and every movement either mars or beautifies it. Then heaven itself bends breathlessly over him, awaiting the result."

They now turned their steps up street. William briefly related to his more than friend—his guardian angel on the earth—how a series of bitter reverses had brought him to

what he was. When he came to speak of his wife's death, a tender appreciation of her beauty, of her true qualities, and of his early attachment for her, arose within him, as he said:

"Before our marriage, if she smiled, I sighed to be that smile, that I might live upon her lips. When she moved her beauteous eyes, I longed to be the object of their every glance, and gazed upon them with Narcissus rapture. Her hair, glossier than Samarcandic silk, seemed each one separately an iris of hope and bliss unto me. Her countenance was a prism, whose ever-varying charms smote my soul with more than earthly love. I felt that the word 'sacred' should be written in gem-like letters wherever her foot had trodden; and the air seemed fresher and balmier for every breath she drew."

"Let your future life be worthy of her, William. Such noble recollections will bless you. Indulge in them often—daily," observed Brother Jonathan.

"After our marriage," continued William, "I never heard a word from her that was not purity itself. I never saw a movement of hers, that was not grace indeed. She was courteous and forbearing towards inferiors; and her equals were blessed alike by the pleasing beauty of her mind and person. Misfortune brought her to melancholy, and melancholy to an untimely grave. But when the last hour came, it found her, as I trust it may find me—a cheerful Christian; and her death-smile lingered like a morning star upon the corpse of night."

"Cherish her memory, William, as you would your very health; and the latter, I fear, from the pale, emaciated appearance of your countenance, is greatly declined. Temperance is the road to health, sir; and health to moral progress."

"I know it," replied William quickly, whose mind was ever inclined to highly appreciate any noble suggestion, and

to dilate in its own way upon it. "I know that temperance is health's true guardian, and that health girds up the loins of human progress; strains the mind's thoughts to clearness; sets sweet Flora's signet on the cheek; gives the eye an orient lustre; turns the craggy rock to a sultan's couch, and pleasant food to Epicurean fare. It is the cresset of life—the Herculean staff of genius."

"Remember! to-morrow night, at sunset, I shall call upon you; and I expect to find you, as I found you years ago, a strong man in a good cause," said Brother Jonathan, pressing his hand for a "good-night."

"Ah! that I should ever have fallen," said William, in a most sorrowful manner, "from the summit of that moral mount whereunto my mother led me, down, down to the lees and dregs in which I wallow like a beast, without a beast's excuse—ignorance."

"While you grieve that you have fallen," said Brother Jonathan, with a woman-like gentleness of voice, "fail not, also, to rejoice that you may rise again."

A gleam of renewed hope flitted across William's countenance on listening to these words; and he wended his way homeward.

As Brother Jonathan turned from him, he observed to himself, "If from the gloom of his low sphere he sees not man's, may he discern the light of angels, as one who gazes upward from a well of mighty depth, beholds the stars at noon-day."

On the following day, near sunset, Brother Jonathan called on William at the residence of Mr. Granger. After an introduction, they walked forth into the garden. William's mind was evidently merging into a meditative mood, and so strong was his inclination to indulge in self-condemning thoughts and mournful meditation, that he was wholly unfitted for a brisk conversation on topics of general interest. In fact, he retired to one corner of the garden, and there, with looks of anguish, he was heard at one time to exclaim—

"Great God! what heavy deeds are mine! They've crushed me! Hercules himself would have sunk beneath them! Ah, what a heart is mine! How black with self-destructive sins! Could the firmamental lights, though all concentrated on it, illumine its base darkness? Never, never! My heart of darkness would sooner the whole glowing canopy extinguish, and impall it like a corpse in state? Repentance is the word! I must repent, repent! Reformation is illumination! I must reform! reform! reform!"

At another time he was heard to say, in accents the most plaintive—

"The day hangs like a golden shield upon the bosom of the west, while exhausted nature seeks a dear repose. O, I would that my poor heart were more like nature, so that rest might once more come into it, and that these sad memories might no longer overwhelm me, nor these sorrows oppress me. Memory is a blessing! It repolishes the rusty armor of experience; is the good man's rich inheritance; life's scrupulous recorder; quencher of thirsty absence! It is the heart's truest resource, and dearest friend in the circle of being. But my memories, what are they? Misspent hours, mistimed thoughts, mis-spoken words, mis-done deeds, and mishap has followed mishap so incessantly, and it has gone so unhappily with me, that my once firm, fixed faith in universal causation, in Omnipotent goodness, is staggered almost to falling. Now, evening dons her gauzy robe, bedecked with heaven's brilliants, and millions of admiring eyes gaze on her rapturously! O my heart! why, why, repine forever. Can'st thou not smile when nature smiles, and join her in sweet cheer?"

He was thus battling with a deep-seated appetite—with an enemy who had been for years fortifying himself against all attacks. It was a terrible struggle. Was he to conquer, or again be conquered? His better nature was apparently marshalling its oft-vanquished forces for a final attack. The

cannon's mouth looks gentle beside the yawn of base ungoverned passions. But the presence of Brother Jonathan was, as it were, a perpetual spur to his better spirit, and the auspicious result of the present contest was less doubtful than ever before.

During this time, Mr. Granger was entertaining Brother Jonathan with an account of William's former standing and influence; and in alluding to the princely residence which he occupied in his palmiest days, he observed, in words peculiarly descriptive and appropriate—

"The palace-like dwelling in which they then resided, was built of purest free-stone, and in exquisite taste. The bell handle, of solid silver, was pulled by hands from among the foremost families. The hall seemed a gallery of fine arts, whose walls were bedecked with costly paintings, while fancy's eye glowed admiringly on glancing through their richly furnished drawing-rooms. The garden was, indeed, a miniature Eden,—choice trees outspread their branches like hovering angels over it. Flowers from our own and foreign climes filled it with their mingled fragrance, still refreshed by the play of cooling fountains, while white pebbled walks encircled all like beauty's arms, and blessed the foot that pressed them."

William approached his two friends at this point, and said, with his mind filled with the horror of his own condition, "The descent to life's lower spheres, though so common, is nevertheless awful to contemplate; and that man, born into the world so pure, should leave it so contaminated, is indeed a weeping reflection—isn't it Edwin?"

"It is, indeed, sir," replied Edwin; "and the usual steps which lead to a drunkard's death, are few, but fatal. First, as the prince of fashion at a fashionable party, he sips delicately flavored wines from glasses of classic cut, and feels like a god, quaffing nectar. Next, as a genteel gambler, he drinks in the costly furnished ante-rooms of gambling houses

with a more liberal heartiness. Next, as a grocer's patron, he guzzles down the adulterate drug, far more indifferent—swine like—as to the quality than quantity. Next, as a reckless burglar or assassin, he steals the beverage, or the means to purchase it, and then a tattered garment, frog-like cheeks, fire and brimstone nose, blood-shot eyes, hands trembling like a disturbed compass-needle, and all the appurtenances of a dilapidated tenement surround him. Death's ever brimfull goblet is then pressed to his lips, of whose thirst-quenching contents he tastes and dies. Thus ends the mortal and begins the immortal life of multitudes."

"You've spoken words of awful truth, Edwin. Mankind should repeat them till the end of time."

"Yes, my friend," added Brother Jonathan, whose mind ever looked forward to good practical results, "and repeating them, should scrupulously avoid the consequences which they describe."

"Ah, experience teaches me, my friends, that the drunkard, gambler, seducer and assassin, are living replenishers of the lower spheres. The first strews his morals like garlands before the beastly tramp of triumphant Bacchus; the second finds his heaven in a billiard-room, and angels in cards and dice; the third is a walking Upas, whose breath is death's corruption; the fourth, hanging by one hand over perdition's battlements, with the other, strikes and falls."

The fact of William's attempt to assassinate a fellow being on the previous evening, was known only to himself and the one who rescued him from the infamy of its perpetration. And the fact of his almost miraculous escape, elicited the warmest gratitude towards the chosen instrument who accomplished so noble an act, and he thus became pliant as wax in the hands of a good man, who had wisely resolved on moulding him, as it were, anew in the image of his Maker.

Brother Jonathan invited William to enjoy an evening's walk with him, in a stately park situated only a few blocks

distant, well knowing how salutary would be the influence of quietness and the night, in producing a state of mind favorable to repentant thoughts, and reformatory designs; for the good man saw that the work of repentance had already commenced in earnest, and the great point was to keep conscience at its task, until the holy work should be completed. As they entered the park, whose profuse foliage was assuming the autumnal hue of age, William remarked "How softly, how gently, the star-light plays throughout this grove! Come, dear friend, let's sit beneath this weeping elm,—its invisible tears may moisten my dried-up heart, and soften it to complete penitence. I wonder the heavens can shine so brightly and cheerfully over this bedlam world. Hark! that music! It is the voice of serenaders, filling the listening ear of some fair girl whose loving heart beats thrilling time unto it. Music and star-light are twin sister seraphs, and love is their blessed mother. What monasterial dignity and gentleness reign among these venerable trees! They seem aged patriarchs, who've grown old in goodness; and their kindly deeds in sheltering those who seek repose and the cooling breeze of summer, proclaim their eulogy. If each tree were a Nestor, and each leaf a tongue, they'd scarcely speak more eloquently than does their august silence. But see! the moon is uplifting her pearly eye-lid, and soon the silvery lashes 'll touch our cheeks with tender light. Now, let's walk, and talk of life's stern realities, and sad experience."

William was restless, for a great change, a mighty revolution, was going on within him. On they walked, and talked, while every word that the good man uttered had its designed effect, and so awakened the soul of William to the importance of living an exemplary life for the future, that ere they parted for the night, he consented to return home with his friend, and after a few months of recruiting, to again embark in his favorite pursuit. And to secure his speedy



re-establishment, Brother Jonathan had volunteered his pecuniary aid and vouchership.

They parted, and during the remaining portion of the night, William was all watchfulness and prayer. The work of repentance was being rapidly completed, and when his venerable friend called on him the following morning, William's first words were, grasping his hand, and giving a look which spoke of ecstasy, of a redeemer found, of salvation secured,

"O my friend, I feel a thought within me now, whose glory would, if I could utter it, thrill the universe as it never yet was thrilled, nor ever let the eye of man look downward towards the earth again. Ordinary minds may have many joys ; but I would not give that hour which a mighty genius in its mightiest thoughts enjoys, for all the hours of a common mind throughout a common life-time ; and yet the happiest hour of a mind like this, is less ecstatic than the single moment of a soul that's sanctified."

"William, you'll find that an exemplary life is nothing but a life of ecstasy."

"True ! I know it, friend Jonathan ! Why, a form so beauteous as to make Apollo blush, would now be cumbersome, for I feel the truth of the saying, that moments there are in which the soul is so heavenized by harmony, that the gentlest breath seems boisterous, the most tuneful heart-throbs but discordant thumpings, and the healthiest blood flows roughly through the veins ; yea, when the softest, sweetest symphonies that ever charmed a mortal ear, disturb it."

Mr. Granger at this moment returned from his morning ride, and in conversation with his two friends, he casually observed that a certain man whom William had known years before, who had grown rich by rum-selling and rum-distilling, came to his death some two months previously, as he had just learned, in a most unhappy manner."

"It was that rich old Dramhall, I take it," said William, "wasn't it ?"

"That very identical person," replied Mr. Granger.

"In what way, then, did Heaven punish him for a multitude of sins so great that no charity could hide them ?"

To which Mr. Granger replied, in his own poetically descriptive way :

"While sauntering through the flowery summer-fields, whose balmy airs refresh the good and bad as though to doubly bless the one, and betray the other to a guilty blush, a storm, sudden as a warrior's ire, came up. The sky, which an hour before was calm as an archangel's bosom, and radiant as his eye, anon was thickly veiled with blackness ; then rose the roaring winds ; white sheets of rain, like heavenly robes, came down ; electric bolts flew here and there in eloquent display, applauded by earth-shaking thunders. The tree beneath which he had sought a shelter till the storm might pass, was struck by the fiery agent and riven from topmost branch to bottom, where he was found a blackened corpse."

"It looks very like a providential punishment," said Brother Jonathan, "and whether it was or not, it appears to be an appropriate termination of his tragic life. It therefore behoves those who are pursuing his course, to beware of his fate."

"Friends, I knew him to my sorrow. He would fawn where fawning was politic, and flatter where flattery secured favor ; but to those who were indebted to him, no miser Jew was more relentless. His knowledge of the world was consummate, and he would look through a stranger's character, as you would through a shadow. He was gluttonous without end, and avaricious without limit. Had he spent half the time in storing his mind with wisdom, that he did in stuffing his stomach with food, he would have died a meaner feast for worms, yet a fitter companion for angels. Peace to his spirit," concluded William, with a Christian-like forgiveness.

Brother Jonathan, after bidding Mr. Granger adieu, hastened towards his hotel, and from thence to the depot, where he was to meet William in due time.

The moment for final separation between two such mutual friends as were William and Edwin, the former a benefactor to the latter, and the latter in turn grateful even in prosperity, was overflowing with emotions of no ordinary kind.

Mr. Granger felt the memories of early years returning upon him more forcibly than ever, when, in the darkest hour, (for he was once an orphan boy,) that hand which he was so soon to clasp for the last time perchance on earth, was generously outstretched to succor and protect him; the hand which had established him in life, and had invariably pointed out the true path, though it pursued not that path itself, and his feelings oppressed him.

"My friend," said Edwin, with a tremulous voice, "believe me, when I say, that at this moment, from my inner heart, I'd rather be reduced to penury than be robbed of your presence. God I might recover; but when you go, shall I ever see you more?"

"I've lived unworthily, Edwin; but you've looked on my infirmities with an eye of filial love."

"The eye may be blurred, but the heart cannot be sere by the faults of one whom it loves," replied Edwin, greatly affected.

"Edwin, must we part? must we? Give me your hand. A truer palm I never pressed than this. A truer friend never blessed a man than you have been to me! O, that your abiding place, like Mercury's, was on the summit of a mount so high that from my distant home I could see your dear fraternal smile beaming upon me from day to day. How can I leave you? How can I? To give the final pressure, to speak the parting word, and ah! the last, last look on those we love, are things which hang like cables of iron around the heart. Edwin! Edwin! Edwin!" he repeated, while the touching

word "Farewell" faltered upon his tongue. For a moment they mingled their tears like brothers, who had been faithful to each other alike in prosperous and adverse fortune, when William, waving his parting love, was seen no more.

## CHAPTER XXI.

## REFORMATION.

"Do unto others as ye would have others do unto you. Love thy neighbor as thyself."—JESUS.

It was at mid-day in mid-summer that Brother Jonathan, when within a few furlongs of his own gate, saw by the roadside a man in distress. His garment was in tatters, and was covered over thickly with dust. The crown of his weather-beaten hat was gone, and he had lost his shoes from his feet. The frothy spittle was running from his lip-swollen mouth, and the perspiration trickled in little furrows down his face, thickening with dust as it ran. He tottled almost to falling where he sat, and some inarticulate mutterings were heard from time to time.

Our friend approached this fitting object of his compassion, and gently addressing the stranger, requested him to arise, walk with him to his own house, and there partake of refreshment and rest. The miserable man attempted to reply, but nothing that he said could be distinctly understood. He was what is usually termed, "*beastly drunk*." Our friend pulled some long grass from the wayside, brushed the dust from his clothes, then, with his own handkerchief, wiped the mingled dust and perspiration from his face, and out of his mouth, nostrils and eyes. After a few minutes, he succeeded in getting the unhappy wretch on his feet; and by the assistance of a strong arm, he was conducted to Brother Jonathan's cottage.

Here his outer person was thoroughly washed and cleansed,

and his inwards were cooled by repeated draughts of the same element; while cool, clean garments were put upon him, and he was placed in bed, where he remained undisturbed until a late hour on the following morning, when he was aroused from a long, refreshing slumber, and informed that breakfast was in readiness for him. Nothing could exceed the joyous surprise which he manifested on finding his condition so changed; and as he gazed on the kind faces which everywhere met him with a smile, and a "good morning, sir," his heart overflowed, and he wept. It seemed, indeed, as a dream, how he came where he was, yet the most blissful one he had experienced for many a year.

Our friend, by words of gentlest cheer, quickly calmed those feelings, which arose from a soul crushed, as it were, by a sense of unutterable gratitude; and he was soon able to relish his morning repast; after which Brother Jonathan cordially invited him into the library, and requested an account of his history, which was as follows:

His name was Francis Paul. His father was a cobbler, and departed this life at about middle age. His mother was thus left sole protectress of a numerous family, of which Francis was the eldest son. He followed his father's calling for several years, and on reaching majority, was married, but lost his wife on the birth of their first child, and the infant survived only a few months. He then flew to the cup, as, alas! too many do, to hide his grief, and for years he had considered himself a hopeless outcast. Young Paul was by nature gifted with remarkable communicative powers, was self-possessed and impassioned in his manner, was tolerably well read in general history, and possessing a fine figure withal, was well adapted to public speaking, to which Brother Jonathan recommended him, and under whose genial training, he had been, in one short month, inspired with noble impulses and resolutions.

It is near sunset. Young Paul had an appointment to deliver his first temperance discourse on the ensuing evening at a neighboring village. The simple relation of his own experience was to be his argument ; but he had resolved to dedicate his life to the cause, and he sought his benefactor's presence to inform him of his final departure, to return him his heartfelt thanks, and to receive the good man's blessing, when the following conversation ensued :

"You leave us to-day, then, do you, Paul?" said Brother Jonathan, pleasantly.

"I do, dear friend," replied young Paul, with an earnest countenance.

"So live, young man, that your presence shall cheer up the world wherever you go."

"If not in this world, I'll endeavor to so live as to shine in the next—in heaven," replied Paul, earnestly.

"Is that, indeed, your resolution?"

"It is, dear sir."

"'Tis a noble one," replied Brother Jonathan ; "but I must say to you, that we of earth want light ; therefore, wait not until you shall arrive in heaven before you commence shining, for, I tell you, the little flame that lights a studio can be seen farther in a darksome night than the mighty blaze of an ocean light-house can by day. Remember your glorious cause."

"I will ; and if the tongues of all the orators that ever thrilled an audience were moulded into one, and that tongue were mine, 'twould scarcely be eloquent enough to speak the truth of this great cause as I would have it," said Paul, with emphasis.

"Remember, also, my friend, that fancy may barb the arrow, and reason may draw the bow—but faith and truth must steady the aim, or error, man's mightiest enemy, will never fall," observed Brother Jonathan.

"But I was a cobbler, dear sir, and the son of a cobbler ;

and what if the world choose to taunt me for my ignoble birth? What then?" eagerly enquired the young apostle.

"What has an honest man in an honest cause to fear from the world's taunt? The opposition of enemies will only improve your skill, and bring out your latent strength. Whoso advocates a noble cause nobly, is noble, and his birth-right will then, however lowly, speak for itself in self-defense," responded the good man.

"I've no diplomas of scholarship to command a hearing," said Paul, regretting his lack of early advantages.

"What if you have not, like your renowned namesake of old, been filled with lore at some Gamaliel's feet? An eternal life is before you, in which you may store your mind with knowledge. Let me be educated in nature's grand university, over which God presides, in which angels are professors, and of which all true men and women are life-long students."

"I'll fear not, though every hand smite me for presumption, and every tongue assail me, because I'm not a scholar, polished by the schools. I'll be the more active in self-tutoring throughout my future life."

"Yes, be active—for inertia, though a Croesus' only child, will live in neglect and die in indigence ; whereas, action, judicious, long-continued action, though begot by a Lazarus, may henceforth own an Ind, or proudly sit upon Parnassus' summit. I repeat, be active ! Does not the humming-bird extract the choicest nectar while on the wing ? And I do truly love the man who takes manly pride in some useful calling, though it's nothing but ditch-digging. A tinker who understands his trade is to be honored. Yea, the fire-fly, that brightens with the darkening night, and flashes its transient lustre on the dewy air, has nobler uses than the effortless ephemeral, who breathes, 'tis true, but breathing, shows no trace of heaven's fair image in his works. Give light ! Illuminate ! Resolve to shine ! If not a solar, why, a lunar

light; if not a lunar, then a lesser still; but still, resolve to shine."

"My heart," responded Paul, "beats with a loving impatience to utter its experiences as a warning for others to shun my course and escape my fall and unspeakable sufferings."

"Evermore, beware of harsh remonstrances," observed Brother Jonathan, urbanely, "for the tongue may quickly speak a taunting word, but in the heart already poisoned by some sinful virus, it may inflict a wound which the balm of a long life shall leave unhealed. The eye may quickly dart a scornful glance; but to the mind already too dull to clearly scan the truth from error, it may impart a touch of bluntness which shall run it on to ruin; whereas, a sweet word sweetly spoken, may change some life-current from its Lethean course through darkness, to one which flows Pactolus-like over the golden sands of light and goodness. A lovely look, if timely given, may turn some eye from its earthward gaze towards error's goal, up to those Olympian objects, whereon the sight may rest, and resting, quaff delight immeasurably."

"Can I ever forget the example in my own experience, which you have set me in that respect?" responded Paul.

"Seek honor rather than wealth, and to be beloved rather than to be honored; for whoso bequeaths you great wealth, bequeaths you care and trouble, relieving himself, perchance, of many pains thereby; but whoso garnishes your reputation, justly bestows on you that which never discredits him, and renders you far happier in the bestowment," observed Brother Jonathan, pressing his hand, with a fervent "God bless you, and may He prosper your sacred cause!" And so Paul went his way, while the good man, addressing his son, said:

"Sure as that night's lamps are being lit, and drowsy day reclines his radiant head on yon far western hills, so sure the evening dews anon will christen this month's work, and call

it grace—for such has it been to the youthful Paul; and I feel that another soldier is standing in our ranks, who, from vice has risen to virtue, through virtue will disclose the rarest mental valor, and through a valor rare, will rise to an eminence of no common stamp."

## CHAPTER XXII.

## AN ACCIDENT.

"He who marks from day to day  
With generous acts his radiant way,  
Treads the same path that Jesus trod!  
The path to glory and to God,"

In the afternoon of a sultry July day, William Vernon was enjoying his usual walk through a stately forest some two miles distant from his native village. It had been his favorite resort during childhood's days. Beneath its luxuriant shade he had passed a greater portion of the morning, until hunger and weariness of body compelled his return. It was at a season when the cool refreshing shades of such a retreat elicit the most grateful feelings and sacred reflections. The leaves never looked more delightfully green, nor did the branches ever wave more gracefully, nor the trees ever exhibit a more benignant majesty, than on this occasion. A cloudless sky of unmingled blue seemed to possess an attraction peculiarly strong, and his almost habitually sad eye brightened up with a gleam of sweet hope as he gazed, and still continued to gaze, upon it. He felt himself a body of steel, and it a vast arch of load-stone, drawing him irresistibly upward. But there was still at times that in his mind which brought a feeling as if every mound he saw was some grave, as if the note of every bird was a funeral knell, and the brooks and breezes were chanting funeral dirges. As he retired from the wood, he felt as if he must clasp the branches in his hand as he passed, and press them for a final adieu; and when he had passed some distance away, he turned and looked once more upon it with a parting sigh.

On passing the door of one of the hotels in the village, he suddenly threw up both hands, and exclaimed, in accents of despair, "I'm shot! I'm mortally wounded!" and fell prostrate upon the earth. The loud report of a pistol was now heard, which shook the very windows of the house out of which it proceeded. Several persons rushed out of the bar-room, and found Vernon lying with his face in the dust, while the blood was streaming from his left side, just below the region of his heart. An alarm was immediately given, and the household gathered quickly on the spot in the utmost fright and consternation. His bleeding form was conveyed to a room in the hotel, and the dread news spread like sheet lightning through the village. "The cause? the cause?" was upon every lip. It was as follows:

Several townsmen had met on this afternoon, and were having, as usual, a "jolly time." As they warmed up beneath the influence of the brain-reeling bowl, numerous bets were offered as to who was the best shot in the company, (sharp-eyed alcohol, of course, included, who indeed had already proven his skill by having pierced the very hearts of all present.) A wager was accordingly laid, the distance and the target fixed upon, and the parties were on the point of going out for trial. A pistol was brought, and one of the shots, a rather vain, athletic, rough, bully-like fellow, insisted on loading it and having the first chance. It was soon loaded. He held it half-cocked (being about that himself) in order to put on the cap, with the muzzle pointing towards the window. The cap had no more than fairly been set on the powder tube, when his finger slipped and the pistol was discharged. It so happened that Mr. Vernon was at that very moment passing by the window, and alas! as if his life must be crowned with a dire misfortune, he received the fatal charge.

Hundreds soon flocked to the house, and all eyes and ears were open to catch every word, every whisper, and to get a glimpse, if possible, of the unfortunate man.



While the physicians were busily engaged in dressing and examining the wound, a villager had noticed, on approaching the place, that smoke and flames were issuing from the roof of a far corner of the house. He gave the alarm of fire. It was now a full half-hour since the occurring of the melancholy accident. The house had caught fire in this wise. A servant girl had been engaged in cleaning a clothes-press in one of the upper rooms, and had occasion for using a light, as it was rather a dark room. It was a camphene lamp. At the instant of the pistol's discharge, and at the same time hearing the sudden loud cry of some person, she was so overcome with fright as to fall in a swoon, and the glass lamp, which she happened at that moment to be holding in her hand, broke as it struck the floor, and immediately filled the entire room with flames.

Several ran at once to the room; but, on opening the door, such a livid cloud of smoke and flames burst forth, that they were driven back, and cautiously closed the door, in fear of its communicating with the other apartments sooner than it otherwise would. Ladders were brought, and several men ran up to the outside window of the room, but dared not venture in, lest the roof should fall upon them and bury them in the awful flames. The mistress of the house had just learned that it was on fire. She was the proprietor's wife. She recollected at once that her little girl, four years of age, had been put to sleep in a bedroom leading into the main room, which was then on fire. She had laid the child there herself, and knew that the bedroom door was closed. But it was her child; and wild with grief, and distracted with fear that the darling one might be burned alive, she threw herself on the ground, and tore her hair with anguish of soul unutterable, crying, in a half frantic voice, "Oh! save my child! Save my child!" The raging element cast a dread gloom and awe over all. The heat of the day, too, had brought on one of those sudden, fearful thunder storms, which render the

earth a scene of great solemnity while they last, and give a soberness of expression to the gayest countenance; and though the storm might allay the flames, still the child might be burned to a crisp, ere the first drop fell. The lightning's vivid flash was blinding every eye, and the thunder's dreadful roar filled every ear with horror, and shook every nerve. The whole western sky was a scene of terrible commotion.

The multitude now turn, and behold an old man of nearly seventy summers, advancing with sprightly, hastening step. He had only a few minutes previously heard of the mishap of William Vernon, who was his friend. He approached, he heard, he saw, and said, with a calmness of voice, "Gentlemen, the child must be saved." And up the ladder he went, despite the entreaties of all present. But his great heart had been touched to the very quick at the sight of that mother; and forgetting self, he leaped into the window and was lost to sight in the rolling flames, while the sagging rafters cracked above him. A cold thrill of despair filled every bosom. He had drawn in one long breath as he entered, and before that breath was expended, he re-appeared at the window, holding the child in his arms, which was unconsciously crying, "Mother! mother!" while the garments of both were blazing on them. Shouts, as if all hearts would burst with joy, rent the very air. As he descended, pail after pail of water was dashed over the brave man, and his little angel trophy. The flames on them were soon extinguished; and though both were burned, yet neither was seriously so, for a hand not less than divine had been their shield.

When the mother beheld the safety of her child, she sprang to its deliverer, threw her arms wildly around his neck, and in a flood of joy exclaimed, "O, sir! O, sir! heaven bless you forever!" And she was conveyed to a house near by, in an unconscious state. Scarcely had they reached the ground, before the roof fell in with a tremendous crash, and the flames spread with the utmost rapidity. The

only thought now was, to save what furniture it was possible to reach. The servant girl, who had swooned from extreme fright, was soon suffocated, and perished in the flames; but the bedroom door being closed, and that too, very tightly, had kept out much of the smoke, and thus saved the child from a like fate, until a strong arm had wrested it from its perilous condition. Need we inform our readers whose arm that was? Need we tell them that it was the arm of that master spirit who presides at Brother Jonathan's cottage? The good man immediately called to see his unfortunate friend, and soothed his mind, so far as it could be, under such severe afflictions. The physicians had administered several doses of cordial, to prevent, as they said, his "SPIRITS FROM SINKING." Soon as William, however, became fully conscious, he stoutly refused to imbibe another drop, so deeply set was his prejudice against that which had brought ruin headlong upon him. He related the circumstance of his refusal to his venerable friend; and stated that a gill of fresh spring water not only quenched his thirst more effectually, but cooled his feverish stomach, counteracted that inward pain-caused-heat, and strengthened his resolution more than cordials could. He observed also, in alluding to the effects of what he had already drank, as if it had revived his former hankering.

"Much warmth," said he, "in my once red hot appetite is still remaining, though the liquid cause which fired it has ceased—like a furnace, which still retains some heat within its metal, though the embers which once heated it have long since burned to ashes."

We need scarcely add, that Brother Jonathan heartily approved of his resolution. But not wishing to excite him unduly by conversation, he retired, after promising to call again on the afternoon of the following day. During the night, William grew weaker and weaker; and early the next morning, the physician announced to him that he could live only a few hours. He heard the announcement with great composure.

About noon on the present day, as Brother Jonathan entered the room where William lay, his glazed eye caught a glimpse of him, and he said,

"You've come in time, dear friend—in time! My body weakens, but my spirit strengthens. My hour is come. I feel it."

"O, don't despair, William; you may recover, yet," replied Brother Jonathan, encouragingly.

"I don't despair of a merciful acceptance with my God: but my recovery from sickness is past a rational doubt."

"I pray your passport may be free and happy, then throughout the upper spheres," said Brother Jonathan moistening the dying man's lips.

"O, for another such a guide as you have been," said William, with a heavy sigh.

"Truth is the unerring guide, William; keep your eye fixed on that, and all will be well. Are there any little offices of kindness you'd wish me to perform?"

"O, yes; here's my mother's likeness." And opening it to take one last fond look, he said, "I hope soon to be with the blessed original. Give it to my brother after I am gone. A few locks of my hair is all I have to bequeath my sisters for remembrances. They are welcome to them. God bless them." His strength now failed exceedingly fast, and it was evident his end was fast approaching; summoning, however, his entire strength he said,

"I feel that I have done some good, but much more evil, in this mixed up world. I desire you, in your conversation, should you allude to me, say that I was a man whose impulses were better than his deeds; whose youth rose bright enough, but darkening near mid-life, shone not again until the setting hour; whose ambition was hurled to earth by a bolt from out misfortune's cloud when ready to soar above it; whose mind, once competent to cope with eminence, anon became a mad-man's trinket; whose character, once

fair as the blue cloudless canopy, at length assumed an adderous cast, until it was hated by all that's human ; whose spirit had left the world impenitent and unredeemed, but for the voice of one, who, like the Seer of Patmos, smote his granite heart with love, in the midst of villains and villainy, thus securing for him a few months of probation, ere his disembodiment."

"In all discretion, this request shall be fulfilled," replied Brother Jonathan.

The work of dissolution was now being speedily accomplished. After a few minutes, he opened his eyes and said, in a low voice—

"My friend, your hand! I'm going! I'm dying!" and the last struggle was soon over.

He was respectfully interred by the side of his mother, in the village burying-ground. At his funeral, we observed his brother, who had become a flourishing tradesman at Concord, and his sisters, who had married worthy men, and were living happily. We also noticed Mrs. Solomon, our sometime acquaintance ; but she was deeply veiled in mourning for her late husband, who had survived many a long year after we last saw him, for his natural constitution was like *lignum vitæ*. But his "besetting sin" had grown fearfully upon him. He had lost a very large bulk of his property in consequence of excessive habits of intemperance, and thus was his wife's prophecy almost literally fulfilled. His children were cast upon the world with next to empty purses, which had been drained by an intemperate parent. Mrs. Solomon looked much older than in years of yore. She was in possession of a small income, on which, with her remarkable economy, she was living a life of respectable widowhood.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## SUICIDE.

"I marked his desultory pace,  
His gestures strange, and varying face,  
With many a muttered sound;  
And ah! too late, aghast, I viewed  
The reeking blade, the hand imbrued!  
He fell, and groaning, grasped in agony the ground."

To fall beneath the dart of a public enemy, while doing battle in defense of one's freedom or fireside, may be painful, but it is not dishonorable. To die by the hands of a private enemy, who seeks our unguarded moment, and strikes the avenging blow, may be less honorable than the former, but it is not disgraceful. But to forestall nature—to die an ancient hero, yet a modern coward, by one's own hand—to be alike the avenger and the victim, is indeed a calamity of dread import—is a self-inflicted disgrace which, if it does not merit, still extorts our commiseration. It is not a dread act itself, so much as the cause which leads to it, by which we may judge its perpetrator. What known cause multiplies suicidists so fearfully, in every section of the habitable globe, as do intoxicating drinks? an instance of which we shall proceed briefly to relate, in the following scene:

Carelessly strolling among the suburbs of San Francisco, we again meet, and for the last time on earth, our former friend, Robert Dale. There is a mixture of sadness and stern resolve lowering over his features. Years of dissipation have sculptured their motto, "retribution," upon his brow; and the sins consequent upon such a course have branded his every feature with the dark words, "SORROW, TRIBULATION, DISAPPOINTMENT."



AT THE MINES.

His once quick, elastic step has become languid and slow ; his once small, yet sparkling eye is now sunken, and its beams of former intelligence are lost amid the mists and fogs of passion. His voice, his address, everything about him, is so changed, that we at first sight barely recognize him. Then, too, how shabbily he is dressed ! Is this, indeed, the once thriving, upright, well-clad mechanic, the affectionate husband, and the doting parent ? Ah ! yes, and he would be still, but for the blighting ravages of the cup ; for on his first arrival here he prospered ; but with prosperity there came temptation—with temptation, a fall.

He has a companion with him of his own sphere, who, like himself, has fallen to the same depths, and by the same causes. Churches, libraries and reading rooms they have exchanged for gambling houses, brothels, and groggeries. But they are entering into an earnest conversation, the tenor of which, though debased by association, may, nevertheless, be a warning to us.

"I tell you, Nel, I'll live in this way no longer. I'm tired of life ; and I'm determined to put an end to my troubles in this miserable world."

"It's a first-rate world, Bob ; never think of the thing. I'd rather live what some people call a dissolute life for two hundred years, than to lay violent hands on myself ! Now, that's so, betwixt you and me," said Nelson Northrop in reply.

"Nel, you're a coward," observed Robert, hastily.

"I'm bound to look out for No. 1 on that point, coward or no coward," replied Nel, coolly.

"Gentlemen differ," said Robert—"let me tell you that. Besides, I know what my feelings are, and I know that I can't stand it so. I'll either get deeper in the mire, or else I'll get out entirely—you'll acknowledge that, shortly."

"Pshaw ! you mustn't take it up so. Come, let's go down to the 'Golden Head,' and take a drop. It'll do us good—wake up better-spirits."

"Not now, Nel—I've got a burden on me. It wouldn't taste natural, not a bit."

"Thunderation, Bob ! what's getting into you ? You're getting to be a nobody," said Nel, growing impatient, as the rum-fever came on.

"I can't help it, somebody or nobody ! I can't help it ! Things must be closed up somehow. Why, Nel, if you'd ever had as good a wife as I had, and abused her as I did mine, you'd wish yourself out of the world, too"—and Robert gave a woful sigh, as if the sins of an empire were falling fast upon him.

"Old nick take me, if my wife didn't give me very particular fits, with the broom-stick and tongs, more times than I've lived years, take my word as my bond for that. She'll take superior care of herself, wherever she is," said Nel, laughing. Robert couldn't laugh.

"How long since she died, Nel," asked Robert, wiping his eyes with the back of his hand.

"Two years and better. She got run over by a drunken cabman in New Orleans. The d—l 'll get him for that, fast enough," responded Nel, grating his teeth together.

"But there's my poor boy . . . he's no mother to look after him any longer ! What will become of him ?" said Robert, as a spark of humanitarian feeling flashed up in his soul.

"Fudge ! don't worry yourself about your boy so much. He'll fare well enough. He an't alone in the world. There's more children than you can count, as bad off as he is. Come, Bob, hurrah ! Let's go and take a swig," replied Nel, in whom the bibative feeling was stronger than the philoprogenitive.

"Hold on a second, Nel. You see, you say that your wife never had any children, and you don't know what my feelings for my boy is. A child's a child, you can wager your rum-sucker for that," said Robert, trying to smile.

"Well, say Bob—just give up your cruel nonsense of

laying yourself away. It's no use, I say! Live, and take the good of the world as you go along—that's my doctrine. Come, Bob! blazes! I'm dying for a drop," and Nel took his unhappy friend by the coat-collar, and pulled him along to the dram-shop.

Alone, in a rough board shanty, reclining thoughtfully on an old straw-bed, covered over with a single, ragged, moth-eaten spread, with his fiery swollen face buried in his trembling hands—rum's heraldry—we observe a human being, or an object resembling one, with a poison-filled vial lying on his one side, and an unsheathed dagger on the other. Tears trickle through his swollen fingers, and fall upon the rags around him like dew-drops on a heath. Sometimes he rocks his bloated rag-covered form to and fro, then he pats his shoeless feet up and down on the dirt-covered floor, then he rubs his hands hard over his face and forehead, and shoves his fingers up through his knotted locks—once the loving care of as fair a hand as love or friendship ever clasped, but now intermingled with bits of broken straws, and grey with the common dust. Now he removes his hands, both firmly clenched, and ah! what a pitiable expression looms up from that countenance, while he mutters the following broken sentences:

"'Tis a dreadful, dreadful thought! how dare I give it action? But live longer in this world, I will not; and if nature won't kill me, I'll kill myself. I have butchered my wife and child by slow degrees. My poor wife, how kindly she always dealt with me? When she should have given me stripes, she gave me kisses—when she should have deserted me, she clung the closest to me—when I deserved the severest rebukes, she showered upon my guilty head words of gentlest consolation and love. She's gone to her rest, now, poor soul. She can rest—she deserves it. I can't rest—I don't deserve it. Justice, like death, is sure to come upon us in one way or another, sooner or later; and as though all my

other sins were not enough to bear me down to the lowest depths of sorrow, I must yet add a clincher to them, by cleaving soul from body. 'Tis dreadful! 'tis dreadful!"

Behold, he rises, holding the dagger in his right hand, and the uncorked vial in his left. It is daybreak; and casting his blood-stained eyes eastward, he says:

"The eastern sky looks passionately red, which presages, they say, a stormy day. But stormier still, and far more fiery with passion, is my poor hapless bosom. Old Baal's spirit is in me. I know God gave me these hands for other and nobler purposes—I think I know it. No matter, rum has slain my once fair soul by inches; another inch of life, and these hands shall slay this wrecked body recklessly."

He was about to raise the fatal vial to his lips, when he was startled by the sound of a familiar voice, exclaiming:

"Oh, Robert! Robert!" in tones of melting pity; while a shock of fear seized him, and he trembled violently.

"Who calls?" he asked, in the terror of despair; and looking about him, saw no one.

"Cornelia!" was the calm, loving reply.

"Cornelia! Cornelia! Come then, poison—come, steel; your blood-tempered hands must lead me hence—quick! haste! speed!" he exclaimed, as he swallowed the deadly drug; but being apprehensive that it might not possibly despatch him, he plunged the dagger to his heart, and fell lifeless to the floor.



## CHAPTER XXIV.

## THE DEPARTURE.

"Peace to the good man's memory—may it  
Grow greener with years, and blossom  
With the flight of ages."—BRYANT.

"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his,"

NUMBERS, 23, 111

Early in the evening of a pleasantly calm, clear, cool September day, Brother Jonathan sat bolstered up in his arm-chair, looking out from the window of his sleeping apartment, opening towards the west. His advanced age, and a life spent in continual service for the benefit of man, were bringing him rapidly to that decayed physical condition when the soul says to the body, "thou hast served me well in thy season, but thou canst serve me no longer."

The sun had sunk behind the trees on the distant mountain, and the bush of Moses could not have glowed with a more ethereal lustre than burst through their foliage, inwreathing them with the loveliest hues of departing day. It lingered there, as if to shed forth every beam, and with each beam, a blessing on the good man's head—or as if it could not gaze too long on the countenance of one whom it might behold no more, yet whom it had beheld so often, and felt that while one such man walked the earth's surface, it shone not in vain.

Our venerable friend sat wrapt in admiration of the gorgeous, sacred scene. But not the glory of the fairest sunset, though it apparently transformed a vast forest into myriads of burning seraphs, still glowing in the firmament like the eye of God itself, could equal that fairer, lovelier vision, descending from the world above upon his inner soul.

His highly intelligent and intimate friend, Mr. Jasper James, was passing the day with him. They were brothers by natural affinity, and like brothers, had labored together for years in a common cause.

"I see it!" said Brother Jonathan in a loud voice, as though a new thought had that instant struck his mind, and must be uttered forthwith.

"See what?" inquired Mr. James, in a mild, soft voice.

"Truth! truth!" repeated Brother Jonathan, still fixed in an unbroken revery, and speaking as if no one was in the room save himself; and in a moment more added, "Love!—love!" The last word was pronounced in a most sweet, gentle, lingering, affectionate tone, dying away betwixt a smile and a tear. "I see it!" he presently repeated, "*Man is such metal as truth is made of, and his eternal life is polished up with love!*"

After a short interval, he turned to his friend, and said—

"If it please Heaven, I would fain see Reuben once more before I die."

"He is expected here, my friend; on the arrival of the first stage to-morrow morning," replied Mr. James.

"Morning," repeated Brother Jonathan, "is indeed the bloom of day, when the great earth itself is gay, and heaven streams down its wondrous blessings on mankind. It is the hour that good men choose to wreath their brows with charitable works, and fill their sleep with dreams undreamed by sinful fashion. An hour ere the last drop of dew ascends the sky, is worth for manual toil, or truthful meditation, two, yea, three, thereafter. Morning... what music dwelleth in that word! and the harps of angels never discourse so sweetly, as when strung with the earliest zephyr, and their strains rise with the rising morn. Let my last breath be of morning air, and let my departing spirit, amid the fragrance of opening flowers, and the song of birds, be borne away to climes cerulean."

His son, who had been on a visiting tour for a few weeks, at a remote part of the state, and who was not aware of his aged father's sudden decline, was, nevertheless, expected to return on the following day.

"My friend," observed Brother Jonathan, with great calmness, "to-morrow morning 'll be the happiest of all my life."

"May Heaven grant it so!" replied Mr. James, greatly affected by so familiar, but not unexpected an announcement.

"Blessed be God!" said Brother Jonathan, grasping his friend's hands, and turning his large, serene, spiritual eye full upon him, beaming with fervency and increasing love, "Duty done, renders death a delight;" then pausing a moment, as it were, to more completely realize his condition if possible, he added, with an expression of rapture playing on his countenance, "O, delightful death!"

He already clearly saw his pathway over the mountain and day-dawn of death, to be unobstructed. It seemed inviting to his feet. Celestial flowers bloomed with fadeless beauty and deathless perfume on either side. Spiritual fountains refreshed his vision, and spiritual rainbows spanned them; while a light unearthly pervaded all things, and displayed their truest beauty. The angelic countenances of friends, long since departed, broke one by one upon his sight; and the new-made wreath was held with spotless hands, in readiness to be placed upon and adorn the brow of one who was so soon to join the rapturous band.

He was a man who had met with his losses of friends and property, with trials and disappointments, with cares and sorrows, like most other men; but he had borne them as a Christian, and as a true Christian, he made the most of, and enjoyed so far as was possible, every necessary event in life. It was in this spirit that he viewed death with such a calm delight. But he was a good man.

"Death can have few or no terrors for you, my friend," observed Mr. James.

"My good friend," replied Brother Jonathan, "God designed death, which is a part of life, to be unto all men a flower without a thorn, with sobriety for the root, wisdom for the stem, virtue for the leaf, and happiness for the precious odors. Death, sir, is like a bath which cleanses us from the impurities of earth. It sublimates us."

"Will you grant me one favor, dear friend," asked Mr. James, handing him a glass of pure fresh spring water.

"Name it," replied Brother Jonathan, "and I will grant it in God's name"—quaffing off the sparkling beverage with an unabated relish, as though the vigor of physical youth was still with him. It was indeed the vigor of a spiritual youth.

"It is, to give me one word of advice, as a rule for life, and which I may leave as a moral legacy to my sons," said Mr. James.

"DUTY," replied Brother Jonathan, instantly, and immediately adding, "follow it—follow duty. If it lead you to the stake, the flames will not burn you; if to the dungeon, the gloom and darkness will not blind you; if to poverty, the elements shall have no power over you; if into bondage and oppression, the chains will lose their clanking, neither shall they gall you; and the burden will lose its weight—the task will be as a pastime, if, unto honor among men, your manhood shall survive unscathed, and your honor remain uncompromised; and wherever you may be, and whatever you may become, duty, if followed, will lead you more and more into God's presence, commend you to His infinite majesty, secure you His immortal favor. 'T will seat you on a diamond throne, and crown you with a star."

"Ever remembered be these blessed words. I thank you, dear friend, for them. I'll endeavor to live more worthy myself, alike of the gift and giver," observed Mr. James.

"Unto God be all thanks," replied Brother Jonathan.

It so happened that Reuben returned home on the present

evening. Overwhelmed with sorrow on learning of his revered father's rapid decline, he hastened to his bedside and resting his head on his parent's bosom, he wept.

"My son," observed Brother Jonathan, "I must leave you; but there is One who will never leave you, though father and mother, sister and brother pass away. He will evermore remain your best protector and guide." He then took his son by the hand and said, "Reuben, remember your mother, and be dutiful unto her. Remember the poor, and be their provider—remember the fallen, and be their abiding friend—remember your God, and be His faithful worshipper—remember these words, and they will bless you."

"Father, I will," responded Reuben, with a firm, but affecting utterance.

"My son, yet a few hours longer, and I go hence; but my spirit, and my spirit's blessing shall always be with you. I have promised that poor but pious widow, Reuben, whom you and I visited in our last walk together, an hundred weight of flour. Be sure that she receives it. Let not the call of hunger die away unanswered upon your ear."

Midnight having arrived, he soon fell into a sound sleep, in which he remained until the break of day. His bed was so situated that he could look through a window, directly upon the eastern sky. His friend, Mr. James, who had scarcely closed his vigil-keeping eyes during the night, (although Brother Jonathan had requested the entire family to enjoy their usual rest) sat by his bedside, anxiously watching every movement. His first observation, after opening his eyes on another morning, was fresh as the morning itself. A lovelier countenance mortal man never beheld than was his when he uttered the following words:

"Grey-headed night is sinking to repose, and yon infant morn, from its ethereal cradle rising, nurses the dew of this our parent earth. The sky, in her blue morning gown, appears trimmed with an horizon of delicate purple, and is

bending gracefully in benediction over us. Beneath a picture so sublime, let's breathe a holy reverence for the hand Divine, which drew it."

He closed his eyes a few minutes, as if in prayer; and then addressing Mr. James, said:

"Bid them all come."

Mr. James immediately aroused the family from their feverish slumber, and they gather around his bed for a final blessing, and the dying farewell. He gently pressed the hand of each member of his household. As he clasped the hand of Mrs. Jonathan, a burst of grief filled the room. He fixed his eyes—those eyes on which she so delighted to gaze—upon her; and as death closed them, he said, "I am happy!" in tones which died away like æolian strains, with his last breath. The beams of approaching day might gild his corpse, but his spirit was glowing in sunnier climes. The early zephyr might chant its sweetest melodies; but the ear which had erst so attentively listened, was being attuned to far sweeter symphonies, in the world above.

## CHAPTER XXV.

## THE GRAVE.

"While lingering there, remembrance woke,  
 And joys, long dead, again appeared ;  
 Of joys to come, Hope smiling spoke  
 (Her accents listening fancy heard,)  
 "Yes, on eternity's calm shore,  
 Ye soon shall meet, to part no more."—COWPER.

From the morning of his death, until the afternoon of his burial, Brother Jonathan's cottage was the scene of an incessant pilgrimage. Hundreds who had known him in life, came from far and near to behold, for the last time, the lifeless form of a good man. The majesty of countenance which characterized him while living, still remained, and gave dignity even unto a corpse. The deserted tenement spoke with a solemn eloquence of the nobility of its late occupant, and of the august spirit which had moulded it into such sublimely harmonious proportions.

The rich and poor, the old and young, the widow and orphan, all united in the rites of burial. Tears, such as flow only for the loss of a noble soul, were shed; and grief, such as fills the bosoms of true mourners alone, abounded throughout the funeral procession. It was at the grave, however, that every heart seemed rent in twain.

Many, many tender memories broke open the fountains of the soul anew, as the last fond look was taken of one who was so universally lamented, because so universally beloved.

Leaning on the arm of her son, the companion and chief mourner of the deceased advanced with tottering step. It was a touching, trying moment. The joyous experiences of a life-time were there—there, too, was the yawning grave,

eager, as it were, to clasp in its chilly embrace so rare a prize.

"Oh, my husband! my husband!" cried the sorrowing widow, as she kneeled tremblingly by the coffin's side.

"Oh, my dear father!" exclaimed Reuben, "is this you?" and convulsive sobs choked his utterance.

Kneeling by the earthly form of the loved and departed, the widowed mother gazed down upon that face, as though heaven and earth would be buried with it. Her hands were convulsively clenched, as she faintly murmured, "Our Father who art in Heaven!" Her pale lips continued to move, but her feelings were too profound, too overwhelming, to be expressed in audible terms. She was, however, evidently repeating the Lord's prayer. Anon, as though that voice which had ever been to her an effectual balm for every ill, was whispering with celestial sweetness in her ear, its last memorable words, "I am happy." A calm, holy smile of resignation settled over her countenance. She knew that the cold damp grave could not chill his love, nor the mouldering ravages of time destroy the prospect of a future reunion. Heaven, she knew, had graciously received him, and that that same gracious Power would protect them both alike, till her hour too should arrive.

The procession moved slowly and silently along, each member of it taking a parting glance of one on whom the eye could not rest too often, whose image could not be too frequently recalled to memory.

Far in the rear of the procession, could be seen an aged female, whose four score years told heavily on her deeply wrinkled features and bending form: Her quivering chin and streaming tears bespoke the intensity of her feelings. On her staff she was leaning to support her feeble frame, but her soul was leaning on heaven alone.

She approached the coffin, and as she looked down into it with a child-like simplicity, she wept aloud, and said, "The

poor know what a friend they have lost here. The great and rich ones could honor him, but the poor and the humble loved him. I knew him nearly forty years. I am a feeble old woman—I shall soon follow him—but I can never forget the good he has done for my children. It seems as if I can't bear to have 'em put this face under the ground. O, dear! O, dear!" she exclaimed in heart-rending accents, as some gentleman took hold of her arm and led her gently away.

It was not the tears which she shed, but the tender memories which induced them to flow; nor her tresses, white with time, or her age-bowed form, but the affecting realization that a friend to the poor and the fallen was gone, which told so forcibly of his true nature. Like Helen over the grave of Hector, she stood a living witness of his pleasant words and philanthropic works. The Rev. Mr. Wilkes then offered the following brief epitome of his character, in an unusually touching and impressive manner.

"My friends, we are offering our last tribute of respect for whatsoever is mortal and transitory of one whom we all loved. Our friend, and the friend of humanity, is gone from among us. Still his memory exhales a fragrance which Eden, in its bloom could not equal. The dews of the evening will rest sweetly over his grave, yet the beams of the morning will evaporate them; so the tears of many pilgrims will fall over it, yet the smiles of sweet remembrances will wipe them away. The moon's gentle rays will linger here, around the dust of one whose nature was far gentler than they; and the purest star-light which bursts from the depth of the firmament, is not purer than was his love to man. His words were spoken with fitness, and his thoughts were like rich gems richly set. He was firm, yet indulgent towards those who differed from him, but those minds in unison with his filled his heart with heaven. In his right hand, he held the schedule of reform—and in his left hand, the palm of progress. He so lived, that when death ushered him into the

circles of the upper spheres, he was not found a spirit unfit for that advancement, but rather one well qualified to flourish in them, and an ornament throughout the spirit world. His character hangs over the body of his life, like a robe of alabaster over an angelic form. Indeed, the lustre of his life was not that of the physical eye, which, however brightly it may glow for a season, will at length vanish forever; it was rather that of a spiritual orb, which becomes more lustrous as it advances into the future, until it ultimately shines with a brilliancy that penetrates and illumines the universe. His example is before us: let us meekly and patiently follow whithersoever it leadeth."

The earthly form of our friend was now let down to its final resting place, and hidden forevermore from mortal sight. The bearers performed the last rite with tearful eyes; and the procession, retiring from that sacred spot, silently dispersed.