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## POETRY.

For the Democrat.

### Once More I Return to Thee.

By JESSE JONES.

Once more I return to thee, home of my childhood—  
And bliss is my spirit as on thee I gaze.  
What spells in these meadows, and you scented  
Wild woods;  
What visions are thronging, of happier days—  
When a bright golden world, told my page of existence,  
Which Fancy and Hope, ever smilingly viewed—  
And a mirror was shown, just seen in the distance,  
But floating away when my glad steps pursued.  
Oscar is the hamlet—unknown to proud Fashion—  
Unvisited by the traveler in quest of gay scenes;  
But unsuspiciously holds here her quiet possession,  
And Fate, heavenly guest with innocence reigns.  
Nature exhales here her incense the sweetest,  
The violet and rose, with the pale lily bloom,  
And hours of sadness are ever the fleetest,  
For Contentment and Love, have forgotten to roam.  
Though years have gone by since in tears I did  
Learn thee,  
Like a beautiful presence thy memory has been,  
The world has given false, but it could not be,  
To me.  
Of my fond faith, that Eden on earth was still  
seen.  
Others may tell of the wales of the Danube—  
The Rhine, and the Arno—Garonne and Rhodan—  
But dearer, far dearer, the home of my childhood—  
And my own Oudava's sweet music to me.  
Binghamton, N. Y.

### We Might Have Been.

By E. H. EVANS.

We might have been! Oh, words of deepest sorrow,  
When uttered in the realms of endless gloom;  
Where no sweet hope, with promise of tomorrow,  
Comes with the bird-like song, of flowery bloom.  
We might have been beside cool streams reclining,  
That gave new glory from our raiment white;  
And these pale brows, where dark despair sits pinning,  
Gave a fair radiance beneath their crowns of light.  
We might have been with those, the loved and cherished,  
Whose presence made our earthly homes so fair;  
Whose happy spirits, when their shrines had perished,  
Spread their glad wings at once for purer air.  
We might have been there where our gentle ones  
And bright haired sisters walk a lovely band;  
There where the voices of our infant brothers  
Float on each zephyr of the blessed land.  
We might have been there with the great and holy  
Patriarchs and prophets of each age and clime,  
The soaring up from thrones, or dwellings lowly,  
Priests, kings, and conquerors reign in pomp sublime.  
We might have been!—Oh! God forbid that ever  
Writer or reader with such words shall thrill!  
Ay, let us upward press with strong endeavor,  
And so his glorious destiny fulfill.

### Curiosities of Literature.

TRAVELING LIBRARIES.—The Turks have a custom of endorsing, placing, and preserving their books. Each volume, besides being bound in Morocco, is preserved from the dust of a case of the same material, on which, as well as on the edges of the leaves, the title is written. The books are placed, one upon another, in presses ornamented with glass or trel-work.  
MALAR FOR OLD BOOKS.—Some twenty or thirty years ago an epidemic desire for old books prevailed in England as well as on the Continent; and this disease, which is generally confined to a few "innocent" enthusiasts, has possession of numbers usually reckoned among the wise. To show the extravagant passion for old and rare works by the victims to this mania, we may instance several of the books purchased at the sale of the Roxbury Library in 1812. For a book printed by Caxton, entitled "The Prouffitable Boke of Man's Soul," called the Chastyring of God's Children, seven hundred dollars were bid. Another of Caxton's printing, "The error of the World," brought one thousand seven dollars; it had cost the duke of Roxburgh but twenty-five! A MS. on vellum, Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, was sold for the same amount. The only remaining copy of the first edition of Boccaccio's Decamerone was knocked down for ten thousand dollars.  
A man was one day wheeling a barrow across a churchyard, not twenty miles from Manchester, when he was threatened by a daring outrage in polluting the consecrated ground by his wheelbarrow. The man, pushing his head, said, "I did not know but a wheelbarrow was consecrated too, for I mowed it of the sexton."

## MISCELLANY.

### THE END OF IT.

By ERASTUS STEPHEN.

(Continued.)

"Will you bring me some snow, Frank," and while he was gone out, he threw open the window and door. The cold wind swept chillingly through the room, but there was healing upon its heavy wings, to the unconscious mother. For when Frank had brought the snow, and it had been placed at her nose, and lips, and neck, she moved, and then again, and more. Then opening her eyes, she looked around for a moment, like one in a maze.  
"Oh, mother! Dear—dear mother," said the boy, and he placed his arms carefully about her, and raised her gently. Then resting upon one knee, he supported her drooping head upon his breast. The earnest tones seemed to thrill to her very soul, and as he kissed her pale cheek, again and again, consciousness and memory returned, and a heavy gush of tears, rushed from their surcharged fountains. The stranger had closed the window and the door, and then came to Mrs. Wilmot's side, and spoke to her. "Mary! sister Mary!"  
She opened her eyes and fixed them upon him. "Harry! dear brother!"  
He took her hand, and kissed her bloodless lips, and then lifted her upon the bed. "It seems like a dream—a terrible dream. Is it one? When did you come Harry? You were not here when—when?"  
"I arrived in town yesterday, sister. But don't talk. Try to compose yourself, and sleep, if you can, for you need quiet, very much."  
All this while, Frank had been half in doubt. He had heard his mother call him "brother," and he had heard of Uncle Harry. But still she did not feel sure, and he eyed him with the half-doubtful, half-acquainted look of childhood. As soon as Mrs. Wilmot slept, his uncle called Frank to him, and asked him, in a voice so low, that it might not disturb his mother, "You don't remember me, do you?"  
"No, sir."  
"I am your mother's brother, your Uncle Harry. You were not old enough to know me, when I left New York. Where's your father, Frank?"  
"He's gone out, sir."  
"When was he at home?"  
"About an hour ago, sir."  
From this beginning, Mr. DeLancey questioned him more and more, and, although at first the little fellow was very shy, and showed great unwillingness to say anything against his father, he gradually so won upon his confidence, as to draw from him the particulars of what had happened that evening, and the most important occurrences in the family history, for the three or four years past. This done, he advised Frank to lie down, and try to sleep.  
Mr. DeLancey wrapped his cloak about him and seated in a rocking chair by the stove, thought long and anxiously upon what he had seen and heard. Unpleasant rumors had come to his home, in the west, but he knew nothing definite, for until now, he had not visited New York, since his removal. For such changes he was not at all prepared, and so great were they, he could scarcely believe them real. He was distressed, grieved, and angry by turns, but gradually his thoughts grew calmer, and overcome at length, by fatigue, he fell asleep in his chair.  
CHAPTER XIV.  
When Wilmot had returned home the previous evening, he had been drinking sufficiently to make him perfectly infuriated, and utterly destitute of self-control, but not enough to make him entirely unconscious what he was doing. His thirst for drink, had been a passion absorbing everything else, and in obedience to that, he had staggered back to the infernal rum-den he had left. The proprietor had just made a clean sweep of the hangers on, and was about shutting up, as he went in. His first feeling was anger at seeing Wilmot, who greeted him, with a "What the devil do you want now?" He did not notice the Bible, at first, but a libel upon a noble stole over his features, as his customer held it out to him.  
"What'll you give for this, eh?"  
He took the book into his hands, and by accident, opened at an engraving of Judas betraying for his Lord. He turned the leaves slowly over while he deliberated upon the best plan of operation.  
"Come, don't be all night about it."  
He took something to drink, Mr. Wilmot.  
"He hadn't called him 'Mister' for months—Stooping behind the bar, he poured out a very full drink, and handed it to him. Wilmot drank it, and held out his glass for another, and that finished, he was ripe for trade.  
"What'll you take for the book, Mr. Wilmot?"  
"Wh—wh—what'll you give?"  
"Why, I don't know. Them air pictures is old fashioned, and it's a homely sort of printing."  
"It's English type, and you n—n—never saw better engravings."  
"I don't know as I want it. But seeing you're a customer, I'll give you twelve, let me see, yes, twelve shillings for it."  
"Done. What'll you take to drink, Mr. Smallson?"  
"I'm not particular, and he handed the decanter of gin to Wilmot, who attempted to pour it out, but his hand trembled so violently,

that the rum-seller had to steady the decanter, and Wilmot was obliged to hold on the brass railing of the bar with one hand, and rest his elbow while he drank. Smallson handed him twelve shillings, less the price of four drinks, and he turned to go. But his head had begun to reel, and he had clung to the railing, his only hope, for the whole world seemed revolving, while he occupied the only fixed point. He staggered violently from one side to the other, and then fell dead drunk upon the floor.  
Here was trouble for the rum-seller, whose first impulse was to turn him out of doors. But he would have frozen to death, if he had, and then, perhaps the law would have made him liable. Besides, if he kept him all night, he could charge him for lodging. So he lifted him by the shoulders and dragged him to a settee, and placed him upon it. And if he died before morning, he had done all that had been required of a good Christian man, whose life was consecrated to the public good.  
Mr. Smallson's New Year's labors had been so arduous, that he awoke rather later than usual. He came down at about six o'clock, for the class of community in which he was an efficient member, are early risers, and the public good requires bitters in the morning. With the first gleam of light, after opening his shutters, he noticed his lodger still asleep, and thought it best not to disturb him until his arrangements were completed. DeLancey was to be replenished, tumbler washed, the tumbler-washer for the million must be filled, and the floor swept and sanded, &c.  
These preparations completed, he went to the settee, and taking Wilmot by the shoulder, shook him unmercifully. "Halloo here! Wake up!" But his customer seemed unwilling to obey orders, and it required a plentiful sprinkling of cold water, with a few more of the gentlest shakings, to arouse him. At length he opened his eyes, and rolled his extremities very leisurely from the settee, and sat bent nearly double, gasping, rubbing his eyes, and experiencing that indescribable sensation which every drunkard feels after a dose. Yet he had drunk little else than gin the day before, and it left him tolerably clear-headed.  
"Well you've slept pretty well, considerin' it was a strange place. It's a cold mornin'!"  
"Is it?" and Wilmot got up, and walked to the bar. As he looked up at the shelves, he saw the Bible, which he had sold, lying upon a box of cigars. He just remembered having taken it, but was too drunk at the time to sell it, to recollect anything which happened then.  
"You've got my Bible there, Smallson!"  
"Your Bible! It was yours before you sold it to me?"  
"Something less than five dollars. You've got part of the money in your pocket!"  
Wilmot felt, and there, to be sure, was the remnant of the paltry pittance he had received. He took it out and counted it, and as he saw how foolishly he had been swindled, the blood fairly boiled within him. The rum-seller thought it polite to pacify him, and stepping behind the counter, poured out a glass of spirit.  
"Take a drink, Mr. Wilmot!"  
"Never mind! Heaven knows I want it badly enough, but I've had my last drink at your bar, Smallson! It was a sensible man that named you. I verily believe you'd sell your dear mother's eyes-lashes, for a cent's piece, and he went out of the door.  
"Halloo there, Wilmot! Come back here! Damn him, he's gone off without payin' for his lodgin', and he would have started in pursuit, but for the thought that as Wilmot felt then, it would be hardly safe to touch him. So he consoled himself with the reflection that he would be back again, in a day or two; and then he could arrange things to his satisfaction. But he was, for some time, mistaken. Wilmot found occasion to visit many a bar, afterwards, but he never crossed that threshold again.  
As he left the store, his head throbbled, and his whole frame trembled as in an ague fit. He felt he must have liquor, and he entered the first groggery he came to, and drank two glasses of brandy. It steadied his nerves and braced him up. But he could not go home yet. He sat down in a corner of the room, and recalled as well as he could, the scenes of the previous day and evening. He remembered of having struck his wife, and that she had fallen to the floor. He remembered with tolerable distinctness, the cause of it, yet he could hardly believe that it was other than a terrible dream. Then he felt that it was true, the whole of it. Perhaps his wife was dead, and while he felt impelled to go home at once he also felt afraid to go. And as he sat there, undecided, memory ran back the whole life of life, and presented each scene, and with the freshness of yesterday. The glad, pure days of boyhood, he remembered those. He remembered that supper at college, the parting, the evening his mother blessed him, as he bid her farewell, the wedding and its solemn vows, the happy days, and the dark days afterwards, all, all, he remembered. And now he was a miserable wreck, a mere wraith on life's waves, nobody cared for him, nobody loved him, save the wife who had but clung closer, as reverses multiplied. And against her, a weak, defenceless woman, he had raised his drunken arm, and struck, what might have been a death blow, and bartered her mother's Bible for drink. Oh, then he felt as never before, the meaning of the word—drunkard. Then he realized his own terrible degradation, and felt he was a miserable wretch, by God forsaken, and by men despised. What amends could he make to his wife! It seemed to him he could never

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was once so proud of my sense of honor, who had sworn before God, to cherish and protect you, had struck you—a weak, defenceless woman—what might have been a death blow and bartered your mother's Bible for drink!"  
"But, Frank, you were not!"  
"Hear me through, Mary! I know I was not myself, but this terrible habit is upon me, and fearfully as I have suffered, I cannot promise to give it up, for I cannot risk the breaking of any more vows. I am afraid I shall never shake it off, and while it remains, you are liable to unkindness and abuse from me. I would rather die, than live another such day as yesterday, and I never shall, for there is one thing I can do, and I know it will be the best thing for the children and for you. Harry, I wish you would take Mary and my children to my father's and ask him to be kind to them, for the love he once bore to me."  
"Oh, Frank! Frank! You don't—you can't mean that we are to be separated? I can bear anything, and I will rather than that!"  
"You've borne too much, already, Mary. God only knows, how hard it is for me to make this resolve. If I looked forward I could not, but I look only at the past. If I had waited an hour, it would have failed me. I think I am doing right; yes, I know I am. If I am to live a poor, miserable drunkard, I shall then have one consolation, and that will be, that the last time you saw me, I spoke kindly to you, and the last act I did, was done in kindness, to you and the children."  
He paused a moment but his wife could not speak. She had covered her face with her hands, and her frame shook with emotion, while the tears oozed through her closed fingers.  
"Don't be so much overcome, Mary. I'm afraid you will unman me. Is it not best we should part? If I ever return, we will be reunited. In thought, I shall be always with you, and in all events, I shall sometimes see you."  
"But, Frank, said DeLancey, who had remained silent until now, although deeply moved. "Why not resolve never to drink again? Come, do it now! I will write a pledge, and you can sign it, and be again as you have been. You can be saved, Frank. Will you not be?"  
For a moment a ray of hope seemed to light up Wilmot's face, but almost as soon the cloud again darkened it, and it wore the same fixed expression of despair. "Don't urge me, Harry. You don't know the power of my appetite. I'm afraid I am gone, lost, and if I am, I don't wish to die with another broken vow upon me. There is one thing more, I wish to ask you, Harry, and then I must go, and when you have gone, I will come back and call this my home. Will you go to a liquor store up on the corner of this and B—street, and get from him the Bible that I pawned last night?"  
"Oh, certainly, Frank, but—"  
"Don't say anything more, Harry. I know how deeply you feel for me, but I can't be reasoned with. Good bye, Mary, and he extended his hand to his sobbing wife, who arose as he spoke; so far as a drunkard can be faithful, I shall be. I shall think of you, night and morning. I hope you will think of me sometimes, as I was when you knew me sober, and extended her hand to him. The voice which he had never realized his condition, yet felt his case hopeless; but now he did—there was no light in the future for him, and his resolve related solely to his wife and children. It required a terrible effort to speak it. He arose from his chair and walked across the floor, sat down, rose and walked again, and spoke as he walked.  
"Mary! I could not tell you all I've thought and suffered this morning. God only knows how much! I seem older by years, for I've lived over all the past, and drained the dregs of my vinegar and gall. When I married you, Mary, I loved you as I did my own life, and how much more do I love you now, than a life which is worth nothing. I promised on the strength of that love, to cherish and protect you, and I believe that I have tried to keep the vow, except when liquor had the control. I never dreamed that this habit of drinking would overcome me as it has. If I had, heaven knows I would have rather died in childhood, than lived till now. But it has, Mary, and I've felt this morning, what it is to be a drunkard!"  
When I came home last night, I was mad. I had no self-control, and it seems to me, a very devil must have moved my arm to strike you. I thought little about it then, but this morning it has all come fresh to me. I've thought and each thought was agony, how I had ruined myself, had taken happiness from you and the children, and fixed on you the disgrace of a drunkard's name. And worse than all, I who

learned to lean upon the Right Arm which poises the universe, and is not wearied. So she kissed the rod of affliction as she bowed beneath it. Yet night, and noon, and morning, for the son of her love there went up a mother's prayer, and Angels bore it to the mercy seat, and swelled its intercession.  
With but a single remark and question, we close our chapter. Judge Wilmot was a noble man and a fond father. He mourned over his son's habits, and yet strange to say he never dreamed of asking how they had been acquired. He never for a moment thought that the sapling transplanted had but grown in the same bent received in his own garden. And with all respect, may not this question be asked of many a father who has an intemperate son? Can you blame him for drinking bravely, to satisfy a thirst first caused by pure wine at our own sideboard and table? Is it strange that the pupil learns too fast, takes longer lessons, and in different books from those which you have selected?  
CHAPTER XV.  
YEARS had passed since the date of our first chapter, when it happened that three of the five met again at Yale, upon an anniversary of their graduation. "When did you hear from Thordike?" and "Where is Wilmot?" were questions that each asked of the other. To the first it was replied, that their tears for Charles had been too well founded, for only two years after their four years' meeting, he had died penniless in the New-Orleans Hospital of delirium tremens. In answer to the latter, Eaton told them that Wilmot's habits had grown very irregular, and there was great danger of his following in Thordike's footsteps. Upon further inquiry it appeared that the three present had become temperance men.  
"Who would have thought of Wilmot's becoming intemperate?" asked the Honorable Amasa Irving, who had been transferred from the editorship of "The Nineteenth Century" to a seat in Congress.  
"No one," replied Smith. "Charles's case does not surprise me much, for he was as reckless as he was noble hearted. But we all supposed Wilmot had a great deal of self-control."  
"So he had," said Eaton. "But even our brief temperance experiences must have shown us that the strongest minds are not proof against temptation."  
"Very true."  
"What would you propose?" asked Irving.  
"Well, I hardly know. I shall be obliged to go to New York in a few weeks. Wilmot was there when I heard from him last, and I shall do my best to hunt him up. I intend removing my business there if I can make arrangements which suit me, and would offer Frank a partnership, in a moment, if he could be reformed."  
"Well, I hope you may be successful. If I can be of any service to you, command me freely," said Smith.  
"And me," said the other.  
Upon the very evening when these remarks were made, a man was lying helpless and sick upon a miserable truckle bed in a wretched room. The house was situated in one of the poorest streets in New York, and the room was a kind of half cellar, with a cobblestone floor. The only window was covered with dust and cobwebs. Upon a rickety pine table near the bed, stood a broken cup, a small pitcher, minus handle and nose, two or three phials, and a pewter spoon. A black woman was sitting by the head of the bed, upon a very primitive three-legged stool, the only remaining piece of furniture. It had been dark for an hour, so that the only light came from a piece of candle placed in the mouth of a junk bottle, and its faint rays seemed only to increase the gloom of the damp, miserable place. The sick man was asleep, and the sound of his heavy breathing was all that disturbed the dismal silence.  
Just then the black woman heard the sound of footsteps descending the creaking staircase. She thought it might be the young doctor, so she arose and walked softly to the door. It was not he, but in his stead, was a thick-set, red-faced, brawny Irishman, with a candle in one hand, and a baby on her arm. She was dressed in a dirty-ealico, with the sleeves rolled up to the elbow.  
"Oh, and its you, Minerva! And how the devil—, but her sentence was broken off by the black woman's placing her finger on her lips, as she stopped softly outside the door and closed it.  
"What you bin' goin' to observe, Missus Cruger?"  
"Jivil a bit much. But how did ye kin them? Is it a watchin' ye be? The black woman nodded. "An' how is that vile fellow with them deliverin' thramines? Sure, and I'll be after trimmin' 'em into the strale, the blisad to-morrow."  
"What for, Missus Cruger?"  
"For! Sure, and isn't he owin' me for thram wakes rint of me beautiful room, wid the fa for all o' them convalescences for physio? A lone widow to be sure, wid six beautiful children—stop erin' Pat! Whiet! Hush! ye little devil—to be thimted so? Wurra! I'd be after strippin' the parlor from his bloody hide, but it wouldn't fetch the vally of a pinch o' holy water."  
"Well, Missus Cruger, Missus Doctor any, dat if he be kep quiet until ten, dat he stay! werry good prospe' ob recouberin' better!"  
"Sure, an' I hope ye'll kape him any! This bad luck to him if he dies pnvous to the paymen' of me rint, and with this charitable remark

Mrs. Cruger proceeded up stairs, while Minerva opened the door and resumed her seat at the bedside.  
For two weeks after his family left him, Wilmot remained sober. But he was solitary and wretched. He needed sympathy, and had none. The few who knew him mistrusted him yet he struggled on, and on, and then was again tempted, and again fell. Now he seemed to give up all hope. He felt that nobody cared for him, or loved him. The longing and distrust which he encountered upon all hands, made him suspicious and morose. He flung back defiance for abuse, and scorn for scorn. He would hide his deep feelings, and pretend to care nothing for what others thought or said. Many wondered that he could be so destitute of shame. Yet underneath that outside crust, there was a boiling Etna which the world saw not. He would almost have exchanged places with the lowest street cur. He would have hugged the vilest thing God ever made, had he thought it loved him. But men saw nothing in him but a ragged, drunken wretch, who was only fit to breathe the air that was too foul for them, and then lay down and die, like a worn-out dog.  
For some days previous to the date of this chapter, he had eaten very little, for his diseased stomach craved no food. Everything he owned, save the miserable rags upon his back, had been parted with. He had been obliged to move to the wretched kennel which we have described above, for which, he paid by any odd jobs, that he could find to do. Returning to his "home" one evening, he felt dizzy, and chilled, and these sensations were accompanied by cramping pains. He threw himself upon the bed, but his distress only increased. He felt barely strong enough to go into the passage in search of some one whom he might send for a physician. Here he met a colored woman, who occupied a room above and who strange to say, had been in former days, a cook in Mr. Wilmot's family. Blasted and disfigured as he was, she still remembered him. "Why, Massa Wilmot! Is dat you?"  
"Altera!" and a feeling of shame came over him, as he offered her his hand. Strange are the reverses of fortune, for here in a few years the master had been brought so low, that he knelt in the cellar, while she was a colored lady, occupying one of the parlors.  
"I'm very sick, Minerva, and I want to get some one to go for a doctor!"  
"Well den, I'll go myself, Massa Wilmot, and when I come back I'll nuss you, and off the kind-hearted creature started, for he had been a very kind master to her, and she well remembered it. She soon returned with a young physician, who possessed far more skill than either money or patients. She would have had him removed up stairs, but the doctor pronounced it delirium tremens, and as the malady had already begun, it was necessary for him to remain where he was.  
For three days he suffered more than tongue can tell. At one moment he felt a pain, as if an hundred swords had pierced his flesh, till every inch was a quivering surface. Then a numbness seized every limb, and what had been so sensitive seemed utterly void of feeling. Sometimes a burning heat would alternate with an icy chill. When it was broad daylight, there were moments when it would appear like felt darkness, and then there would come a red, burning glare, that dazzled and blinded him. He had seemed to see the pit below him, and the air was hot, and heavy, and pressed with a crushing weight. And then when scenes seemed gibbering at the bedside, and grinning, ghastly faces stared at him which ever way he turned, when reptiles dragged their horrid forms along the floor, and insects of most loathsome shape crawled upon the ceiling, and swarmed upon the bed, and as he sighed and groaned, and suffered, each living thing had, worn an expression— which mocked his dreadful agony—oh, then, how had he begged for life—life—life!  
And then a fiendish form had flown with dusky wings, from out a fearful pit, which seemed to gape and yawn for him. It slowly drew its black and slimy length across him, and then seized him with its talon fingers, and attempted to drag him from the bed. He struggled as though he were in the grasp of death and Hell, and awoke at length faint, and utterly exhausted, while the perspiration stood in beaded drops upon his pallid brow, and again had begged, and begged, for life.  
Dus the intense, and overmastering excitement, was at length passed, and under the influence of powerful opiates, the wretched sufferer was at length sleeping. It was his only chance for life as his, was still precious, though reputation was gone, and property gone, and friends and hopes all gone. Though within the few past weeks he had hoarded with the lowest, and the brute would barely have called him brother, yet he could not bear to die.  
Nine o'clock came, and slowly moved the intervening hour, but at length the clock of a neighboring church struck one—two—three—ten. The sound disturbed the sleeper, and almost awoke him, but as it died away, he fell asleep again, and did not wake until full three quarters of an hour had passed. Then he awoke, faint, weak and wasted, but the delirium had spent its force, and he was saved.  
"Give me some drink, Minerva!" She poured out some of the mixture from the pitcher, and gave it to him. He put it to his lips, and drank a very little. "Ehven't you got any rum?" This tastes like fury.  
"No, Massa Wilmot. De doctor say, dat you must hab no spiritus liquors of any description howsoever."