

Op^o

Lebanon

Tuesday night

Nov 22^o 1834

Dear Father

I should the pleasure of
 receiving your letter & was considerably
 mortified on hearing that Peter had
 been drunk. When we see our own
 blood - our own relations making
 days of themselves we feel it keenly & sharply
 it cuts the very sinews of the soul,
 truly heart-rending - truly distressing -
 Oh! would that I could blot from
 memory's page some of the dark spots
 of my life - - Happy - happy indeed
 would I be. Strange - wonderfully strange
^{that man} -
 so strangely strange should put poison
 to his lips to steal away his train's, Strange
 that man should make shipwreck -

Run board's name out & they
 shall be gone all day

of his own character & reputation in blast
the hopes & expectations of his friends -
and send his own soul to "hell &
damnation". There is no ~~joy~~, no plea-
sure, no benefit to be derived from the
use of intoxicating liquors, but on the
contrary nothing but pain, misery & ruin.
I see that I am writing a lecture that
I shall stop. I am not free entirely from
the jaws of the lion. I am weak.
Though surrounded by a strong & brave
army, I may yet in spite of all
my "force" be "whipped" but shame &
eternal disgrace will be the consequence.
I may fall, but if I do I fall like
Sufferer to rise no more - I earnestly
hope that this will not be the case.
My head & heart are opposed -
bitterly opposed against the use
& sale of liquors in all shapes
& forms - I am against it in toto.
My arm is raised & set by the Lord

King Alcohol. My daily prayer
is that I may become more & more
strong in the cause of temperance -
my earnest - my sincere prayer is that
I may live a sober life, a True Temple
of Honor - a pure temperance man.
This is my living sentiment, and
I hope by the grace of God to
live be my dying sentiment -

It is late. Good by for the present
May the perpetual smiles of Heaven
be yours - is the wish
of your Son
L. J. Dietz.