

And while I sit in my hospital window, his funeral passes by !

What a tempting and enticing service ours would be, if we could do away with spirits ; if men could but be made to resist the temptation of drinking to excess ! *Teetotal societies* are bad ! men do not like recording their names among a long list of reformed drunkards, who are compelled to make a pledge to save themselves. Some take the first opportunity to drink, and are always longing until satisfied ; but if we could appeal to their good sense, their feelings, and have no spirits in our ships, we should then have no flogging, no punishments, no stopping leave ; all would be pleasure and comfort, and the service would be then, indeed, inviting.

There is no doubt but drunkenness is fast on the decline, from the strict yet necessary regulations now in force, and from the quantity being reduced to half the allowance ; but still we have intoxication, which leads to crime and consequent punishment. How, then, can we entirely stop it ?

What credit would be due to any one, and what an inward consolation to himself, if he could but devise a method for suppressing drunkenness in her Majesty's service ! No monument could be erected of sufficient magnitude to hold forth to the world such a benefit, and do sufficient honour to the originator. Often have I thought, and as often failed, and many wiser heads than mine have done the same. What benefits, what blessings would arise, what hundreds of lives would be saved, and what thousands of wives and children would be saved from mourning widows and distressed families !