

of Sweden and Norway. Out of the 444 men forming the crews of the Norwegian frigate *Freca*, and the Swedish sloop *Nordstern*, which have just left Christiana for the Mediterranean, 302, that is more than two-thirds of them, have desired to receive rations of tea or coffee, instead of brandy.

THE SCOURGE OF THE INDIAN.—The Council of the Creek Nation, at its last session, passed an act prohibiting the sale of liquor within the nation, and punishing the offence. A glorious example for many of our States, and one which would seem to show that upon this subject, the Indians are more enlightened than their white brethren. What a dreadful scourge has the white man's *fire water* been to them, and oh! how many witnesses will there be against him at the Judgment Bar of God.

SEVERE CONFLAGRATION.—Six grog-shops have been burned up in New Haven. The Fountain says, we could not but notice the satisfaction with which the progress of the fire was watched by the assembled multitude. The misery which has been sent forth into hundreds of families in our city, and the neighbouring towns, from these Church street slaughter-houses cannot be estimated; but a record has been kept.

A PROPHECY.—I am neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, and yet I venture an opinion. It is this—"There will be no more princely fortunes acquired in the strong drink trade."—*A British Writer.*

PRaisEWORTHY.—Gen. Riley writes us from Rochester, that a few evenings since, A. Champion, Esq. of that city, called together some of the reformed and plain laboring temperance men, and gave them to understand that they might engage a suitable room and he would take a lease of it for a temperance reading-room, to be opened every evening but the Sabbath, lighted and warmed, and he would supply it with temperance reading matter. He gave them encouragement that he would furnish them with tracts for distribution over the city, and such other reading matter as would be useful. He has therefore directed me to order from you five hundred Temperance Almanacs, and a specimen of those English tracts that you mention in the Journal, and such other small and cheap publications as you may have on hand in your depository, that from them he may select such as he may think useful to circulate and put into the reading-room. We wish more of our rich men would thus aid the cause.—*Jour. Am. T. Union.*

Poetry.

THE DRUNKEN MOTHER—NO FICTION.

Stay, lady; step aside with me
Into this humble place.
Start not! That form was fair as thine,
And beauty in that face,—
'Tis bloated now. You ask me why?
The tale is one of sin;
She fell beneath that world's curse—
Man-ruin-spreading gin.
Whose sickly little babe is that?
'Tis hers—yet there she lies;
The fondling-mother-feelings deaf
To that sick infant's cries.
'Tis but the shadow of a child,
Yet let the parent wake,
Like aspen leaf, in summer breeze,
That helpless thing will shake.
The husband—where is he? you ask;
He toils from morn till night—
Too often when his work is o'er
He looks on that sad sight;
And lifts his baby in his arms
To hush its feeble moan,
And prays that God may guide its steps,
For mother, it has none.
Oh! lady, weep not—rather pray
That this poor erring one,
May find a refuge yet from sin
In God's own holy Son.
Pray that the father, mother, child,
Be found 'mid heaven's host;
And that their happy greeting be,
"All here—no wand'rer lost."

Y-Lx.

A DROP OF GIN!

Gin! Gin! a Drop of Gin!
What magnified Monsters circle therein!
Rugged, and stained with filth and mud,
Some p'ague-spotted, and some with blood!
Shapes of Misery, Shame, and Sin!
Figures that make us loathe and tremble,
Creatures scarce human, that more resemble
Broods of diabolical kin,
Ghouls and Vampyre, Demon and Jin!

Gin! Gin! a Drop of Gin!
The dram of Satan! the liquor of Sin!—
Distill'd from the fell
Alembics of Hell,
By Guilt and Death, his own brother and twin!
That Man might fall
Still lower than all
The meanest creatures with scale and fin.
But hold—we are neither Barchanas nor Prynne,
Who lash'd with such rage
The sins of the age;
Then, instead of making too much of a din,
Let Anger be mute,
And sweet Mercy dilute,
With a Drop of Pity, the Drop of Gin!
Gin! Gin! a Drop of Gin!—
When darkly Adversity's day's set in,
And the friends and peers
Of earlier years
Prove warm without, but cold within,—
And cannot retrace
A familiar face
That's steep'd in poverty up to the chin;—
But snub, neglect, cold-shoulder and cut
The ragged pauper, misfortune's butt,
Hardly acknowledg'd by kith and kin—
Because, poor rat!
He has no cravat;
A suddy coat, and a hole in that!—
No sole to his shoe, and no brim to his hat;
Nor a change of linen—except his skin:—
No gloves—no vest,
Either second or best;
And what is worse than all the rest,
No light heart, though his breeches are thin,—
While Time clopes
With all golden hopes,
And even with those of pewter and tin,—
The brightest dreams,
And the best of schemes,
All knock'd down, like a wicket by Mynn.—
Each castle in air
Seized by Giant Despair,
No prospect in life worth a minikin pin,—
No credit—no cash,
No cold mutton to hash,
No bread—not even potatoes to mash;
No coal in the cellar, no wine in the bin,—
Smash'd, broken to bits,
With judgments and writs,
Bonds, bills, and cognovits, distracting the wits,
In the webs that the spiders of Chancery spin,—
Till weary of life, its worry and strife;
Black visions are rife of a razor, a knife,
Of poison—a rope—"lopping over a hinn."

Gin! Gin! a Drop of Gin!
Oh! then its tremendous temptations begin,
To take, alas!
To the fatal glass,—
And happy the wretch that it does not win
To change the black hue
Of his ruin to blue—
While Angels sorrow, and Demons grin—
And lose the rheumatic
Chill of his attic
By plunging into the Palace of Gin!

—Punch.