

The unfavorable cast of his countenance has given place to an open, pleasing expression, with depth enough to make it an interesting study. His foster-father is dead; his good foster-mother aged and sickly — but she knows no want. The once poor outcast is her only dependence and nobly does he repay the trust.

### Remarkable Wine Drinkers.



SOME of our greatest and most famous men have been addicted to intemperate habits. Our national roll of kings, poets, historians, painters, orators, and journalists, contains the name of many a drunkard. But this is an argument for total abstinence. If the strong thus fall, why should the weak touch the enticing and destroying cup!

Let us look at some of our remarkable wine drinkers. There was Lord Byron. His life was one of misery and despair. None can read of his convivial parties, his midnight revels, and his vile associates, without feeling repelled and shocked. He was a splendid poet and a great profligate. To him the cup of pleasure was familiar. He ran the round of sensual joys. He withheld not himself from any gratification. Music, wine, boating, the composition of poetry, licensed and unlicensed love, fame, and gold, all, all were his. What then? Was he blest? Was his horizon bright? Did the golden sunshine fall upon his path? Let his own lines answer:

“Though gay companions o’er the bowl,  
Dispel awhile the sense of ill;  
Though pleasure fills his maddening soul,—  
The heart—the heart is lonely still.”

A lonely heart is a weary load, and bows down the mightiest. It is easy for young men to speak of a “short life and a merry one,” but such a career soon brings the lonely heart, the blighted reputation, and the deep, dark grave.

What student of English literature has not read the “Essays of Elia?” They were written by Charles Lamb. Ah! dear, quaint, witty, kind Charles Lamb. Born in London, educated at Christ Church, made a clerk in the South Sea House, the friend of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and a genius—who does not know him? Coleridge and Lamb used to sit together in the dark parlor of the Cat and Salutation, Smithfield, until morning, drinking and talking, talking and drinking. And such talking! They discussed politics, history, philosophy, and poetry; and they drank — drank until the wine was in and the wit was out. These bouts did Charles Lamb no good. In his confessions he thus wrote—

“The waters have gone over me. But out of the black depths, could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have but set a foot on the perilous flood. Could the youth, to whom the flavor of his first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life, or the entering upon some newly discovered paradise, look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and passive will—to see his destruction and have no power to stop it, and yet to feel it all the way emanating from himself, to see all goodness emptied out of him, yet not to be able to forget a time when it was other-