

to hear, the following quotation from his *Namson Agonistes* will abundantly shew. It represents a dialogue between certain bystanders and Namson:

## CHORUS.

Desire of wine and all delicious drinks,  
Which many a famous warrior overturns,  
Thou couldst not repress; nor did the dancing ruby  
Sparkling, out-poured, the flavor, or the smell,  
Or taste that cheers the heart of gods and men,  
Ashore thee from the cool crystalline stream

## NAMSON.

Wherever fountain or fresh current flow'd  
Against the eastern ray, translucent, pure  
With touch ethereal of Heaven's fiery rod,  
I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying  
Thirst, and refresh'd; nor envied them the grape  
Whose heads that turbid liquor fills with fumes.

## CHORUS.

Oh madness, to think use of strongest wines  
And strongest drinks our chief support of health,  
When God with these forbidden made choice to rear  
His mighty champion, strong above compare,  
Whose drink was only from the liquid brook.

Other great poets might be added; but at present let it suffice to say that the following is the deliberate confession of Lord Byron as to the effects of wine upon himself:—"The effect of wine upon me is to make me gloomy—gloomy at the very moment it is taken; but it never makes me gay."—*Temperance Chronicle*.

### What has the Temperance Society done?

It has changed public opinion and social customs to a considerable extent. It has not only reclaimed thousands of drunkards, some of whom have shewn the reality of their change by five, ten, or fifteen years of sober, steady conduct; it has not only prevented thousands of young persons from commencing the ruinous habit of drinking intoxicating drinks; but it has brought these drinks into disrepute among all classes of society. The discussions, the lectures, the medical certificates, the advances in physiological science, have all worked together and produced an effect so great as to compel the announcement of it in the House of Commons. The following is the testimony borne by Sir Charles Wood, the present Chancellor of the Exchequer:—

"It was said, remarked Sir Charles Wood, that the consumption of malt had not increased in the same proportion as the population. It was true that the consumption of tea, coffee, cocoa, and other articles, which might be considered as competing to some extent with beer had increased to a much greater extent. But that increased consumption was not so much the effect of the duty upon malt, as of a change in the habits of the people. The members of that house, for example, all drank less beer than their forefathers, and so did the middle and laboring classes. Any one acquainted with village life, knew that tea and coffee had, to a considerable degree, driven out malt liquor. If hon. gentlemen would look to see what proportion the duty upon malt bore to the price of the article, and then compare that with other articles, they would find that the percentage of duty upon tea and coffee was much greater than upon beer. If the duty upon beer were taken, at the outside, at 100 per cent., the duty upon tea was 200 per cent. So that if the House were to reduce the duty chargeable upon the beverages of the people, they ought to begin with tea, which was chargeable with double the duty paid by malt. The truth was, the consumption of intoxicating liquors was rather diminishing, and that of not intoxicating liquors was increasing, and this, in his opinion, was a very desirable thing."—*Temperance Chronicle*.

### The Sailors' Temperance Meeting.

Last evening I attended the mariners' temperance meeting. While one of the gentlemen was speaking, a man intoxicated came staggering up to him, looked him earnestly in the face till he paused, and then said to him:

"You mean me, do you, Captain?"

"Mean you?" said the other; "what did I say about you?"  
"Why, the yarn you were spinning about that old salt! Did you mean me?"

"No, I spoke of another; but I think it would do very well for you too."

"Well, so I think myself, and I'm ashamed of it. So here I'll knock off. Give me a pen; let me sign your pledge. May be I'm a little too drunk, but I'll try."

The secretary handed him a pen. In attempting to subscribe his name, he let fall upon the page a large drop of ink.

"There," he exclaimed, "that's a big period; and a period marks the end of a sentence; so here's an end of my grog! Look at me, shipmates! You think I'm pretty much gone by the board, and so I am; but I begin to get sober; I know what I've done, and you may call me a liar if I don't give grog a wide berth hereafter!"

The orator staggered to his seat amidst roars of laughter and shouts of applause. Whether he will keep his word, time must determine. It would be very questionable, at least, if he were not a sailor. But such is the sailor's sense of honor, that he is seldom known to violate a vow. Mr. Chase tells us that many have signed the pledge in a state of intoxication, and adhered to it with sacred fidelity.

I noticed a well-dressed young man, who led into the house another so affected with liquor that he appeared to walk with difficulty. His friend placed him upon the front seat, and sat down by his side. About the middle of the meeting the former rose to make a speech; and the latter, seizing the opportunity, stealthily left the house. The speaker finished abruptly, followed the fugitive and brought him back, and, before the exercises closed, led him to the table, put a pen in his hand, and guided it while he wrote his name. I was afterwards informed that this young man himself, about six months ago, was brought, intoxicated, to the temperance meeting, and persuaded to sign the pledge; that he has ever since been a sober man, has lately joined the church, gives evidence of genuine piety, and promise of great usefulness among the sailors.—*Temperance Home*.

### "Oh! don't look at my Mother."

God grant that I may never witness another such a soul harrowing spectacle! I had just left the chamber of affliction—a bedside bright with the irradiations of glory, when I was startled in the midst of deep musings by frantic screaming. On hastening up an obscure passage from whence the cries proceeded, I observed a human being, huddled up in a corner leaning against a shattered wall, the remnant of an old house in ruins.—She was clad in a ragged gown, besmeared with filth and blood, exposed to the northern blast and drizzling rain; her knotted hair hung wildly over her head, which was partially in her lap. I discovered, however, a frightful bruise on the left cheek, which had closed the eye above, and a wide gash under the other, from which the blood was trickling down.

As I gazed upon this wreck of humanity, my heart sunk within me. She was a mother; by her side stood a barefooted, thinly attired, half-starved little girl, with an intelligent countenance, who, on perceiving my fixed eye, threw her skeleton arms around her parent's neck, and endeavoring to screen her from observation, exclaiming, in tones most plaintive: "Oh! don't look at my mother."

"Why not, my dear child?" I inquired.

"Because," said the poor girl, while crying, "mother is such a drunkard, that I am ashamed for any one to look upon her."

"Is your father kind?" I asked.

"He is dead, sir. He threw himself overboard and was drowned, on his way to transportation for a crime he committed when in a state of drunkenness. We had such a happy home before mother and father took to drinking."

The imbruted parent, on hearing this exposure, struck the innocent girl upon the head, which staggered her to the ground, and shouted vociferously—

"I will have more gin; if you don't get some I will murder you!"

On gently remonstrating with the wretched inebriate on her inhumanity and intemperance, she looked up into my face, and stammered forth from her quivering and blistered lips sentiments too profane for a repetition. With some difficulty I dragged her to