

boat. Sir John Barleycorn staggers about disknighted, with his spurs hacked off his heels. It is convivial life, but life seen in a Claude Lorraine glass, and that glass a pothouse runner blackened with the smoke of a pipe of mundungus.

"Love levels ranks," Lord Grizzle says, but intemperance has pre-eminently the power of levelling and conounding ranks and ages and sexes, and species even. And thus it happens that from so levelling a system, there will result a terrible sameness of feature and expression, of habit, manner, and custom; even as drill makes ploughboys, mechanics, and vagabonds all machines, as similar to each other as the sequent spikes in an area railway; even as slavery makes all negroes alike as one parched pea to another; even as judicious flogging will train a pack of hounds to run and cry and stop as one dog. Tyranny is most potent for exacting and maintaining conformity; and there is no tyranny so strong as that of the King of drink, no conformity so abject and so universal as that of drunkards. Which must be my excuse, gentles, if I find no very novel characters among the bibbers at the Barge and Buttons."

Further down the river, far below Purfleet, and on the Kentish coast, in a lonely reach, is a house of different character, frequented by men of the widest maritime experience. Among the company you may see such characters as this:—

#### A YANKEE TEMPERANCE CAPTAIN.

"The tall, lean, wiry, sawn-faced man, wearing a buffy white hat, a brown frock coat, light cord trousers very much pulled up over his Wellington boots, and a steel watchguard exactly like a patent corkscrew, is a Yankee skipper, come on shore to see if he can pick up some sea-stories advantageously for the return voyage. Observe that he has whittled away a considerable portion of the circular wooden platter on which the pewter pots are placed, and has spat his and his neighbor's spitoon quite full, and is now sowing expectoration broadcast on the boards of the company underneath the table. His ship is a temperance ship, and he is a temperance man; for, although he has to all appearances consumed two or three tumblers of grog already (judging from the rubicund hue of his bumpers supplied him), his refreshment is, in reality, nothing more than a harmless compound, or temperance cordial, called raspberry. All publicans frequented by those who 'go down to the sea in ships' keep a store of this, and similar cordials, such as gingerette, lemonette, orange-ette, all mixing with sugar and hot water in a duly groggy manner, but all perfectly innocuous and tea-total. There are snuggeries in Liverpool, frequented almost solely by American captains—temperance captains, be it understood—which have no sale at all for malt or alcoholic liquors."

The long low room of this "establishment" though by day a very Lybian desert of sandy floor, tenantless settles, and pyramid-spittoons, and drawing, perhaps, scarcely a bit of beer per month, does a roaring trade at night; for there are always ships in the river, and boats to row, and skippers who have used the house before, and nautical tradesmen eager to meet them; though this river-side house is a good mile and a quarter from any village, or even inhabited house. It is pleasant to find a good word applied to these

#### UNNAMED HEROES.

"Decent, honest, civil, God-fearing men are these sea-men—captains—the nobly great majority of them that is—of every port and nation. From the blunt whaling captain at Hull and Glasgow, to the mighty mail steamer skippers at Liverpool or Southampton, they are almost invariably

the same; civil of speech, quiet of demeanour, modest of assertion, and incapable of grandiloquence, almost to a fault. They will tell you diffidently of the Isles of Greece that they 'were down Cerigo way once with fruit;' whereas young Swallowpounce of the Treasury, whose Mediterranean travels I verily believe have never extended beyond Malta, is for ever bragging of quoting—

"Eternal summer gilds them yet,  
But all except their sun is set."

Have they been to India? Um, yes: Calcutta, and so on, said as easily as 'Chelsea.' The terrible Patagonian promontory, the awful and inhospitable land of Terre del Fuego is to them merely the Horn; and Venice, the Adriatic, Dalmatia, Styria, are all summed up in a simple 'Up the Gulf as far as Tryeast with hides.' Farewell, ye seamen-captains, honest men, who as pertinaciously persist in wearing chimney-pot hats and frock-coats, as your pictorial and literary delineators are incorrigible in delineating you in large buttoned pea-coats, wide ducks, and flat hats. Simple-minded men, making the little parade you do of your travelling lore and nautical learning—leaving the first only to be guessed at in your mahogany cheeks and sun-crimsoned foreheads and embrowned hands, the second only to be known in the hour of danger and peril, when the sea runs mountains high, and the masts bend like whips, and the rigging writhes like the tresses of a woman possessed."

#### Anniversary of the Scottish Temperance League.

The Scottish Temperance League, now a very influential body, has celebrated its ninth anniversary this week at Glasgow. On Sunday, sixteen discourses on the Temperance Reformation were given in that city, the aggregate attendance at which was upwards of 12,000. At the annual meeting held the next day in the City Hall, under the presidency of J. McGavin, Esq., that spacious building was filled by a respectable and enthusiastic audience. Letters were read from Laurence Heyworth, Esq., M.P.; Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, New York; and Lewis Tappan, New York; Sir Walter C. Trevelyan, Bart., Joseph Sturge, Esq., Birmingham; Joseph Eaton, Esq., Bristol; and James Haughton, Esq., Dublin; and speeches were made by Professor Stowe, the Revs. Charles Beecher, W. Wight W. Reed, &c. As to finance, the League is now in a better position than it was at the last annual meeting—the deficiency then was £30; now it is £10. The income has much exceeded that of any previous year, being in the nine and a-half months £1849.

Professor Stowe instituted a comparison between the Temperance cause in Scotland and the Anti-Slavery cause in America, and proceeded to give an explanation of the Maine Law, expressing the conviction that all true temperance movements must culminate in that. Scotland, in its natural features and the character of the people, bore a strong resemblance to the State of Maine, and the drunken habits of Scotland very much resemble those which prevailed in Maine, in 1819 when he first entered the State:—

"When I went to Maine in 1819, it was said that the village, composed chiefly of lumber men, drank enough to float their whole timber to the sea—there was so much rum drinking—there were so many drunkards—so many paupers—all would be ruined. The people thought of a society to prevent intoxication. That was the first society I ever heard of; it was formed by about 25 or 30 individuals. The habits of drinking were bringing ruin and poverty into every town in the State. I was educated in the State of Maine, and many of my class, in which there were such men as Gen. Pierce, President of the United States,