

retained his character and position, being a practical, though not pledged, tee-totaler. The judge's money did some good, no doubt; but his example was the occasion of infinite mischief.

The Dutchman's Story.

"I've heer'd mine oold fader zay dat it vas thought dere vasn't an honest mon in hish day, in all Holland, vat trinkt coold vater. Vansittart, de great burgomaster, clapt apout a dozen in irons vat he found trinking coold vater, togedder; bekase he knowel dey vas a plotting mischief agin de States General. My fader zay de council of de Lutheran chuch in Leydeur, vere he vas porn, hauled dere oold minishter, Van Oort, over de coals for giving a beggar coold vater mitout any prandy, bekase, de council zay, he vas not given to hospitality. Oold Van Krutzen, de sexton of our chuch, used to hire me, ven I vas leetil poy, to help him schour de communion plate, and he always give me a trink of de wine vat vas left. Dat vas de vay I begins. Poor Van Krutzen, he got to be a trunkard. Von toctor zay he must leave off prandy. So he try dat vay. After a leetil vile he thought he vas a dying; so he send for his oold toctor, and he zay, de toder toctor vas a pig quack, and told de patient to trink prandy agin. Van Krutzen lookt up and shmile, and az de toctor how much he should take dat day. 'Von ounce,' zay de toctor. So, ven he vas gone, Van Krutzen zay to his son, 'Herman, get de measure pook, my poy, and read how much make von ounce.' So Herman gets de pook, and read, 'sixteen drams makes von ounce.' 'Dat ish de toctor for me,' cried Van Krutzen, as he rubbed his

hands; 'I never took so many drams pefore in von day.'

"Ven I vas going my firsh voyage, as capin-poy, my fader put me in de shtage to go to de seaport apout foorty mile. De shtage vas upset; von man preak his head, anoder his leg, and De Groot, de triver, vas kilt upon de shpot. De Groot vas trunk;—dat vas prandy. Ven I got to de seaport, I shtroll apout de town half de night, get into pad company, lose de leetil monish vat my oold moder give me, and vas lock up in de vatch'ouse;—dat vas prandy. De ship vas vaiting for fair vind eight day. At lasht he come, vest-nord-vest. Den de captain vas not to pe found till de next day. Ven dey find him, he vas so full of de shtuff he couldn't navigate de ship;—dat vas prandy. De vary firsh night after ve gets to zea, ve runs down a leetil shcooner; shtruck her jest apout midships. After she fell off, she took a lee lurch to port, and vent down head foremost. Ven I hear de shock, I runs upon de deck, and jest zee her go. De crew cry for us to shtop. Ve hove de topsails apack, and gets o it de poat, but ve vas running eight knot; and, afore de poat could pull pack to de place vere she vent down, dev vas all drown but von, who held on to a shpar; ve save him. Tirteen lives vas lost, he zay. It vas pright moonlight night, but our vatch vas trunk;—dat, you zee, vas prandy. De captain vas trunk all de time; so he don know vat he zay. He cursh and shwear ten knot an hour. He shream to von man to pull de fore-top powline, ven he mean, like enough, de main-sheet. So de poor fellow he pull de fore-top powline, jest vat de captain zay. Den de captain he tie him up to de rigging, and give him two dozen mit de oold cat, bekase he don pull de fore-sheet;—dat vas