

Dr. Then perhaps you're a drunkard.—*Pa.* No, Dr. Gregory, I'm thankful no one can accuse me of that; I'm of the dissenting persuasion, doctor, and an elder; so ye may suppose I'm nae drunkard.

Dr. (I'll suppose no such thing, till you tell me your mode of life.) I'm so puzzled with your symptoms, sir, that I should wish to hear in detail what you do eat and drink. When do you breakfast, and what do you take to it?—*Pa.* I breakfast at nine o'clock. I take a cup of coffee and one or two cups of tea; a couple of eggs, and a bit of ham or kipper'd salmon, or may be both, if they're good, and two or three rolls and butter.

Dr. Do you eat no honey, or jelly, or jam, to breakfast?—*Pa.* O yes, sir; but I don't count that as any thing.

Dr. Come, this is a very moderate breakfast. What kind of dinner do you make?—*Pa.* O, sir, I eat a very plain dinner indeed—some soup and some fish, and a little plain toast or boiled; for I dinna care for made dishes; I think some way they never satisfy the appetite.

Dr. You take a little pudding then, and afterwards some cheese?—*Pa.* O yes, though I don't care much about them.

Dr. You take a glass of ale or porter with your cheese?—*Pa.* Yes, one or the other, but seldom both.

Dr. You west country people generally take a glass of Highland whiskey after dinner.—*Pa.* Yes, we do: it's good for digestion.

Dr. Do you take any wine during dinner?—*Pa.* Yes, a glass or two of sherry; but I'm indifferent as to wine during dinner; I drink a good deal of beer.

Dr. What quantity of port do you drink?—*Pa.* Oh, very little, not above half a dozen glasses or so.

Dr. In the west country it is impossible, I hear, to dine without punch?—*Pa.* Yes, sir; indeed, 'tis punch we drink chiefly; but for myself, unless I happen to have a friend with me, I never tak mair than a couple of tumblers or so, and that's moderate.

Dr. Oh, exceedingly moderate! You then, after this slight repast, take some tea and bread and butter?—*Pa.* Yes, before I go to the counting-house to read the evening letters.

Dr. And on your return you take supper, I suppose?—*Pa.* No, sir, I canna be said to tak supper; just something before going to bed: a rizzer'd haddock, or a bit of toasted cheese, or half a hundred of oysters, or the like o' that; and may be, two-thirds of a bottle of ale; but I tak no regular supper.

Dr. But you take a little more punch after that?—*Pa.* No, sir, punch does not agree with me at bed time. I tak a tumbler of warm whiskey toddy at night; its lighter to sleep on.

Dr. So it must, no doubt. This you say, is your every day life; but upon great occasions you perhaps exceed a little?—*Pa.* No, sir, except when a friend or two dine with me, or I dine out, which, as I am a sober family man, does not often happen.

Dr. Not above twice a week?—*Pa.* No; not oftener.

Dr. Of course you sleep well, and have a good appetite?—*Pa.* Yes, sir, I'm thankful I have—indeed any wee harl o' health that I hae is about dinner time.

Dr. (assuming a severe look, and knitting his brows, and lowering his eye-brows) Now, sir, you are a very pretty fellow, indeed; you come here and tell me that you are a moderate man, and I might have believed you did I not know the nature of the people in your part of the country; but upon examination, I find by your own showing, that you are a voracious glutton; you breakfast in the morning in a style that would serve a moderate man for dinner; and from five o'clock in the afternoon, you undergo one almost uninterrupted loading of your stomach until you go to bed. This is your moderation! You told me, too, another falsehood—you said you were a sober man; yet, by your own showing, you are a beer swiller, a dram-drinker, a wine-bibber, and a guzzler of Glasgow-punch; a liquor, the name of which is associated, in my mind, only with the ideas of low company, and beastly intoxication. You tell me you eat indigestible suppers, and swill toddy to force sleep—I see that you chew tobacco. Now, sir, what human stomach could stand this? Go home, sir, and leave off your present course of riotous living—take some dry toast and tea to your breakfast—some plain meat and

soup for dinner, without adding any thing to spur on your flagging appetite; you may take a cup of tea in the evening, but never let me hear of haddocks and toasted cheese, and oysters, with their accompaniments of ale and toddy at night; give up chewing that vile, narcotic, nauseous abomination, and there are some hopes that your stomach may recover its tone, and you be in good health like your neighbours.—*Pa.* I'm sure, doctor, I'm very much obliged to you (taking out a bunch of bank-notes); I shall endeavour to—

Dr. Sir, you are not obliged to me; put up your money, sir. Do you think I'll take a fee for telling you what you knew as well as myself? Though you're no physician, sir, you are not altogether a fool. You have read your Bible, and must know that drunkenness and gluttony are both sinful and dangerous; and whatever you may think, you have this day confessed to me that you are a notorious glutton and drunkard. Go home, sir, and reform, or, take my word for it, your life is not worth half a year's purchase.

A RUM SELLER'S FATE.

From the Aurora and Mirror.

There are instances in which the perpetration of barefaced wickedness has been arrested, and the perpetrators made examples, by immediate interposition of the hand of God. The course of the rum-seller is a wicked one, and how long those now engaged in this murderous traffic may appear to flourish, remains yet to be seen. But the following statement will show the reader how one of that fraternity has fallen by the way, and this is not a solitary instance of the kind.

In one of our little New-England villages, not six years since, appeared an intelligent and interesting young man in the capacity of a school-teacher. He sought and obtained the care of a school, which he taught to the satisfaction of his employers. He became attached to the daughter of a widow in the town, who had seen much sorrow from sickness and afflictions, and whose pecuniary circumstances were such as, by industry and frugality, to secure comfort to herself and her little family. This young man was soon numbered as a member of that peaceful and happy family, and continued so until an inducement was held out to him to engage in the traffic in ardent spirits. He purchased the stock of a rum-seller, and commenced business.

But his mind was too much enlightened to admit of a quiet conscience in this work of making others miserable. He had been a member of a temperance society.—There was much excitement in the village, in respect to both temperance and religion; and this man was induced to put himself in the way of reproof by attending a protracted meeting. He was brought to see himself a sinner—to see the wickedness of his course—and to acknowledge that he was wrong in selling spirits, and that he wished he had not engaged in the business. He resolved to abandon it. But he wore off his convictions—said people talked too hard about him because he sold spirits—and finally became enraged, and declared he would sell spirit as long as he could procure it. He proved the earnestness of this resolution in his next trip to Boston, where he bought a large quantity of spirits, and begun to deal it out, and to make drunkards. But his course was short. He had already begun to use the soothing draught to still his guilty conscience; his face became flushed; and at times he