

Mother. Yes, I suppose she does. Her countenance does look as if her heart ached. But do you not feel sorry for these little children?

Child. Yes, mother; how very bad they must feel. Does their father ever come home intoxicated, does mother think?

Mother. Very probably he does. We shall see him in the next picture.



Mother. Here is the picture. What do you think this represents?

Child. I cannot tell. Here are several men; one is asleep on a chair; another is going towards a man who is pouring something out of a bottle into a glass, and the third looks as if he was just ready to fall. Well, mother, please tell me about them. Is this a tavern too?

Mother. No. This is what is called a grocery, or a place where they sell a little tea, a little pepper, and a little of some other things, and a great deal of spirituous liquor. Most people call this a *grog-shop*. The three men you see, are each drinkers of different degrees. The one who is asleep in his chair, with his pipe at his feet on the floor, is what is called a moderate drinker. He says, he will drink when he pleases; and he looks with scorn upon the man by the bar, and wonders why a man cannot drink with judgment, as he does. He says, too, that he does not fear ever being a drunkard—he can drink or let it alone, and means to do as he likes in this free country. Yet you see, he has descended on the drunkard's down-hill road from the *tavern* to the *grog-shop*; and I have always remarked, that when a man is so far along as that, there is little or no hope of him. He is then to be ranked among those in the second stages of intemperance. This man is yet very decently dressed, as you see; and is, no doubt, a very respectable man. Yet many times he is under the necessity of talking and walking very circumspectly, lest his family and friends should discover that he has not drunk with his usual judgment. And I should think, he had failed in his judgment this time; for, you see, he is fast asleep, and does not know that his pipe is fallen, neither does all the noise around waken him.

Child. Does mother think he is drunk?

Mother. Yes, he is drunk, but not what people call dead drunk; that is, helplessly drunk; for you see, he can yet sit on his chair.

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