

true spirit of his father's instruction, became the companion of like wicked men; his trade had been easily acquired, but this new habit, this that was to be of such use to him in commending him to the favour and approval of all, was most difficult to learn; a natural distaste for liquor, and an inward and long-nursed feeling of disgust had to be subdued, ere he could enter upon the wild career which prospectively lay before him. But persevering application soon broke down the preservatives of nature, and Tom trode faithfully in his father's steps, aimed at the same eminence, and very soon surpassed him. Miles heretofore had had all the quarrel to himself, the irritating effects of strong drink had not passed into the system of the son. But now both were alike contentious; and brawls and open quarrels made them ready to fight; however, saved from this by the interference of friends, it was not uncommon for each to part with the other threatening dangerous things. Separated for a time, Tom became the enamoured and loving young man, and he wooed a girl of industry and promise. He was wise enough to conceal his habit, and keep from her knowledge his newly acquired taste; and at last the time of unity came, and new responsibilities were imposed upon him; restraint for a time kept him up to his duty, and labour and toil met with their reward. But Miles was getting old, and his son being a good workman, why should not the father leave his interest in trade to him? Often it was their lot to work together, as of old—and as Tom had learned to take his “whack” like a man, there was no demur or dispute about the matter, but settling time would come, and that was the time for quarrel; one had not ordered the drink, and the other had not drank of it, and yet the score was to be paid for between them; oaths and curses deep and bitter would now be vented one against the other, and though they never came to blows, yet imprecations and horrid threats were held out against each other. Tom's wife began to find out that she had not a sober husband; reckless of all regard, he became the sot and decoy for the publicans; many were the new companions he introduced, and many the pounds he spent to prove what a *good fellow* he was. Tom was quite an adept at singing and “*chaffing*,” few equalled him; for if a stranger came to any of his favourite houses, it was no uncommon thing when all there were beat by the stranger, to call in Tom, who, by banter or open falsehood, would be sure to triumph, to the no small gratification of his party, who, together with the landlord, rarely failed to *treat* him for his services. Tom excelled and surpassed his companions, and though often implored by his amiable wife to give up his evil course, yet, infatuated, he would return like the dog to his vomit; his robust frame was giving way—his house, but for his wife's industry, would have been wretched, his children neglected, and his own prospects blasted—he seemed to think there was no hope for him—and irresolute and changeful, his promises and hopes were all alike failing. Tom's wife always commended herself to the notice and approval of the benevolent, who, struck with her industry, cleanliness, and care, frequently visited and talked with her about the well-being of her soul, and the education of the children; and on these occasions it was that Tom's habits and wilful dissipation were apparent, for one lady, more assiduous than the rest, would be often in the house when Tom would come home mad, boisterous, and drunkenly brave, and gently would she chide him and counsel him, but this only chafed his spirit, and off