

clapping me on the shoulder, called out, 'Go on, good lad, and let Charley Brown see the man that dares to meddle wi' you!'

"As I afterwards learnt, this Charley was the terror of his neighborhood; he was the greatest fighter in the place, and his bashed face bore many evidences of his pugilism, as well as of his drunkenness. So his patronage at once quelled the rising insults of the crowd, and I was permitted quietly to finish my address. At the end, I offered to take names of any persons present who might be disposed to join the Teetotal Society, and to my surprise—I may almost say dismay—the only one who offered to join was the drunken man 'Charley.' I, of course, regarded his taking the pledge as a joke, and offered to defer it till the following morning. 'No,' said he, 'now, now—I'm your man.' So I took his pledge—I confess reluctantly, and amidst much laughter. No one dared to follow his example—it seemed only too ludicrous.

"Well, I returned the chair to the poor woman from whom I had borrowed it and was about to proceed toward my humble lodging; but Charley would not leave me. He insisted on accompanying me, arm in arm, across the market-place, down the High street—people coming to the doors to see us pass, and wondering what new mischief that drunken pest had been brewing. Charley even insisted on my going to his house to see his wife and family. I consented to go, for I found I could not shake him off; and I was afterward glad I went.

"I was introduced to the Drunkard's Home, and a more destitute, wretched home I never entered. Down several steps from the street, in a house situated in one of the poorest districts of the place, I landed on the clay floor of Charley Brown's

hovel; his wife, ragged and broken-hearted, sat by the hearth with a crying child on her knee, and others about her feet. There was scarcely a scrap of furniture in the room; it had been broken to pieces during the drunken out-breaks of her husband, or pawned by him to supply his ravenous appetite for drink. The children were ragged and dirty. There was no place for me to sit down upon, but I stood a few minutes, and told the trembling wife what was my errand to the town, what her husband had that night promised me—that he would entirely abstain from drink for the future; and, turning to him, said I, 'Charley, I hope you will keep your promise like a man!' 'I will,' said he; 'I'm *determined* that I will; and you shall see.' I confess that I despaired: the case seemed so hopeless. Nevertheless, I tried to hope, and I encouraged him as well as I could, and urged his wife to aid him in his good resolution.

"The poor woman told me her brief and pitiful story. When she married Charley Brown, he was the handsomest fellow in the place, and one of the best workmen, though rather 'gay.' He was a bootmaker to trade, and when he stuck to his work, he could make abundant wages. But latterly he had been making very short time, and every thing that he made, as well as all their furniture and most of their clothing, had gone for drink. It was a story similar to thousands more—fit to make the heart bleed.

"I took my leave, but promising to call in the morning, before leaving town. I did so, and found Charley at his work. He was now quite sober, and distinctly remembered the promise of the previous night. He still said that he was resolved to keep the pledge, and that he would do so. My hopes