

He went into a store as a clerk. He was faithful, honest and industrious, and enjoyed the confidence of his employer, and the respect and good wishes of all his friends for many years. It was often said of him to the gratification of those who were watching his progress, that "he was thought to be one of the best and most faithful clerks in the city where he lived."

But he fell into the company of young men who drink "moderately" as people say, and here he acquired that love of strong drink which proved at last his ruin. It was long concealed from all his friends, except those who shared his infamy, and it came at last upon them like the thunderbolt. He was discharged by his employer, and came home, not to be a stay and support to his broken-hearted mother, but to inflict a deeper wound upon her already bleeding heart. He who might have been a man of unbounded influence, and of great moral worth, was sunk so low that he was shunned by all who valued their reputation, and was soon known to labor simply for what he could drink.

After a few years one of his old friends was established in the mercantile business in Oswego, now a flourishing city on Lake Ontario. One pleasant afternoon, in spring, when the business of the day was nearly over, there was an unusual noise in the street. He stepped to the door to ascertain the cause, and saw a troop of boys following, teasing and diverting themselves with a man so intoxicated, that he soon fell down, and they were abusing him at such a rate, that he went out and dispersed the boys, and to his great astonishment found that the man was indeed no other but he whom he had known in earlier days as the reputable and promising clerk! He treated him with great kindness, but nothing had any effect to reclaim him. Those who never taste intoxicating drinks never become drunkards. All others may.



#### WHEN MAY A SCOTSMAN BE CALLED DRUNK.

"Well, Doctor, pray give us a definition of what you consider being *fou*, that we may know in future when a cannie Scot may, with propriety, be termed drunk."

"Well, gentlemen," said the Doctor, "that is rather a little question to answer, for you must know there is a great diversity of opinion on the subject. Some say that a man is sober as long as he can stand upon his legs. An Irish friend of mine, a fire-eating, hard-drinking captain of dragoons, once declared to me, on his honor as a soldier and a gentleman, that he would never allow any friend of his to be called drunk till he saw him trying to light his pipe at the pump. And others there be, men of learning and respectability too, who are of opinion that a man has a right to consider himself sober as long as he can lie flat on his back without holding on by the ground. For my own part, I am a man of moderate opinions; and would allow that a man was *fou*, without being just so far gone as any of these. But with your leave,

gentlemen, I'll tell you a story about the Laird of Bonniemoon, that will be a good illustration of what I call being *fou*.

"The Laird of Bonniemoon was gae fond of his bottle—in short, just a poor drunken body, as I said afore. On one occasion he was asked to dine with Lord R——, a neighbor of his, and his Lordship, being well acquainted with the Laird's dislike to small drinks, ordered a bottle of cherry brandy to be set before him after dinner, instead of port, which he always drank in preference to claret when nothing better was to be got. The Laird thought this fine heartsome stuff, and on he went filling his glass like the rest, and telling his cracks, and ever the more he praised his Lordship's Port. 'It was a fine full-bodied wine, and lay well on the stomach, not like that poisonous stuff claret that made a body feel as if he had swallowed a nest of puddocks.' Well, gentlemen, the Laird had finished one bottle of cherry brandy, or, as his Lordship called it, 'his particular Port,' and had just tossed off a glass of the second bottle, which he declared to be even better than the first, when his old confidential servant, Watty, came staving into the room, and making his best bow, announced that the Laird's horse was at the door. 'Get out of that ye fause loon,' cried the Laird, pulling off his wig and flinging it at Watty's head. 'Do na ye see, yet ble h-ing brute, that I'm just beginning my second bottle?' 'But Maister,' says Watty, scratching his head, 'its amaisht twall o'clock.' 'Well, what though it be?' said the Laird, turning up his glass with drunken gravity, while the rest of the company were like to split their sides with laughing at him and Watty. 'It canna be ony later, my man, so just reach me my wig and let the naig bide a wee.' Well, gentlemen, it was a cold frosty night, and Watty soon tired of kicking his heels at the door; so, in a little while, back he comes, and says he, 'Maister, maister, its amaisht one o'clock!' 'Well, Watty,' says the Laird with a hiccup—for he was far gone by this time—'it will never be any earlier, Watty, my man, and that's a comfort, so you may just rest yoursel' a wee while langer, till I finish my bottle. A full belly makes a stiff back, you know, Watty.' Watty was by this time dancing mad; so after waiting an hour and half, back he comes, and says he, 'Laird, Laird, as true as death the sun's rising.' 'Weel, Watty,' says the Laird, looking awful wise, and trying with both hands to fill his glass, 'let him rise my man, let him rise, he has further to gang the day than either you or me, Watty.'

"This answer fairly dumfounded poor Watty, and he gave it up in despair. But at last the bottle was finished; the Laird was lifted into saddle, and off he rode in high glee, thinking all the time the moon was the sun, and that he had fine day light for his journey. 'Hech, Watty, my man,' says the Laird, patting his stomach and speaking awful thick, 'we were nane the worse for that second bottle this frosty mornin'."

"Faith," says Watty, blowing his fingers and looking as blue as a bilberry, 'your honor is may be nane the worse for it, but I'm nane the better; I wish I was.' Well, on they rode for cannie, the Laird gripping hard at the horse's mane and rolling about like a sack of meal, for the cold air was beginning to make the spirits tell on him. At last they came to a bit of a brook that crossed the road; and the Laird's horse, being pretty well used to have his own way, stopped short and put down his head to take a drink. This had the effect to make the poor Laird lose his balance, and away he went over the horse's ears into the very middle of the brook. The Laird, honest man, had just sense enough to hear the splash and to know that something was wrong; but he was that drunk that he did not in the least suspect it was himself. 'Watty,' says he, sitting up in the middle of the stream and stammering out the words with great difficulty, 'Watty, my man, there is surely something tumbled into