

But the shocked face of the lawyer became stern, and he said, "Stop! why have I let you go so far? Have you not beggared my sister? Have you not ruined her son? What a cursed business! How dare the son of a murderer claim my sister as his wife,—have we not suffered enough already? No! you would drag the whole family down with you; make a murderer of me! I tell you I will help that boy if it beggars me."

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In his native village, some miles away, on the evening in which the foregoing events transpired, Will Dunkin was delivering a lecture, part of which the reader shall have:—

"Edward, King of England, brought a poet to Scotland to celebrate his victory over that country. The result was, the Scots took the poet away from him, and made him sing the victory of Bannockburn. Now this in itself was a mighty victory, and is just what we want to do.

We want to make those who sing to the victory of rum, aye, and dance to the victory of it,—we want to make them sing to the victory of Temperance. But we cannot. Why? Because this King Alcohol, who has marched into our country, is not conquered yet; it is true he has received some wounds, but not deadly ones.

No crowned head has yet taken the field against him, though he is our country's mightiest foe. How is he to be conquered is a question so old, so long discussed, the foe so mighty, that some have given over in despair, because they cannot persuade men to be wise.

Again we are told, when we can arrest the lightning, still the thunder, turn back the sea, then we may hope to persuade men to touch not, taste not, handle not that which burns the brain, ruins the principles, unfits men for heaven, fits them for hell!

Then we must look to our Legislature. More than half the numbers which compose that body belong to the enemy.

What then are we to do? Was I in the presence of my sovereign,—was that ruler the mightiest monarch earth ever knew, I should not fear to throw myself at his feet, and plead my country's cause.

I would plead the groans of fathers, the tears of mothers, the cries of the widow and the fatherless, and the martyrs who are daily offered upon the shrine of the Demon Alcohol."

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While you are yet speaking another martyr is added to the list of thousands. And there in the gray dawn of morning they found me,—palsied in brain and heart, with scarcely more of