

'breakers on the lee bow!' Now who is to be depended upon? Well, we will do the best we can, and those who are sober behave like men; but it won't do, we have struck—cut away masts, and are now ashore, bilged—ship and cargo lost. What do you say, captain?"

"Why I believe you are about in the right place. I'm a friend to temperance, and I may as well go the whole hoist, and sign your articles of war against rum any how."—*Boston Recorder*.

DARBY AND PADDY.

IN TWO DIALOGUES.

BY GEORGE DOWNES, A. M.

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DIALOGUE II.

Paddy. Good morrow to you, Darby, I'm not entirely glad to see you, in the regard that it's rather an ungracious thing to lay an old neighbour on the broad of his back, at his own threshold.

Darby. Remember two can play at that game, Paddy: but you've such a roguish look this mornin', an' such a good-humoured way about you, that I'm not afeard of your fist an' my head playin' hide an' go seek in that manner.

Paddy. Why, that may be all very true, Darby; but I'm just goin' to floor you with a bran new argument again' the Temperance Society, though you brought me 'half seas over' to your opinion t' other day.

Darby. Well, let a body have it.

Paddy. O, an' that I will with a heart an' a half; for, after all, there's somethin' unnatural in an Irishman turnin' his back on the poor whiskey, that stood by him like his own father an' mother, in sickness an' in health, in fair weather an' foul, in his youth, an' in his old age!

Darby. Aye, just as the poverty does: but out with your argument.

Paddy. Well then. Is there sense, or justice, or reason, in takin' the drop o' whiskey out o' the poor man's mouth, an' leavin' the rich man his wine as usual?

Darby. I'm free to confess, Paddy, that there's neither sense, nor reason, nor justice in it, at all, at all.

Paddy. I knew I'd floor you! I knew I'd not leave you a leg to stan' on!

Darby. Stop, Paddy, a vick! I hav'n't answered you yet.

Paddy. Well, what 'd you give a poor man in place o' the whiskey—I mean in addition to the beer an' the coffee, that the rich have as well as him?

Darby. Wine,

Paddy. Oh, oh! I never heard you

say so foolish a word as that, when you used to take your allowance like another. Sure it's only the height o' the quality that can afford to drink that.

Darby. The height o' your granny!

Paddy. Why you—you—old fool! where'd the poor man get the price o' the wine.

Darby. Just where he gets the price o' the whiskey. But hear me out—if you please. The truth is, Paddy, I had some little misgivings myself on the head o' that; but, as luck'd have it, as I was ploddin' along the road last Lady Day, musin' an' musin', an' ponderin' an' ponderin', the son of my old employer, Mr. Johnson, popped upon me on horseback out of a boreen.†

Paddy. I know him well, Darby: an' a mighty decent, clean spoken young gentleman he is.

Darby. Well, as I was tellin' you, he came upon me on a sudden, so that I almost stumbled into the ditch,—and, "Darby," says he, "a farthin' for your thoughts!" "Why then, I wouldn't ask even that much from you, Sir," says I, "in regard of many a good meal's meat I got from your father afore you." So I up an' I told him the length an' breadth o' my non-plus† about the wine. "Darby," says he, "I'm Secretary to a Temperance Society myself in Tornabally, an' I've given much thought to the subject. An', sayin' this, he drew a newspaper out of his pocket, an' read an advertisement of a wine-merchant in Dublin, who has pick an' choice o' half a dozen kinds o' wine (with hard names,) as cheap, aye cheaper nor whiskey,

Paddy. Why, to be sure it's as easy to spend the same money on one liquor as another—but I'm thinkin' it's some bad trash they sell in that sort o' way, jumbled up with all kinds o' slops.

Darby. Why, even if it was, Paddy, I'm sure they could'n't put anything worse in the wine, than the virriol an' bluestone they put in the whiskey. But it is n't the case at all, at all, for there's wine sold at cheap rates, that's used at gentleman's tables. But, to say no more o' them wines with the hard names, we all know what port is: now port—the best port—is n't much dearer nor whiskey, an' it's cheaper too.

Paddy. O Darby, you'll beat the steam-engine itself, if you prove the wine to be both dearer and cheaper nor the spirits!

Darby. Did you ever hear of a man bein' laid up for a day or two, after bein' on the batter?

Paddy. Arrah, do you think it's a fool you're speakin' to? Did I ever hear the wind blow, or the pot boil?

* Pronounce *hoit*'s.

† Boreen a narrow road. ‡ Pronounce *namplush*.

Darby. Well, many a man gets himself into that state by a few glasses o' spirits. Now, if he had spent the same money on port, he'd be able to rise to his work, like a man, next day, an' the day after that—to say nothin' o' the physic, an' the doctor, an' the money the poor wife loses by pledgin' the very rag off her back, to get a morsel o' victuals for herself an' the children. Now, if you put what he loses in the one way, with what he'd gain in the other, I think you'll agree that, although the port's a little dearer in the beginnin', it's cheaper in the long . . .

Paddy. Why, them Temperance Societies is makin' all their members school-masters like; I'm sure I never got so much teachin' in my born days as since I fell in with you, though when I was young I got three years' instruction, fore by a whippin' every Saturday for speakin' Irish in the course o' the week. You'll talk an' talk, an' argue an' argue so quick,—an' lay us all on the broad of our backs, like so many herrings, with our mouths open but havin' never a word to say.

Darby. So far so good; but I'm not done with you yet. By encouragin' the wine, we make it easier for the publicans to give up the whiskey, for the same casks 'll hold the one that holds the other. An', more nor that—as all the wine is made in foreign parts, we'd be able to employ thousand upon thousands of acres of our soil, in growin' what 'd give us good eatin' instead o' bad drinkin'.

Paddy. True for you—true for you.

Darby. Now, Paddy, before we part, hear what young Mr. Johnson said to me at the end. "Don't mistake me, Darby," says he; "it's only for the sake o' fairness I put the poor thus on a level with the rich, an' not to encourage wine drinkin'—for I think both rich an' poor might do better without it. But, as it is n't every man has the grace to put his spare money in the Saving's Bank, I recommend wine as the lesser evil to them that won't do without some kind o' strong liquor." He then went on to tell me how comfortable other nations live, who hav'n't the curse o' drinkin' upon them,—an' how the English cottagers have their meat an' their pudgin', an' even a clock in their cottages;—but I'm sure, Paddy, in this poor country of ours, you might go from one end o' the Bog of Allen to the other (if it has any ends at all,) without seein' a clock, barrin' the black ones about the fire-place, that seems to have no born use but to keep the rickets company.

Paddy. No more, Darby, no more. I'll sign the Temperance Declaration at the next meeting.

Darby. Dont do any such thing, Pad-