

notions. You have brought their talk fresh to my mind,—and I don't care if I come to a resolution to-day, and turn over a new leaf for the time to come.

*All the others.* Bravo! bravo! hurra!

*Toby.* In fact, here I am, somewhat in a fix with my traps. You won't let me sell,—you won't assist me to get away,—you bother me about my manner of life;—what am I to do? Well, here goes,—I leave the concern,—what will you give, or lend me, in place of this lot.

*Farmer B.* Give!—we'll fill your barrow with something better, and that would be easy enough. A parcel of these rocks here would be better than your stock; but come, I'll give you cabbages instead of the barrel.

*Gardener.* And I,—a basket of apples for those black bottles.

*First Villager.* Put down a lot of potatoes for me, instead of these old cans.

*Ribbonrow.* And for me, a box of odds and ends,—ribbons, cottons, and thread, to make an assortment of your stock.

*Blotpage.* Some school books, and a blessing, from me.

*T.* Thanks;—a bargain! Let me have the new jim-cracks, and we'll throw those groggy traps to the dogs.

*All.* Hurra, bravo.

*Farmer B.* Come Fieldfare and Gardener and Ribbonrow, et cetera, for the new stock.

(Exit F. B., F. F., &c.)

*Catchcase.* Now Timbertap, you're a bit of a singer, I think,—give us a ditty while we wait.

(Sings, "the Good Time Coming.")

*All.* Bravo, bravo.

(Enter F. B., F. F., &c., with the cabbages, basket of apples, bag of Potatoes, &c., they load the barrow, and give Timbertap a banner, with the inscription, *No Intoxicating Drinks.*)

*Farmer B.* Now boys; now, for a clearing away of these old notions.

(They knock the barrel and cans about, and hussle them off the platform.)

*All.* Hurra, hurra, hurra!

*Timbertap.* Hurra! And now good bye friends. (He takes hold of the barrow.)

*Blotpage.* Farewell, Toby,—the women and children will not be afraid, now, as your barrow wheels up to their cottages.