

*James.*—Then you can't go with us, for we don't want any liquor sold in our new settlement.

*Tim.*—Why not?

*James.*—Because, if we have a rum-tavern we shall soon want a poor-house and a hospital and a jail; besides, your business will make the new settlers lazy and quarrelsome. If George drinks, he won't plough, and sow, and reap; if Bill drinks, he won't build our houses for us; if Dick drinks, he won't catch fish for us,—he will be a “sucker” himself; if Tom drinks, he won't make boots,—if he does, the snakes will get into them; if Frank drinks, he won't make good clothes,—his own *habits* will be bad; if Sam drinks, he won't do much blacksmithing. We want some of the girls to go with us, to teach school and keep house, and they won't go if we take a rumseller along with us. Boys, let us put it to vote. All in favor of having a rum-shop in our new settlement, say “Ay.” [*All shout “No.”*] There, Tim, did you hear that? You can't go with us, unless you choose a better calling, because it will be there just as it is out in Slabtown. There all the farmers and mechanics who go to the tavern are poor, and the tavern-keeper alone is rich. His wife and children dress well, and all their neighbours are in rags; but I heard the landlord say he would give all he is worth if his boys did not drink so hard.

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