

" In books, or works, or harmless play,  
 Let my first years be past ;—  
 That I may give for every day,  
 Some good account at last."

Come—what say you ; Join our ranks, drowse the beer barrel, and up with the flag of Total Abstinence.

*First Villager.* Do Mr. Timbertap, and the constable will not have so much trouble looking after your wheabouts.

*Second Villager.* Yes,—and you'll be happier yourself, and make others happier, by the change ;—I can speak for that.

*Farmer B.* What say you, Mr. Traveller ?

*Traveller.* My opinion heartily agrees with that of the company. I have seen somewhat of hamlets and villages and perhaps cities too,—and I recollect very few instances in which it would not be better to give such merchants as Mr. Timbertap, the money they expect, without taking their wares in return. Suppose one hundred pounds thrown over a ship's side into deep water,—and one hundred pounds given for this kind of merchandize, and it dispensed to a community ;—which money would be best expended ? I need not supply an answer ;—and if such be the case, what estimate should we put on such a traffic ? Perhaps Mr Timbertap would admit that some queer scenes follow the movements of his wheelbarrow, in Follytown and in Frolicville, and in the Villages of Swillpond and Bottleville ? Would he like me to ask little Tommy Timid and his mother, how they like to see his decoy board, there, exhibited near their cottage ? What would Bill Leavethewrong say about the "fools pennies" which formerly found their way into Mr. Timbertap's pocket ? But I need not continue ;—theory and practice, principle and experience, agree with the views now urged, and appeal to the enlightened understanding of our neighbour here. Take the advice given Mr. Merchant, and will not I have pleasure indeed, at announcing the intelligence, and recommending your new course of life,—as I move along on my journey ?

*Farmer F.* I'll tell you what friends, let us buy him out, and set him up in some other business.

*All the others* Yes, yes.

*Toby.* I agree,—I'm half sick of the barrel, and I wish to mend my ways I've met with Temperance chaps before now, I warrant you, and they have posed me with