

carriage factory, where a number of men were employed. At the close of a winter day they assembled round a bright fire, and while passing the bottle and glass and smoking "the pipe," their lively conversation often turned to *the odd characters of the town*, most of whom were known to the writer.

The first portrait on our panorama of dissolving views we shall term

SANDY CAMPBELL, THE WANDERING MINSTREL.

Sandy was the nephew of a resident painter of the same name with whom he learned the painting business, but, being of a jovial disposition, a good singer and flute player, he was often led into company where strong drink was freely used, the consequence of which was that he fell into intemperate habits, and exchanged the "paint brush" for the flute and a roving life, playing and singing all over Ireland for pence, which circulated from his pockets to the dram shop and left poor Sandy always "hard up."

One winter evening he came into the blacksmith's department of our factory, poorly clad and shivering with the cold; he was invited to a seat on the hearth which he gladly accepted.

While the sparks flew from the anvil other sparks of native wit dropped from Sandy, who when "thawed out" uncovered his flute and commenced to play one of Moore's melodies, termed "The Meeting of the Waters," then laying the instrument aside he sang the same piece, altering certain words to suit his own case, thus :

There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet
As the vale *where the whiskey and Sandy doth meet* ;
O, the last ray of feeling and life must depart
'Ere I give up the *poteen which warms my old heart*.

*I once had an uncle who lived in this town,
Who always was friendly when Sandy came round ;
Now young Pat's the master and no lodging there,
So I must away to the plains of Kildare.*

Gough, the celebrated temperance lecturer, found a poor inebriate fiddling in a bar-room for pennies to buy strong drink. The lecturer led him to his meeting and induced him to "sign the pledge," which he kept. Some years afterwards Gough met the same individual, a governor of one of the states of the American Union. So much for total abstinence.

Alas for poor Sandy ! it is doubtful if he ever reformed, as there were no Goughs nor temperance societies in those days.

HARRY OWENS, THE OLD MARINE CRANK,

was a pensioner who had served under Nelson, and, like most old sailors, was fond of his grog, which he would not do with-