

doors, shewed my bed chamber, and left to mingle with the other prisoners, who all flocked round me to know what was my crime, and where I was from, what was my name, &c., all of which I soon told. It was strange to me to see how cheerful most of the prisoners were, though crimes of the worst sort were said to be perpetrated by them; as for me, I was absorbed in the deepest sorrow—nor did my fellow prisoners chide me, but strove to comfort and solace me, saying that I'd be liberated to-morrow (Monday). But how am I to stand before the Court?—the thoughts of it puts me almost in despair—I'll be known there and exposed before all the publicans in the city, (for it was the time when they were getting out their licenses). In the midst of this talk, we were all called to attend Divine Service up stairs by one of the turn-keys; those who did not wish to go, were locked up in their cell, so I went along with those who did go. I think he was a Protestant minister who preached. The congregation consisted mostly of soldiers and sailors. The men were on one side and the women on the other, and a curtain drawn between them, so that the one could not see the other. After the service was over, we were ordered all back to our places; then a sergeant and his men came and numbered us, and at six o'clock we were all singly locked up for the night in our cells. The bedstead I had was made of iron, and iron it was to me, for I did not sleep any that night, thinking how I was to face the police magistrate and Capt. C— next day. At six next morning we were let out, and at seven, one pound of bread was given to each, this being jail allowance for twenty-four hours; I tried to eat some, but my appetite forsook me and I could not, though I had not tasted any food from twelve o'clock the Saturday before. At nine I was called by the jailer to prepare for the Court House; so I left my bread to a poor old man on the conditions that if I did not return, he should use it. I mounted the Vagabond Car for the last time I hope in my life, and a few minutes placed me in one of the pews in the Court House.

There were three tried before me, and when I was called up, H— D—, Esq. asked Capt. C— if I was there before; he said no, but that I was no great thing, adding that I had a certificate which he supposed to be forged. H. D. Esq. then said that he should send one of his men along with me to the merchants who signed it, to see if it was really their names that were affixed to it, and if so, to let me go.

This last ceremony being gone through, I got out of the fangs of the law, went direct to the ——— Bank and drew out my money, joined the Total Abstinence cause, and hope, with the assistance of God, to continue to be a teetotaler. Now Mr. Editor, had I not good reason? This is the Pedlar's Story. J. L.

THE DEVIL AND THE GROG-SELLER.

A DITTY FOR THE TIMES.

I.

The grog-seller sat by his bar-room fire,
With his feet as high as his head, and higher—
Watching the smoke as he puffed it out,
That in spiral columns curled about,
Verling his face with its fleecy fold,
As lazily up from his lips it rolled,
While a doubtful scent and a twilight gloom
Were slowly gathering to fill the room.

II.

To their drunken slumbers, one by one,
Foolish and fuddled his friends had gone,
To wake in the morn to the drunkard's pain
With a bloodshot eye and a whirling brain.
Drowsily rang the watchman's cry—
"Past two o'clock, and a cloudy sky!"
Yet the host sat wakeful still, and shook
His head, and winked with a knowing look.

III.

"Ho! ho!" said he, with a chuckling tone,
"I know the way the thing is done—
Twice five are ten, and another V,
Two ones, two twos, and a ragged throo,
Make twenty-four for my well-filled fob—
He! he! 'tis a rayther good night's job!
The fools have guzzled my brandy and wine—
Much good may it do them—the cash is mine!"

IV.

And he winked again with a knowing look,
And from his cigar the ashes shook—
"He! he? the youngers are in my net—
I have them safe, and I'll fleece them yet;
There's Brown—what a jolly dog is he—
And he swells the way that I like to see;
Let him dash for a while at this reckless rate,
And his farm is mine as sure as fate.

V.

I've a mortgage now on Tomkin's lot—
What a fool he was to become a sot!
But it's luck to me—in a month or so—
I shall foreclose, and the scamp must go.
Zounds! won't his wife have a taking on,
When she learns that his house and his lot are gone?
How she will blubber and sob and sigh—
But business is business—and what care I?"

VI.

And Gibson has murdered his child, they say;
He was drunk as a fool here, yesterday;
And I gave him a hint as I went to fill
His jug—but the brute would have his will,
And the folks blame me—why, bless their gizzards!
If I did'nt sell he would go to Izzard's!
I've a right to engage in a lawful trade,
And take my chance where there's cash to make.

VII.

If men get drunk, and go home to turn
Their wives out doors, 'tis their own concern—
But I hate to have women come to me
With their tweedle-dum and their tweedle-dee,
With their swollen eyes and their haggard looks,
And their speeches learned from the temperance books;
With their pale, lean children—the whimpering fools!
Why can't they get to the public schools?

VIII.

Let the hussies mind their own affairs,
For never have I interfered with theirs—
I will turn no customer away
Who is willing to buy, and able to pay;
For business is business—he! he! he!"
And he rubbed his hands in his chuckling glee—
"Many a lark I have caught in my net—
I have them safe—I will fleece them yet!"

IX.

"He! he—he! he!" 'Twas an echoed sound—
Amazed, the grog-seller looked around;
This side and that, through the smoke peered he,
But nought but the chairs could the grog-seller see.
"Ho! ho!—he! he!"—with a guttural note:
It seemed to come from an iron throat—
And his knees they shook, and his hair 'gan to rise,
And he opened his mouth, and strained his eyes.

X.

And lo! in a corner dark and dim,
Stood an uncouth form, with an aspect grim—
From his grisly head, through his snak' air,
Sprouted, of hard rough horns, a pair—
And redly, his shaggy brows below,
Like sulphurous flame did his small eyes glow—
And his lips were curled with a sinister smile,
And the smoke belched forth from his mouth the while