

dunghill, that we've staggered into on our way home from the *shebeen** house: an', more be'oken, if we took to the coffee, instead o' the whiskey, may be it's a good piece o' bread an' butter we'd have in our fist, instead o' eatin' potatoes one an' twenty times a week for variety.

Paddy. But what's to become o' Tim Oulaghan an' the other publicans all this time? I'm thinkin' your new fangled plan 'd put them in a fair way o' starvation.

Darby. An' even if it would, Paddy, for one publican ruined, there 'd be may be fifty or a hundred poor labourers, an' their families, saved from ruin. But they wouldn't be ruined at all, at all. They'd only have to turn grocers, or provision dealers, or to open a coffee house: an' though they might lose a little in the beginnin', they'd may be be the better for it in the long run, foreby the payment o' the license, which 'd be took off them.

Paddy. Well, Darby, I'm bold to think there's somethin' in what you say; but there's one or two matters I can't get over.

Darby. What are they?

Paddy. Why, you said there 'd be less burynings among the young people if the whiskey was given up; now the oldest man I ever seed in my born days was Val Walsh, of Glencullen, in the Dublin mountains. A rosy old man, of an hundred an' seven years of age, was Val, when I saw him lyin' asleep under a tree in the sunshine,—an' they told me that the whiskey was everything to him—meat, drink, washin', an' lodgin'!

Darby. I'll just beg leave to read you a bit of a story on that head from one o' those little books (*Reads.*) 'A gentleman far advanced in years, one of the "devil's decoy ducks," was boasting that he had drank two, three or four bottles of wine every day for fifty years, and that he was as hale and hearty as ever. And pray, said a bye-stander, where are all your boon companions? "Ah!" he quickly replied, "that's another affair; if the truth must be told, I have buried three entire generations of them." An' what's the other thing that troubles you, Paddy?

Paddy. I've heard it said by old an' young, gentle an' simple, that it's as much as a man's life's worth to give up the drop after he's been long used to it.

Darby. I think, Paddy, I can ease your mind in regard o' that too. (*Reads.*)

"Mr. Powers, the intelligent keeper of the prison at Auburn, New York, affirms that the most benighted drunkards in that prison have never suffered in their health, by breakin' off at once from the use of ardent spirits, but that, almost as uniform-

ly, their health has been improved. They seem to be very uneasy, and somewhat los' for a few days, and with rather a poor appetite, after which they eat heartily, and improve in health and appearance. It is worthy of remark, that in all the prisons where entire abstinence from ardent spirits are practised, the convicts enjoy a better average of health than is seen in the country at large."

Paddy. But, Darby, what can poor hard wo'kin' creatures, often up to their knees in a bog, an' standin' out in the teemin' rain may be for the length of a day—what can the likes o' them do without a drop o' comfort to keep body an' soul together?

Darby. Paddy, I can answer that too. Listen. (*Reads.*)

"Many years ago, in the county of Galway, two extensive graziers met at dinner, when, upon a discussion taking place between them, respecting the best method of enabling their herdsmen to endure the cold, watching, and fatigue, to which they were exposed in driving cattle to Ballinasloe, it was resolved upon, by one of the graziers, that he would supply his herdsmen with abundance of good and wholesome food, but give them only water to drink, while the other determined that he would give his men an abundant supply of whiskey. Accordingly, two sets of herdsmen set off at the same time, to the October fair of Ballinasloe; they were all able-bodied young men of similar habits, the journey which they had to perform was of the same length, the fatigue the same, the weather was wet and inclement, they were all drenched with wet, and obliged to sit up during the night in their soaked garments. On carefully contrasting the water drinkers with the whiskey drinkers, the result was decidedly in favour of the former, who were in full vigour, had never quitted their posts, and bore up well to the last; while the others were so completely exhausted, that during part of the time of the fair they were useless, and on their return home were scarcely able to drag one leg after the other." An' if it wasn't bad manners, Paddy, to stop your mouth entirely, I'd read you a trifle more afore we part.

Paddy. Read on, an' welcome.

Darby. (*Reads.*)

"I must here advert to another false opinion which is almost universally maintained, viz. that nothing so perfectly counteracts the effects of cold as ardent spirits. But this by no means coincides with the sentiments of Dr. Aiken, who has published a paper in the first volume of the memoirs of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, on the different

attempts to pass the winter in high northern latitudes. After examining and comparing a good number of narratives, he observes that, in all the unsuccessful instances, vinous and spirituous liquors had been used, and probably in considerable quantities."

By 'high northern latitudes,' Paddy, which myself didn't understand till the master explained it to me, they mean the great north seas, among the whales and mountains of ice: an' as you'll be apt to say there's no fear of our ever bein' there, I'll give you another bit of information that 'll come more home to you. (*Reads.*)

"Many years ago, I was told by the men who attended the furnaces at the Iron Works at Merthyn Tydvil, in Glamorganshire, that they drank only water, while engaged in their work at the furnaces, the intense heat of which produced violent perspiration. Their health was generally good, as they said, but the wages being high, they soon retired from labour, and then grew very fat, as might have been expected.

"In former years having travelled a great deal through England, by mail and stage-coaches, I was frequently told by the guards and coachmen, that a great many of them made it a rule to abstain from spirits, as they found that those who had used them had the worst health, and the shortest lives, and generally suffered more bodily uneasiness from cold and wet than those who abstained. I certainly often met many of them who did not drink spirits on the journey. I believe you will be told by many sportsmen, that those, either in hot or cold weather, who can longest refrain from spirits, generally bear the fatigue best."

Paddy. Well, Darby, I'm beginnin' to think there's a great deal o' truth in what you say. You've beat me fairly on every point. So, if you'll just lend me the little books, I'll read them through and through, an' may be you an' I'll be of the same way o' thinkin' afore the week's over.

Darby. Take them an' welcome. An' as I hear the gentleman, that's at the head o' the Temperance in Dublin, is writin' an' printin' away for the bare life all sorts o' books that can serve the cause, I'll try an' get some to read for the neighbours— an' may be I won't be able to face the whole country with the argument's I'll find in them.

A FEMALE DRUNKARD.

Have you ever seen a female drunkard, a meagre, shrivelled, blear-eyed creature, talking and muttering as she goes to the pawn-broker's with some trifle in a little

* Shebeen, a cabin where spirits are sold without license.