

Now friends, as the hour has nearly arrived, let us, without more delay, make known the result of our election, and escort the Queen to her Throne.

*Gardener.* I move that we go for the Queen, and return in procession. See the group yonder under the Sycamore tree, on the Village Green; let us away.

*Severol.* Agreed, agreed.

*Farmer F.* I vacate the Chair accordingly, and will attend the deputation. But who comes here?

(*Enter Timbertap*,—An odd looking fellow, in wide pants, blouser and Kossuth hat. Rolling a wheelbarrow, on which are, barrel, table, tin cans, and bottle. He places his table, bottle, and cans,—sets his barrel on end,—raises a placard on a pole, inscribed “Toby Timbertap, Merchant,”—stands behind the table, putting on his apron, and fussing about.)

*Farmer F.* Well neighbour, where are you from?

*Timbertap.* Follytown, at your service.

*Farmer F.* What do you come here for?

*Timbertap.* Is not this your Harvest-home day?

I come to see the sport. Any harm neighbour?

*Farmer F.* Perhaps not,—that depends on circumstances.

*Blotpage.* What is the barrel and these cans for?

*Timbertap.* Don't you want a little ale and summat else at your frolic here?

*Farmer F.* No—I hope not, indeed; none of your summat else's. We meet to celebrate the blessings of the season, and to be thankful and innocently cheerful,—and to enjoy the fruits of the earth moderately. But we do not allow brewer and distiller to step in and blight our refreshments, and present us with the fiery cup of intoxication, instead of the balmy dews of heaven. Oh! no.

*Timbertap.* Perhaps some of the other gents might want some of my merchandize served out for their convenience. Toby Timbertap, Gentlemen, at your service.

*Farmer F.* Merchandize, indeed,—what a disgrace to the name. No Master Timbertap, if you do not deecamp pretty smartly, the boys may serve out your wares in a way you won't like. We don't allow of such carryings on at Old-style, I assure you.

*Timbertap.* Hallo,—What's up now?

*Blotpage.* Temperance is up, and we hope to have it higher up soon.

*Timbertap.* Oh! Temperance is it? well, let me see;—