

course of benevolence to men, for his own sake and for the sake of others. There were already enough who, under a far different banner, were engaged in this opposition, and who will gladly claim the authority and countenance of a Christian Bishop, to support them in their warfare against the restraints of soberness and virtue.—From the present addition to the number of opponents to the Temperance Society no good could have been imagined as likely to result, and we hope no extensive injury will follow. If however, there shall be found others prepared to submit to the authority of this argument against Temperance Societies, upon grounds of religion, we shall feel yet more deeply grieved.—For we are solemnly convinced, that the more successful the efforts of Bishop Hopkins shall be in persuading other is against this cause the deeper will be his own regret in the final retrospection of life, that the influence of his name and efforts was ever given to oppose an undertaking, which we doubt not will then appear to him, one of the most beneficent in the history of man.

## DARBY AND PADDY.

IN TWO DIALOGUES.

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### DIALOGUE I.

*Paddy.* Did you hear, Darby, that they've took away Tim Oulaghan's license from him?

*Darby.* I did, Paddy, an' I hope you won't be after callin' me ill-natured, if I tell you I'm not sorry for it.

*Paddy.* Well! I didn't think you had so much o' the bad graft in you. An' what hurt or harm did poor Tim ever do you, Darby?

*Darby.* Not a bit o' harm in the world, Paddy, barrin' what he an' the likes o' him is doin' to every mother's son of us in this neat little village of Ballynapotieen.

*Paddy.* Why then, Darby Mahaffy, is it of your old gossip, Tim Oulaghan you're speakin' all this time?—him that was never the warrant to turn his back upon a poor boy, because he hadn't the price of his mornin'?—him that 'd hold out the \*cropper with one hand, an' score down the reckonin' with the other, as long as whiskey an' chalk 'd last?

*Darby.* Paddy, did you ever hear tell o' the devil's good-nature?

*Paddy.* The devil's good-nature—what's that?

*Darby.* Just what Tim Oulaghan, Jack Manypenny, and other publicans is practisin' upon us, poor hardworkin' creatures. It's not enough for them to drain every thog out of our pockets, but they must be holdin' out temptation to us in the way o' credit, that they may have a flib, whensoever good luck throws a little more skelter in our way.

*Paddy.* Bother.

*Darby.* The short and the long of it Paddy, is this—whiskey-drinkin' 's the ruination of old Ireland.

*Paddy.* What's that you say?

*Darby.* I say whiskey-drinkin' 's the ruination of old Ireland,—an' more nor that—I'll maintain it.

*Paddy.* Bad manners to you or the same, say I, this cold frosty mornin'! Arrah what 'd we be at all, at all, without the whiskey? What 'd become of our fairs an' our patrons, our wakes an' our buryings, without the drop?

*Darby.* Why, I'll tell you what 'd become o' them. Our fairs 'd be what they were intended for—places of fair dealin' between man an' man; an' we'd be bringin' home to our wives an' children the beautiful bank notes, an' the smilin' thirtens (as they were once,) instead of broken heads an' torn garments; our patrons 'd be what they were intended for—meetings for religious duty; an' as for our wakes an' buryings, I believe there 'd be a great deal less o' them, among the young people at least, if we'd all learn to express our grief in some other way than by gettin' drunk with whiskey punch.

*Paddy.*—I've a notion, Darby, it was at Carlow or Maynooth you was last week, instead o' Mr. Holmes's, for never a one o' me ever heard so much learnin' from the mouth of a poor siruggler like myself afore! May be you'd be pleased to tell a body what made you turn your back upon the liquor all of a sudden.

*Darby.* That I will, Paddy, an' welcome. I was ditchin' up at the big house last Tuesday mornin', with at least a couple o' croppers under my belt. Mr. Holmes happened to be passin' at the time. 'Good morrow, Darby,' says he; 'good morrow kindly, your honour,' says I, 'how many have you in family?' says he.—'Eight, Sir,' says I—'myself, the woman, five little ones, an' their old granny.'—'Darby,' says he, again, 'would you like to have eight, or perhaps ten pound a year, put in your way?' I was diggin' all the while we were talkin'—so, without takin' my foot off the spade, I folded my arms on the top o' the handle, an' looked the master full in the face. 'Darby,' says he,

again, 'I ask you once more—would you like to be eight or ten pound a year richer than you are now—be the same more or less?' I couldn't for all the world tell what his Honour was drivin' at, so I made a low bow, waitin' for what was to come next. With that the master drew out of his pocket two or three little books; an' told me to take 'em with me—'An' if,' says he, 'when you've read them,' says he, 'you don't know what I mean,' says he, 'come to me an' I'll tell you;' an' here they are, Paddy, to the fore.

*Paddy.* Well, that's all mighty fine. Darby, to be sure: but I don't see what it has to do with the whiskey.

*Darby.* The short an' the long of it, Paddy, is this, as I learned from the little books the master lent me. There's a society o' well-wishers to Ireland up in Dublin, an' in other parts too, they say, who are puttin' down the whiskey, an' enablin' us to keep our families more comfortable by givin' up the drop: an' that's what his Honour meant, when he spoke o' puttin' eight or ten pound a year in my pocket.—An' sure he's right enough; for many of us spend that much, or more, in the tap-room yearly, not considerin' how the drop we do like sometimes leads us to the drop we don't like, when we're danglin' between the sky an' the ground for committin' a robbery or murder.

*Paddy.* Do you know what, Darby? They might as well think o' hinderin' the shamrock to grow in old Ireland as the potieen.

*Darby.* I hope not, Paddy; for there's the Americans, that were as hard goers, an' harder, as ever was in Ireland,—an' yet, as ye'll see in one o' these little books, there was in the beginnin' o' the present blessed year [Reads,] 'In the American Republic, a HUNDRED THOUSAND INDIVIDUALS abstaining from the use of ardent spirits, agreeably to the resolutions which they had publicly entered into.'

*Paddy.*—An' wouldn't they give us any thing to drink at all, at all?

*Darby.* Aye—plenty o' good coffee, such as Mr. Holmes's French servant says is the way in his country, an' everywhere in foreign parts, foreby malt liquor in moraton.

*Paddy.* Cock us up with coffee—poor creatures livin' from hand to mouth! A pretty figure you an' I 'd cut, Darby, in our frieze coats, an' brogues with a score o' nails in every toe of 'em—a pretty figure you an' I 'd cut, with a potato in one hand, an' a cropper o' coffee in the other!

*Darby.* A much prettier figure, Paddy, nor we sometimes cut now-a-days, with our frieze coats tore in a drunken fight, or our brogues swallowed up in some ditch or

†Hog, a shilling. ‡Lob, a prize. §Celter, money.

\*Cropper, a glass.